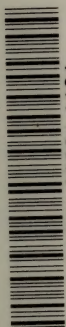
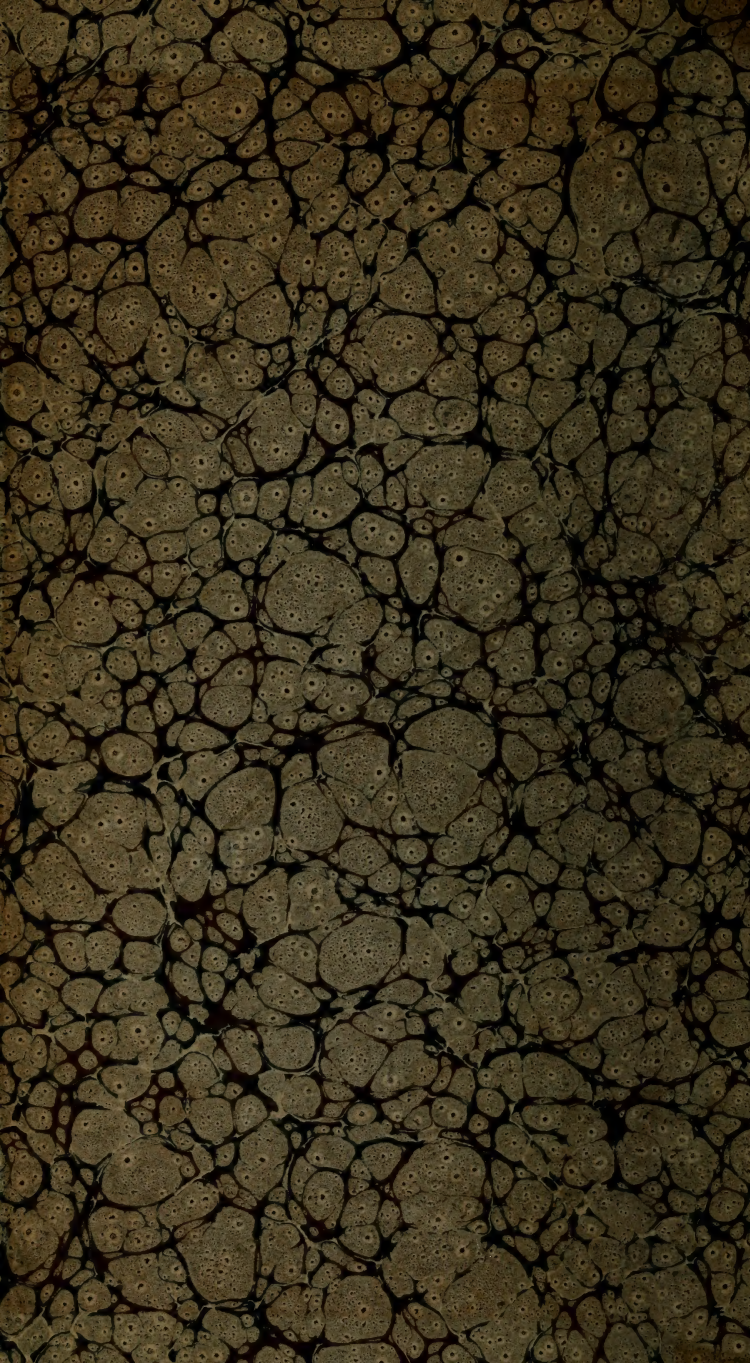


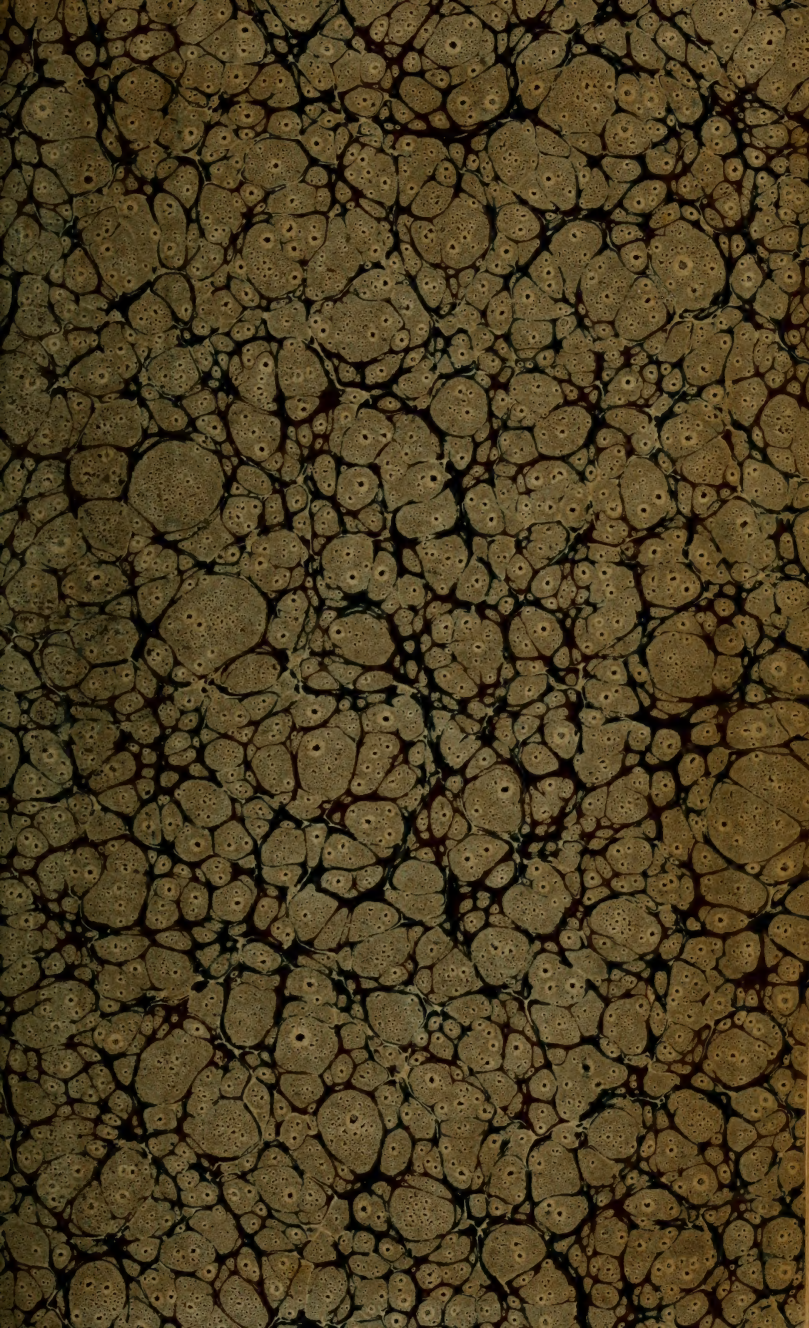
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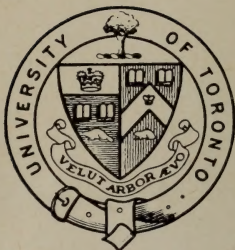


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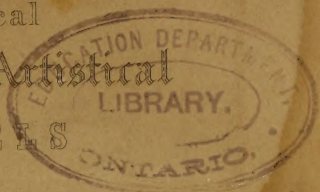
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A COMPLETE AND METHODICAL

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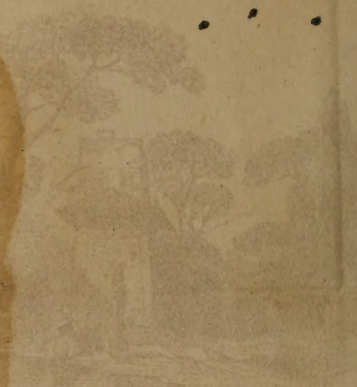
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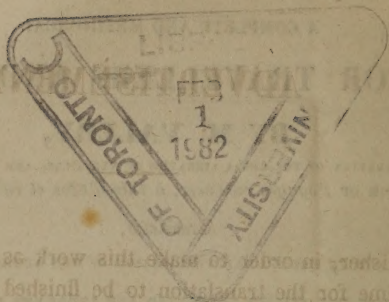


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The publisher, in order to make this work as perfect as possible, by allowing time for the translation to be finished with proper care, has determined on publishing a first part.

The second part will appear, at the latest, by the 15th of May, embellished with an engraved title and a road-map of Italy.

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## PREFACE.

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It is difficult to make but one tour in Italy ; and he who has no wish to return is scarcely worthy to have been there at all. I have visited it four times. Though there are many and ingenious works on Italy, it appears to me that none of them can serve as a guide to travellers of the present day. The *Travels of Lalande*, full of information once correct, now belong to the past ; and since the epoch of their publication, the history of art has made undeniable progress : the opinions of M. Cochin, which he perpetually thrusts forward, appeared of doubtful accuracy to a great artist, more than forty years ago.<sup>1</sup> The description which I publish has profited by this progress, and is supported by the recent and best authorities, Lanzi for painting, and Cicognara and Quatremère for sculpture and architecture ; the impressions and research of facts alone are mine. If it have no other merit, this book may become a kind of portable library, and be of service as a methodical catalogue of the vast museum of Italy. The literary effect is occasionally diminished by these indications, but I have thought it my duty to prefer accuracy and usefulness. I have found it impossible to pass over in silence the names of so many noble painters, full of elegance and variety, in the second rank of the Italian schools, but who assuredly would be in the first of any other. The fire-side reader may skip this nomenclature of paintings and statues, a kind of

<sup>1</sup> Letter of Girodet written from Florence, May, 1790. See his *OEuvres posthumes*, tom. II, p. 363.

recitative that I have at least endeavoured to enliven by incidental details relating to the artist and the anecdotal history of the art.

As to the historical and literary part, for which a life past in the midst of books had better prepared me, I have written under the belief that the reform effected in history in our days, that the system of the true, the painting of particulars, might be likewise extended to a traveller's narrative, to which the principles of the *picturesque* school seemed to me peculiarly applicable. The memorable events, the great personages, the poetical reminiscences of Italy, are therefore interwoven with my account of places and monuments. When inscriptions were characteristic, I have not shrunk from giving them : many a time have they revealed to me some touching misfortune, or some superior talent left in obscurity and neglect. In examining libraries, I have endeavoured to make the history of books bear on the history of men, and to render bibliography instructive and philosophical. The statistical data are drawn from local and official sources, and without going to excess, I thought they might present new views, and sometimes supply the place of longer dissertations on the country. Welcomed by my colleagues the librarians, acquainted with most of the Italian literati, I have derived invaluable assistance from their obliging answers to my different inquiries. In fine, I have attempted to restore to the poets, the artists, the literati, and all the persons I have introduced, their true Italian physiognomy, too often distorted by the idle fancies of the English, the sentimentality of the Germans, or the philosophical spirit of the French.

Twelve years' unintermitted study of Italy, from the period of my first journey, has procured me such a mass of facts, that I have been compelled to omit a considerable number less intimately connected with my description, to prevent my book assuming an inconvenient size. These facts, these details, these pictures of manners will find a place in a volume of *Variétés italiennes* about to appear, and will form a supplement to the Travels for sedentary readers.

Italy, which was before so easy of access by the new roads, has recently become still more so by the starting of numerous steam-boats; which will be for that country like the cheap public conveyances which afford a rapid communication between the different quarters of large cities and thus destroy the distance. This interesting tour, in which study is a pleasure, and pleasure a study, is now no more than an easy promenade. I devoutly wish that my journal, which has swelled into a laborious work, after having been written under the glorious sky of that country, in places illustrated by its great men, within sight of its chefs-d'œuvre, may help others to see it better and love it more; for without loving, it is impossible to know it well.

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# TRAVELS IN ITALY.

## BOOK THE FIRST.

### GENEVA.—GLACIERS.—BANKS OF THE LAKE.

#### CHAPTER I.

Privilege of the earlier travellers.—Dijon.—Tombs of the dukes of Burgundy.—House of Bossuet.—Dissertation proposed by the Academy of Dijon on the revival of the arts and sciences.—Dôle.—Saint Cergues.

Had I travelled in the days of Montaigne, I might have been allowed, like him, from the beginning of my journey, to give the particulars of every stage and of my several resting-places; to speak without offence even of the cheer I had met with and the wine I had drunk; as well as to relate the news, incidents, stories, and marvels I had learned on the way. But the prodigies of modern civilisation, the great roads and the newspapers, no longer permit, and have in fact almost proscribed, this part of a traveller's narrative. My adventures would appear common-place, my news out of date, and my astonishment ridiculous. This peculiarity of the olden times cannot be tolerated now; at the present day, to keep faith with the public, a voyage must be indeed a book. It has been attempted, but in vain, to make the delicacy of French taste conform to the frivolous gossip and puerilities of certain English travellers. I will, however, confess that, during my first journey, such was my curiosity to see and know, that I often lost the *diligence dinner*, notwithstanding its importance, that I might visit the *monuments* of the place.

At Dijon, I went to the museum to see the tombs of the two dukes of Burgundy, John Fearnought and Philip-the-Bold, which were formerly at the Chartreuse.

Each mausoleum is surrounded by a basso-relievo in marble, on which the obsequies of the princes are represented. In spite of the painful emotions intended to be excited by such a ceremony, it is easy to trace, under the frock and in the features of these monks, all the passions and feelings of the human breast portrayed with a truth and reality altogether admirable.

I sought the house in which Bossuet was born, and was somewhat disappointed when I found it to have all the appearance of being recently built. It is occupied by a small bookseller, and is covered with placards like the columns in the Palais-Royal. The house of Crebillon, on the contrary, is very extensive, and serves at present as bread-depot for the troops. In the interior was a mill, of I know not what kind, which made almost as much noise as the thunderclap of *Atrée*. As to Piron's house, I did not look for it; there is a certain degradation of talent that produces an absolute indifference for the memory of an author.

Independently of the learning for which the society of Dijon has always been distinguished, this town is, as it were, the mightiest source of French eloquence: Bossuet belongs to it by birth, and Rousseau by talent. It is well known that the program of its Academy, on the effects of the revival of the arts and sciences, fired the genius of this writer; yet Diderot gave him a good hint, if the anecdote told by Marmontel be true: the affirmative was the *pons asinorum*, and this old apology for letters did not suit the paradoxical raptures of Rousseau.

Dôle reminded me of a pleasing incident, related in the interesting Memoirs of Brienne; it is a battle scene in which French honour and bravery are beautifully displayed. "At the period of the king's conquest of Franche-Comté," says Brienne, "the great Condé standing with Villeroi on the bank of the ditch of Dôle, where their fathers in the preceding wars had not been very successful, this prince said to Villeroi:—'Marquis, we must here retrieve the honour of your father and of mine.' The ditch was wide and dry, and the passage consequently very dangerous. The attack was fierce and bloody. The marquis, who commanded the Lyonnese regiment, passed first, and gained the top of the bastion; he effected a lodgment there, and cried out from afar; 'Prince, my father is satisfied; what says yours?'—'We will endeavour to content him,' said the prince laughing in the midst of the fire, and in a moment after he was on the rampart."

On this road to Italy are Montbar, Genlis, Dijon, Coppet, Ferney, Geneva, places with which are associated the names and reminiscences of some of the brightest ornaments of literature, and which seem naturally placed in the way to such a country.

The sudden appearance of the lake and the Alps from the height of Saint Cergues, at three leagues from Geneva, is one of the finest views of nature that I have ever seen. It is impossible not to be dazzled by the magnificence, brilliancy, and grandeur of such a spectacle. At times long lines of clouds overtop the mountains, of which they have the form and almost the colour, seeming like other Alps suspended, extending and surmounting them.

## CHAPTER II.

Geneva; its merit and distinction.

I had intended only to pass through Geneva, but I was induced to stay; for I found in that city literary acquaintance,

a relish of civilisation, a kind of moral dignity and general good sense, in short, a certain gravity that pleased me. I loved its public spirit without pride, its patriotism without hatred, and even its stiff originality of character in the midst of such crowds of foreigners.<sup>2</sup>

The town is small, black, old, and indifferently built; the population is only twenty-eight thousand souls, yet I could not perceive the slightest trace of provincialism in tone or manner.<sup>3</sup>

This singular attraction of Geneva, combined with the beauties of its position, appears moreover to have been felt by persons whose pursuits and destinies were widely different: fallen princesses, sons of kings, powerful ministers, court ladies overcome by ennui, and men noted for success in courts, have successively sojourned at Geneva. I myself have met elegant women there who might have occupied some of the grand mansions of the Maine or Normandy, and who preferred to live at an inn or hire apartments at Geneva, disregarding the smallness of the rooms, the simplicity of the furniture, the absence of an antechamber, and the horrors of the staircase. This distinguishing feature, this indisputable superiority of Geneva, proceeds, in my opinion, from its being placed in the centre of the most polished nations, from its being a kind of European thoroughfare for the travellers who visit them, and from its social state. This scientific, commercial, and manufacturing city must naturally escape the disagreeables of small towns: neither the same aristocratic haughtiness, nor the equally noisome self-importance of wealth can exist there; and the upstart vanity of our authorities would be difficult in a state where the civil list granted to the chief does not exceed a hundred louis d'or. This first magistrate of the republic is chosen from the citizens indiscriminately, and the admirable example of professor Delarive has been pointed out to me, who, a short time after having been first syndic, gave a gratuitous course

<sup>1</sup> The estate from which Madame de Genlis took her name is in Picardy, near Noyon; the chateau is now demolished.

<sup>2</sup> It is proved by the passport returns that twenty-five thousand foreigners pass through Geneva every year.

<sup>3</sup> Within the last ten years the aspect of Geneva has been almost entirely renovated. The city has

been enlarged in the interior by two suburbs reclaimed from the lake: the houses have risen three or four stories; and there are some of seven or eight which overtop the chapels and steeples. The population has increased to thirty-one thousand inhabitants, a great number of whom are intruders and foreigners who have corrupted the national character and even the accent.



of lectures on chemistry as applicable to the industrious arts, which were attended by the manufacturing population of Geneva.

The opulence of the Genevese has covered the banks of the lake with charming abodes; but I prefer from my heart those which have remained Swiss: the Corinthian porticoes, the colonades, the pavilions, and all the Grecian architecture of some of these villas are much less pleasing to me.

At the villa of colonel Favre is the admirable colossal group of Venus and Adonis, an effort of Canova's youthful genius; it was executed for the marquis Salsa di Berio, of Naples, but retouched all over by the artist when the group passed through Rome on its way to Switzerland; for grace and dignity it is said to equal the noblest productions of his maturer years.

One Sunday, I met at the gates of Geneva two battalions of the civic guard which were returning from Conches, where they had been target-shooting for prizes. Every body, without distinction of rank or fortune, makes part of this guard, the appearance of which is superb. Assuredly, if the sight of some companies of the battalion of Saint Gervais, supping and dancing in the public square of that quarter, left such a vivid impression on the mind of Rousseau when a child, and which he has so eloquently described, he would not have been less struck with the appearance of this civic force of unpaid soldiers, whom an advanced state of civilisation, with the comfort and increased dignity produced thereby, must have rendered superior to the old companies of Saint Gervais: his father might still say, as he embraced him: "Jean-Jacques, love thy country!" The talent of Rousseau is never more admirable than in the description of popular emotions and patriotic sentiments. This simple note of the "Letter to d'Alembert," presents a picture full of life, warmth, and truth.

\* An agreeable traveller, M. Vatout, had forgotten this circumstance when, on visiting the house of Rousseau's father in 1819, he asked for the chamber in which Jean-Jacques was born. After mounting the dark and narrow stair of this miserable house, and seeking in vain for some trace of the great man,

## CHAPTER III.

House of Jean-Jacques.—Statue.—Condemnation of his *Emile*.

I wished to see the house in which Jean-Jacques is said to have been born. It is occupied on the ground floor by a *faiseur d'outils* (tool-maker), as his sign-board indicates: a Parisian workman would not have failed to take the title of *fabricant* (manufacturer); I am sure Rousseau would prefer the sign of the Genevese artisan. This house, notwithstanding the inscription, is not precisely that in which Rousseau was born, as his birth took place while his mother was on a visit,\* but it was the residence of his father. It was there that he passed with him the first years of that infancy already so sensible and impassioned, when, after they had spent the night together in reading romances, his father, hearing the swallows twittering their orisons, quite ashamed, said to him: "Let us go to bed; I am more of a child than you."

On again visiting this spot in 1827, I found that Rousseau's house had been pulled down and replaced by a large handsome house of freestone, at which workmen were still employed. The love of comfort and the spirit of property are regardless of the memory of the past, and, with the exception of the little bust in the botanical garden, there did not then exist at Geneva, after the lapse of less than half a century, the slightest vestige of Rousseau.

A bronze statue, beautifully executed by M. Pradier, an able Genevese statuary, has at length been erected to Rousseau by subscription, on the little shady platform called the *Ile des Barques*, near to where the Rhone issues from the lake. It was inaugurated on the 24th of February, 1835.

I saw in the front of the town-hall, at the foot of the tribunal from the top of which the sentences of condemned persons are read, the place where *Emile* was burnt by the hand of the public executioner. This infamous sentence, which was given without trial and even before

he only found a workman, who showed him two chambers, and said to the disconcerted traveller:—"It is one of those two, make your choice!"—*Galerie lithographiée de monseigneur le duc d'Orléans, tome II.*

the book had reached Geneva, followed with the interval of a week only, the execution done at Paris by the hangman at the foot of the great staircase.<sup>1</sup> Voltaire, settled in his estate of *Les Délices*, seconded by attorney-general Tronchin, and for once in unison with the parliament and the Sorbonne, was the active and secret instigator of these proceedings. "It is true that the credit of M. de Voltaire at Geneva," writes Rousseau, from Yverdon, to madame de Boufflers, "has greatly contributed to this violence and precipitation. It is at the instigation of M. de Voltaire that they have revenged the cause of God on me."—"I reached here yesterday," he again writes from Motiers-Travers to Moutou, on the 11th of July, "and shall take breath until it pleases MM. de Voltaire and Tronchin to pursue me and have me expelled." Voltaire causing *Emile* to be burnt at Geneva and procuring an order to be issued for the apprehension of its author—persecuting, from the height of his chateau, the poor, infirm, suffering, and fugitive Jean-Jacques, presents a rather unphilosophical compound of the Epicurean and inquisitor.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Temple of Saint Peter.—Protestant preaching.

On passing through Geneva, at a subsequent period, I applied to that town the method I had followed in Italy of collecting historical information during my researches after works of art.

The front of the temple of Saint Peter is an excellent work of Count Benedetto Alfieri Bianco, a clever architect whom Alfieri called his uncle, although he was a Roman, and of a collateral branch of his family. In the interior, against the wall, between two little columns and beneath a narrow half-demolished pediment, I observed the epitaph of Agrippa d'Aubigné;<sup>2</sup> an eccentric character, a kind of Sully with a morose, satirical, and scuffling humour; but, as a writer, full of vigour and genius. The grand-daughter of d'Aubigné, the daughter of that Constant d'Aubigné who had betrayed his father, has since been seated near to the throne of France: one would think that she

might have restored the ashes of her grandsire to his country, unless the dead were included in the revocation of the edict of Nantes. The marble mausoleum of Henry de Rohan in the temple of Saint-Peter, which was destroyed by the revolutionary ignorance of 1794, has been restored. This famous chief of the protestant party under Louis XIII., the author of the *Perfect Captain*, was an able writer and a skilful warrior. The duke is in complete armour, and his armorial bearings are painted on the wall; the aristocratic pomp of this monument forms a singular contrast with the nudity of a reformed temple, which is so striking at Saint Peter's; but it does honour to the wisdom of the present magistrates of Geneva.

Among the sepulchral stones and epitaphs, which cover the walls of this temple in considerable numbers, I remarked one to the memory of a baron of Kaunitz, who died at Geneva in 1608 at the age of fourteen years, and who was lord of Austerlitz (*Dominus in Austerlitz*). Though there be nothing there but what is very simple, one cannot see without emotion this terrible and glorious name placed on the tomb of an infant who died at so great a distance from his country.

Among many sermons that I heard at Geneva there was one that seemed to me exceedingly fine; it was preached by M. Tournon on occasion of the September fast. This discourse showed that considerable progress has been made in the preaching of the protestants, which seems now to approach more nearly to the catholic manner. This superiority is probably neither in the men nor the orators, but in the form of the discourse. Under Louis XIV. protestantism was combated by the thunders of Bossuet, Fenelon, and the writers of Port-Royal, and in struggling to maintain its ground under the blows of such powerful adversaries, its eloquence became controversial. Notwithstanding some fine inspirations due to exile, persecution, and misfortune, its *refugié* style was heavy, languid, and without imagination. In the following century protestantism could not escape the general decline of Christian doctrines, and its eloquence was chilled by the coldness of those moral virtues which

<sup>1</sup> *Emile* was burnt at Paris the 11th of June, 1762; at Geneva on the 18th.

<sup>2</sup> The castle of Crest, where he lived, is still to be seen at Jussy, two leagues from Geneva.

alone were advocated from its pulpits. The preaching of the present day, prudently abstaining from the controversies with which it was formerly entangled, invigorated by sentiments of religion, the desideratum of the enlightened minds and generous hearts of our epoch, is perfectly evangelical. The sermons of M. Tournon, like the *Discours familiers d'un pasteur de campagne*, by M. Cellerier, would be excellent parish lectures. The latter, in which the imitation of Massillon is very perceptible, possess all the unction and spirituality of which protestantism is capable.

The services of the reformed church did not seem to me destitute of dignity or devoid of charms: the excommunication, pronounced by the minister from the pulpit against those who communicate unworthily, was full of awe; the singing of the psalms and the simple music with which they are accompanied have a touching effect, and if the verses are bad, habit and piety, that sweet preoccupation of the soul in its aspirings after God, would scarcely perceive it or find fault with them.

## CHAPTER V.

Palace of Clotilde.—Calvin.—Escalade.

In my researches into the past of Geneva, I even went to examine the Gothic arcade of the *Bourg-du-Four*, one of the city gates, through which every body passes without noticing it; it is said to be the gate of the palace of Clotilde, the daughter of Chilperic, king of Burgundy, and the wife of Clovis. It was there that, seated with her sister, she was exercising hospitality to travellers, when she received from the Gaul Aurelian, disguised as a beggar, the ring of the king of the Franks and his first proposals of marriage. It is strange to find this tradition of the woman who converted the Franks to Christianity in the city of Calvin, as if it were destined to be the source of religious revolutions of the most opposite character.

In a little square I saw the hall, now occupied by the Consistory, in which Calvin assembled his first disciples, when he was only a poor wandering fugitive,

but animated by that enthusiastic religious zeal, which is the strongest of human passions. When we recollect Calvin's first arrival at Geneva, we cannot help being struck with the sudden ascendancy that he acquired; this simple professor of theology, come by a mere chance, and maintained at the public expense, possesses all the authority of a master; if he retires, it is only to come back more powerful and terrible; he dictates to the magistrates the judgments they are to give, and, though the advocate of free discussion, punishes his antagonists with death.<sup>1</sup>

In the quarter of Saint Gervais, I went to see a small enclosure made some few years since, at the extremity of which is a marble tablet attached to the outside of the church wall, bearing the names of the seventeen citizens who perished in the defence of their country during a nocturnal attack made by the duke of Savoy in 1602. A small plot of grass enclosed by an iron railing breast-high, some names inscribed against the wall, are the only monument erected to the memory of these courageous citizens, these plebeian Manlii, who had not even the geese of the Capitol for them; but this simple monument, so popular and national, is more touching than the superb equestrian statues, gilt or bronze, of the *condottieri*, that decorate the squares and churches of Italy. The letter which Henry IV. wrote to the Genevese on the subject of this *remuement*, generously offering them his protection, with that vivid, princely, and military eloquence of which he is the inimitable model, has associated the memory of the *Escalade* with the history of France.

## CHAPTER VI.

Museum.—Theatre.—Conservatory.

The patriotism of the Genevese has recently endowed their city with a museum; the very walls of the edifice are a present; for they were built with the money bequeathed by the Misses Rath, the daughters of the general of that name, who died in the service of Russia. Though only ten years have elapsed, it possesses already considerable riches.

<sup>1</sup> Jacques Gruet, beheaded; Michael Servetus, burnt; Valentine Gentilis, condemned to die, and,

after his recantation, to make the *amende honorable*; Bolzec, banished.



Among the paintings of the Genevese school in the Rath museum may be remarked: the portraits of Saussure and of Tronchin, by Saint-Ours; the expressive portrait of Madame d'Épinai, by Liotard, painted in 1758, when she came to Geneva an invalid; two large *landscapes* by Delarive; Hornung's *Death of Calvin*, which has effect, but is deficient in local physiognomy; *two landscapes*, by Huber; a winter *landscape* by Topfer. *David victorious*, in bronze, is by M. Chaponière, who, with M. Pradier, does honour to the chisel at Geneva,

In spite of Rousseau's philippic, a theatre has long existed at Geneva. A conservatory of music has been created within the last three years; it has produced some promising pupils, and Listz gave lessons there in 1836. The ancient severity of manners in the town of Calvin is daily diminishing, and this kind of Lyncurgus, both writer and orator, would not see without displeasure that all the refinements of Attic taste are now succeeding to the rigorous discipline which he established.

## CHAPTER VII.

Library. — Reading society. — Taste for reading among the people of Geneva. — Manuscripts of Dr. Colndet. — Autograph letters of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Bonaparte; literature of the latter.

I devoted several days to an examination of the public library, which contains forty thousand volumes and about five hundred manuscripts. There exists in this library a most precious work of art, Petitot's great enamel of *Alexander in the tent of Darius*. The building devoted to the library is a horrid place which has very much the appearance of a barn. It is well supplied with editions of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but there is a deficiency of modern works; except the *Description of Egypt*, there are scarcely any of the best works that have appeared

during the last twenty years. The reading society is a well regulated institution; it receives the literary and scientific journals, the different reviews, and principal new publications, and is, I think, the cause of the unmerited neglect of the library.<sup>1</sup> Francis de Bonnivard, the prisoner of Chillon,<sup>2</sup> was the founder of this library, to which he gave his manuscripts and books in the year 1551. It was afterwards increased by the bequest of Ami Lullin, professor of ecclesiastical history, who had acquired a portion of the rare collection of counsellor Péteau, the other part of which was bought by queen Christine, who sent it to the Vatican. Thus was the library of this counsellor of the parliament of Paris strangely destined to be divided between Rome and Geneva.

I was struck with the great bulk of the loan book, and was then informed by M. Pictet Deodati, the librarian, whose attentions were truly indefatigable, that every citizen of Geneva, without exception, had a right to the use of the books in the library. I looked over this loan book with curiosity. It did not contain, like ours, the names of idlers reading at random without taste or love of study; nor were the somewhat graver fantasies unregistered there, of those restless triflers who seek in our pharmacies of the soul vain remedies for imaginary evils; nor did it contain the names of those literary sharpeners, who make books from books on all subjects indifferently, nor of those editors, writers of the stall and the shop, whose talent is only a kind of handicraft, and whose long compilations do not present one original idea, nor twenty pages of their own composition; but instead of these I found the names and very legible signatures of useful citizens and artisans. These come in person one day a week to change the works they have read for others; though there are nearly two thousand volumes in circulation, it never

<sup>1</sup> The reading society has no other funds than those derived from the contributions of its subscribers; its library now contains more than thirty thousand volumes, among which, it is true, there are many sets incomplete. The number of members was three hundred and twenty in 1836; there were more than four hundred in 1831 and 1832. Foreigners are readily admitted to the reading society; in 1836, there were a hundred and seven French, a hundred and three English, fifty-two Italians, fifty-one German, twenty-two Russians or Poles, twenty-

six Americans, fifteen Dutch, and one Turk. The society seems, however, to be on the decline by the president's report made in the month of January 1837, and the expenditure has exceeded the receipts for some years past.

<sup>2</sup> By a singular inadvertence, Lord Byron, instead of celebrating the captivity of that intrepid and temperate priest, Bonnivard, the real prisoner of Chillon, has sung the adventures of imaginary heroes. See *post*, chap. xvi.

happens that one is lost. Thus, this library is not only public but popular. This taste for instruction gives to the people of Geneva a sort of gravity and *comprehension* truly remarkable, which is not found elsewhere. In the clock manufactories, as in the *veillées* of common work-people, the best reader is chosen, and the audience agree to do his or her share of work so long as thus employed. In this manner that intellectual life, that esteem for the efforts of the mind and of thought, which, with all our means of publicity and all our literary agitation, are so little known in France, are much more widely disseminated at Geneva. I remember that I had the good fortune to meet M. de Chateaubriand there, who had come from Lausanne to pass two days at Geneva, and he was pleased, as we returned from our ride, to take me back to my inn. When I got out of the carriage I was surprised to see my hostess, generally so full of business, standing still before the door; she soon followed me, and asked if the gentleman in the carriage was not M. de Chateaubriand. I said that it was, and I showed some astonishment at her knowing M. de Chateaubriand; she sharply replied—"Oh! sir, who does not know M. de Chateaubriand?" I mentioned this incident to a Genevese, who from his profession is a perfectly competent judge of the Genevese manners, and he was not the least surprised at it. He even assured me that if the passage of M. de Chateaubriand had been suspected at the time, all the street *derrière le Rhône* would have been crowded.

In 1826, I examined at my leisure, at the house of the late doctor Coindet, a very curious collection of autograph letters, which is at the present time in the hands of his eldest son. M. Coindet possessed, with various letters of Voltaire and Rousseau, the manuscript of *Emile*, which however had no doubt been rewritten from a former copy, perhaps that in the library of the Chamber of Deputies, which has many more erasures. The manuscript of M. Coindet presents rather corrections of style than any real changes, and it is well known to what an extent Rousseau laboured his works. One of

the most remarkable pieces of this collection is a letter from Rousseau's father to Madame de Warens, in which he expresses his disapprobation at his son's wasting time in literary occupations; in this letter of the old clock-maker of Geneva may be observed some rude features of his son's genius. There is the same energy, the same haughtiness, if there cannot be said to be the same elevation, of sentiment. In the collection of M. Coindet, there was also, in five folio pages, one of Calvin's doctor's bills; lavements are almost as *réitérés* therein as in that of M. Fleurant. Among the treasures of M. Coindet was a packet of *lettres de cachet*, surreptitiously taken from the Bastille when it was destroyed, documents unworthy of the signature of Louis XIV. and Colbert, as in them these great men degrade themselves to the occupation of jailers, even prescribing the visits the prisoners may receive, and the number of turns to be allowed them on the terrace.

At the house of M. Cherbuliez, a learned bookseller, I saw, in frames, a letter of Voltaire, two autograph letters of Rousseau, and one of Bonaparte, the three men, perhaps, who have exercised the most violent influence over mankind. Voltaire's letter is only an insignificant note of the 16th of March, 1776, addressed to M. Duval de Gex; he sends to him a letter written by the *fermiers-généraux* to M. Trudaine, respecting a person named Chabot, whom he patronised; the letter is not in his hand, but is signed by him. Rousseau's two letters, written from Motiers, are addressed to M. de Beauchateau; one is of the 1st of October, the other of the 17th of November, 1763; in the first he invites him to dinner in very affectionate terms and with much good nature; in the latter he speaks in a touching manner of the suffering state of his health:—"Without the hope of another life," says he, "I should have but little to say in favour of this." Bonaparte's letter is of the 29th July, 1786, and is addressed to M. Barde, the predecessor of M. Cherbuliez. It is one of the earliest of his now existing letters. The letter to M. Barde is badly spelt, but not so illegible as his writing when em-

<sup>1</sup> I have since, in my travels in Corsica, discovered several of Napoleon's letters, of a date previous to this; they are addressed to his family, and are now in the hands of M. Braccini of Ajaccio. One

of them was written during his childhood, at the age of eleven, a short time after his going to Brienne.

peror; its style is very ordinary, and affords little presage of the great man; it relates to the purchase of certain histories of the island of Corsica and the pretended *Memoirs of Madame de Warens and Claude Anet, as a sequel to the confessions of J.-J. Rousseau*.—"J'ENTENDT votre réponse," writes Bonaparte, "*pour vous envoyer l'argent à quoi cela montera.*" He directs M. Barde to address his answer to M. de Buonaparte, officer of artillery in the regiment of La Fère in garrison at Valence. However little the interest of this piece, it is impossible not to feel some emotion on seeing obscurely exposed, in the corner of a bookseller's shop, and bearing the marks of its ancient classification among other business letters, this letter whose characters were traced by a hand so powerful, which was one day to give so many other signatures so widely differing, from the treaties dictated in the capitals of Europe, to the abdication accepted at Fontainebleau and the will of Saint Helena.

Bonaparte's stay at Valence is the subject of a very pretty anecdote related in the *Memoirs of a contemporary*.<sup>1</sup> At the period of the journey to Erfurth, Napoleon, having at his table the emperor Alexander and the princes of the Confederation of the Rhine, corrected an error which the prince primate made respecting the date of the Golden Bull. "When I was a simple second lieutenant of artillery," said he, on beginning his phrase, and on remarking a movement of interest and surprise on the part of his guests:—"When I had the honour," he resumed, "of being a simple second lieutenant of artillery, I remained three years in garrison at Valence. I was not fond of company and lived very retired. Fortunately I lived near a bookseller; I read over and over again all the books in his library during those three years, and I have forgotten nothing." If one calls to

mind the divers literary judgments of Bonaparte, his letters, and his proclamations, one might be tempted to think on the contrary, that, with the exception of chronology, his memory was rather detrimental to him, as being the source of all that is false and exaggerated in them. His instinct was better than his learning, and the gifts of nature than his acquirements. He could appreciate Corneille, Molière, Racine, and the great writers of the age of Louis XIV.; save some partial errors on Fenelon, La Fontaine, Lesage, and madame de Sévigné, and he was perhaps too much shocked with the tinsel of some of Voltaire's pieces. His military eloquence was brilliant, but nearly always imitated and too highly coloured; the historical and sentimental common-places that he mixed with it were sometimes very ludicrous. Some of his letters addressed to his wife, soon after their marriage, have recently appeared; notwithstanding the depth of his feelings, they are written in the very worst style of novels.<sup>3</sup> The literary taste of Bonaparte was correct, but not of a high order; in the plan of a portable library of a thousand volumes which he sent to M. Barbier, his librarian, *Emile* is formally excluded, while I have remarked on one of his travelling catalogues, the *Lettres à Emilie sur la mythologie*, and the poems in prose of Florian; in the section of epic poets in the plan of this portable library, Napoleon had ordered Lucan and the *Henriade*, without thinking of Virgil, Camoens, or Milton. The tales and romances of Marmontel were among the books that he carried into the East with him, the catalogue of which he himself made out.<sup>4</sup> He had an equal antipathy for Rousseau and Voltaire. When he passed through Geneva in 1800, and showed much politeness to its citizens, after making complaisant inquiries about Saussure, Bonnet, and Senebier, he said nothing of Jean-Jacques. Elo-

<sup>1</sup> These memoirs had just appeared at Chambéry; the first are the work of M. Doppet, then a physician, and subsequently an indifferent general replaced at the siege of Toulon by Dugommier; he was the author of *Political and Military Memoirs*, and died in 1800; the latter were by his brother, a barrister.

<sup>2</sup> *Memoirs of M. de Bausset*, vol. i. p. 324.

<sup>3</sup> Bonaparte was a great novel-reader; one of his most illustrious generals, a most veracious man, has related, that when he was called into his presence at Martigny, at the moment of passing the Great Saint Bernard, he caught a glance of the book

that Bonaparte had in his hand when he entered the room; it was the *Adventures of Guzman d'Alfarache*.

<sup>4</sup> *Bourrienne's Memoirs*, vol. II. p. 50 *et seq.* M. de Bourrienne appears, however, to judge the friend of his childhood too severely when he says:—"I never knew a man more insensible to the beautiful in poetry or prose. The finest works of our literature were to him nothing more than an arrangement of sonorous words, void of sense, which, according to him, only pleased the ear."



quent reproaches have been made against Napoleon's taste for the lower kind of literature, but it was the consequence of his first acquaintances in the revolution, and his good sense vainly struggled to get rid of it.

Geneva appears to me deserving of reproach for an error in opinion that I will take advantage of this opportunity to mention. At the corner of every street, may be seen portraits and apotheoses of Napoleon. I remember that, on my arrival at Geneva, in pursuance of the active habits I had contracted, and to which I adhered in all my travels, I began to explore the city almost immediately on my arrival; having asked the way to the parade, a person who was going thither, (it being Sunday) proposed to conduct me. After thanking him for his obliging offer in a suitable manner, I thought proper to congratulate this citizen of Geneva on the independence of his country. He received my compliment rather coldly; and I afterwards found a similar feeling among persons of more information. This Genevise Bonapartism surprised me exceedingly. In my early youth I had known, under the empire, some distinguished Genevise, and I had closely observed their opposition to the proceedings of that epoch, and the dissatisfaction of the government on account of it. I have not forgotten, as one of the richest anecdotes of the censorship, that a number of the *Bibliothèque britannique*, an excellent journal published at Geneva, was then suppressed or menaced with suppression, on account of an extract from an English life of Sir Thomas More. An allusion was found in it to the *affair of the pope*, and Geneva was almost censured as papist. Bonaparte abhorred Geneva and the Genevise, and his witty answer cannot have been forgotten, when, on being invited to pass by Geneva, he said that *he did not know enough English for that*. This Gene-

vise Bonapartism is connected with the remembrance of good administration, and some commercial advantages, but it is not the less an error. The impulse given by France towards a sort of social improvement might be useful to other nations less advanced, but could not benefit Geneva; this enlightened city has need of no one to teach it civilisation.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### Society of Geneva.

During the summer the society of Geneva is pretty generally dispersed among the villas of its environs. I could only catch a glimpse of it, although favoured with the obliging attentions of M. de Bonstetten, formerly the friend and literary confidant of the youthful Muller,<sup>1</sup> at that time advanced in years, but still full of fire, grace, and imagination.<sup>2</sup> But I cannot recall without a pleasurable interest the evenings that I past with some of the ministers. It appeared to me that peace, union, and domestic happiness reigned there; the wives of these pastors and theologians have a kind of unpedantic gravity full of sweetness. The other ladies of Geneva whom I met with conversed well and with ease; a few commercial terms were occasionally mixed with their expressions, but I never saw any instance of that affectation of refinement with which I have heard them reproached.

In winter the society of Geneva is of a very superior kind; as it comprises such men as De Candolle,<sup>3</sup> Sismondi,<sup>4</sup> Dumont,<sup>5</sup> Maurice,<sup>6</sup> Rossi,<sup>7</sup> Hess,<sup>8</sup> Chateaufieux;<sup>9</sup> such shining intellects, and sturdy combatants, that cannot be found elsewhere united within so small space. Sharp must the pains of exile be, since Madame de Staël could not be consoled or forget her sorrows in the range of such society.

Geneva is singularly placed as a con-

<sup>1</sup> See his Letters, so felicitously translated into French by Madame de Steck.

<sup>2</sup> He died on the 13th February 1832.

<sup>3</sup> One of the first botanists in Europe.

<sup>4</sup> Author of the *History of the Italian Republics of the Middle Ages*, a partial work, but abounding with information; it ought to be read, as a necessary complement to a voyage in Italy.

<sup>5</sup> M. Dumont has published and rendered readable the *reveries of the Civil and penal Legislation* of Jeremy Bentham; he died at Milan in September 1829.

<sup>6</sup> Formerly professor, *maître des requêtes*, and prefect of France.

<sup>7</sup> Professor of Roman law at the Academy of Geneva, a jurisconsult of the highest distinction, and author of the *Treatise on penal law*, published in 1829; he is now professor of political economy at the College of France.

<sup>8</sup> Author of an interesting life of Zuinglius.

<sup>9</sup> Author of *Lettres nouvelles sur l'Italie*, and of *Lettres de Saint-James*.

trast on the road to Italy ; this city, the seat of philosophy, industry, commerce, and liberty, utterly differs from the poetic soil of Italy, the country of the arts, of historical recollections, and absolute power.

## CHAPTER IX.

Ferney.

The visits to Ferney do not now excite the emotion, agitation, and ecstasy that were the order of the day some sixty years ago. The curiosity of the traveller, sometimes childish and ridiculous, has succeeded to the ardent fervour of the pilgrims of old : every body admires the talents and genius of Voltaire, but there is no man of sense that does not blame his abuse of them. This celebrated chateau, this portico of a scoffing and sceptical philosophy, is but a small house of a style of architecture at once meagre and clumsy. On the front are represented divers emblems of philosophy and the arts, painted during the lifetime of Voltaire, with allusions to his various works. The theatre, situated in the court, was so badly built, that time has already destroyed it. The famous church opposite, which bore the scarcely religious inscription, *Deo erexit Voltaire*, is but a narrow chapel incapable of holding two hundred persons. The drawing-room and bed-chamber are still, as is well known, in the same state as in Voltaire's time. The drawing-room is small and ugly, and filled with ten arm-chairs and a little console. The frightful daub so humorously described by Madame de Genlis is still there : it represents the Temple of Memory, and Voltaire, led by France, offering his *Henriade* to Apollo ; the kind of toga in which Voltaire is clothed resembles a dressing-gown, and France, as to her look and dress, has an air hardly decent ; the enemies of Voltaire are in a corner, overthrown and making horrible grimaces. In the bed-chamber is the earthen mausoleum, spit half through, in which Voltaire's heart was enclosed, and which from its material, colour, and degraded appearance, is more like a

cracked stove than a tomb. Those emphatic words, so little resembling his style, which he would never have written in his life, are still to be read thereon :—"My manes are consoled, since my heart is in the midst of you." A small detached plate, on the middle of this strange monument, bears the more generally known inscription :—"His spirit is every where ; his heart is here." On the sides of this tomb are strangely enough placed the portraits of pope Clement XIV. and his landress, and those of the empress Catherine and her chimney-sweeper. On the side where the bed is, are the portraits of Frederick, Lekain, and Madame du Châtelet, and near the only window of the room, are some small and very indifferent engravings representing certain illustrious characters, among whom friendship and a community of philosophical sentiment have given a place to Marmontel, Helvetius, Diderot, and the duke of Choiseul. Close to this room was his study, which is now a servant's bed-room ; and beyond that the library, now a somewhat extensive orangery. In the park is the great elm planted by the hand of Voltaire ; it was struck by lightning in 1824, and its effects are still visible in the dead boughs at its top. The park is flat, but presents several new and well planted avenues of an agreeable aspect, which form an effective contrast with the somewhat insignificant remains of the chateau.<sup>2</sup>

There is still living at Ferney an old gardener who has seen Voltaire ; he speaks of him in an interesting manner, and without the cant usual to that sort of contemporaries. He has preserved a morsel of Voltaire's dressing-gown, his white silk cap with gold flowers, and his great box walking-stick. Leaning on the latter, the good fellow represents in a very natural manner some of the scenes in the life of Voltaire, his passionate domestic outbreaks, his love of frightening the little boys that came in his way, etc. Voltaire was always called *monseigneur*, and would have taken offence if any of his people or dependants omitted doing so ; he rode out every day in a carriage with four horses. In spite

whom Voltaire bought it. The present proprietor is M. Budé de Bolissy, a descendant of the famous Guillaume Budé, whose wife, with a part of his children, retired to Geneva and embraced Calvinism.

<sup>1</sup> The bed and window curtains of Voltaire's chamber, are almost in pieces, great numbers of travellers bearing away a shred every day unperceived.

<sup>2</sup> Ferney has reverted to the Budé family, of

of his beneficent conduct to the residents on his estates, he was a lord strict enough and even hard towards poachers<sup>1</sup>. This same gardener still shows a register containing the seals of divers persons who had written to Voltaire. These seals enabled him to refuse the letters that he did not want to receive, and which he sent back without opening to save the postage; there are epithets written by the side of them, some of which are not very flattering for these tiresome and indiscreet correspondents. Among the prints in the chamber of this gardener, is one given him by Madame Denis, representing Voltaire in various costumes; in one of these he is disguised as a woman with a round cap; the effect of this old monkey-like countenance with such a head-dress cannot be described. It is also probable that Voltaire, after corresponding with the *femme de chambre* of the duchess of Choiseul,<sup>2</sup> had a fancy one day to take the costume.

Of all the places that have been inhabited by celebrated men, Ferney is one of those which most disappoint the expectations; ignorance of the beauties of nature has never, perhaps, been carried to such an extent: this park, at the foot of the Jura, has not a single undulation of surface, and one can hardly get a sight of the lake of Geneva or the Alps.

## CHAPTER X.

### Coppet.

I visited Coppet, the asylum of the fugitive Bayle, where he sojourned while engaged in the education of the children of count de Dhona; it was also the retreat

of Necker, and for ten years the Siberia of Madame de Staël. The chateau had just been arranged with care and simplicity; it has nothing extraordinary and is badly placed, enjoying no view of the Alps, which is intercepted by the naked heights of the Voirons. The park is planted at the entrance with evergreens and has a dull aspect; there is, however, a very pretty rivulet which might have been turned to advantage, though it now only serves to turn a mill. This taste in preference of the useful was visible throughout the estate, as well as in the life of its proprietor, a young man worthy of respect and regret, who was attached even to the illusions of virtue, and whose conscience was a more certain guide than his doctrines, which we may be allowed to decline following, though we cannot refuse them our esteem.<sup>3</sup>

## CHAPTER XI.

### Salève.—Bossey.

Salève is not a fine mountain, but this calcareous rock is to the Genevese what the Palatine or the Janiculum was to the Romans. To free nations mountains are the liveliest expression, and, as it were, the type, of their country: Montmartre might be held sacred by a moral and patriotic nation. This mountain which is so *reiche*, as it is termed at Geneva, on the outside, has in the interior extensive tracts of grass land, shady groves, smiling vallies, and productive pastures; it seemed to me on entering it that I could discover some analogy with the Genevese character, rough at first sight, but full of merit and sterling qualities.

<sup>1</sup> The following anecdote of Voltaire, which, I believe, has never been printed, was communicated to me by a person worthy of credit who had known him personally. "A poacher was caught and taken before Voltaire. 'The rogue must be defended,' said he, after throwing himself back in his easy-chair, and he named Wagnière as his counsel, who refused, however, from I know not what motive, and M. Mailly-Chateaurenaud, then Voltaire's second secretary, under the name of M. Esprit, and subsequently deputy of Franche-Comté at the States-general, was ordered to replace him. In the midst of his pleading, M. Esprit stopped suddenly, and said he wanted a volume to read a quotation, that this volume was in the library of M. de Voltaire, and that he could find it in a moment; the high judiciary allowed him to go for it. On his return, as he kept turning over the leaves in vain without

speaking, Voltaire lost his patience and asked what book it was. 'It is your *Philosophical Dictionary*,' coolly replied M. Chateaurenaud, 'I am looking for the word *Humanity* there, and I find you have forgotten it.' Voltaire was struck by this remark, and dismissed the poacher with a present of six francs." It is a fact that the word *Humanity* is not in the *Philosophical Dictionary*; and Voltaire might have profited by this occasion to add it.

<sup>2</sup> See the Letters of the Marchioness of Deffand.

<sup>3</sup> Baron Augustus de Staël, who died in the autumn of 1827. A notice of his life, prefixed to his *Miscellaneous Works*, published at the beginning of 1827, is attributed to the Duchess de Broglie; it is interesting, and very affecting, from the elevation of thought, the noble sentiments, and that kind of fraternal piety which inspired it.



On the declivity of the mountain, at the spot where the view is the finest, is an inscription on the dilapidated walls of a house called *the hermitage*, which perhaps it was once in reality; it is almost effaced, but might well have been the motto of a hermit: *Nasci, pati, mori*. The abbé Delille, in his harmonious verses in imitation of Gray,

Ah! si d'aucun ami vous n'honorez la cendre, etc.

has said of the inhabitants of the country:

Naitre, souffrir, mourir est toute leur hisloire.

When on the Salève I did not forget the inspired verses of Lamartine:

Te souviens-tu du jour où gravissant la cime  
Du Salève aux flancs azurés,

and this mountain of Savoy was to me a poetic mountain.

I had previously been to see Bossey, the abode of Rousseau's infancy. It was there, he said, that he acquired "so passionate a taste for the country that it never left him," and which, indeed, is the better part of his talent. The situation of Bossey at the foot of Salève is solitary, the prospect rather fine, but not very remarkable; and I think that the force of first impressions, the generally cheerful life of a country minister, the company of his cousin, the power of children to amuse themselves almost everywhere, and the melancholy of the *rue du Chevelu*, have given to Bossey half its merit. The parsonage of M. Lambercier, now pulled down, was situated in a hollow, and was abandoned by the present catholic curate on account of its insalubrity. The celebrated walnut-tree, the *protégé* of Rousseau, had been cut down, and lay for sale in the middle of the road; it was felled in consequence of serious injury from a storm, towards the end of 1826. On seeing the two trees planted by Voltaire and Rousseau thus smitten by heaven, with an interval of only two years, (the tradition of Rousseau's walnut-tree is, however somewhat doubtful) might not bigotry be tempted to find therein a presage? The holm-tree of Socinius at Scopetto, near Sienne, from which I believe he has even dated

some of his writings (*ex ilice scopetiana*), was cut down about the same time by the proprietor of the ground, a scrupulous character, who was also incommoded by the curiosity of travellers, and the pilgrimages of the Polish sectaries of Socinius. The destruction of these trees planted by scepticism can scarcely affect any one; their shade must be oppressive, and the air one breathes there is a withering and dispiriting blast, which is truly *that shadow of death* spoken of in Scripture.

## CHAPTER XII.

First torrent.—Picturesque in individuals.—Guides and valets de place.

In my journey through the corner of Switzerland and Savoy that I had planned to take in my road to Italy, I made use of Keller's map only, and found it truly excellent. This map accurately points out by signs the waterfalls, rocks, torrents, and most remarkable points of view: your impression of each object remains free and spontaneous, and you escape, by the information the map affords, the diffuse descriptions, the bad style, the epithets, the dull enthusiasm, and oratorical display of the guide-book makers.

I shall never forget the effect produced on me, inexperienced traveller as I was, by the first torrent I saw in the Alps. At first I could not tell what that appearance of vapor was on the top of the mountain; my Parisian servant was not less surprised. Is it not, in truth, a striking image of a revolution? At first no one knows what to make of it, nor how it will finish; we must draw near to hear the noise and contemplate the ravages of the torrent.

The picturesque, which nature preserves in such grand and terrible features, is gradually disappearing, more and more, and in different manners, among men. The Genevese postilion who drove me to Sallenche wore a fine black frock-coat, gloves, and a round hat, while the Savoyard who took us to Chamouny had a kind of blue livery, with gold edging and a scarlet collar. Thus was I accompanied in the bosom of the mountains by the neat simplicity of a free and commercial state, and the show and finery of monarchy and *citadine* servitude. On

1 See Chapter ix, *ante*.

the morrow I experienced another disappointment. Having started at break of day for Montanvers, I found myself in the company of goatherds who were conducting their charges to the mountains. I was anxious to bring back some of their songs for the ladies of Paris; on my return I asked my hostess, a genuine Savoyard, who had never quitted her native valley, to procure me some of them. After giving herself considerable trouble, in the evening she brought me a troubadour's romance in good French, which her daughter had copied out on a sheet of foolscap in a good round hand; and although this good woman took much pains and greatly interested herself in the research, I could not get hold of the least song of these mountaineers. I then learned, that the French armies in their invasions, having disseminated among the people the smutty couplets of the streets of Paris, the clergy had since laboured to replace them by versions from the psalms. Thus in the conflict between these two kinds of song, the popular airs have disappeared. The picturesque in individuals, after which I longed, presented itself to me for the first time in the gown and beard of the capuchin of Sion<sup>1</sup> and the hats of the Valaisian women.

The rivalry and local jealousies which exist in both great and little towns, of which vanity is nearly always the foundation, is met with even in the bosom of savage nature: the guide of the Frozen Sea speaks derogatorily and with disdain of the diminutiveness of the glacier of *Bossons*; <sup>2</sup> and the guide to the latter, in vaunting its resplendent whiteness, the transparency of its alabaster pyramids and the crystal of its springs, is almost epigrammatic on the discoloured hue of the Frozen Sea. I have since remarked the same pretensions between the *ciceroni* of Vesuvius and the Solfatare. The one treats the Solfatare as a tiny volcano long since extinct; the other, more justly, details the curious effects, the utility, and salutary properties of his ancient volcano, and jeers at the eternal smoke of Vesuvius. These mountain guides are full of candour, simplicity, and intelligence: placed close to the wonders of nature, they speak of them without affectation, and are far removed from the emphatic descriptions of the keepers of

our parks and gardens, or the domestic erudition of the servants in our country mansions. The *valet de place*, or rather the valet *out of place*, as Alfieri has it, of the Italian towns, is not much better; and were it not for the assistance that his lavish use of the title of *excellenza* affords him, he would find great difficulty in keeping up the conversation and finishing his periods. The *cicerone* of Pompeii is interesting; but this man, who lives in some sort in the midst of the ancients, is still close to nature.

### CHAPTER XIII.

Glaciers.—Saint Francis de Sales at the glaciers.

It would be an act of temerity to give a new description of places so often, so eternally described, and which have been observed by Saussure, and sung by Haller, Delille, Fontanes, and Byron. Besides, I will own that, save in the first moments of astonishment and curiosity, I had too faithful a recollection of the articles written by M. de Chateaubriand against mountains. This *divertissement* ended by seeming to me a *fatigue*, and after having passed a whole day in climbing Montanvers, descending to the Frozen Sea and the source of the Arveron, then re-ascending to the cross of Flaisnière, whence the view of the Frozen Sea is much more complete, I found these places sad and desolate instead of sublime; nature there appeared to me shorn of part of her charms. The water of the fountains is sometimes too *hard*; the inevitable monotonous rhododendrum is an inodorous rose with a pale uneven leaf. Every thing undergoes a change on these heights; even the violet loses its modesty, and, instead of concealing itself humbly in the grass, becomes a large handsome flower overtopping it, and ostentatiously exhaling a faint perfume from its lofty stem. I recalled the admirable verses which Virgil puts in the mouth of a friend deceived by his mistress:—

Tu procul a patria (nec sit mihi credere tantum)  
Alpinas, ah! dura nives, . . .  
Me sine sola vides! ah, te ne frigora lædant!  
Ah! tibi ne teneras glacies secet aspera plantas!

And I saw in them a true picture of

<sup>1</sup> See Chap. xxv. *post*.

<sup>2</sup> The finest, but no the largest, of the glaciers.

the glaciers. What modern poet would have failed to indulge in a reverie on this lover in the midst of rocks and snows? but being obliged to follow attentively the steps of my guide among these precipices, my feet suffering from the flints, I found such musings absolutely impossible.

The discovery of the valley of Chamouny is constantly, but erroneously, ascribed to Pococke and Windham, two English travellers. More than a century before, it had been visited by Francis de Sales, and charity had preceded curiosity in this secluded retreat of savage nature. Notwithstanding the incompetency of the historian, it is impossible to read without emotion the details of this visit to the glaciers, so different in its nature from those which fashion has since rendered customary. "It having been reported that Francis was at the abbey of Six, people came from all quarters to greet him. He there received, among others, the deputies and inhabitants of a valley situated at three leagues' distance, who informed him of the disaster that had recently befallen them. As the province is full of very high mountains, the summits of two of them became loosened, and in falling crushed several villages, a number of inhabitants, and a great quantity of cattle, which are the sole riches of the country. They further informed him, that being reduced by this accident to utter poverty, so as to be unable to pay their taxes, they applied to the duke of Savoy's *chambre des comptes* to have them remitted; but they had done so in vain:—that they had reason to believe the authorities were not persuaded that the evil was so great as represented, or that they were thought to be less poverty-stricken than they really were. They therefore entreated him to send and have every thing verified on the spot, so that on the report which should be made to him, he might write in their favour.

"Francis, who had a most feeling heart for the misfortunes of others, was deeply affected by the calamities of these poor people, and offered to set off that very hour to go and comfort them, and render them whatever services lay in his power. This they opposed, representing that the country was impracticable and so rough that a horse could not go thither. The holy prelate asked them if they had not

come from thence, and they answered that they were poor people used to such fatigues.—'And I, my children,' replied Francis, 'am your father, obliged to provide for your consolation and your necessities.' Accordingly, whatever entreaties they could make, he set off with them on foot, and he was a whole day in going the three leagues from the abbey of Six to the valley. The mischief proved to be greater than they had represented. The inhabitants were reduced to extreme want and had scarcely the appearance of men: they were destitute of every thing, clothes, houses, and food. Francis mingled his tears with theirs, gave them all the money he had with him, and promised to write in their favour to the duke himself. He did so, and obtained for them all that he asked." At Montanvers they show the *Englishmen's stone*, that is, the place where Messrs. Windham and Pococke seated themselves: how different would be the feelings of the traveller, could he contemplate and follow the traces of Francis de Sales, and the path trod by him in the midst of these rocks!

## CHAPTER XIV.

### Col de Balme.

On the door of the church at Argentière, a very small village in a vale at the foot of a glacier, is the following touching inscription, full of piety and truth: *Populum pauperem saluum facies.*

I passed the Col de Balme, the view from which, extending on one side over the valley of Chamouny, Mount Blanc, and the lofty pyramids surrounding it, and on the other over the province of the Valais and the chain of the Alps from Mount Saint Gothard to the Fork, is truly magnificent and immense; which is not every where the case in the midst of the peaks of the Alps, as some of them are overtopped by others. The descent from the Col de Balme is through a superb forest of larch, which, from the strength, size, and disorder of its vegetation, resembles rather a virgin forest of North America than a thoroughfare frequented every year by artists and people

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Saint Francis de Sales*, by Marsollier, book v.



of the fashionable world. They were then occupied in building a little pavilion on the summit of the Col de Balme, which may be convenient enough, though I do not like it there : a calvary or religious house seems better adapted to these high mountains than the kiosk of a *restaurant*.

## CHAPTER XV.

Saint Maurice; Hermit.—Martigny.

Saint Maurice at the bottom of its ravine, and Martigny in the plain, present traces of the Roman domination and of the French during the Empire; but these traces of the two most powerful societies that have ever existed, appear weak beside the might and majesty of nature which surrounds and overwhelms them; and the ruins of walls and towers, once Roman military posts, with the repairs done to the bridge by our engineers at the time of our prefect, sink into insignificance before the rocks, grottoes, and caverns that you have contemplated.

At a quarter of a league from Saint Maurice is the field in which the Theban legion, with Maurice, its chief, was massacred; these martyred warriors had forsaken their idols and were decimated for the sublime insubordination of their faith :—

*Furieux dans la guerre, ils souffrent nos bourreaux,  
Et, lions au combat, ils meurent en agneaux.\**

Not far from this place, half way up the mountain, among the rocks, is the habitation of a blind hermit. Notwithstanding his seventy years, the elevated position of his dwelling, and the narrowness of the path that leads to it, the old man can find his way very well without aid. Contrary to the ordinary practice of hermits in poems and romances, this one was not very resigned; he had never known like them the grandeurs and fickleness of fortune; he was a poor peasant, who had lost his sight at the age of nine years, and, to live rent-free, had retired twenty years ago to this rock, which was

well lined with fir planks and not in the least damp. The robe of this hermit was only an old surtout fastened round his waist by a leather girdle. He descended every day to Saint Maurice, where he lives in winter; in short, far from being so poetical as some enthusiastic Parisian travellers had depicted him to me, this hermit from necessity had been long anxious to find some house of refuge, and he would have been on roses in the *Hospice des Ménages* at Paris.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Bex.—Aigle.—Haller.—Villeneuve.—Chillon.

The salt-springs of Bex have doubtless the grand merit of utility, as there are no other in Switzerland; and they yield annually to the government of Vaud, to which they belong, from fifteen to twenty thousand quintals of salt, after having formerly produced fifty thousand; but the toilsome visit to these subterranean caverns is less interesting to persons unskilled in science or political economy. Nature loses much on being viewed by lamp-light; she requires the sun and the stars to light up her wonders. The vaulted galleries hollowed out in the rock, the drains, the well, the reservoir and boilers of Bex, produce moreover a sad contrast, when one has just come from contemplating the brilliant effects of the rainbow formed over the green-sward by the dazzling cascade of Pisse-vache, well-deserving a more decent appellation, and the enchanting sites of the valley of the Rhone. These works generally occupy from thirty to forty workmen, a species of water Cyclops, at two francs a day. But if I did not sufficiently appreciate this kind of industry, I did not by any means regret the excursion, for the road to the springs is altogether wild and romantic.

The barren melancholy valley of Aigle is besprinkled with the huts of wandering shepherds, driven from place to place by the avalanche and torrent.

The chateau of the village of Roche derives its celebrity from its having been

\* *Polyeucte*.—The fact of the massacre of 6,600 soldiers of the Theban legion by order of Maximian, on the 22nd of September in the year 302, is well defended and proved by a learned Valaisian of the last century, Pierre Joseph de Rivaz, still in repute as a mathematician, in a work of merit which

Rousseau has eulogised. His *Éclaircissements sur le martyre de la légion Thébéenne et sur l'époque de la persécution des Gaules sous Dioclétien et Maximien*, published after his death, at Paris, in 1779, are a real masterpiece of sacred erudition and historical criticism.

six years the residence of the great Haller, then bailiff of Aigle and director of the salt-springs of Roche.

Villeneuve is admirably situated; it dates from the time of the Romans, who were defeated in its neighbourhood by the Helvetii.

The rock, the white walls, and the gothic turrets of the castle of Chillon, which rises solitarily above the lake, are extremely picturesque. It was formerly the residence of the bailiffs of Vevey, and was built by Peter, duke of Savoy, sur-named the Little Charlemagne; it is now used as a depot for arms and powder, and is occupied by a few *gendarmes*. The captivity of Bonnivard, the death of *Julie*, the poem of Byron, seem to confer glory on this military storehouse. Lord Byron avows that he did not know the history of Bonnivard when he wrote his *Prisoner of Chillon*, though it is in a manner imprinted in the vaults of the castle, where the dungeon in which he was imprisoned some three centuries ago is shown, with the iron ring to which he was fastened and the mark of his chain near a pillar on which Byron himself has since engraved his name, and also the pretended traces of his steps. Byron's poem, although very fine, is but an imitation of the imprisonment of Ugolin and his sons in the walled tower of Pisa. The sufferings of Bonnivard were not less dreadful; they well deserved to be sung on their own account, and it is to be regretted that the poet has only honoured them with a tardy sonnet and a brief note. On the front of the Donjon, towards the lake, may be seen in great letters the words *liberté, patrie*; a noble device when properly understood, but which I like better treasured in the heart's core than scrawled on walls.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Clarens.—Topography of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*.

As I approached Clarens, I called to mind the burning pages of *Julie*; but what was my astonishment at coming upon a little naked unsightly port, badly

situated near an almost dried up torrent full of pebbles! The baron d'Etange could never have had a house among those huts; I even have my doubts whether it could have been possible to celebrate the marriage of La Fanchon there: M. de Wolmar could hardly have devoted himself to his agricultural experiments in such a place, nor could the iris of Julia's garden ever have flowered there. Such is the privilege of genius; it gives a being to what we well know never could have existed, and impresses it with an unperishable charm; nor is the existence which it creates weakened even by a view of the reality: the grove of Clarens, that everlasting memorial of love and its joys, lost nothing of its enchantment in my eyes from the mournful aspect of the place. It seems that the euphony of the name of Clarens was Rousseau's motive for preferring this place, in neglect of probability, to the chateau of Chatelard or the village of Montreux,<sup>1</sup> for his scene of action. This scrupulous and timid distrust of his talent was without foundation, Rousseau might even have preserved to Julia d'Etange her original name of Julia d'Orsenge without rendering his pictures less touching; for passion is capable of ennobling every thing, and Walter Scott is not so difficult respecting the names, occasionally very vulgar, of his heroes.\*

The inhabitants of Clarens have given to the least filthy corner of their village the name of *Bosquet*; it is a heap of large stones covered with ivy and briars. A crafty dairywoman, in order to sell her milk, butter, and eggs, had contrived to furnish, according to the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, certain chambers of the Chatelard, which she showed to sentimental travellers as Julia's dressing-room, and the apartments of the baron d'Etange. But the speculation not succeeding, the establishment was broken up.

Lord Byron devotes several stanzas of *Childe Harold* to celebrate Clarens. He says:—

"Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod,—  
Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne  
To which the steps are mountains."

the description of a tempest, the air resounds with the cries of the *paille-en-cu* (certainly, this might have been given *paille-en-queue*), the *frégates*, the *coupeurs-d'eau*; the sailors fasten themselves to *tables, tonneaux, and cages à poules*.

<sup>1</sup> Pronounced *Montron*.

\* In *Paul et Virginie* we also meet with names of places by no means high-sounding or harmonious, such as the mountain and the river of the *Trois Mamettes*, the mountains *Longue* and *Piterboth*; in

With all the credulous enthusiasm of a tourist, he admits this topography of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, although Rousseau himself has declared, on two occasions, that it was *grossièrement altérée*.<sup>1</sup> But it is impossible to advert to the note which accompanies these stanzas without the deepest indignation. Lord Byron pretends that a small wood, which also bore the name of *Bosquet de Julie*, has been cut down by the monks of St. Bernard, the proprietors of the soil, and converted into a vineyard for these *miserable drones of an execrable superstition*.<sup>2</sup> Truly one might suppose that there was question here of one of those Indian sects in which credulity is allied with cruelty! Protestant austerity might break forth against the luxurious idleness and sensuality of the monks of Cîteaux or the canons of the Holy Chapel. But the priest of Saint Bernard who, beyond the forests and the clouds, braves the midnight darkness and the hurricane, preceded by his dog, in search of the traveller bewildered in the snows, terror-struck and ready to die; who revives the frozen dying one with some drops of wine from his calabash (the produce, perhaps, of that vineyard which causes so much horror to Byron); this watchful and hospitable hermit of an icy Thebaid; this martyr of the air and the tempest, who intrepidly makes his residence on those summits where conquerors only venture to pass; in a word, this humble hero of Christianity and of charity well merited to be spoken of in another tone.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Vevey.—Jean-Jacques.—Ludlow.

It is at the charming town of Vevey that we meet with the true memorials of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, and the trace of the adventurous boyhood of Jean Jacques and of his first impressions; it was indeed there that Julia dwelt, and that madame de Warens was born. "When the ardent desire of that sweet and happy life which ever evades me, but for which I was born, comes to inflame my imagination, it is always in the country of Vaud, near the lake, in those charm-

ing fields, that it reposes. I want an orchard on the banks of this lake, and no other; I want a sure friend, an amiable wife, a cow, and a little boat. I shall never enjoy perfect happiness on the earth till I have all these. I laugh at the simplicity with which I have several times gone into that country for the sole purpose of seeking this imaginary happiness. In this journey to Vevey, as I followed that delightful shore, I gave myself up to the sweetest melancholy: my heart aspired with ardour after a thousand innocent felicities; my soul melted, and I sighed, and wept like a child. How often, stopping to weep at my ease, and seating myself on a large stone, did I amuse myself in watching my tears as they fell into the water!

"I went to Vevey and lodged at *La Clef*, and during the two days that I staid there without seeing any one, I contracted an attachment for that town which has accompanied me in all my wanderings, and which at last made me fix the heroes of my romance there. I would candidly say to those who have taste and feeling:—"Go to Vevey, visit the country, examine the localities, sail on the lake, and then say whether nature has not made this beautiful country for a Julia, for a Saint Clair, and for a Saint Preux; but do not seek them there." From the peevish advice in the concluding passage, I confess that I should readily appeal, so much urbanity, politeness, and good-breeding did I remark in the small number of the inhabitants that I had occasion to meet with. Even the landlord of the inn is a traveller, having been to China with Lord Macartney.

But besides the tender and pathetic reminiscences of fiction, Vevey presents some striking mementos of history: its cathedral holds the tombs of two Englishmen, celebrated in the revolutions of their country, Edmund Ludlow and Andrew Broughton, the former, one of the judges of Charles I.; the second, the person who read to him his death-warrant. Some few years ago the inscription, *Omne solum forti patria*, was still to be seen over the house where Ludlow had resided, but some of his descendants have since had it taken down and carried to

<sup>1</sup> See the two prefaces of *Julie*.

<sup>2</sup> It is true that vines have been planted at Clarens by the monks of Saint Bernard, and that, from the

barrenness of the spot, it was impossible to do so without making an artificial soil; this is a new benefit due to this religious community.



England. Ludlow was a violent but sincere republican, and the enemy of Cromwell; he survived the restoration of Charles II., and the revolution of 1688. On hearing of the latter, this old friend of liberty hastened home, after an exile of twenty-nine years, and being nearly seventy years old; he appeared joyfully and proudly in the streets of the capital, and showed himself to the people who, he thought, must recognise him; he fancied that he was assisting at the triumph of the cause he had so faithfully served, and again offered his services to go to Ireland to *combat the tyrant*. But this *émigré* of the republic, this member of the Rump, was also a *remnant of other times*: on returning to his former scene of action, he did not perceive that a legal monarchy had for ever cured his country of popular illusions; a certain and inevitable result, in every age, of the progress of public opinion. Being threatened with arrest as one of the murderers of Charles I., Ludlow was obliged to conceal himself and leave his country again; he returned to Vevey, and died there in 1696, at the age of seventy-three years. His tomb was erected by his widow, who loved him with a deserved affection; it is surmounted with a long and beautiful inscription detailing his titles, places, and the chief events of his life, so agitated and reprehensible, but neither degraded nor meriting contempt.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Lausanne.—View.—Cathedral.—Castle.—Gibbon's house.

Lausanne from its aspect might be called the Swiss Byzantium, but the opposite shore would not be that of Chalcædon; for the lofty vegetation of Evian and its wild banks have also their beauties. The admirable site of Lausanne forms a striking contrast with the ugliness of the streets. In spite of the abundance of reading-rooms and milliners, and the species of civilisation that these important establishments presage, the town is shocking, and ill-built; one would say that it is an assemblage of *ginguettes* in which all the wine of the many vineyards in its neighbourhood is destined to be consumed; in such random confusion are the houses, gardens, and terraces, that they form a kind of labyrinth where

one is always obliged to go up or down. The entrance of the houses is peculiarly hideous. When one thinks of the generally prosperous condition of this country and of the distinguished persons who reside at Lausanne, it seems as if there must be some mania to produce this excess of negligence.

The cathedral, which was begun in 1000 and finished in 1375, and the castle, anciently the palace of the bishops and bailiffs, after the lapse of nearly three centuries under a protestant republic, still retain a catholic and Savoyard appearance. The remains of a great number of kings, queens, princes, lords, bishops, and prelates, fill the cathedral. There is interred Amadeus VIII., first duke of Savoy, and for a moment pope, under the name of Felix V.; he abdicated this double sovereignty, and seems, by his actual place of sepulture, to have carried his oddities and inconstancy even beyond death. Every thing in this reformed church has still an air of catholicism, and the wooden seats, which the love of comfort belonging to the present religion has established there, seem to be only a temporary arrangement. The protestant worship, in the midst of these old and black basilics, looks like an upstart installed in an antique manor-house; there is an indescribable air of newness and embarrassment about him, and he has not the noble dignity of the legitimate lord.

I visited the garden and house of Gibbon. I remembered the kind of farewell that he addressed to his book when he had just written the concluding lines. This scene is more pathetic and touching than belongs to this historian, erudite, indeed, but diffuse, and without elevation or gravity: "It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summerhouse in my garden. After laying down my pen I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate and the sky serene; the silvery orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a

sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future fate of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious." Certainly, the historian who has fulfilled his ministry with integrity must experience profound joy. Of all kinds of writing, history is that most intimately connected with human actions. Gibbon was unmindful of a part of his duties when he spoke disrespectfully of the courage of the first Christians; when, after eighteen centuries had passed, he persecuted these victims of their faith with his irony, and wrote epigrams on their tombs.

## CHAPTER XX.

Society.—Pietists.—Environs.

Wine and strangers make the principal trade of Lausanne; but the produce of the former is far less uncertain than the letting of houses. The residence of foreigners gives to the polished, natural, amiable, and cordial manners of its society an air of cosmopolitanism, agitation, and unsettledness; visits are made and returned incessantly, and the evenings are passed in abundant collations at each other's houses. The conversation of the ladies is witty and literary. It is possible that on the latter point the opinion of Lausanne is somewhat too indulgent and prepossessed. No one imagines all the great French authors known and admired in this town, whose names have scarcely been heard at Paris. I had my share of this extreme favour, and will take good care not to speak ill of it, since I was indebted to it for the success of *Sainte Perine* with certain distinguished persons who had a right to be severe.

There exists in the society of Lausanne an aristocratic decorum, and a distinction between the different classes still more decided than at Geneva, where every one is exactly what his works make him. The exclusives of the Rue de la

Bourg are very superior to those of the upper town, having grown more disdainful by their connection with the great lords that emigration drove to Lausanne; and St. Preux, notwithstanding his soul, his love, and his eloquence, would be a nobody there, quite unable to get a footing in this Faubourg Saint Germain of a little town in a small republic at the foot of the Alps.

Lausanne was again, some forty years since, the nucleus of the mystical and spiritual opinions of the Pietists, a strange mixture of inspired, elevated, and subtle errors, taken from various ages, and uniting at once the fatality of predestination, the ecstasies of Platonic love, and the sensations of magnetism; it was a kind of ascetic protestantism, which proved that the reform effected was insufficient long ago to the religious wants and ardour of certain minds. The opinions of the Pietists are still held by some persons, otherwise very respectable; but, like all illusions, they are weakened, modified, and have now become a vague and varying religionism which each understands and practices as he pleases.

If the interior of Lausanne is frightful, the impression produced is soon effaced when one gains the heights and the environs, where he finds delightful and extensive houses inhabited by wealthy Swiss or foreigners of distinction. Were I not afraid of falling into the novel style, it would be difficult not to attempt a description of the impression I received in a charming garden,<sup>2</sup> a veritable *corbeille* of roses; I heard there the exquisite voices of some women singing Swiss airs; it contained even some Roman antiquities, and a column taken, according to the inscription, from the house of Titus on the Aventine mount, which was well placed and had a good effect.

The parade of the *Signal*, noted for its view, is as the belvedere and panorama of Lausanne. The forest of Roveria is one of the finest I have seen; between trees of giant growth, intersected by deep ravines, are immense views of the lake and mountains of Chablais; it is Swiss nature in all its strength and ruggedness,

<sup>1</sup> The Pietists existed a long time before, for Addison alludes to them in his Travels. Rousseau speaks of the Pietists of the province of Vaud:—"You have not seen the Pietists," writes Saint Preux to Julia, (letter vii., part vi.,) "but you read their books." He adds in a note that these Pietists were "a kind

of madmen who had the fantasy to be Christians and follow the Gospel to the letter, something like the methodists in England, the Moravians in Germany, and the Jansenists in France, etc."

<sup>2</sup> *Le Jardin* is the name of M. de L\*\*\*'s residence.

as the *pineta* of Ravenna, which I have since visited, is Italian nature in all its splendour.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### Lake.

After passing some days at Lausanne I took the steamboat for Geneva. I shall not undertake a detail of this voyage, which is almost as adventurous as that from Paris to Saint Cloud by sea. There were many English on board; from the multitude of eye-glasses and telescopes directed to every point of the coast, and the vehemence of their discussions, one might have thought we were in the South Seas, on the eve of making some new discovery. In spite of the conventional enthusiasm, I will still avow that the absence of islands appears to me to give the lake of Geneva a sad and monotonous aspect; there are but few barks to be met with on it, and the two steamboats, starting always at a certain time, give but little animation to this great sheet of water.<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER XXII.

### Voiturin.

At Geneva I made an arrangement with a *voiturin* who was to conduct me to Milan. This humble mode of travelling is indeed the most commodious in Italy. It is true that one has not always *bon souper, bon gîte et le reste*; but the *voiturin* undertakes for the whole of the expense, and one is not troubled about the necessities of life. Duclos, with the dignity of men of letters in his time, received wine, oil, chocolate, and other provisions from the ministers and noblemen with whom he lodged; but those usages are now out of vogue, and though the regimen of some of the *voiturin*'s hosteleries is rather spare, it is still preferable to extending those parasitical habits even to the highways. There are moreover some inconveniences, such as fairs and feasts of towns or villages, the passage of rivers or torrents, in which the experience of the *voiturin* is very servicable. This species of Mentor in smock-frock and cap is nearly

always a very good fellow, and I can say that mine, Mariano Marini, was excellent. His mode of life is also very agreeable: joyfully received and welcomed by his hosts, and held in consideration all along the road on account of the money he expends and the kind of train he brings with him, this perpetual traveller is a true citizen of the world. He traverses all the great capitals, but still preserves his jargon, his manners, and his primitive character. An habitual spectator of the wonders of art or the beauties of nature, his almost stoical indifference contrasts with the astonishment and enthusiasm of the travellers he conducts; slow as he is, he has no object in travelling but to reach his journey's end; he is of a positive turn of mind, and his little stages, indicated and written down beforehand, are as irrevocable as the decrees of destiny.

Should the merit of my favourite *voiturins* seem thereby somewhat lessened, I should think myself deficient in impartiality, the paramount duty of the traveller as well as the historian, if I did not say a word or two respecting the sagacity of their horses, and of the habits and singular acquaintance with the great roads that they ultimately acquire. A master-*voiturin* of Rome, I have been told, had engaged to conduct from that city to Paris a numerous English family with all their baggage. He had no one at liberty but a new hand who had never been that road. But the mare Julie was there, and the master recommended the driver to follow her directions respecting the stages and the hours of starting, which she indicated by certain motions, flutterings, or the shaking of her bells; the man was prudent enough to conform to this advice, not imitating the muleteers of the duke of Vendôme, who, he said, were always wrong in their disputes with the mules. The journey was very favourable, and Julie, harnessed to a splinter-bar before the other four, led the human load from Rome to Paris.

In your treaty with the *voiturin*, a written contract which ought to be worded with as much precision as the lease of a house, or an agreement with a publisher, there is an important varia-

<sup>1</sup> The lake of Geneva and its banks form the subject of a small but excellent work by an old friend of mine, Professor G. L. Manget, a distinguished Ge-

nevese; a third and new edition of it was published in 1837.



tion which I must mention : instead of breakfast (*collazione*) and of dinner (*pranzo*) which in general exposes you to having only a middling cup of coffee in the morning and a late and unwholesome supper, you must stipulate for two repasts (*due pasti*); then you can demand soup in the morning, and a good dinner, that will allow you to wait till night. The poet's precept is very applicable in the case of a *voiturin's* agreement :—

D'un mot mis en sa place enseigna le pouvoir.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

Thonon.—Ripaille.

In beginning my road to Italy, over a corner of Savoy, I nearly completed my circuit of the lake of Geneva. The road to Thonon is along the banks of the lake. This little town is celebrated in the history of Francis de Sales, by the courage with which this illustrious saint opposed the violence of a regiment sent by the duke of Savoy to convert the inhabitants, and by the pious deception he made use of, as Fenelon did in Poitou in more recent times, to divert this dragonade.

At twenty minutes from Thonon is Ripaille, neglected by all who scour Switzerland and Italy, which has given an energetic expression to two languages, the French and Italian.<sup>1</sup> This cloister of pleasure and repose which witnessed in Amadeus the double abdication of the sovereignty and the pontificate (the only instance of disgust and disdain of the two powers), after having been for some time a manufactory, is now a large and well managed farm belonging to a French woman. The church is made use of as a barn, and the seven towers that Amadeus built for himself and the six knights, his companions and friends, are now almost destroyed. The promontory of Ripaille, encircled with large trees which conceal it on the side towards the road, is a delicious solitude, and one can very well conceive the pleasant life that this joyous retreat afforded, and the devout epicurism of the hermits that inhabited it.

<sup>1</sup> The Italians say *andare a Ripaglia*; and the French *faire ripaille*.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

Meillerie.—Saint Gingolph.

The postilion now cracks his whip over the rocks of Meillerie, and makes that peculiar kind of hissing that it is impossible, as remarks the author of the *Expédition nocturne autour de ma chambre*, to describe by any orthographical combination—gh! gh! gh! in the same places which once resounded with the impassioned accents and the despair of Saint Preux. But these banks, though the high road passes by them, have not yet lost their melancholy and savage aspect.

Saint Gingolph, near Meillerie, with its orchards gradually sloping down to the banks of the lake, and the kind of phenomenon of its forest of walnut-trees, is one of those charming places that the strange rudeness of its name has excluded from the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, though a part of the action must necessarily have passed there. One half of the village belongs to Savoy, the other to the Valais; a little brook, which falls from the mountain, separates the monarchy from the republic. Saint Gingolph, small as it is, still offers a pretty exact image of the character of the two governments; the part belonging to the monarchy is the most extensive, and contains the church; industry, represented by a manufactory of nails and wire, is on the republican side.

### CHAPTER XXV.

Valais.—Sion.—Portraits.—Capuchins.—Brieg.—Road of the Simplon.

The environs of Sion, the melancholy capital of the Valais, are magnificent. The heights which overlook it are covered with villages, churches, and oratories of a brilliant whiteness. At the entrance of the town, above the river and the rocks, may be perceived the ruins of the castle of Seon, whence the baron of Thurn, in 1370, precipitated his uncle Guichard, bishop of Sion, while he was reciting his prayers; an atrocity that the pious Valaisians revenged by driving the baron from the country after a bloody battle. The Tourbillon, a ruined castle, encumbered with vegetation, in the midst of rocks and precipices, commanding an admirable prospect, preserves in

its rude gallery the series of portraits of all the bishops of Sion from the year 600, powerful and almost sovereign pontiffs, who were too often mixed up with the wars and revolutions of the neighbouring states. Among them is the portrait of that cardinal of Sion, the warlike Matthew Schirmer, the worthy ally of pope Julius II., and so fatal to the French armies in Italy. The cathedral is dedicated to the Virgin; it is an old Gothic church, and contains many tombs of Valaisian families, with other funereal monuments.

As I have previously remarked, the rencontre of a Capuchin, near Sion, charmed me. The good father was on a large cart of the country loaded with grass and hay, seated familiarly in the midst of the peasants; he presented me at last with that picturesque of individuals which I had hitherto sought for in vain. Montaigne loved the Capuchins, and despite the anathema of the philosophers, I own that I prefer them to other religious orders; they have often defended their country, as was seen at Saragossa, and, I believe, in the Valais during the war of 1798, and they have never raised troubles by intrigues. Formerly one often found men of parts among them; and several have been good poets and learned orientalists; il Cappuccino (who was not always, it is true, a very worthy Capuchin) is one of the great masters of the Italian school. The Capuchins have a character and physiognomy which is not generally found among other monks; they love gardens, and their churches are commonly filled with shrubs and flowers, and they know how to choose, as well as poets and painters, admirable prospects and localities for the sites of their convents. In an economical point of view, I am not aware that they are very disadvantageous. Notwithstanding the Capuchins, the Valais seems pretty well cultivated. Their mendicity is said to be very offensive; but if, with all our civilisation, we have neither been able to abolish nor even to repress mendicity, I am not sure that a system of begging, as orderly and courteous as that of the Capuchins, is not preferable to the licensed vagabondage of our police. Besides, these mendicants are not lazy like ordinary beggars. The Capuchins manufacture pretty articles of hardware, which, as a great master says, are exe-

cuted with a certain perfection peculiar to them (*con una certa finitezza cappuccinesca*);<sup>\*</sup> they are ever active in case of fire, and they perform clerical duties. At five o'clock in the morning of the day after my arrival at Sion, I went to the convent of the Capuchins, situated in a fine meadow outside the town; they were saying mass, and every body was standing, even an old German Capuchin of more than eighty, who could hardly get down the stairs to reach the church. It is said that the Capuchins are *enemies of liberty*, but I do not think so; they have always existed in the Valais, a republican and even democratic state. I own that my Italian tour has somewhat sunk the Capuchins in my estimation, as will be seen on the subject of the convent of Assise; but, at the risk of being thought inconsistent, I have determined not to suppress the favourable and very sincere impression first received.

The traveller will make a stop at Brieg, a picturesque town at the foot of the Simplon, in a smiling vale on the banks of the Rhone. The roofs of its houses and churches, covered either with shining slates, or sheets of polished metal, have a silvery brilliancy, and the tin globes surmounting the four enormous towers of the castle of the Stockalper family give a somewhat oriental character to this trading town, the best-built in the Valais.

It is impossible to speak too highly of the road over the Simplon. Some bold eulogists of the past, however, pretend that the appearance of Italy was still more sudden and extraordinary, after one had, with infinite labour, traversed the Alps on foot or on a mule. It is true that there is no more difficulty in passing them now in the fine season than in going from Paris to the Bois de Boulogne. I did not observe the ruin with which some travellers seem to threaten the road of the Simplon. Four years only were required for these immense works. The part extending to the gallery of Alaby was executed by French engineers, and the rest by Italian. It is pretended that this last half of the road offered the greatest difficulties, and that it surpasses the other in solidity and grandeur. The wild and solitary valley

<sup>\*</sup> Manzoni, I promessi Sposi, cap. xxxvi.

of Gondo, which gives its name to the most considerable of these galleries, was the fruit of eighteen months' labour day and night; it bore an inscription in these words: *Ære Italo*, 1805. It seems as if it would have been easy to find an inscription somewhat more noble than this unique and vaunting allusion to money, without giving way to declamation of which such a monument has no need. At the sight of all these mutilated rocks overthrown by powder, and of this daring breach made by art in the lofty fortifications with which nature had

defended Italy, I but little understood the story of Hannibal's vinegar, notwithstanding Livy, Appian, and the reasons given by the good Dutems. Bonaparte had decided on the founding of an hospital on the platform of the Simplon, which was to be a kind of branch establishment of that of Saint Bernard. This was a grand idea, like all that he held with respect to religion, and the ruins of the deserted foundations of this hospitable edifice give rise to feelings of deep regret.

## BOOK THE SECOND.

### ENTRANCE OF ITALY.

#### CHAPTER I.

Domo d'Ossola.—Aspect of Italy.—Passport.—Dom Bourdin.—Mines.

It would be difficult to paint the enchanting aspect of the valley of Domo d'Ossola from the bridge of Crevola; and when one emerges from the galleries of the Simplon, those long, damp, obscure caverns, the eye, tired of rocks, forests, glaciers, torrents, and cascades, revels in the contemplation of nature in all her serenity and gracefulness, after having beheld her in her most rugged garb. One would say that this new land smiles on the traveller, invites him to enter, and decks herself out to receive him; sounds of joy seem to proceed from a distance; and the festoons of the vine hanging around the trees give to the country an appearance of festivity; sometimes the branches of a tree are ingeniously parted above the trunk, and the vine interlacing them forms a real antique vase covered with grapes, as those sculptured ones which embellish gardens and palaces. The meeting of some procession, the songs of the people, the lively and spirited expression of the counte-

nance, the glaring colours of the dresses worn by the women, the size and solidity of the buildings,—in fact, every thing combines to inform us that we are in Italy. The magic of the name deepens the impression on the senses; "Italy!" I repeated involuntarily, "this, then, is Italy!"

When dom Bourdin, a Benedictine, travelling in Italy in the year 1696, entered Domo d'Ossola, after having passed three days in crossing the Simplon, which is now effected in a few hours, the Spanish governor who examined his passport, having ascertained that Dom Bourdin was from Franche-Comté, told him haughtily that his province would soon be under the king of Spain's government again.<sup>1</sup> The humble monk tells us that his only answer to this governor was that God gave and took away crowns as it pleased him. The Piedmontese gendarme who took my passport in the same town was less enthusiastic than the Spanish commandant of Dom Bourdin. There was not left, however, any conquest to be taken from France, and I should rather have been tempted to demand the return of Nice and Savoy.

Domo d'Ossola possesses some old

<sup>1</sup> The *Histoire littéraire de la Congrégation de Saint-Maur* says that Dom Bourdin was born at Séez in Normandy. The authority of the passport (*Voyage d'Italie et de quelques endroits d'Allemagne, fait és années 1695 et 1696*, p. 89) seems to me decisive. I shall do good service to Dom Bour-

din by restoring him to Franche-Comté, as he will thereby find a place in the literary history of that province on which my learned and indefatigable brother, M. Weiss, librarian of the town of Besançon, is now engaged.



mines of sulphurated iron containing a portion of gold, and others of sulphurate of lead mixed with gold and silver; among them are the celebrated mines *dei Cani*, which retain noble and curious traces of their having been worked by the Romans.

## CHAPTER II.

### Borromean Isles.

The successive stages, steps, terraces, arcades, balustrades, and rows of vases and statues, and all the symmetry of the Borromean isles, which would be extravagant any where else, are not displeasing there, but form a contrast beside the awful irregularity of the Alps, which enclose and overlook them. The gardens, rather built than planted, of Isola Bella, resemble a large pyramid of verdure, rising out of the water with half its base cut away. Rousseau for some time thought of placing the action of Julia in these isles, but he rightly judged that they contained too much art and ornament for his characters. Such an abode requires the loves of princes, and lovers like La Vallière or Mademoiselle de Clermont.

Isola Madre is little frequented; to this it is indebted for that natural simplicity which its neighbour has lost.

The palace of Isola Bella is magnificent, but not in good taste; it was erected in 1671 by Count Vitaliano Borromeo, who transformed this rock into a garden. There are some paintings of the Chevalier Tempesta scattered through the apartments. Being condemned to death for the murder of his first wife in order to marry a person he loved, Tempesta was saved by Count Borromeo, who concealed him in his island. These paintings are seventy-five in number, for the most part landscapes and pastoral scenes; one might say that the painter endeavoured to forget his crime in contemplating the quietude and innocence of the fields. The portraits of Tempesta and his second wife are also there, placed opposite each other; there is an expression of cruelty in the beauty of the latter, which makes one feel that she was his accomplice. Despite the merits of the pictures, one feels a kind of horror in this museum by a single man, at the reflection that it is the work of crime and the passions.

In the gardens of Isola Bella I saw the two largest laurels in Europe; they might

almost be taken for two of the trees in the Champs Elysées. These two laurels seem more particularly an emblem of glory. Their origin is unknown; they were planted by nobody; they existed before the present gardens were made, and of themselves had taken root in the rocks. It is said that in one of the first Italian campaigns, Bonaparte, when at Isola Bella, engraved the word *battaglia* on the largest of these laurels. An Austrian soldier afterwards made a sabre-cut at the tree, as if to erase the word; the bark has been taken away by an Englishman, and now the glorious strokes traced by the conqueror's hand are scarcely legible.

Beside the aristocratic and almost princely sumptuousness of Isola Bella are the hard-earned comforts of Isola Pescatore (*Isella*). There every inhabitant has a small house, with a boat and a net, his small aquatic estate. The population of this island is truly extraordinary, and confirms the remark of Montesquieu on the propagation of nations living on fish; its circumference is less than half a mile, yet it contains more than two hundred persons. Its aspect however is not unpleasant; the village steeple, the tiny houses of the fishermen, their nets hung in festoons to dry, are grateful to the eye which has just been gazing on the monumental pomp of the palace and gardens of the Borromean isles.

## CHAPTER III.

### Lago Maggiore.—Fête.—Storm.

The *Verbano* steamboat, which starts from Sesto Calende and goes to Magadino, traverses the whole length of the Lago Maggiore. In the passage the boat passes over the territory of three different states, Lombardy, Piedmont, and Switzerland. The *Gazette de Lausanne* and the *Courrier Suisse*, said to be independent papers, are read on board the *Verbano*. Helvetic liberty may float with impunity over the kingdoms of Lombardy and Sardinia, but it is not suffered to reach the shore. The Lago Maggiore is a neutral space, a kind of oasis for opinion, on which the severe censorship of the neighbouring states expires.

This majestic lake offers a double aspect: on the side of Lombardy, it is

bounded by fertile plains, and verdant hills, of no great elevation, ornamented with new houses; the towering Alps are on the other shore, which is wild, and bristles with rocks covered with convents, *chalets*, and old fortifications. In this latter portion, of which the Borromean isles, situated in the middle of the lake, may be called the limit, rises majestically the rock of Caldiero, in the eleventh century the retreat of the deacon Arianus, a martyr to his sermons against simony and the concubines of the clergy. Olivia, the mother of Widus, the infamous archbishop of Milan, was so carried away by her maternal affection, that, assisted by two priests, she assailed Arianus in his hermitage; they cut off his ears, nose, lips, and hands, and last of all inflicted a secret mutilation, to which these infuriated wretches superadded the most indecent sarcasm.\* What a strange and horrible history of martyrdom instigated by a woman! Opposite the coast of Canero, which is so marvellously sheltered from storms, are two picturesque forts in ruins; in the beginning of the fifteenth century they were the resort of the five brothers Mazzardini, a species of pirates who defended themselves there for two years against four hundred men of the army of Philip Maria Visconti, duke of Milan; when obliged to surrender through want of provisions, they were all thrown into the water with stones fastened round their necks.

I was present at the fête given on the lake to the king of Sardinia, when he visited the Borromean isles, in September 1828. Painted triumphal arches, with the Italian tinsel and customary Latin, had been erected where his majesty was to pass. The appearance of Isola Bella when illuminated in the evening presented a most extraordinary *coup d'œil*. The transparencies and theatrical decorations were well suited to an island so symmetrical and artificial; and the roses of Sanquirico seemed more natural there than those of spring. This night scene was infinitely superior to the pompous harangues and receptions of the morning. A multitude of illuminated boats in the shape of dragons, or of temples

with Corinthian columns ornamented with foliage, crowded round the blazing island, and the enthusiasm of the Milanese for sights of this kind was at its height. Unfortunately bad weather came on and deranged the fête, and the night was one unceasing tempest; it might have been said that the vast sheets of lightning and the old Alpine thunders were indignant at the *feux de joie* and the new luminaries that disturbed their solitude and seemed to parody their majesty; the lightning replied to the rockets and the thunder to the crackers; and this contrast, which must have annoyed those in full-dress, added still more to the curious effect of the sight. The end of the day was less agreeable than the beginning; at Sesto Calende we were obliged to await the inspection of our passports by the police, as well as the searching of our boxes by the officers of customs, and all this on board the boat belonging to the steamer, exposed to a tremendous rain. When we had landed in the insalubrious hole of Sesto, my prudent *voiturin* would not start for Milan till break of day, because of the robbers. Thus Italy, in the midst even of her fêtes, can neither escape the unseasonable and vexatious perquisitions of her foreign masters, nor the lawless acts of her own inhabitants.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Arona.—Colossus.

I did not content myself with merely viewing from the road the colossus of Saint Charles Borromeo, which stands on the hill of Arona: as a brother giant I owed him a visit; for if I have not exactly the genius of Leibnitz or Fielding (although like others I have occupied myself with philosophy and have also written my Novel), I am at least endowed with the high stature of those great men. I should have been inclined to penetrate into the interior of this bulky and indifferent statue of Saint Charles, and, seating myself in the long nose of the saint, as other travellers have done, give way to meditation; but my height was an obstacle to mounting the stairs, so I could have

\* *Dicentes: Prædicator castitatis hactenus fuisti, et tu castus eris.* B. ANDREA, *vita S. Arianus*, cap. xix, quoted by Giuliani in his *Memorie spettanti al*

*governo ed alla descrizione della città e della campagna di Milano ne' secoli bassi.*

nothing more to do with the colossus : it is thus that mutual superiority occasionally prevents intimacy.

What an advantage it is to have a position ! This coarse colossus of Saint Charles, holding the book of his synodal constitutions in one hand, and with the other giving his blessing, — a statue twenty-one metres and a half in height, the head and hands of bronze, the rest wrought copper, — a kind of Egyptian monument, erected at the close of the seventeenth century, visible for miles round, is visited by every body, while the churches and paintings of Arona, so interesting with respect to art, are neglected. The vast collegiate church of Saint Mary has at its entrance a *Nativity*, which dates from the very commencement of the revival of sculpture in Italy. In the chapel of the Rosary, recently beautified, are some good paintings of Morazzone, a vigorous artist of the seventeenth century. The parochial church boasts an excellent painting in six compartments, combining the style of Perugino, Leonardo, and Gaudenzio Vinci, and dated in the year 1551, also a *Nativity*, one of the first essays of the celebrated painter and decorator Appiani. On the steeple, supposed to be of the tenth century, is an image of *Christ on the cross*, enveloped in his tunic ; as was then customary.

The wealthy and commercial town of Arona is well situated ; it has a safe port and a small dockyard, and contains two thousand two hundred inhabitants ; I recall with pleasure the memory of the kind hospitality I experienced there when I attended the fête of the Borromean isles.

## CHAPTER V.

Lombardy.

Sesto Calende, on the Ticino, eight leagues from Milan, is the entrance of Lombardy. The immense, melancholy, and monotonous plain of Lombardy forms a contrast with the lively, spirited, and almost French ardour of its inhabi-

tants and the events of its stormy history ; and this country, distinguished by nothing picturesque or characteristic, has less resemblance to its own denizens than its dull oppressors.

## CHAPTER VI.

Entrance of Italy by the Great Saint-Bernard and the valley of Aosta. — Great St. Bernard. — Convent.

The road to Saint Bernard has been passed over and described a thousand times. Certainly without diminishing the glory of the passage effected by our army with its cannon and the heavy baggage of modern armies, or wishing to lower the admiration that this grand military achievement must inspire, one still feels that this mountain has in all ages been the road for the invaders of Italy, and that it was possible to pass it. The little valley where our soldiers encamped is still shown, and the spot where Napoleon, being thrown by his mule, must have perished without the help of his guide. This mountaineer was asked to follow the first consul, but he refused, because, he said, he was building a house that Bonaparte paid for : this house he still occupies, while his less prudent companion in danger has lost his palaces. The children and inhabitants of this part of the Alps have an appearance of strength and health that is pleasing to behold ; they are nearly all landowners, and their well cultivated property reminds one of the *fields overhanging the abyss* in the letter of Saint-Preux.

I was prevented by bad weather from reaching the hospital before night. If I missed some few fine prospects, I certainly lost nothing of the display of courage and virtue on the part of the monks, a spectacle far nobler than the scenes that surround them ; for it appertains to the greatness of man. In correcting the abusive mistake of Lord Byron on the subject of the priests of Saint Bernard, I only described them according to their fame ; I was not less touched on viewing them closely. These men, nearly all Valaisians, join to varied learning the

\* M. de Bourrienne, an author who appears very correct about Bonaparte, does not mention this incident in his *Mémoires* ; I have been assured of its truth by the *clavendier* of the Hospital of the Great Saint Bernard, a man of singular merit. It is probable that M. de Bourrienne is a more certain au-

thority respecting the cabinet, the Luxembourg, the Tulleries, and Malmalson, than the passage of the mountains. As an instance of this, he pretends that the sun rarely or never penetrates to Martigny, whereas, on the contrary, it is very troublesome there.



Christian and ecclesiastical politeness of the religious orders and the simplicity and hospitality of mountaineers; as priests they are edifying, intelligent, and free from narrow prejudices; their mountain being continually traversed by the poor, the peasantry, traders of different countries, wealthy travellers, authors, poets, men of science, artists, and ladies of distinction, they obtain sufficient information respecting worldly affairs. From the number of inhabitants, or beggars, who leave a country, they are enabled to judge of the wealth or poverty of that state; their charitable statistics on this point may be less uncertain than those of the government or certain celebrated authors. The convent receives the *Bibliothèque universelle de Genève*, a very instructive journal; the *Gazette de Lausanne*, and some scientific works; I regretted that I could not examine the library, which was all in confusion, not from negligence, but on account of works then in progress for raising the edifice a story higher. The most hardy adversary of monastic vows would be somewhat embarrassed here: what other men than monks could have lived here, for more than eight centuries,<sup>1</sup> under such a climate? Charity with them supplies the place of that love of country which peoples the frozen regions of Iceland and Greenland. Tell men who have families to go and live on Saint Bernard, and you will soon see what a difference separates philanthropic institutions from the works of religion.

All the part describing the Great Saint Bernard is excellent in M. de Saussure, instead of copying it, one can only attempt after him to give some of one's own impressions. One of the most forcible that I felt was the effect of the morning prayers in the church of the convent. The *Laudate Dominum, omnes gentes*, accompanied by the organ, was still more solemn there, and the *misericordia* seemed verily confirmed on the venerable men who sung it. The charitable catholicism of these religious men certainly appeared to me a more beautiful example to the protestants adjacent, than that of one of our bishops whose little diocese I had crossed two days before.

One of our most illustrious captains, Desaix, is interred in the church of the Great Saint Bernard. If the column erected to his memory on the plain of Marengo has disappeared, his coffin is better protected by religion on the mountain of a free state. This French tomb is the most elevated in the world; it stands on this lofty point above the clouds, as an advanced monument of our glory; and the sepulture of the hero it encloses is well nigh an apotheosis.

The tomb of Desaix has no inscription, not even his name: it is said that Napoleon promised to compose one. If the cares of government made him forget this promise, perhaps he remembered it in his exile, when, thinking of the many and glorious lives sacrificed in his cause, he must have envied the victorious mausoleum of Desaix on the summit of the Alps—he, whose remains were about to be hidden in the bosom of the wave-beaten rock on which he was a captive. The epitaph of Desaix by his brother in arms of Egypt and Marengo would have been a sacred and imperishable monument, doing more honour to Napoleon with posterity than all his creations and proclamations of princes and kings of which nothing remains.

Notwithstanding the white marble of which it is made and the great owl in the centre, the tomb of Desaix is naked: it is a pity that it has no Christian emblem; a cross would seem better placed there than the melancholy and classical bird of Minerva.

I did not omit going to see the celebrated dogs of the hospital. One of them had been hurt; it was in fact nothing more than a kick from a mule; but I loved to ennoble the wound of this poor animal, and to suppose that he had received it in one of his perilous excursions to succour humanity. In his article on the dog, Buffon has forgotten the blindman's dog; his omission of those of Saint Bernard is equally blameable and still more difficult to explain. The pompous author of the *Epoques de la Nature* might easily overlook the vulgar dog of the blind in towns, but he might have met with, and he ought not to have omitted this dog, so noble in stature—this watchful host of the mountains, companion of the fatigues, the dangers, and almost of the charity of his masters—this dog, in a word, the most respectable of his species.

<sup>1</sup> The present convent was founded as early as the year 962.

In a corner of the convent, I observed lying on the ground a superb slab of black marble. From a Latin inscription thereon, I found that this stone had been devoted by the Valaisians to Napoleon, as the restorer of their republic, which, however, in contempt of treaties, this stubborn destroyer of republics ultimately made a prefecture.

On a little plain in front of the convent are some ruins, among which many medals have been found, the *ex voto* offerings of devotees and pilgrims of the olden time. It is not known whether the building was a temple to Jupiter or an hospital; most likely it was a temple, for I can hardly imagine a pagan hospital in so horrible a place.

The Swiss society of the *Amis des Sciences naturelles* is to hold a meeting at the hospital of the Great Saint Bernard in July next. Never has a learned society held its sittings so high. The convent will lodge these new and numerous Saussures, and while elsewhere a kind of jealous enmity subsists between the cloister and science, here it will be well received, treated as a welcome guest, and admitted to the hearth and banquet of the house.<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER VII.

Valley of Aosta.—Aosta.—Calvin's column.—Cathedral.—Tomb of Thomas II.—Saint Peter and Saint Orso.—Antiquities.—Arch of Augustus.—Cretins.

The valley of Aosta, despite its beauty, variety, and its rich vineyards,<sup>2</sup> does not present the smiling contrast observed on entering Italy by Domo d'Ossola. This valley retains for some distance the principal features of Alpine nature, such as torrents, forests, rocks, cascades, precipices, at the bottom of which is the rumbling Dora. The antiquity of this military road, previously perceptible in going up the Great Saint Bernard, is still more so in the descent; and this narrow valley presents at every step the redoubt-

able traces of the two most warlike people in history, the Romans and the French.

The valley of Aosta, the banks of the Dora, and the impressions they produce are eloquently painted in the different works of Count Xavier de Maistre, a sentimental military writer, who is, as it were, the bard of this little country. Aosta has 6,400 inhabitants.

In the centre of the public square is a stone column, surmounted by a cross, erected, as the inscription shows, in commemoration of Calvin's second flight from the city of Aosta, on his return from Italy, in the year 1541. Might not one suppose, on seeing this singular column, that there was question of the repulse of some mighty conqueror, instead of the hasty retreat of an insulated wanderer, whose whole strength lay in his doctrines.

The antique cathedral, restored in the fifteenth century, contains the tomb of one of those brave and skilful captains of the house of Savoy, duke Thomas II.; it is a noble mausoleum of white marble, and from the superiority of the workmanship must be regarded as of the close of the fourteenth century or the beginning of the fifteenth. There are some good frescos in the sumptuous chapel of Saint Grat, erected in the sixteenth century by the marquis Roncas d'Aosta, minister of state. An ancient consular diptych in ivory, of the year 406, is the oldest in existence that bears a date, and is placed in the first rank of those fragile and curious monuments of antiquity.

The collegiate church of Saint Peter and Saint Orso is reckoned the oldest church in the valley. On the arched roof of the choir, some antique paintings in the Byzantine style, of the beginning of the thirteenth century, represent the apostles. In the sacristy is a fine missal, ornamented on almost every page with the arms of the Challant family, the most illustrious in the valley, as well as with some rich miniatures of good taste.

The population of Cretins and Albinos

<sup>1</sup> This meeting took place on the 21st of July 1829; it was composed of eighty-six persons, among whom were several learned foreigners, such as the German Baron de Buch, known by his geological works, and MM. Bouvard and Michaux, French naturalists. There were two sittings, on the 21st and 22nd, under the presidentship of the Canon Biselx, rector of Vauvry, in which several scientific papers were read; and on the 23d, says a journal, the whole

company descended, equally pleased with the zeal and unanimity of the members of the society, and the manner in which the monks of Saint Bernard had done the honours of their convent.

<sup>2</sup> The most esteemed wines of the valley are those of Donasso and Arnizzo, and among the finer wines, the *toiretta* of Saint-Pierre and the malmsey of Aosta.

who inhabit the valley of Aosta, forms a singular contrast with the beauty of the site and the grandeur of the Roman antiquities found there, such as the arch of Augustus, the bridge, the gate, the pretorian palace, the amphitheatre, and the theatre. I saw some of these wretched monsters under the arch of Augustus, and the human species seemed to me there much more degraded and decrepid than the monuments of eighteen centuries.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The *Forestiere*.—Englishmen.—Inns.—Registers.

Scarcely have you entered Italy, invested with your character of *forestiere* (foreigner), before you find the conduct and manners of the various classes of its inhabitants totally different: the higher orders are very obliging, hospitable, and good-natured; to the populace, on the contrary, the foreigner, notwithstanding the ceremonious formalities with which he is overwhelmed, is nothing less than a prey, a kind of booty at which every one runs, and endeavours to bear off his share to the best of his means; the little half-naked urchin runs after the carriage crying out *carità*, until the period when, grown to manhood, he can take his carbine and beg more nobly; the *perfidus caupo* is no less cunning than in the days of Horace; in short, *voiturins*, *valets de place*, postilions, chamberlains, boat masters, all seem eager to bring about, in detail, a restitution to Italy of the tribute that invaders have but too often levied there; and in this respect none fail in the duties of a citizen. Some of the authorities do not disdain to join the league; the everlasting and expensive *visa* of passports are but an indirect tax on the curiosity of travellers; and in some secondary towns, such as Ferrara, Reggio, Placentia, the price of tickets at the theatres has been doubled to foreigners for some years past, with the consent of the municipality. Independently of the paid services, the servants of the houses where you are received, the *custode*, the officer of customs, the gendarme, in fact every body holds out a hand; it is not what one buys that costs dear, but what one is perpetually obliged to give; and even the poet of the *locanda* (inn), the author of a sonnet on your happy arrival,

in which he has made the Tiber and Arno rejoice for the thousandth time, also asks for a donation.

The *forestiere* must, therefore, be resigned, and come to the determination of not being too minute in his accounts, or he will find the pleasures of travelling diminished: the struggle would not be equal, so great is the instinct and craft of these people for getting money.

The English, by reiterated complaints and boisterousness, have contributed to the improvement of the Italian inns, and may even claim the glory of having reformed them: they are in general very tolerable now, and I think them even better than in France. The register, which the severity of the police obliges every hotel to keep accurately, is a book which I have often perused, nor is it destitute of its peculiar matter for meditation. The different names of all the travellers who pass, show the agitation, often very vain, of this world's things; sometimes they recall the caprices of fortune, and reveal the forgotten existence of adventurous persons, once celebrated and powerful, and whose old palaces were to them but a kind of hostelry. The column *condizioni* of the inevitable register is to numbers of persons very difficult to fill up; they do not know exactly what they are, so uncertain are the fortunes of many in our days; so incomplete and temporary is the social order on some points, notwithstanding its improvements. The Italians generally take the title of *nobile*; that of *gentilhomme*, or man of quality, is not taken by any Frenchman, although the Charter acknowledges a nobility, and even that there are two kinds; the names of *rentier* and proprietor are certainly pleasant enough, but they are somewhat common. The *età* (age) is another positive question which, for the ladies, is embarrassing at a certain epoch; the number of ladies of thirty-eight who travel can hardly be imagined; one would think it the best age for that enjoyment; the difficulty is sometimes complicated by the proximity of some charming girl, who already begins to be interesting, and proves that it is a considerable time since her mother was in the same circumstances. But the best chapters are the names of your friends, who, like you, are travellers; it seems that in finding and following their traces, you diminish the



sadness of separation, and that this sort of apparition restores them to you, as in the *rencontre* sung in the same place by the poet :

Plotus et Varius Sinuessæ, Virgiliusque  
Occurrunt, animæ quales neque candidiores  
Terra tulit, neque quis me sit devinctior alter.

Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.

## CHAPTER IX.

On the season for visiting Italy.

Though winter is the usual season for travelling to Italy, I will advise no one to follow this custom, unless going under the advice of a physician. The winter does not suit that fine country ; its aspect is then but little different from that of our provinces : there is nearly the same humidity and the same cold ; the rivers are overflowed, heavy and continued rains obscure the sky and inundate the fields ; the trees are dwarfish and look still worse when stript of their verdure, and the vine, which twined around them gracefully, is nothing but a species of reptile clinging to them, black and tortuous. The orange-trees seem charged to do the honours of the country alone, and to recall some of its charms ; but, despite the beauty of their fruit, there are not so many of them as is supposed, nor are they indeed higher than those of Versailles and the Tuileries. When I left Italy, generally towards the end of the year, and most frequently in very foul weather, while crowds of foreigners were going thither in elegant equipages, in my tenderness for that country, I thought with pain of the first impression these strangers would receive ; I was tempted to cry out to them on the road that it was not Italy, the real Italy, that they saw. The poor English ladies' maids, cruelly exposed on seats before and behind, especially inspired me with true pity ; probably they had read the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, in which, amid a thousand horrors, is such a smiling description of Italy in spring ; how great must have been their disappointment on beholding it thus ! But if nature loses her glory, the monuments of art are scarcely more to be recognised ; they are made for the light and the sun of summer, and not for the fogs of winter. What numbers of pictures, basso-relievos, chefs-

d'œuvre of the best masters, disappear then in the obscurity of this dull season and the somewhat sombre light of the churches of Italy ! A singular instance of this disagreeable effect of an Italian winter occurred to two Englishmen at Rome in 1828 ; they arrived on the 10th of November, and set off on their return on the 11th, to the great regret of their banker, M. Torlonia, with whom they had a credit of more than a hundred thousand franks. At the same period I also knew a young Frenchman at Rome, who, like others, had come to Italy in winter ; on leaving Paris, he was fearful of his enthusiasm for that illustrious land, though when I saw him it was very sedate. This disappointed traveller had caught cold on the road ; he was a diletante, and the music he had heard was indifferent ; Turin and Florence, which he had merely passed through, seemed to him, as regards the streets and people in them, nothing more than chief towns of a province, and the little shops of the Corso, or the hotels of the Piazza d'Espagna, where he had stopped, were but little calculated to excite that admiration which he at first feared being obliged to restrain.

The great number of foreigners who flock to Italy in winter also deprive the country of a part of its physiognomy ; the distinguished natives seem as it were to disappear, lost in the midst of this exotic bustling society ; one can only catch a glimpse of them, and it is less easy to gain their friendship or to derive advantage from their information, borne away as they are by the whirlpool. As to the popular feasts and pilgrimages to Nostra Signora del Monte, della Grotta, dei Fiori, they have altogether ceased, and I have the bad taste to prefer them to the pompous routs of bankers or ambassadors. The foreigner, or countryman whom I prefer and try to find in Italy is some artist, a painter or architect, sketching views, examining monuments on the spot instead of looking at them on paper, working, studying, and loving the long days, a cheerful companion in mountain excursions and the horrors of the *locanda*, or a passenger like yourself on board the rapid bark wafted to many a shore famous in fable or history. Such is the happy companionship that I wish to every real traveller ; and certainly he will find it more agreeable than that of

the fashionables who only cross the Alps for the Scala of Milan, the Cascine of Florence, the Corso of Rome, the Chiaja of Naples and other frivolous rendezvous of European vanity. Italy, the inexhaustible source of mental enchantments and fanciful musings, is for such people no more than a spectacle to be gazed at, a kind of race or theatrical representation, to which they travel post, with no object but to show themselves, to see who is there, and talk of what they saw. At the period chosen by these visitors, the beautiful solitudes of Vallombrosa, Mount Cassino, the Camaldoli, are almost inaccessible; and a person would return with a very imperfect idea of Italy, who had not been able to contemplate them.

It is, besides, my opinion that different countries ought to be viewed with the climates peculiar to them; the hoary winter to Russia, the sun to Italy. The summer is not so oppressive there as generally supposed; there is always an air, and the inhabitants are much cleverer than we at protecting themselves from the heat. Italy doubtless owes its reputation for intolerably hot weather to the English and travellers from the North; but the temporary inconvenience it causes for a few hours in the day is amply compensated by the brilliancy and purity of the light, the magnificence of the morning and evening, and the charms of night.

## CHAPTER X.

Ivrea.—Bridge.—Castle.—Prisons of Italy.—  
Cathedral.—Mosaic.

Before reaching the road from Turin to Milan we come to Ivrea, which has a fine aspect at a distance, but is ill-looking within: the Roman bridge of a single arch, thrown over the Dora from the rocks on its banks, and the castle composed of four lofty towers joined by a high brick wall, have an imposing mien and seem in harmony with their picturesque locality. The castle is a frightful prison, which bears no resemblance to the humane penitentiary establishments of Geneva and Lausanne. It must have been very difficult to effect an escape from those ancient fortresses, and the jailers of the old rock no doubt kept a much stricter watch than the philanthropic

managers of the new houses. This great prison, at the entrance of Italy, reminded me of the important part occupied by prisons in her history; independently of the political imprisonments common to all nations and countries, never has any land had so many nor such illustrious captives; poets, literati, historians, artists, whenever they have attained a certain degree of celebrity, have nearly all been confined. It seems as if a prison was in the destiny of every one that surpasses his fellows, and that it then becomes an accident, an ordinary event of life: it is to glory what ostracism at Athens was to popularity, or what the bowstring is at Constantinople; one might say that it becomes a natural consequence. The prisons of Italy are a part of its monuments, and if their traditions were less vague, they would not be without their grandeur, since they have received such inmates as Tasso, Machiavelli, and Galileo.

The cathedral possesses at the high altar, the relics of Saint Warmond Arborio, bishop of Ivrea, about the year 1001, and in the sacristy a picture by Perugino, *Saint Joseph kneeling before the Infant Jesus, with the Virgin on his right, and Saint Warmond on his left, leaning on the shoulder of the Canon abbot Ponzzone d' Aseglio*, who ordered this fine piece. A curious piece of mosaic in white, red, and black stones, framed in the wall of the seminary, and apparently of the twelfth century, represents the five liberal arts of that time, *Grammar, Philosophy, Dialectics, Geometry, and Arithmetic*.

## CHAPTER XI.

Vercelli.—Invasion of the Barbarians.—St. Andrew.—Mausoleum of T. Gallo.—Duomo.—Eusebius's book of the Gospels.—Saint Christopher.—Fresco by Gaudenzio Ferrari.—Noble example of the Marquis de Leganez.—Saint Julian.—Library.—Archives.

It was in the plains of Vercelli that Marius overthrew the Teutonic and Cimbrian army which several Roman generals had previously repulsed. The ancient invasions of the barbarians were natural, as the sun and abundance must have attractions for such people; whereas nothing but the infatuation of the last years of the Empire could have induced

the chief of a civilised people to make conquests in the North, a solitary fact in the history of distant expeditions. The wars of Charlemagne had at least the pretext of converting the Saxons to Christianity, or rather he yielded to the grand necessity for repressing in person the incessant inroads of the barbarians. "He had no wish," says Mézeray, "to possess the ice and rocks of the North."

One must go back to the epoch of the great Roman captain to enliven this dull and tedious road from Turin to Milan, which, on this side, does not present the imposing and majestic aspect of the Alps.

Vercelli has some delightful walks and a few palaces. The ancient castle or ducal palace, where the blessed Amadeus III. died, is converted into barracks. At the Tizzoni palace, now *Casa Mariano*, the property of a Jew merchant, is a superb fresco by Bernardino Lanino, a great Milanese artist of the sixteenth century, representing the *Assembly of the gods*, in the style of the Farnesine fresco, a brilliant decoration of an antique hall now turned into a granary.

The vast church of Saint Andrew, surmounted with four steeples, of a fine demi-gothic architecture, built in 1219 by Cardinal Guala de Bicchieri, legate in England the year before, has been ascertained to be from the same design as a church at Winchester, the plan of which, probably, Bicchieri brought away with him, as well as the 12,000 marks of silver, a sort of booty with which history reproaches him. This church has been recently restored in its primitive style at the expense of an association of pious persons. On the curious mausoleum of Thomas Gallo, first abbot of the monastery of Saint Andrew, who died in 1246, a fresco of that day, the oldest picture of Vercelli, and one of the most interesting in Italy for the history of the infancy of the art, represents him in his theological chair; among his six scholars is Saint Anthony of Padua, distinguished by a glory; at the bottom of the mausoleum a contemporary basso-relievo in stone shows Gallo kneeling before the Virgin and Infant Jesus, while his protector, Saint Denys the Areopagite, standing, affectionately lays his hand on Gallo's head.

The interior of the majestic *Duomo* is by the great Bolognese architect of the

sixteenth century, Pellegrini, surnamed the *Reformed Michael Angelo* by the Carracci, and the exterior by Count Benedetto Alfieri Bianco, the first architect of Piedmont. The silver tomb of the blessed Amadeus of Savoy, given by king Charles Felix in 1823, is from the design of a clever artist of Turin, S. Sevesi. The choir, in sculptured wood, of the year 1822 and by Ranza, an architect of Vercelli, is an ingenious construction which holds together without a single nail and can be taken down in a day; a precautionary measure of the canons, as the first choir was burnt by the French who were lodged in the church in 1798. I saw in the treasury the celebrated *book of the Gospels* said to be copied by the hand of Eusebius, the first bishop of Vercelli in the fourth century, and which Lalande gives for the autograph of Saint Mark, although it is a Latin version, and the apostles wrote only in Greek and Hebrew. This manuscript, formerly sealed with the bishop's seal and never opened but by his permission, the covering of which it was only permitted to kiss kneeling, was shown to me without ceremony by one of the choristers: it is in very bad condition, and I think one may venture to wish it a more attentive librarian. I also remarked an autograph letter of Saint Francis de Sales to the duke of Savoy, dated from Annecy, the 17th February 1615, on the canonisation of Amadeus III.; it is elegantly written, and would deserve a place in the edition of the complete works of this amiable and kind hearted saint.

Saint Mary Major, called the *Madonna grande*, a church of the last century, has replaced the ancient church of the time of Constantine, which was a remarkable monument; the remains of its portal, presenting a very curious astronomical basso-relievo, are preserved in the gardens of the Gattinara palace.

Saint Christopher, the ancient church of the *Umiliati*, is recommended by the paintings of Gaudenzio Ferrari, a distinguished assistant of Raphael, and chief of the Milanese school. The frescos, some of which have been retouched a few years since by an incompetent hand, representing divers subjects of the *Life of Jesus-Christ* and *Saint Mary Magdalene*, a large and pleasing composition, remarkable for the beauty of the heads and the graceful expression of the little



angels, are perhaps the most excellent work of this artist. The best preserved is the *Adoration of the Magi*. The fresco of the *Martyrdom of saint Catherine*, considerably damaged, contains the portraits of Gaudenzio Ferrari, of his master Jeronimo Giovannone, and of his ablest pupil Bernardino Lanino, of Vercelli. These paintings, which were ordered in 1532 by Fra Angelo de' Corradi, recall a noble action of the young marquis de Leganez, a Spanish general, who died in 1711, in exile at Paris, after having been imprisoned as an Austrian at Vincennes. When he besieged and took Vercelli in 1638, he forbade his bombardiers to fire on the church of Saint Christopher, lest the masterpiece of Ferrari should be injured, an act almost unknown, but which equals that of Demetrius Phalereus protecting the painter Protogenes and making war on the Rhodians and not on the fine arts.

At the church of Saint Julian, a pathetic *Passion of Jesus Christ*, by Bernardino Lanino, might well be attributed to Gaudenzio Ferrari, if the author had not apposed his name.

The church of Saint Paul has the painting of the *Madonna delle Grazie*, for the raising of the siege of Vercelli in 1553 by the French troops, under the command of the duke of Brissac; it is one of the best and largest of Lanino's paintings.

The library of Vercelli, the *Agnescana*, contains twelve thousand volumes.

The archives, long neglected, though containing diplomas and documents to as far back as the eighth century, have been recently confided to the enlightened management of a distinguished Piedmontese, professor Baggiolini, who had earned his livelihood as a schoolmaster, one of those talented Italians, as I myself have witnessed, whom adverse fortune prevents from gaining celebrity.

## CHAPTER XII.

Novara.—Duomo.—Capitulary Archives.—Library.  
—Fra Nestor Denis.—Saint Mark.—Saint Peter  
al rosario.—Fra Dulcino.—Saint Gaudenzio.—  
Steeple.

Novara is an old dirty Spanish town, but

it has some rich and beautiful churches.

The noble and elegant baptistry, once a *columbarium*,<sup>1</sup> belongs to the best days of Roman architecture.

The antique portico of the Duomo, a kind of lapidarian museum, presents a curious collection of votive altars, inscriptions, and funeral urns. The church is old and ugly, but has several paintings very remarkable; in the chapel of Saint Benedict, the *Christ, saint Gaudenzio, saint Benedict*, and the *Magdalene at the foot of the Cross*, the heads of which, supposed by Gaudenzio Ferrari, are exquisite; in the chapel of Saint Joseph, the *Sibyls*, the *Eternal Father*, and the other poetic and sublime frescos, unfortunately damaged, by Bernardino Lanino; on the cupola the elaborate frescos of Giuseppe Montalto; in the chapel of the Three Magi, a *Nativity*, by an unknown author, which has been deemed worthy to be attributed to Titian, Corregio, or Paris Bordone; in the sacristy, the imposing and graceful *Marriage of saint Catherine*, by Gaudenzio Ferrari; a *Last Supper*, varied, by Cæsar da Sesto, the best pupil of Leonardo di Vinci, the friend of Raphael, who delicately said to him:—"Is it not strange, that with a friendship like ours we reciprocally show each other so little regard in painting, and contend so much one against the other?"

Among the documents of the capitulary archives, are some of the oldest in Italy: the *Life of St. Gaudenzio and other Saints of Novara*, written in 700, and the petition addressed in 730 by Rodoaldo di Gansingo to the bishop Grazioso to obtain the consecration of an altar erected by this Rodoaldo to Saint Michael. A precious consular diptych, of ivory, gives the names of some ancient bishops, and has this singular inscription:—*Ajraldus sublevita indignus domui precepto Arnaldi sine manibus fecit opus*.

The library of the seminary, public three days a week, has about twelve thousand volumes. Among the editions of the fifteenth century may be remarked the *Dictionarium alphabeticum ordine* of Fra Nestor Denis, a scholar of

<sup>1</sup> This name is derived from the resemblance of the holes where pigeons make their nests, whether in walls or dovecotes, to the little niches intended by the Romans to hold the urns of the same family.

The *columbarium* contained the remains of a great number of bodies in a small space; it was not lighted, except by the lamps used during the funeral ceremonies.

Novara, the first author of a dictionary, less known than Calepino who succeeded him, and, like others, plundered him without acknowledgment. The dedication of the dictionary is addressed to Louis-the-Moor; it contains a splendid eulogium in hexameter verse of that prince, who, though criminal, was a patron of learning and the arts, and kept at his court Leonardo di Vinci, Bramante, and Demetrius Chalcondylas: Louis having been arrested in disguise near Novara, he was taken to France, and his captivity there must be regarded as a real calamity for literature.

The church and fraternity of *San Giovanni decollato*, built in 1636, is in the form of an antique tomb, and is remarkable for its singular construction. It rests on four columns of granite without an iron cincture. An *Adoration of the Magi*, in the choir, is by Charles Francis Nuvo-lone, who acquired and retained the surname of the *Guido of Lombardy*, an artist full of devotion to the Virgin, who never painted any one of his fine madonnas, so sought after by connoisseurs, without having first performed some act of piety.

The church of Saint Philip de' Neri has two recent works of art: the ancone of the choir, painted at Rome somewhat incorrectly by Professor Tofanelli; and a not ungraceful statue of the *Virgin*, by S. Prinetti, a sculptor of Novara.

At the church of Saint Euphemia, the front of which, executed in 1787, has no merit whatever, the *Martyrdom of Saint Genès d'Arles*, by John Baptist Costa, is deficient neither in expression nor colouring, although the painter has clothed the registrar of the Roman prefect in a Spanish dress.

Saint Mark, one of the most regular as well as most elegant churches of Novara, is farther distinguished by its paintings. The *Virgin*, the *Infant Jesus*, and *Saint Anne*, by what author is uncertain, from its originality and soft natural expression, has had the merit of being attributed to Camillo Procaccini. The *Procession made at Milan by Saint Charles Borromeo* for the cessation of the plague, is by Moncalvo, a good painter of the country in the sixteenth century, who has also painted on the cupola and the gallery of the choir an *Eternal Father* and *Saint Mark carried to Paradise by the angels*; compositions at

once vigorous, correct, and graceful. The *Martyrdom of Saint Mark* is animated and poetic; it is by Daniel Crispi, one of those great old Italian masters, whose fame does not equal their merit, and who are scarcely known out of their country.

In the small church of Saint Charles:—an *Immaculate Virgin*, a new work by S. Jacopo Conca, who seems to continue the family of the indifferent and too much lauded painters to which he belongs; a *Deposition from the Cross*, by Cezano, a clever artist of Novara, a man of letters and courtier, who enjoyed the favour of Cardinal Frederick Borromeo; a little *Sacred Heart*, by the celebrated Andreo Appiani, one of the few sacred subjects treated by this painter of the triumphs of Napoleon, his inspirer and his hero; a large *Martyrdom of Saint Agnes*, which formerly served as ancone at the church of the nuns of that saint, by Gilar-dini, an artist of the last century, rather clever at this kind of work.

Saint Peter al Rosario was formerly a convent of powerful Dominicans, who, in 1307, condemned the famous heresiarch of Novara, Fra Dulcino, head of the sect of the Gazzari, a barbarous sort of Saint Simonians, for having preached the community of goods and women. Dulcino was burnt with his concubine the beautiful Marguerite, a nun that he had abducted from her convent; they both showed extraordinary intrepidity amid the horrors of their execution. Dulcino was taken, after being defeated at the head of five thousand sectaries, on Maunday Thursday, in a pitched battle; this is the warlike monk for whom Dante represents Mahomet so interested, when he makes him say:—

Or di' a Fra Dolcin dunque che s' armi,  
Tu che forse vedrai il sole in breve,  
S' egli non vuol qui tosto seguitarmi :  
Si di vivanda, che stretta di neve  
Non rechi la vittoria al Novarese,  
Ch' altrimenti acquistar non saria lieve.

The insurrection of Dulcino appears not to have been completely suppressed, as four years after his defeat the cloister of the Dominicans was attacked, while they were assembled, by a band of armed men, who dispersed them after wounding and killing a great number. The existing church, finished in 1618, and pre-

sending the architectural contradiction of the Corinthian order at bottom and the Ionic at top, is ornamented with some good paintings. A *Paradise*, composed altogether of Dominicans, on the cupola, and the frescos of the chapel of Saint Dominick, are by Gilardini. The *Virgin*, *Saint Peter the martyr*, and *Saint Catherine di Siena*, on the ancone of the rich chapel of the Rosary, is a fine production and deservedly praised; it is by Giulio Cesar Procaccini, the ablest of the Procaccini.

The superb basilick of Saint Gaudenzio, by the architect Pellegrini, is rich in paintings by the best masters of the Milanese school. In the chapel of the Happy-Death, a *Deposing of the Cross* passes for the masterpiece of Moncalvo; and the different frescos, the *Last Judgment*, of Morazzone, prove the power, grandeur, and truth of his talents. The *Guardian Angel*, in the chapel of the name, by Hyacinth Brandi, the most celebrated pupil of Lanfranchi, recalls the lofty style of his master. There is some resemblance to Paul Veronese in the *Overthrow of Sennacherib*, a lively and intelligent composition by Antonio Ranzio, the Novarese painter of the seventeenth century. The ancone in six compartments of the chapel of the middle Madonna was painted, in 1514, by Gaudenzio Ferrari, at the command of the canons of Saint Gaudenzio, who patronised the arts; it is his largest work in oil before his journey to Rome, and the last of his earlier style; and, although the colouring is injured, it has his sweet, graceful, and natural expression. The chapel of the Crucifix has an earthen crucifix, by Gaudenzio Ferrari, who was also very clever in this kind of sculpture. The vigorous frescos of the four greater *Prophets* are by S. Ludovico Sabatelli, a Tuscan, professor in the academy of Milan. The *Saint Augustine writing his treatise on the Trinity*, in the chapel of Saint Barbe, is an esteemed performance of Giuseppe Nuvolone. The two superb doors of the inner chapel of the tomb of Saint Gaudenzio are a solid mixture of cast steel and bronze: the four great bronze statues represent the patrons of the town and diocese of Novara; the *Triumph of Saint Gaudenzio* in fresco on the cupola, full of imagination, is the masterpiece of Stefano Legnani, a good painter of the Lombard school at the

beginning of last century, celebrated for his frescos. The tomb of the saint may be compared for magnificence to the most splendid in Italy. The colossal high-altar is resplendent with marble and bronze; it was consecrated in 1725, by Cardinal Gilberto Borromeo, bishop of Novara, and suffers from the corrupt taste prevalent at that epoch. The statues of the doctors of the church by Rusca of Milan, from their slender physiognomy, look like youthful old men, and the *St. Jerome* has the appearance of wearing a wig. The statues of S. Binetti are held in higher estimation, especially those of *St. Andrew*, *St. Paul* and *St. Bartholomew*. In the chamber of the chapter, the *St. Jerome writing*, by Spagnuololetto, has his energy and effect. The oldest document in the archives is the *Acts of the life of St. Gaudenzio* of the eighth century; they also possess a consular diptych in ivory, still superior for its workmanship to that of the Duomo, and on which are sculptured two Roman consuls giving the signal for the public games. On the outside of the basilic is a *St. Peter*, a carving of the dark ages, and some Roman sepulchral stones. The steeple, a splendid structure by Count Benedetto Alfieri, finished in 1786, was built with the funds proceeding from a tax of a farthing on every pound of meat sold. On each side of the entrance a Roman inscription is enchased; one of them perpetuates the memory of a certain Tilianeoreus, who, although questor, *owed nothing to the Republic* (*reipublicæ nihil debuit*), an unusual circumstance, it appears, among the Roman questors, since it was thought worthy of being transmitted to posterity in an epitaph.

### CHAPTER XIII.

Route.—Bridges.—Roads in Lombardy.

The road enters Lombardy on this side at Buffalora, on the Ticino: a magnificent bridge has been built there of that fine hard shining stone found in the vicinity of Lago Maggiore. In no district has the *administration des Ponts et Chaussées* been more active or rendered greater services. The numerous rivers and canals on the road can now be passed without inconvenience. Agriculture flourishes in all this part of Italy, and



every thing announces general prosperity; Austrian domination is there seen on its best side. The roads are real well-managed garden walks; even the

grass is pulled up as soon as it appears. The Austrian government, in general so economical and paltry, is nobly liberal in this respect.<sup>1</sup>

## BOOK THE THIRD.

### MILAN.

#### CHAPTER I.

French aspect of Milan.—Royal palace.—Frescos of Appiani.—Villa.—Archiepiscopal palace.—Fountain.—*Uomo di pietra*.—Gallery *De Cristoforis*.—Palace *della Contabilità*.—Marini.—House of Vis-mara.—*Porta Orientale*.

It is impossible not to be struck, even in passing, with the appearance of wealth, commerce, and industry of this great city. The population now amounts to a hundred and sixty thousand, but about the middle of the fifteenth century it was three hundred thousand. Its French aspect, so much increased of late years, was already remarkable in the days of Montaigne. He found that "Milan pretty much resembled Paris, and was greatly like the towns of France." Tasso observed the same resemblance, during the two years he passed at Paris in the suite of Cardinal d'Este, when he wrote his partial and unjust parallel between Italy and France. The Corso has at present all the magnificence of the *Rue du Mont-Blanc*; and without the clumsy *hulan* which escorts at night the brilliant caleches of the Corso, one might imagine one's self on the Boulevards of Paris.

The multitude of sentry boxes placed at all the corners of the streets, and the automaton soldier set there every night, have something gloomy and menacing. But such precautions are but too necessary considering the legislative condition of the country. The Austrian law never convicts on the evidence of the complainant, unless corroborated by the deposi-

tions of two witnesses or the confession of the criminal. This regulation is not at all adapted for the Italians, and particularly the Lombards, though attended with no inconvenience among the happy and tranquil population of Austria: thus, by a strange opposition of manners, does even the milder part of the laws of the conquering people become impracticable and injurious to the conquered.

The French aspect of Milan appears still more conspicuous in the palaces of the prince, which are brilliant imitations of the imperial palaces of France, but less magnificent. Their number also is nearly the same, independently of the ordinary palace of the viceroy, *la villa*, with its English garden and its position in the interior of the city, is the Elysée Bourbon of this bastard Paris; and Monza, another royal residence three leagues from Milan, reminds one of Saint Cloud. The frescos of Appiani, which are seen in these various residences, especially the great fresco of the royal palace of Milan, representing the *Assembly of the gods*, and the medallion of the principal saloon which presents *Napoleon under the features of Jupiter*, are perhaps too much boasted by the Italians; but these showy decorative paintings produce a great effect, and seem moreover pretty much in conformity with the theatrical glory which they consecrate.

The different palaces of Milan are rather vast and costly houses than monuments; the courts, surrounded with piazzas, have, however, a kind of grandeur. Despite the lavish use of the title

<sup>1</sup> The repairs of the excellent roads of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom cost 4,500,000 Austrian livres (that is, 52,200 pounds sterling) for fifteen hundred and eighteen Italian miles; rather more than 26*l.* the English mile. From the report read

to the committee of roads and canals by Baron Pasquier, on the 6th of October, 1828, the expenditure on the roads of France is 1750 fr. a league (25*l.* 40*s.* the English mile); in England the cost is from 5*l.* to 6*l.* the mile.

of *palazzo* among the Italians, these palaces do not commonly bear so superb an appellation, but, unless devoted to some public service, they are, in general, more modestly called houses.

The architecture of the court of the *Archiepiscopal palace* is ingenious. The octagonal building of the stables, with its Greek vestibule, a beautiful work of the great Bolognese painter and architect Pellegrini, were by Saint Charles deemed worthy of a nobler use, as they indeed are. In the square, in front of the palace, the Syrens of the fountain, by the sculptor of Carrara, Joseph Franchi, are reckoned among the best performances of recent times.

In the *Corsia de' Servi* is the antique statue called by the people the *Stone Man* (*Uomo di pietra*), the Marforio of Milan, which has been taken for Cicero, Marius, and even Mencluzzi, archbishop of Milan in the tenth century; it appears to be a Roman statue, and must always be regarded as one of the most ancient monuments of the town.

The new De-Cristoforis gallery, finished in 1832, from the elegant design of S. Pizzola, is lined with shops and covered in with glass, the first of this description erected in Italy; this commercial monument may be compared with the finest of its kind, and, for the richness of its materials (the pavement is of *bardiglio* and white Carrara marble) must even surpass them.

The Durini palace, by Francesco Ricchini, a Milanese architect, has a majestic arcade. The house of *Stampa Castiglioni*, now dilapidated, was one of the first works of Bramante at Milan, and the paintings in *claro-oscuro* on the front were executed by him.

The court of the seminary, by the Lombard painter and architect, Meda, is a noble and clever structure.

The palace *della Contabilità* (the ancient Helvetian college) by Fabius Mangoni, a Milanese architect of the seventeenth century, and Ricchini, passes for the finest in Milan: if the front is worthless, the two courts produce great effect and recall the majesty of the plans of antiquity.

The palace of *Erba Odescalchi*, the ancient residence of the Sforza Visconti, is light and elegant; it is by Pellegrino Tibaldi or some one of his school.

At the house of Pianca are fourteen

portraits of the Sforzas in fresco, by Bernardino Luini, the Raphael of the Milanese school, also five other portraits of the Sforzas in marble, by Professor Marchesi, an able living sculptor.

Among the Milanese antiquities and curiosities of the house of Origo, there is in the garden a coarse basso-relievo representing, it is said, the empress, wife of Barbarossa, crowned with her diadem, and occupied in one of the most secret duties of her toilet (*in atto di depilarsi*), an indecent production, formerly exposed to the public gaze, till Saint Charles Borromeo had it taken down from the Porta Tosa.

The most extensive of the palaces of Milan is that of *Marini*, remarkable for its fine front, built in 1525 by the skillful architect Galeas Alessi, for the farmer-general of Milan whose name it bears; it is still occupied by the minister of finances and the administration of the customs. At the end of the Strada Marino is the house of *Patellani*, the abode of Pellegrino Tibaldi, in which he died on returning from Spain, after having, as it were, founded the art of painting there.

The ancient house of *Bossi*, at present *Vismara*, given by duke Francesco Sforza to Cosmo, the father of his country, preserves on its front two superb figures of armed women, of the richest sculpture, the workmanship of the able Florentine statuary and architect, Michelozzo Michelozzi, who was the first that got clear of the Gothic taste in Lombardy.

The other principal palaces are those *del Governo*, of *Brera* (palace of the arts and sciences), and the houses of *Serbelloni*, *Pezzoli*, *Belgioso*, *Cusani*, now the casino of the merchants, which has been thought worthy of Palladio; *Litta*, of very bad taste notwithstanding its magnificence; *Annoni*, *Melleri*, *Stampaoncino*, where there are some very fine paintings; and *Trivulzio*, once the abode of a noble and amiable family, who had preserved the old *bâton* of marshal of France, not less precious than all the masterpieces of their rich museum and rarities of their library.

The new gate of *Porta Orientale*, recently finished, the work of S. Vantini, is superb, and perhaps the finest of those monuments belonging to the revenue and police, placed at the entrance of modern great cities, and a pretty decisive characteristic of their kind of civilisation.

## CHAPTER II.

Duomo.—Columns.—Statue of Saint Bartholomew.  
— Tomb of St. Charles.—Mausoleum of Cardinal  
Caracciolo.—Chapel of Giovanni Jacopo Medici.—  
Baptistry.—Ambrosian Rite.—Chapel dell' Albero.  
—View.

The Duomo, with its hundred pinacles, and the three thousand statues perched on it, is but an enormous toy, with more boldness and singularity than beauty; all this marble crowd seems alike in form and expression, and its whiteness, like that of the building, is painful to the eye.<sup>1</sup> In reality there is no steeple; the temporary tower, a kind of pigeon-house which supplies its place, is ugly and ill-placed. The Gothic of the Duomo is deficient in *naïveté*; being at the same time vague and elaborate, and not the Gothic in all its primitive grandeur of the cathedral of Cologne.<sup>2</sup> The gates, which are of the Roman order, and by no means in unison with the general character of the edifice, are decorated with fine basso-relievos and ornaments by Cerani and Fabius Mangoni. The two gigantic columns, each of a single piece of red granite, standing one on each side of the principal entrance, were drawn from the quarries of Baveno, near Lago Maggiore; they are perhaps the highest ever employed in any building. The architectonic painting of the roof, a kind of decoration, doubtless well executed and suitable enough for a new building, has a disagreeable effect in these old monuments where all is commonly so real. Several windows of stained glass, manufactured at Milan after the solid and economical method of Bertini, have been since repaired, and their effect equals, if it does not surpass, that of the old which were destroyed.

The four evangelists and the four fathers of the Church, in bronze, of the two pulpits, by Francesco Brambilla, notwithstanding some affectation and confusion in the drapery, are figures

<sup>1</sup> Should the edifice be completed, the number of statues will amount to four thousand five hundred; the front alone has nearly two hundred and fifty.

<sup>2</sup> Some persons have supposed that the Duomo of Milan is an imitation of this cathedral; like all imitations, it must fall short of its model, nor does the impression left on my mind by the Duomo of Milan contradict this general rule.

<sup>3</sup> Non me Praxiteles, sed Marcus finxit Agrates.

sculptured and cast with great care and ability.

The seventeen basso-relievos of the upper part of the wall surrounding the choir, designed by the same artist, are of a rare delicacy of touch; he also made the model of the grand and rich tabernacle of bronze gilt on the high-altar. Over this last is the brilliant reliquary of the *Santo Chiodo* (one of the nails of the true cross), a venerated relic, which, on the 3rd of May every year, the anniversary of the terrible plague of 1576, is carried in procession by the bishop of Milan, in imitation of Saint Charles, after being withdrawn from the roof by some of the dignitaries of the chapter, theatrically raised to the place in a painted machine, in the form of a cloud surrounded with little angels. The wooden stalls of the choir are covered with superb sculptures from the designs of Pellegrino, Brambilla, Figini, and Meda, representing divers incidents of the life of Saint Ambrose, and other bishops of Milan.

The celebrated statue, said to be *St. Bartholomew*, now placed behind the choir, seems to me but little worthy of the chisel of Praxiteles, in spite of the inscription rather presumptuously engraved beneath by the artist.<sup>3</sup> This sort of reality is horrible, nor can I think that the Greeks, who made so many statues of Apollo, ever represented the skeleton of Marsyas.<sup>4</sup>

It would be difficult to avoid emotion on seeing in the subterranean chapel the body of Saint Charles, who is in a manner the hero of this country; the memory of this vast, ardent, unbending genius, this kind of governing saint, as also that of his family, is pre-eminent there above that of emperors and kings.<sup>5</sup> The holy archbishop is clothed in his pontifical dress enriched with diamonds; his mitred head reposes on a gold cushion; the sarcophagus is of transparent rock crystal, and the features even of the great man may be easily contemplated. It is true that the word *humilitas*, the family

<sup>4</sup> The antique statue, known by the name of Marsyas, formerly at the Villa Borghese, but now in the Royal Museum, does not belong to the best times of the art; it is a Faun hung to a tree by the hands, and does not represent Marsyas skinned.

<sup>5</sup> The Borromeo family was originally from Tuscany and San-Miniato; their establishment at Milan dates from the marriage of Philip, head of the family, with Talda, sister of the unfortunate Beatrix Tenda, a relation of duke Philip Maria Visconti.



device of the Borromeo family, which is written on the tomb, is rather in contrast with so great a display of riches.

The tomb of Cardinal Federico Borromeo, not less worthy of remembrance than his cousin the saint, is less magnificent and even too simple. Cardinal Federico ought to have been canonized as well as Saint Charles; but it seems that the expenses attending the canonization of the latter were so great that the family was obliged to decline this new honour. The interesting *Promessi Sposi* of Manzoni, of which Cardinal Federico is, in a sense, the hero, have since made him amends and compensated for the injustice of fate.

Under a glass cover, in a chapel, is the crucifix which was carried in procession by Saint Charles, as the inscription imports, during the plague of 1576; this monument of the great archbishop's charity is nobly exposed, as a real trophy, on an altar of his cathedral.

The mausoleum of Otho the Great and Giovanni Visconti, uncle and nephew, archbishops and lords of Milan in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, is surmounted by an esteemed work of Brambilla, the statue, seated, of Pius IV., maternal uncle of Saint Charles, one of the benefactors of the cathedral.

The magnificent mausoleum of Cardinal Marino Caracciolo, who died in 1538, appears to be the last performance of Bambaja, an excellent sculptor of Milan, who first succeeded in working the hard marble of the quarries of Lombardy.

Over a console of flowers interlaced is the statue of the illustrious pope Martin V., seated and giving his benediction, by the famous Jacopino da Tradate, who is also compared to Praxiteles in the inscription on the high altar, which he erected in 1418, so much does this exaggerated comparison seem connected with the general lapidary style of the Duomo.

The southern sacristy exhibits the ruins of the rich and antique treasury of this cathedral. The fine statue of *Christ bound to the pillar* is by Gobbo; a great painting of *St. Charles blessing the crosses*, by Cerano; two chalices ornamented with little figures of children and divers groups are of wonderful workmanship; a gold patine is a masterpiece of chasing, attributed to the Milanese Caradosso, and the principal

group, a *Deposing from the Cross*, is of admirable expression, notwithstanding the smallness of the figures; lastly, the celebrated *Pallium* is here preserved, representing the *Birth of the Virgin*, embroidered by Louisa Pellegrini, a painter in needlework of the earlier part of the seventeenth century, who obtained by her skill the surname of the *Minerva of Lombardy*.

The statue of *St. Ambrose* is by Cesare Procaccini, equally great as statuary or painter; that of *St. Satyrus*, by Andrea Biffi, after a model by Brambilla. The great basso-relievo in marble of the chapel of the Presentation, so full of grace, nature, and truth, is by Bambaja; a fine statue of *St. Catherine*, by Cristoforo Lombardo, a clever Milanese architect and sculptor of the sixteenth century.

The chapel of Giovanni Jacopo Medici, marquis of Marignan, has been thrown open by taking down the iron railing that enclosed it; this alteration allows a much better view of the splendid mausoleum, from the design of Michael Angelo, erected by Pope Pius IV, his brother, to this bold captain, a mixture of hero, corsair and bandit, the unworthy uncle of Saint Charles. The statues and basso-relievos in bronze which adorn it are an esteemed production of Leone Leoni, a good sculptor, founder, and engraver of Tuscany in the sixteenth century.

The *Baptistry*, by Pellegrino, is elegant and graceful; the great baptismal basin, of porphyry, passes for having belonged to the hot baths of Maximian Hercules at Milan. As in the primitive church, the Ambrosian rite, which is followed in the diocese of Milan and differs in many points from the Roman rites, has preserved baptism by immersion. This rite not only dates from a period as remote, as is generally supposed, as that of Saint Ambrose, who at most only reformed it, but it seems to have borrowed its pompous liturgy from the ancient ceremonies of the East.

The chapel dell' *Albero*, thus named from the superb bronze chandelier in the form of a tree, presented by the archpriest of the cathedral, Giambattista Trivulzio, is ornamented with numerous very pretty basso-relievos by Brambilla, Andrea Fusina, Gobbo, and other excellent artists.

The colossal statues of *St. Ambrose*

and *St. Charles* are esteemed productions of two good Italian sculptors of the present day, SS. Marchesi and Monti of Ravenna.

From the top of the enormous pyramid of the Duomo, a sort of marble mountain, the view is truly admirable; the cultivated plains of Lombardy appear an ocean of verdure beneath the azure sky; the eye discovers at once the Alps and the Apennines, and this immense horizon it like a new and superb panorama of Italy.

Near the Duomo, in the piazza dei *Mercenti*, is a colossal statue of *St. Ambrose*, by the young Milanese sculptor Ludovico Scorzini; it was erected in 1834, and is the present of another generous Milanese, S. Fossani. Saint Ambrose is represented in the simple episcopal costume of his day; the statue is expressive and the drapery good, in spite of the hardness of the marble, which is the same as that of the Duomo; it nobly replaces a worthless statue of Philip II., formerly placed in the same dark dingy niche, and on the same pedestal as that of the courageous and independent archbishop of Milan.

### CHAPTER III.

*Santa Maria della Passione*.—Mausoleum of Birago.  
—Chalcondylas.—*Nostra Signora di San Celso*.—  
Statues of Lorenzo Stoldi.—Cupola of Appiani.—  
Saint Nazarius.—Trivulzio.

The design of the front of Saint Raphael's church is by the great Pellegrino. Several of the pictures in this church are remarkable: the sublime *St. Matthew* of Ambrosio Figini; *St. Jerome*, by Cesare Procaccini; *Elijah sleeping*, by Morazzone; *Jonah refusing to obey his father*, by Cerano.

The new steeple of *Santa Maria dei Servi*, is in horrible taste, and the clamour of the bells is so annoying that it has diminished the value of the houses near it. The inside of the church is richly decorated: *the Virgin with the Infant Jesus and some angels* is by Ambrosio Borgognone; *the Baptism of St. John* by one of the brothers Campi; *the St. Philip Benizzi*, by Daniel Crespi,

*the Christ in the garden of Olives*, by Lomazzo, an illustrious Milanese painter, poet, scholar, geometrician, natural philosopher, and distinguished author, whose premature blindness was foretold by Cardan from astrological calculations; <sup>1</sup> a beautiful old *Assumption*, by an unknown author. The paintings of the choir, by Pamfilio Nuvolone, are very good, and an *Adoration of the Magi*, in the sacristy, has been thought worthy of Bernardino Luini.

*Santa Maria della Passione*, by the architect Gobbo, with the exception of the ridiculous front by his obscure successor, is one of the best churches in Milan, and perhaps the richest in pictures. An *Assumption* in fresco by Pamfilio Nuvolone adorns the cupola. *The Dead Christ*, and *the Virgin weeping*, is by Bernardino Luini; a small *Descent from the Cross*, by Cesare Procaccini; a *St. Francis*, by his brother Camillo. The organ is by Carlo Urbini and Daniel Crespi, who have besides executed the different subjects of the *Passion*, in the best *Titianesque* taste, the fine paintings of the nave, and a *St. Charles Borromeo breakfasting on bread and water*, whose terrible physiognomy would make one think that he is meditating some violent fanatical act. A fine *Last Supper* is by Gaudenzio Ferrari. *The Christ in the garden of Olives*, and a *Flagellation*, are the best works of Talpino. *The Infant Jesus escaping from the Virgin's bosom to run into the arms of St. Joseph*, is one of the best holy families of Federico Bianchi. The paintings in the sacristy, by unknown authors, are remarkable, and exhibit the beauties of the ancient Lombard style. A *St. Monica* is by Giuseppe Vermiglio, reckoned by Lanzi the first painter of Piedmont and one of the best of the seventeenth century.

The mausoleum of bishop Daniel Birago, erected by the great hospital of Milan, to which he bequeathed all his property, is a noble, elegant, and graceful monument by Andrea Fusina, one of the first Lombard sculptors in the fifteenth century.

The tomb of Demetrius Chalcondylas bears the simple and touching inscription of his pupil Trissino. <sup>a</sup> The ashes of this

<sup>1</sup> Lomazzo lost his sight at the age of thirty-three, if not twenty-three, years; he wrote poetry, composed several works, and dictated his *Treatise on Painting*, regarded as the most complete in exis-

tence, and even superior to the fragments of Leonardo di Vinci, which are collected under that title.

<sup>a</sup> P. M.

Demetrio Chalcondylæ Atheniensis

Athenian fugitive among the Lombards—of this first editor of Homer, who taught Greek to Benedetto Giovio, the brother of Paolo; to Gregorio Giraldi, count Castiglione, and other learned Italians; to the German Reuchlin, the English Linacer, the celebrated founders of Grecian learning in their respective countries,—and the gratitude of Trissino, the first restorer of the tragic art in Europe, show how much is due to this nation, and are, on the threshold of Italy, like an advanced monument of the services she has rendered.

There are some fine paintings at Saint Peter's in Sessate: *St. Maur* by Daniel Crespi; several incidents in the life of the same saint, by Moncalvo; an image of the *Virgin*, under a glass cover, by Bernardino Luini. At the chapel of Saint Ambrose, the works of Bernardino da Trevilio and Butinone, painters of the fifteenth century, are remarkable for their perspective; there is a *Virgin* attributed to Bramante.

The old church of Saint Stephen Major was the scene of one of the most terrible catastrophes in Italy during the fifteenth century, the murder of Galeas Maria, the unworthy son of the great Francesco Sforza, assassinated in the midst of his guards, the day after Christmas 1476, by three courageous young men, Carlo Visconti, Lampugnano, and Olgiati, at the instigation of their master, the grammarian Colas, of Mantua; another instance of tyrannicide sterile for liberty. Visconti and Lampugnano were killed in the scuffle, being abandoned by those who were to have seconded them: Olgiati was subsequently arrested and perished at the age of twenty-three by the hand of the executioner; after the torture, when naked upon the scaffold, ready to be mangled with hot pincers and cut in pieces, the skin of his chest being torn off, he uttered these proud and melancholy words: *Mors acerba, fama perpetua; stabit vetus memoria facti.*

The present church of Saint Stephen, embellished by Cardinal Federico Borromeo, has some valued paintings: *St. Gervase* and *St. Protase*, by Bevilacqua, in a tolerably good style, despite

the violation of the rules of perspective; the second good *Holy family*, by Bianchi; the painting of the Trivulzio chapel, by Camillo Procaccini; a *St. John the Evangelist*, by his brother Cesare.

Saint Barnabas is of a good architecture, attributed to the Father Antonio Morigia, a great preacher, afterwards bishop and cardinal. A *Dead Christ* is an esteemed work of Aurelio Luini, who has not always preserved the nature and grace of his father Bernardino. The *Virgin with the Infant Jesus*, *St. Catherine*, and *St. Agnes* is superb, by Antonio Campi; *St. Bartholomew*, *St. Francis*, *St. Bernardin*, of a beautiful composition, by Lomazzo.

*Santa Maria della Pace*, which was converted into a military magazine, and subsequently into a factory, has still some remains of the frescos of Marco d'Oggiono, the pupil and friend of Leonardo, of Gaudenzio Ferrari, and other clever painters. At the ancient refectory of the convent are a *Crucifixion* by this same artist, and the copy of the *Last Supper*, executed at twenty-two years of age by the learned and unfortunate Lomazzo, perhaps some little time before his cruel blindness.

*Nostra Signora di San Celso*, with the marble columns, fine statues, and sculptures decorating its front, the magnificent paintings and frescos of the roof and chapels, the richness of the ornaments, has already all the grandeur and splendour of the churches of Rome. The majestic court is by Bramante, the front by Galeas Alessi. At the entrance, the two statues of Adam and Eve, by the Tuscan sculptor Lorenzo Stoldi, have the grace and purity of the statues of antiquity. The two *Sibyls* of the fronton, the four statues of the prophets, the *Presentation of J. C.*, the angels on the top of the church, are excellent productions of Annibale Fontana. A *Repose in Egypt*, a very fine picture of Raphael, now at Vienna, must have made the resemblance greater formerly. The silver cross and six silver candlesticks given by Joseph II. are a feeble compensation for such a loss.<sup>1</sup> It is not positively known whether the plan of this building is by

In studiis litterarum græcarum  
Eminentissimo

Qui vixit annos LXXXVII mens. V.  
Et obiit anno Christi MDXI.

Joannes Georgius Trissinus, Gasp. filius,

Præceptori optimo et sanctissimo  
Posuit.

<sup>1</sup> This *Repose in Egypt* has been engraved in a superior manner by a pupil of Longhi, S. Ado Fioroni, and it procured him, in 1829, the gold medal



Bramante or Gobbo. The *Martyrdom of St. Nazarius and St. Celsus, a Descent from the Cross*, are by Cesare Procaccini, who also made the two marble angels putting the crown on the Virgin's head. Two *Martyrdoms of St. Catherine* are by Cerano. The great painting of the altar is very fine; it is by Paris Bordone, as well as the two prophets and *St. Roch* painted in fresco, above and below. The *Resurrection of the Saviour*, easy and original, is by Antonio Campi. The *St. Maximus, an Assumption*, the *Christ leaving his mother at the moment of the Passion*,—a painting which, according to Lanzi, loses nothing by being placed near the best Lombard works in this church,—are by Urbini. The *Baptism of Christ*, accurate and graceful, with a very fine glory of angels, is by Gaudenzio Ferrari; a *St. Jerome seated*, by Calisto Piazza; the *Conversion of St. Paul*, superb, by Moretto, who contrary to his custom has signed it, as if he attached particular importance to this picture; an *Assumption*, by Camillo Procaccini. A *St. Sebastian* is attributed to Correggio. A group of angels well disposed is by Pamfilio Nuvolone. There are some small figures in chiaro-obscurò executed in perfection by Giovanni da Monte, a pupil of Titian.

The frescos on the cupola by Appiani, representing the four Evangelists and the four fathers of the Church, with angels and clouds, are one of the most æthereal and most boasted productions of this brilliant decorator.

The statues put in the niches are by the clever Lorenzo Stoldi, with the exception of the *St. John* by Fontana, who is also the author of the statues and basso-relievos in the chapel of the Virgin. The stalls of the choir, of great beauty, were designed by Galeas Alessi.

The elegant front of *St. Paul's* is by Cerano, not less clever in architecture than in painting; the nave is probably by Galeas Alessi. *St. Charles and St. Ambrose* is one of the irreproachable productions of Cerano, and even superior for colouring to the after-mentioned paintings by the Campi, who however are singularly brilliant in this church. These paintings are : the *Martyrdom of St.*

*Laurence, the Beheading of St. John, the Fall and the Death of St. Paul; the Baptism of the same saint; the Miracle of the dead man brought to life, a Nativity*, by Antonio; the *Virgin, the Infant Jesus, St. Joseph*, and some other figures, by Giulio; the *Saviour giving the keys to St. Peter*, by Bernardino, who does not seem of this family.

The church of Saint Euphemia, remarkable for its beautiful portico of the Ionic order in front, has : the *Adoration of the Magi*, by Fernando Porta, an unequal painter and an imitator of Correggio; a *Presentation in the temple*, sublime and well designed, by an unknown hand; and the picture of the *Virgin*, with angels and saints, one of the best works of Marco d' Aggiono.

The basilick of Saint Nazarius, built in 382, received the body of the saint from Saint Ambrose. Before entering this edifice, you must cross the mausoleum of Giovanni Jacopo Trivulzio and his family; opposite the door, and almost midway between the lofty ceiling and the floor, is the tomb of this adventurous Italian,—this celebrated marshal, who created the French militia, and died in disgrace at Chartres or Arpajon as a lord of the French court,—and on it is inscribed the epitaph composed by himself :—*Joannes Jacobus Trivultius, Antonii filius, qui nunquam quievit, quiescit. Tace.* The other tombs of the family, seven in number, are of the same height. The effect of these great suspended stone coffins is very singular; they really seem as if they aspired to bear even to the skies the "*magnifique témoignage de notre néant*;" but these tombs are empty, and in accordance with the rule established by the council of Trent respecting burial, Saint Charles had the bones of the Trivulzio transferred to the vaults under the church. At one of the chapels the tomb of Manfred Settala, a mechanician, somewhat pompously surnamed the *Archimedes of Milan*, a man whose travels and whole life were devoted to the sciences, letters, and arts, contrasts with the warlike tomb of the Trivulzio. The paintings are : an *Assumption*, by Lanzani, and four large and good paintings of Giovanni da Monte in the inner portal; a very fine *Last*

supper by Bernardino Lanino, an imitation of the one by Gaudenzio Ferrari, his master, at the church *della Passione*.

The chapel of Saint Catherine, adjoining Saint Nazarius, and built after the design of Bramante, is still remarkable for the expressive and picturesque frescos, executed in 1546, by Bernardino Lanino, representing the *Martyrdom of the Saint*, and which leave nothing to be wished, except a little more attention to the drapery; by a whim then common among artists, the painter has represented below his master Gaudenzio Ferrari, in his usual dress, disputing with another of his pupils, J. B. de la Cerva, while he himself in a black cap is attentively listening to them.

Saint Antony the Abbot is extremely remarkable for its paintings. The roof is by the brothers Carloni of Genoa, able fresco painters of the seventeenth century, who also worked in the choir with Moncalvo, whose *St. Paul the Hermit* maintains an honorable rank beside their works. A *Conception*, charming, is by Ambrose Figini; *St. Charles* with the holy nail, by Foi Galizia, a clever female painter of the early part of the seventeenth century. A *Nativity*, the *Temptation of St. Anthony*, are by Camillo Procaccini; a *Descent from the Cross*, a *Resurrection*, by Malosso. The *Christ carrying his Cross*, is by the younger Palma; an *Annunciation*, by Cesare Procaccini, a graceful masterpiece, perhaps too graceful, in which the mutual and almost roguish smile of the Angel and the Virgin appears somewhat out of place. *St. Gaetan*, an *Assumption*, are by Cerano. *The Virgin, the Infant Jesus, St. Catherine, St. Paul*, a beautiful composition, is by Bernardino Campi: the glory of angels was added by Camillo Procaccini. An *Holy Ghost*, judicious, but faint in the colouring, is by Fiorentino. A *Nativity*, by Annibale Carraccio, appears scarcely worthy that great master. The *Adoration of the Magi*, by Morazzone, has all the effect and luxury of drapery of the Venetian masters.

The sacristy of the church of Saint Satyrus, in the shape of a little octagonal temple, is famed as a work of art: the architecture, by Bramante, is worthy of him; the heads, larger than nature, and the little children, are the distinguished performances of Caradosso, a clever

sculptor, and highly-spoken of as an engraver, very much admired by Benvenuto Cellini, who knew him at Rome. The miraculous picture of the Virgin is of the eleventh century; the act of the madman who stabbed this image is by the cavaliero Perruzzini, a good painter of Ancona, who died at Milan, and who was an imitator of the Carracci and Guido; the *Flight into Egypt*, by Federico Bianchi. *St. Philip de Neri*, pleasing and well designed, passes for one of the best paintings of Peroni. In another sacristy are some ancient paintings and a *St. Barnabas*, attributed to Beltraffio, an amateur and good Milanese painter of the sixteenth century, the pupil of Leonardo.

## CHAPTER IV.

Saint Sebastian.—Saint Alexander in Zebedia.—Paul Frizi.—Saint Eustorge.—Mausoleum of Saint Peter the Martyr.—George Merula.—*Santa Maria della Vittoria*.—Columns, church of Saint Laurence.—*Monastero Maggiore*.

The church of Saint Sebastian, founded by Saint Charles, from the plans of Pellegrino, is one of the most splendid architectural monuments in Milan. The *Martyrdom of the saint*, by Bramante, is the best of his paintings in this city, and refutes the opinion of Cellini, who said that he had no talent for painting. The *Annunciation*, the *Massacre of the Innocents*, by Joseph Montalto, recall the elegance and grace of Guido, his master. *St. Charles, St. Philip, a Crucifix with the Virgin, St. John and Magdalene*, are by Francesco Bianchi and Antonio Ruggieri, painters of the eighteenth century, inseparable artists, who have left a better example of concord and friendship than of taste.

Saint Alexander in Zebedia, in spite of the abominable taste of the front, is rich and magnificent. Divers incidents in the *Life of the saint* and of other martyrs, the *Trinity*, several subjects from the Old Testament, on the roof, in the choir, and at the high altar, are large and sublime paintings by Federico Bianchi, Philip Abbiati, and of his expeditious pupil, Pietro Maggi. The paintings in a chapel adorned with exquisite sculptures, and two others relating to the *Life of St. Alexander*, pleasing works, full of expression, although somewhat elaborate, are by Agostino Saint Agos-

tino, the cleverest of the three Saint Agostini. A good *Nativity*, the *Assumption*, and a *Crucifixion*, are by Camillo Procaccini. There is a chapel painted by Ludovico Scaramuccia, a distinguished pupil of Guido and Guercino; he was also a writer on the arts, being the author of the book entitled *Le Finezze de' pennelli italiani* (on the superiority of the Italian pencil). The *Beheading of St. John the Baptist*, the *Adoration of the Magi*, very fine, in the sacristy, are by Daniel Crespi: the roof, composed of graceful little angels, is by Moncalvo: Saint Alexander contains a splendid tomb, erected to the memory of the celebrated mathematician and natural philosopher Paul Frisi by Count Pietro Verri, a noble Milanese, like this Barnabite, a partisan and propagator of new notions on social improvement.

Saint Eustorge, uniformly restored by Ricchini, is one of the oldest churches in Milan. On the outside, at the entrance, is the pulpit, a kind of large stone gallery, from which, according to the inscription, Saint Peter the Martyr refuted the heretics of his time. These religious traditions are touching; no one knows what has become of the pulpits of Bos-suet and Massillon; the religious faith of the middle ages was less indifferent and ungrateful to its great men than the rationalism of our enlightened civilisation. The mausoleum of this saint, executed by Giovanni di Balduccio of Pisa, is a very curious remnant of the art in the fourteenth century. It is the masterpiece of one of those primitive artists who were so full of nature and truth; the Gothic Caryatides which represent the different virtues of the saint and support the whole structure, are a combination of boldness and grace; the oddity of some of the details belongs to the epoch and not to the artist, and this work would be perfect if imagination at that period had been regulated by taste. The architecture of the chapel of Saint Peter, founded by Pigello Portinari, a clerk of Cosmo di Medici, seems by Michelozzi: a painting of the time represents the pious and industrious founder kneeling before the saint; the ceiling is one of the fine frescos of the elder Civerchio. A mausoleum ornamented with columns supported by lions, of the close of the thirteenth century, was devoted by Matthew Visconti the Great to one of his

sons, Stephen, who by his courage had contributed to retrieve his father's fortune. The altar of the first chapel, in three compartments, representing the *Virgin*, the *Infant Jesus*, *St. James and St. Henry*, is a good painting by Ambrosio Borgognone: the head of the last saint is the best. The very fine roof of the chapel of Saint Vincent is by Carlo Urbini. The chapel erected in 1307 by Cassone Torrione, in which his son Martin reposes, has a *Beheading of St. John*, in good keeping, although executed by the hands of three painters, Cesare, Camillo, and Antonio Procaccini. There are some fine frescos by Daniel Crespi in the chapel of the Annunciation. The bodies of the three Magi, which are still worshipped at Cologne, were in a chapel at Saint Eustorge, whence they were taken, in the invasion of Federico Barbarossa, by the archbishop of Cologne who accompanied the conqueror. On the wall of this chapel is a basso-relievo in marble of the *Passion*, a work of the fourteenth century, author unknown, which is destitute of neither simplicity nor grace, and shows that the arts at that early period had made great progress in Lombardy. The coffin which held the doubtful and pompous relic still remains at Saint Eustorge with the strange inscription:—*Sepulchrum trium Magorum*. Near the sacristy is the tomb of George Merula, the pupil and mortal enemy of Philéplus; the adversary of Politian, Calderino, and Galeotti Marzio; one of the best and most disputatious scholars of the revival of the arts, who treated printing as a barbarous invention (*barbarum inventum*), a paradox since maintained by other Merulas less erudite than this laborious critic and historian. The tomb of this *good hater* was, however, erected to his memory by a friend, his pupil, the poet Lancinus Curtius: the inscription he has put thereon is even somewhat touching.\*

The church of *Santa Maria della Vittoria* owes its name to the victory gained near it by the Milanese over the emperor Louis the Bavarian. Though not finished on the outside, it is of beautiful architecture, and thought to be by Bernini. There are two remarkable

\* Vixi aliis inter spinas, mundique procellas,  
Nunc hospes cœli Merula vivo mihi.  
Lancinus Curtius f. amicus posuit.



paintings : *St. Charles administering the communion to persons smitten with the plague*, by Giacinto Brandi; and *St. Peter delivered from prison*, a painting executed at Rome, where the author, Ghisolfi, an excellent perspective painter, was attending the lessons of Salvator Rosa. The angels supporting this painting are an excellent production of Antonio Raggi, called *the Lombard*, a clever pupil of Bernini.

The sixteen antique columns of Saint Laurence, uniform and placed abreast, exhibit a superb wreck and prove the grandeur, the importance, and the magnificence of Milan in the olden time. These beautiful columns, probably transferred from some antique edifice to their present position, are even higher than those of the Pantheon : one might really imagine them erected there as a portico to the ruins and ancient monuments of Italy.

The present church of Saint Laurence was rebuilt by Saint Charles from the bold and noble designs of Martino Bassi. The *Baptism of Christ* by Aurelio Luini seems worthy of Bernardino; the *Assumption* is by Rivola, one of the best pupils of Abbiati. The chapel of Saint Anthony was painted by Federico Bianchi, Legnani, Molina, Vimercati, the last a clever pupil of Ercole Procaccini. A *Visitation*, by Bianchi, is altogether worthy of this favoured disciple of Cesare Procaccini. The chapel of Saint Aquila has a martyrdom of *St. Hippolytus* and *St. Cassian*, by Ercole Procaccini. In the sacristy, *Jesus Christ appearing to St. Thomas*, by Giambattista della Cerva, expressive, animated, and harmonious, is one of the best paintings of Gaudenzio Ferrari's school.

Saint George *al Palazzo*, an old church restored, takes its title, it is said, from the ancient palace of Trajan or Maximian having been in its vicinity. There is a *St. Jerome* by Gaudenzio Ferrari. The different subjects of the *Passion*, painted by Bernardino Luini and his pupils, present a happy effect of light. The countenance of the Saviour in the *Flagellation* is admirably affecting.

Over the portal of Saint Sepulchre, the *Dead Christ* between the Marys, a fresco by Bramantino, the favorite pupil of Bra-

mante, has a wonderful effect in the perspective : the legs of the Saviour, from whatever point they are viewed, seem turned towards the spectator, the first instance of this kind of *tour de force* which has since been so frequently attempted. In the subterranean oratory, made famous by the fervent meditations of Saint Charles, the *Christ crowned with thorns* is an admirable work of Bernardino Luini.\* Some statues of burnt clay, by Caradosso, representing the *Virgin in a swoon at the sight of her dead son*, with the Marys and some saints, form a very pathetic scene.

On the heavy front of Saint Mary *Porta*, the basso-relievo in marble of the *Crowning of the Virgin* is a fine work by Carlo Simonetta, who has also in the interior a good *Magdalene*, to whom an angel is administering the communion. There is a *St. Joseph* by Ludovico Quaini, a distinguished pupil and imitator of Guercino and Cignani; the *Adoration of the Magi* in the chapel of the Madonna is by Camillo Procaccini.

The church of Saint Maurice, or the *Monastero Maggiore*, the marble front of which, simple and in good taste, is attributed to Bramantino, has many admirable frescos of Bernardino Luini; the principal of them represent the *Apostles*, the *Flagellation of the Saviour*, and divers incidents in the lives of *Martyrs*. The *Adoration of the Magi*, at the high altar, by Antonio Campi, a *Deposing of the Cross*, by Piazza, are excellent performances.

## CHAPTER V.

Saint Ambrose.—Ancient and modern pulpits.—Serpent.—Paliotto.—Mosaic.—Auspert.—Chapel of Marcellina.—Missal.—Monastery.

The church of Saint Ambrose, the oldest monument of Christian antiquity at Milan, erected in 387, by the great saint whose name it bears, presents a real chaos of architecture; these works of various and remote ages compose a shocking medley : the Italian architects are too often guilty of the fault of not paying attention to the primitive cha-

\* Six precious frescos of this great master, his sons, and pupils, are preserved in an adjacent house, now the lun of the Cross of Malta; they were taken

thither in 1786 from the oratory of the hospital of the Holy Crown, which was removed at that time.

acter of the edifices when repairing them, which is never the case with good architects in France.<sup>1</sup> Before the church is one of those spacious courts which the architects of the middle ages had already imitated from those of antiquity, and which are found before many of the Italian churches. It was there that, during the existence of paganism, the profane remained, and where, in aftertimes, the rigorous public penances of the early ages of the church took place. There is something religious in the aspect of these old porticoes, and they nobly separate the sanctuary from the tumult of cities. Some portions of this portico of the ninth century evince a taste and imagination singularly remarkable at that epoch. I regretted that, according to some antiquarians, the present gates are not those which Saint Ambrose shut against Theodosius, after the massacre of Thessalonica,<sup>2</sup> when liberty had fled to religion for refuge; when the remonstrances and acts of its ministers, men elected by the people, were the only resource, the only opposition against absolute power and the violence of the emperors. With these traditions before us, it is easy to conceive why the republican conspirator of Milan, portrayed by Machiavel, at the moment of delivering his country from the tyrant Galeas, in company with his accomplices invoked Saint Ambrose, after having heard mass and contemplated his statue.<sup>3</sup>

In this church there is an immense old pulpit of marble, opposite to the modern one; it is pretty much like the gallery used by the Romans, in which the orators had room to walk about. It struck me, while contemplating it, that in form as well as independence, the Christian pulpit had replaced the *suggestum* of earlier days. These old pulpits are in much better taste than the kind of deal box suspended in our churches, above which rises a man who twists and agitates himself and seems ill at ease in so narrow a space. Were not one habituated to this manner of preaching, it would appear a very singular exhibition.

In the nave of Saint Ambrose is placed

on a column the famous brazen serpent that some have gone so far as to take for the one Moses raised in the desert, or at least made of the same metal, and on which the learned have discussed at such a prodigious length. The populace are persuaded that it will hiss at the end of the world; and the sexton one day in dusting it having somewhat deranged it, the alarm become general when the ominous reptile was seen turned towards the door; it was necessary to put it right immediately, in order to allay the terrors of those who already thought they heard it.

Such is the antiquity of the monuments of this church, that the father Allegranza pretended to recognise in the great sarcophagus of white marble placed under the present pulpit, the tomb of Stilicon and his wife Serena. On a pilaster is an antique portrait of Saint Ambrose, which, according to the inscription, a barbarous Latin quatrain, was taken from life; the marble of the countenance is black, the head attire and the garment of a lighter shade. Saint Ambrose, being born in Gaul, must have been white, and it is difficult to image to one's self the bees depositing their honey in the mouth of this species of blackamoor.

The celebrated gold *Paliotto* of the altar, give by the archbishop Angilberto Pusterla, a wonderful production of a Lombard artist of the tenth century, the goldsmith Volvino, is deemed worthy to be compared to the finest ivory diptychs which the sacred museums boast.

Beyond the choir two large slabs of white marble, covered with inscriptions, point out the burial place of the emperor Lewis II., a conqueror and lawgiver, who died in 875, and that of the illustrious archbishop of Milan, Anspert, his contemporary, the founder of Saint Ambrose, a charitable, active, and enlightened pontiff, full of courage and independence

Effector voti, propositique tenax,

as his epitaph says,<sup>4</sup> and who seems to

<sup>1</sup> For instance, the beautiful restoration of the Louvre by MM. Percier and Fontaine, of the palace of Fontainebleau by Fleurtaud, and even the works of the Palais-Royal. M. Fontaine could easily have surpassed the indifferent architecture of these buildings, but he has made the new constructions correspond with the old.

<sup>2</sup> It is said that these gates are only of the ninth century.

<sup>3</sup> See the address of Giovanni Andreo to the statue of Saint Ambrose, book vii. of the *History of Florence*.

<sup>4</sup> The verses preceding this give a good sketch of the character of Anspert:

be the Saint Charles Borromeo of the middle ages.

The curious mosaic of the choir, representing the Saviour on a golden throne embellished with precious stones, and beside him Saint Gervase and Saint Protase, appears to be the work of some Greek artists of the eleventh century. Another mosaic, of the ninth century, is very curious : Saint Ambrose has fallen asleep while saying mass, and a sacristan is striking him on the shoulder to waken him and show him the people waiting. What a singular moment for the artist to make choice of in the life of this great saint ! It is known that Fenelon fell asleep during the sermon ; Saint Ambrose asleep standing before the altar is still less edifying. On the external wall of the choir, the *Christ in his agony supported by two angels*, an affecting fresco, one of the best paintings of this basilic, though attributed to both Luini, and Lanino, appears to be by Ambrosio Borgognone.

The chapel of Saint Satyr or of Saint Victor *in ciel d'oro*, thus called from the antique and brilliant gilt mosaic which surmounts it, has some lively and spirited frescos, representing the *Shipwreck of St. Satyr* and the *Martyrdom of St. Victor*, the work of Tiepolo, the last of the great painters of the Venetian school, to whom Bettinelli dedicated his poem on painting, in which he praises him for having revived the masterpieces and the golden age of his art.

The rich chapel near it has : *St. Ambrose receiving the viaticum*, one of the best works of Andreo Lanzani ; the chapel of Saint Sebastian, the *Saint unbound from the stake*, a beautiful production of Ambrosio Besozzi.

The chapel *Marcellina*, formerly Saint Catherine's, has been since decorated with all the elegance of modern art by the Marquis Cagnola, ' a celebrated Milanese architect, author of the arch of the Simplon ; the statue of the saint in marble is a beautiful work of Pacetti. But has not the painter of the embellishments thought proper to place large figures from Herculaneum on the roof,

which form a strange contrast with the holiness of the place and the modest air of the saint ! One of these figures carries a lamb on its head, and in this whimsical picture the lamb of the bacchanals may have been often taken for the paschal lamb.

The chapel of Saint Bartholomew has that saint and *St. John before the Virgin*, by Gaudenzio Ferrari. Near them, the *Dead Christ with the Virgin, the Magdalene weeping*, and other figures, is but a superb wreck of a painting by the same artist. In an adjoining chapel, the *Madonna dell' ajuto* is a good painting of the Luini school. At the entrance of the sacristy are two remarkable frescos : *Jesus disputing with the doctors*, by Borgognone ; the *Virgin, the Infant Jesus, St. Ambrose and St. Jerome*, of the old Milanese school. In the chapel beyond, a *Nativity*, by Duchino, is gracious, well drawn, and full of *morbidezza* ; the figures around and the roof are by Ercole Procaccini. On the altar of the chapel of Saint Peter, the *Christ giving the keys to the saint*, is a distinguished work by the daughter of Cornara. The paintings on the cupola of the last mentioned chapel, by Isodoro Bianchi, are fine.

The Missal preserved in the archives of the basilic of Saint Ambrose, a vellum manuscript of the end of the fourteenth century, is splendid and curious : the chief ornament is a rich miniature representing the coronation of Giovanni Galeas Visconti, as first duke of Milan. Among the ambassadors and persons of importance who attended Galeas in the procession and assisted at the ceremony, may be remarked a bishop of Meaux in the quality of ambassador of the king of France.

The vast monastery built by Lewis the Moor from the plans of Bramante, an edifice of an architecture at once striking and noble, a real monument, and one of the most splendid of its kind, is now a military hospital. In the refectory a vast fresco representing the *Marriage of Cana*, is the masterpiece of Calisto

Hic jacet Anspertus, nostræ clarissimus urbis  
Antistes, vita, voce, pudore, fide,  
Æqui sectator, turbæ prelatus egenæ.

The other verses of the epitaph recapitulate the principal acts of this great man's life, who is for-

gotten in most of the historical dictionaries. It is there remarked that he rebuilt the walls of the town, and restored the antique columns of Saint Laurence.

' Died August 24, 1833.



Piazza, a clever imitator of Titian and probably his pupil. This composition has however one strange peculiarity; the artist has put six fingers to the hand of a woman on the right side of the painting.

## CHAPTER VI.

Saint Victor.—*Santa Maria delle Grazie*.—Cœnaculum.—Saint Angelo.—Count Firmian.—Saint Mark.—Church of the Garden.—Saint Fidells.

Saint Victor *al corpo*, a fine majestic church, is of the architecture of Galeas Alessi. On the cupola *St. John* and *St. Luke* are superb compositions by Bernardino Luini; the roof of the choir is by Ambrosio Figini, who has also painted a beautiful *St. Benedict*, in a chapel; the roof of the centre and a *St. Bernard*, on the door, are by Ercole Procaccini; a good *Saint Peter* is by Gnecchi. In the splendid chapel of Aresi, from the designs of Quadri, the statue of the Virgin and the prophets, by Vismara, are esteemed. The last chapel on the right has three fine paintings by Camillo Procaccini, representing certain scenes in the life of Saint Gregory; the *Virgin*, and *St. Francis*, by Zoppo, a painter correct in colouring, but too imaginative; *St. Paul the Hermit*, by Daniel Crespi; *St. Bernard Tolomei*, by Pompe Batoni, a Roman painter of the last century, who contributed to the reformation of taste; *St. Benedict*, *St. Bernard*, *St. Francis*, and *St. Dominick*, near the entrance, pass for the best works of the Cavaliero del Cairo. *Santa Maria delle Grazie* scarcely retains the shadow of her primitive beauty. The majestic cupola, the choir, and the semicircular chapels of the sides are by Bramante. The remains of the *Flagellation*, and of other paintings of Gaudenzio Ferrari, still bear witness of their ancient perfection; a *St. John the Baptist* is attributed to Count Francesco d'Adda, a noble amateur of the sixteenth century, who imitated Leonardo Vinci; the fine frescos on the cupola of the choir belong to the school of this great master. In

the sacristy the anonymous paintings representing subjects from the Old and New Testaments, are curious, and particularly remarkable for the end of the fourteenth century and the beginning of the fifteenth.

The *Cœnaculum*, by Leonardo Vinci, placed in the refectory of the old monastery of *Santa Maria delle Grazie*, is not so difficult to be recognised as I should have thought; through the mists of ruin that envelope it, and the bungling retouching it has undergone, one may still discover the spirit, expression, variety, and life of this admirable composition. The enthusiasm that it caused in the victorious Francis I., may easily be conceived, who, as he could not carry it to France, took the author with him and cultivated his friendship, though at that period he was advanced in years. Parini, an ingenious and elegant Italian contemporary poet, would have himself carried in his latter days, before the *Cœnaculum*; he said that a man capable of such a conception could have produced a poem; the sight of these fine paintings, in spite of their damaged condition, excited and fed the pious musings which alleviated his sorrows, and, if death had not intervened, he would have described and explained them. A mosaic of the *Last Supper*, after an oil copy by Bossi, placed in the *pinacotheca* of Brera, although executed in 1809 at the expense of the Italian government, has been sent to Vienna: <sup>1</sup> S. Gagna, an esteemed painter, made a new copy of it, in 1827, for the king of Sardinia. This tardy homage of kings, conquerors, and emperors, seems some reparation for the barbarous abandonment in which the Dominicans had formerly left the *Cœnaculum*, of which the great Cardinal Federico Borromeo already regretted that he had only found some slight remains which he endeavoured to save; <sup>2</sup> and of revolutionary outrages inflicted in 1797 on this masterpiece of Leonardo, when the apartment which contains it served as a stable and granary.

Saint Thomas *in terra amara*, an insuspicious surname of doubtful origin, <sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The faithfulness of this copy has been much disputed. The clever Roman mosaicist, Rafaelli, has had the good sense to approach nearer the original.

<sup>2</sup> Cardinal Frederick confided its preservation to a pupil of Giulio Cesare Procaccini, Andrea Bianchi, surnamed *Vespino*.

<sup>3</sup> It is supposed by some to be derived from the punishment inflicted by Giovanni Maria Visconti on a priest of this church, whom he had interred alive for refusing to bury a person whose family were not able to pay the expenses. However, the name appears to be of older date.

has been recently embellished with an elegant *pronaos*. The fine *St. Charles with angels* is by Cesare Procaccini.

The ancient gothic church of *Santa Maria del Carmine*, has a portal of rich composition, attributed to Ricchini. In the first chapel, the *Virgin with the Infant Jesus and several saints* is by Camillo Procaccini. The statue of the *Virgin*, with the angels, is an excellent work of Volpi. In the chapel of Saint Anne, a fine fresco by Bernardino Luini represents the *Virgin, the Infant Jesus, and some saints*.

Saint Simplician, Gothic, has an *Annunciation*, by Bernardo da Trevilio, the friend of Leonardo, the architecture and perspective of which are clever, but the figures and drapery of a miserable taste; *St. Benedict* is by Talpino; two subjects from the *Old Testament*, in the chapel of the *Corpus Domini*, are by Camillo Procaccini. The paintings of the dome are admired; the two great paintings of the chancel, by Francesco Terzi, a Bergamese artist of the sixteenth century, though somewhat dry in the designing, are effective in the colouring. The *Crowning of the Virgin*, in the choir, is an excellent fresco by Ambrosio Borgognone.

*Santa Maria incoronata*, composed of two churches, has some fine basso-relievos of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; the frescos of the roof are by Ludovico Scaramuccia; the lateral frescos, by Ercole Procaccini and Montalto. There is a fine mausoleum of Giovanni Tolentino, who died in 1517; it bears a touching epitaph, expressing his farewell to his wife and children.

Saint Angelo, a majestic church, which was for a time converted into an hospital, still has some good paintings: the *Marriage of the Virgin*, by Camillo Procaccini, who has also done the ceiling of the choir and the three paintings which adorn it; the side frescos are by Barabino; the *Virgin* surrounded by saints, by Caravaggino; the *Christ between the two thieves*, by Bramantino; a head of the *Saviour*, a small fresco, from its beauty attributed to Bernardino Luini.

The architecture of the church of Saint Bartholomew is magnificent, but defi-

cient in taste. The illustrious Firmian, who for twenty-three years conducted the government of Lombardy in so wise and paternal a manner, reposes in this church; the mausoleum of this friend of letters, arts, sciences, and humanity, is a superior production of the sculptor Franchi.

Saint Mark is superb. Several of its paintings have great reputation: the *Virgin, and the Infant Jesus* who is presenting the keys to Saint Peter with a politeness somewhat singular, is by Lomazzo; a *St. Barbe*, the colouring of which is beautiful, by Scaramuccia.

The chapel of the Crucifix has some esteemed frescos by Ercole Procaccini, Montalto, and Busca; a *Crucifixion*, by the last-named, with the *Virgin, Magdalene*, and *St. John*, weeping, is very moving. At the Trotty chapel are a *St. Augustine*, by Talpino, and some fine frescos, by Stefano Legnani. The rich high-altar has been tastefully embellished by professor Jocondo Albertoli. The two great pictures by Camillo Procaccini and Cerano, placed in the choir, opposite each other, are very beautiful; the one by the latter artist is generally preferred, the *Baptism of St. Augustine*. In the sacristy the *Virgin, the Infant Jesus, St. Syrus*, and *St. Joseph*, an excellent production of Antonio Campi, bears the date of 1569.

The little church of Saint Joseph, in a plain but good style of architecture, by Ricchini, has the *Death of the Virgin* by Cesare Procaccini; a *Holy Family*, by Lanzani; *St. John the Baptist*, by Montalto. The church of Saint Mary of the Garden, now turned into a storehouse for the city, is famous for the height and reputed wonders of the arches supporting the roof, a singular structure of the fifteenth century, but extolled beyond its merits.

Saint John *alle case rotte* (of the demolished houses) occupies the site of the palace of the Della Torre family, formerly popular chiefs of the Milanese, demagogues who grew into despots,<sup>a</sup> whose residence was pulled down in a riot in 1311. The present building is by Ricchini, and the roof in compartments is very fine.

The church of Saint Fidelis, unfinished, is a splendid monument of Pelle-

<sup>1</sup> Toga et armis vale Tydea conjux, valetæ liberi, nec tu delnceps conjux nec vos eritis liberi Joannis Tollentinatis senat. com. eq. q. MDXVII.

<sup>a</sup> One of them, Pagano della Torre, who died in

1244, seems to have been really loved by the Milanese, who erected him a tomb in the cemetery of the convent of Chiaravalle. See *post*, book iv. ch. ii.

grini. With an architectural extravagance altogether Italian, the richness of the front is continued with even greater splendour along the lateral wall of the edifice. The *St. Ignatius* is by Cerrano; a *Transfiguration*, by Bernardino Campi; a *Piety*, by Peterzano, one of Titian's pupils, as his signature proudly testifies (*Titiani discipulus*). The paintings of the choir are great and good works of the brothers Santi-Agostini. The majestic columns of polished, red granite from the quarries of Baveno, like the two gigantic pillars of the dome, are of a single stone: Milan is one of the richest of the Italian cities in this kind of magnificent rarities.

## CHAPTER VII.

Splendour of the Altars.—Closing of the churches in Italy.—Benches.—Hangings.

The sumptuousness of the Italian churches, until one becomes used to it, appears truly wonderful. The altar and even the pulpit are sometimes set with agates and other precious stones. It must be difficult to speak in the midst of all these riches, and eloquent words must be requisite to touch an audience thus dazzled. I much fear that the precept of Horace may be often applied to the sermons delivered in these pulpits,

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,  
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.

Nevertheless, I have never shared the prejudices of the economists against sumptuousness in altars. This sumptuousness tends to neither corruption nor dissipation like that of the world, but it is conservative and useful. There are some ornaments also which can be appropriated to no other purpose, such as precious stones; it would be difficult to put these objects of national pride in circulation; then, is it not better to place them on an altar, where they add to the majesty of religion and excite neither envy nor hatred, than to make them ornaments for the forehead of a courtesan or the sword of a despot?

The churches of Italy are generally shut for some hours in the middle of the day, namely, from twelve to four or five. There are none open during the whole day but the cathedrals, such as the Duomo of Milan, Saint Mark of Venice,

Saint Peter of Rome, and other basilics. This regulation of closing the churches has something of protestantism about it; it seems opposed to the religious manners of the Italians as well as to catholic usages; it is, moreover, inconvenient to travellers, who frequently have but little time to visit these churches, partly temples, partly museums. The entrance of strangers is annoying to the worshippers, and not less disagreeable and painful to themselves. One feels uncomfortable and confused at finding oneself standing alone, guide-book in hand, in the midst of a crowd of persons kneeling and praying, occupied in counting the columns of vert antique, Carrara marble, and lapis-lazuli, surrounded by half naked beggars. If you enter in the middle of a sermon, the embarrassment is not less; the fire of the orator, the echoing bursts of his voice amid the silence of his auditory, the fierce and animated expression of his countenance, contrast strangely with the cool indifference and somewhat awkward air peculiar to persons who are gazing around as if seeking for something.

How many times has the piety and fervour of the worshippers appeared to me *the better part*! And how vain the restless curiosity of the traveller beside the sublime simplicity of the believer! It would be advisable to leave the morning to the services of worship; for noon, the time of closing, is the precise moment when the light is the most favourable for the paintings. Despite Italian indolence, a more serious consideration ought to put an end to this injudicious practice; independently of the frequent need of prayer that the soul experiences, how many faults, crimes even, have been prevented by fortuitously entering a church! It is said that every body sleeps at that hour, but the unhappy and evil-doers sleep not, and the passions do not know a *siesta*.

At a period when there has been so much talk of ultramontaniam, our clergy would not do amiss to copy the Italians in the benches and the cleanliness of their churches; France is the country perhaps where the Deity is worst tempted, and our negligence on that point is a discredit to our high civilisation.

But there is one excess of zealous attentions that I will take care not to prescribe, since it is one of the greatest vexations for the traveller. I allude to the



mania which possesses the Italians for hanging their churches on holydays. On the eve of such days, the upholsterer, armed with his hammer and ladders, takes possession of the monument; curious inscriptions, tombs of great men, all disappear under his hangings; magnificent columns of granite and Carrara marble are smothered under his tinselry; and there may be seen hanging on the front or to the vaulted roof of some old basilic, or elegant temple of Bramante, Palladio, or Michael Angelo, long strips of various stuffs, yellow, white, pink, etc., as at the shop fronts of our linendrapers. This ludicrous embellishment, applied with such bad taste, is the same to architecture as paint is to the human face. I have even seen Saint Peter's decked out in this showy manner; it is true that the vastness of its vaults made the upholsterer's task difficult enough, and that the little square bits of crimson cloth that he had put up against the walls were hardly perceptible. The noisy labours of this artisan sometimes not being completed when the fête begins, are annoyingly continued during the services, while on other occasions, he is in such haste that he begins to take down his finery before they are concluded, lest the brilliancy of such fine colours should be lost.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### Preaching.

The jests of some travellers on the grimaces, exaggerations, and buffooneries of the Italian preachers appeared to me unmerited. With the exception, perhaps, of some popular sermons, their preaching is in general quiet and familiar; but, though inclining to a species of gossip, it has at least the merit of being applicable and practical. Notwithstanding the great crucifix in the pulpit, these sermons are but little less cold than our own; but the musical language and animated physiognomy of the speaker give them an appearance of warmth and vivacity. If among the orators of the Italian pulpit, there is none to oppose to the four eminent ones of France, the style of their panegyrics seems preferable to ours: they have neither the same dryness nor monotony; they are more ornate and poetic, like their other sacred harangues; and this kind of embellishment is not un-

suitable to the marvellous histories of the greater part of the saints of both sexes. Besides, the end of the preaching in the two countries is essentially different; in Italy faith and errors in conduct are common; there are but few properly called *libertins* (freethinkers), and the *Conférences* of M. Frayssinous, although translated, will be less serviceable than at Paris. The preacher must combat the passions and frailties of the upper classes, and the excesses, and the impetuous, degraded appetites of the populace; while argumentative preachers are necessary for the more moral, but more incredulous, population of France.

The reformer of the Italian pulpit was the father Segneri, a Jesuit and contemporary of Bourdaloue; but this Roman missionary, who was so powerful over the people of the provincial towns and villages, when named theologian of the palace and preaching at the Vatican, fell short of himself, and regretted his former promiscuous audience, nor has he impressed on his reform the correct literary taste of our orators of the age of Louis XIV., addressing an elegant and polished court. The genius of the Italian language, being less precise, less didactic, less regular, and far more metaphorical than the French, must always be better adapted for popular eloquence. I have heard some very good judges criticise the *purism* on which some of the modern Italian preachers pride themselves, who, instead of modulating harmonious and frigid sermons, would have done better had they remained missionaries.

The natural simplicity and unrestrainedness of the Italian character may be found even in their sermons; the audience, notwithstanding the solemnity of the place, hears without surprise effusions, avowals, and confidences, all personal to the orator; and this description of sympathy produces in men of talent the effects of a new and moving eloquence. A young preacher, Fra Scarpa, of Padua, after having with success preached at Rome during Lent some years ago, entreated his audience to join their prayers to his for the welfare of his mother; that was the only reward he asked for his labours, nor was it the only time that he had introduced the subject of his beloved mother in the pulpit. After one discourse by this true orator, a collection was made for the poor, and, as it frequently hap-

pens in Italy, the country people, who had no money, were seen to throw into the purse their rings and ear-rings, ordinary jewels, it is true, and of but little value, but the sacrifice of them showed to what an extent their owners were capable of having their feelings wrought upon. One can scarcely conceive a similar movement among our peasants of Gonesse or Villejuif.

I was fortunate enough to know at Rome one of the men who confer the greatest honour on the Italian pulpit, the reverend Fra Jabalot, *procureur-général* of the Dominicans of the Minerva, a Frenchman by origin, who would even have shone in France; he died in 1837. An ardent and most evangelical orator, Fra Jabalot was besides an able logician; I was told that he had learned English in three months, that he might translate a very fine sermon on faith, hope, and charity, delivered at the dedication of the catholic chapel of Bradford, in Yorkshire, by Mr. Baines, bishop of Siga, a very excellent and most lucid recapitulation of the chief proofs of the truth of catholicism, and throughout full of the tenderest charity towards the protestants. The Italian translation of Fra Jabalot is very correct, and it evinces that the original author, in more than one respect, resembles his eloquent interpreter.

## CHAPTER IX.

Ambrosian Library.—Petrarch's Virgil.—Palimpsesti.—Letters and hair of Lucrezia Borgia.—Mysterious catalogue.

I went several times every year to the Ambrosian Library, which was shown me by the abbé Mazzucchelli,<sup>1</sup> Bentivoglio, and Mancini, director, subdirector, and clerk; men full of learning, modesty, and politeness. It contains sixty thousand printed volumes, and about ten thousand manuscripts.

The famous Virgil of Petrarch, in which is his impassioned note on Laura, after

his death belonged to Galeas Visconti, fifth duke of Milan, as may be seen by his name, now almost effaced, written on the leaf detached in 1795 by the abbé Mazzucchelli.<sup>2</sup>

Another inscription by Petrarch, less noticed, regards the death of his natural son Giovanni, at the age of twenty-five, canon of Verona, who had robbed his father and given him much trouble. This Virgil seems the depository and confidant of Petrarch's sorrows. The curious miniatures, by the celebrated painter of Siena, Simon Memmi, as we are informed by a Latin distich, represent Virgil seated, invoking the muses, and Æneas in a warrior's costume; a shepherd and husbandman typify the Bucolics and the Georgics, and Servius, the commentator, is drawing back a thin curtain to indicate his explaining and removing the difficulties of the Latin poet. Though rather incorrect in the design, these miniatures, very probably executed from the ideas of Petrarch, a friend of the artist's, are deficient in neither originality, colour, nor truth: the figure of Æneas is one of the best. An inhabitant of Pavia succeeded in abstracting this precious volume, and in concealing it when that town was taken and the library carried away by Louis XII., in 1499; three centuries after it did not escape the commissioners of the republic: if it had made part of the literary booty of the monarchy, it would have remained with us like the *Sforzeide* and other valuable articles of the same library now deposited in the Bibliothèque du Roi, and so well described by the good, learned, and ever-to-be-regretted Vanpraet; but this pillage by the revolution had not twenty years' date; that kind of political prescription which renders every thing legitimate was not acquired, so the volume was taken back in 1815. The marginal notes of Petrarch, and those on the bottom of the pages, seem in the same handwriting as the note on Laura; but

<sup>1</sup> An apoplectic attack had produced on the abbé Mazzucchelli, in his latter days, a most extraordinary effect; it had untaught him how to read. I went one evening to his house, the day previous to one of my visits to the library, whether he no longer went; however, on the morrow he would be there, but he acknowledged that he could not even spell the name of *Petrarca*, and to his death this learned librarian was unable to read.

<sup>2</sup> A *fac simile* of the eight lines of Petrarch's note is given in the edition of the *Rime*, published at Padua by Professor Marsand (1819-20, 2 vol.); it is followed by some historical remarks and very accurate criticisms, in which the professor rectifies several errors committed by the writers who had previously given the text. See t. i, p. 358.

these lengthy and numerous notes, with quotations from other ancient authors and critical collations, must be little worthy of this erudite poet, since S. Mai has not thought them of sufficient importance to publish. Perhaps they are of Petrarch's youth, when his father snatched from him, and threw into the fire, the Virgil he was secretly reading, instead of studying the *Decretales*.

The *Josephus*, translated by Ruffin, a priest of Aquilea, but which Muratori for good reasons thinks the work of one of the *litterati* employed by Cassiodorus to translate from the Greek the works of antiquity, is perhaps, with the Gregorian papyrus of Monza, the most singular of the manuscripts written on papyrus and on both sides; according to Mabillon, it is now about twelve hundred years old.

A Greek manuscript of a life of Alexander, without the author's name, thought by Montfaucon to be Callisthenes, at first inspired me with unfeigned respect. I only knew Callisthenes by the *Lysimache* of Montesquieu, that admirable portrait of Stoicism, of which Callisthenes is as the hero and representative. The life of Alexander by a man of such talent and virtue, who had been so cruelly the victim of Alexander's wrath, seemed to me a veritable monument. The learned de Saint-Croix has since demonstrated that Callisthenes was only a rebellious courtier; being Alexander's historiographer, he had servilely maintained his pretensions to divinity by a thousand fables, and subsequently, not thinking himself adequately rewarded, he became a conspirator. The *History of Alexander*, attributed to Callisthenes, copies of which are not scarce, S. Mai having published it, is nothing in fact but a long and wearisome romance full of improbabilities and absurdities.

I could not suppress a species of lite-

rary emotion, on seeing, in a large square wooden chest, the celebrated palimpsest of the pleadings of Cicero for Scaurus, Tullius, and Flaccus,—on the writing of which the poems of Lædilius, a priest of the sixth century, had been transcribed,—as well as several unpublished sentences of the discourses against Clodius and Curio, till lately covered over with a Latin translation of the acts of the council of Chalcedon; the first discoveries of S. Mai, and the prelude of his successful labours. In contemplating these old sheets, black and calcined, perforated in some parts by the action of oxygenised muriatic acid, I loved to see modern science rushing to the rescue of ancient eloquence and philosophy, and chemistry stripping off and annihilating the ignoble text which concealed a sublime original. It was impossible not to be struck at the sight of this second species of ruins, and this determined searching, if one may be allowed the expression, of the monuments of thought and genius, relics of the greatest orator of Rome, found again after more than ten centuries, under the Gothic lines of a versifier of the middle ages and the protocol of ecclesiastical decrees. The palimpsest of the Ambrosian Library proceeded in part from the monastery of Saint Colomban de Bobbio, situated in the recesses of the Apennines, where, as well as at mount Cassino, a mass of precious manuscripts were stored; in those barbarous times the cloister and the mountains were the asylum of letters; these learned remnants, published, annotated, translated by clever writers and experienced editors of our times, are gloriously promulgated throughout the civilised world; and Cicero, in his eloquent orations, is again listened to by a greater number than ever heard him in the forum or the Comitia.<sup>2</sup>

The manuscripts of the Ambrosian also

<sup>1</sup> The manuscripts of Saint Colomban de Bobbio amounted to seven hundred in number; half of them were sold to Cardinal Frederick; the rest went to the Vatican.

<sup>2</sup> Every body has read the elegant translation of the *Respublica* by M. Villemain, with his eloquent preliminary discourse. The learned labours of Professor Le Clerc, in reality the first editor of Cicero's complete works, on the *Fragments*, increased by these new discoveries, are almost a creation, from the order and connection which he has effected among these scattered shreds, so confusedly thrown together in preceding editions. Another French professor not less distinguished, M. Cousin, has

found in the manuscripts of the Ambrosian many various readings to the commentary of Proclus on the first Alcibiades. See tome II. et III. of his edition of *Proclus*, published in 1820. Though the ground has been passed over by such librarians as Muratori, who has given four quarto volumes of his *Anecdota ex Ambrosianæ biblioth. codicibus*, and S. Mai, the Ambrosian may still furnish new discoveries of ancient authors. As to the moderns, what might not be the importance, for the history of the revival of letters which has yet to be written, of the collection forming more than twenty volumes of manuscript letters, in Latin and Italian, of a great number of the *litterati* and illustrious personages of the sixteenth



afforded S. Mai at a later period a part of his happier and more complete discovery, the *Letters of Marcus Aurelius and of Fronto*,—found under a history of the council of Chalcedon, which also came from the monastery of Saint Colomban de Bobbio,—a curious monument of Roman manners, history, and literature, in which the young prince, so enamoured of philosophy, so virtuous, pure, and gentle, appears very superior to his master, who remained a sophist and rhetorician, notwithstanding the praise he had formerly obtained and the celebrated inscription beneath his statue: *Rome, the mistress of the world, to Fronto, the king of orators!*

But there is a manuscript less imposing than these palimpsesti, namely, ten letters from Lucrezia Borgia to cardinal Bembo, at the end of which is a piece of Spanish verse by the latter, breathing an exalted spirit of the purest Platonism; the answer of the lady is much plainer, and she accompanied it with a lock of her flaxen hair. Thus does the bottom of this mysterious portfolio, this strange pedantic medley of poetry, philosophy, and sensualism, offer a striking characteristic monument of the corruptness of Italian manners in the sixteenth century.<sup>1</sup> This lock of a lady's hair, in a great library, in the midst of old manuscripts, is a striking singularity; one would scarcely have expected to find it there, and it seems strange to confide the custody of such a charge to the doctors of the Ambrosian Library.<sup>2</sup>

I perused the manuscript of Philéppus *De Joci et Serii*, a collection of serious and humorous epigrams, epistles to princes and nobles, which consist of ten thousand verses equally divided into ten books; of this manuscript, said to be unique, the first book and part of the

tenth are wanting; but S. Rosmini has made them sufficiently known.<sup>3</sup> The *Joca et Seria* remind us much more of the licence of Horace than of his simplicity, grace, and judgment; and Philéppus, a necessitous suppliant, a badly paid pensioner, a scheming father,<sup>4</sup> has not, in his panegyrics, the address, ease, and almost familiarity of the opulent and voluptuous flatterer of Augustus and friend of Mæcenas.

One manuscript, which forms a contrast with the violent and abusive manners of Philéppus as a man of letters, is a kind of elegy entitled *Lamento or Disperata*, composed by Virginia Accaramboni, on the murder of her husband by banditti; this unhappy woman herself perished with her brother by the hand of Ludovico Orsini, her brother-in-law.

The seventy miniatures, the remains of a fine manuscript of the *Iliad* in uncial letters, published by S. Mai and printed in the royal office at Milan, have that kind of artless fidelity which bespeaks their great antiquity, and they are one of the monuments which prove the unintermitted study of the pictorial arts in Italy.

The five large volumes of flowers so pleasingly painted, appear to be by Giambattista Morando, an artist of the early part of the seventeenth century.

I should have liked to find at the Ambrosian the sketches of some new plays which Saint Charles Borromeo had engaged the provost of Saint Barnabas to examine, and on which he had himself written marginal notes. These dramatic criticisms of Saint Charles would be a curiosity at this day; one can scarcely conceive the licentiousness of the first Italian farces.<sup>5</sup> It is very likely that the manuscripts of these comedies were be-

century? We are indebted to M. Renouard for the edition of the *Lettres de Paul Manuce*, published at Paris in 1834.

<sup>1</sup> The verses of Bembo are printed in the folio edition of his works; Venice, 1729, t. ii. p. 54. *Yo pienso si me muriese*. The letter of Lucrezia Borgia is given verbatim at the end of Foscolo's *Essays on Petrarch*, p. 255 of the Italian translation of S. Camillo Ugoni, to whom we are indebted for the publication of this singular document.

<sup>2</sup> The librarians of the Ambrosian have the title of doctors; but, although priests, they are relieved by the founder of a part of their ecclesiastical functions, to enable them to attend more closely to their duty in the library.

<sup>3</sup> Vita di Filelfo. See the various rejected quotations in the *Monumenti inediti* of the three volumes.

<sup>4</sup> It appears that one of the daughters of Philéppus was particularly anxious to get married, for he is continually begging a dowry for her, whether he address his verses to Francesco Sforza, the duchess Bianca Maria his wife, Gentilis Simonetta, knight of the Golden Fleece, or even Gaspardo di Pesaro, the duke's physician.

Nam sine dote quidem, quam multum ponderet auri  
Nulla placere putet posse puella viro. [ram,  
Non genus aut probitas in sponsa quaeritur: aurum  
Hæc facit, et formam comprobatur esse bonam.

<sup>5</sup> See the work entitled *I sentimenti di San Carlo*

queathed by Saint Charles, with his other books, to the chapter of Milan, the library of which was suppressed in 1797, when, probably, they were lost in the confusion.

It is, moreover, particularly difficult to make researches at the Ambrosian. Would it be believed that its illustrious founder, cardinal Federico Borromeo, has forbidden the making of a catalogue? It is said that it cannot be effected without a dispensation from Rome. The existing apology for a catalogue is truly a mere cipher; the authors are arranged by their Christian names, which in Italy certainly have more importance than with us; in this list there is a crowd of Johns, Jameses, and Peters, and to find Petrarch, one must look for Francis. To increase the perplexity still more, there is no title on the backs of the books; the aspect of these nameless volumes covering the walls of the immense hall, is somewhat intimidating, and were it not for the good fame of the founder, one might think ill of all this occult science. The librarians, however, know pretty well what they have and what they have not; but they only consult their memory, and the catalogue is purely traditional. It is not easy to explain the prohibition of cardinal Federico; he had sought and collected at great expense books and manuscripts in all Europe and even in the East, had appointed learned men to explain and publish them, had attached to the Ambrosian an excellent printing-office no longer in existence, and yet he timidly concealed a part of these very discoveries; it is impossible to show at the same time more zeal and love for learning, and to take more precautions against it.

Of the physico-mathematical manuscripts of Leonardo Vinci, there only remains now at the Ambrosian a single volume, which is of great size, called the *Codice Atlantico*, containing machines,

*Borromeo intorno agli spettacoli*, Bergamo, 1759, in quarto, which I read at Milan, and which I regret is not to be found in the libraries of Paris.

\* The numerous manuscripts of Leonardo Vinci are now dispersed: the Trivulzio library has some of them; fourteen small volumes and some loose sheets of the same kind are in the library of the Institut at Paris, and have been well described in the essay read to the first class in 1797, by M. J. B. Venturi (Paris, Duprat, 1797), who has remarked that Leonardo Vinci had pointed out the motion of the earth, before Copernicus, from the fall of heavy

figures, caricatures, and notes collected by Pompeo Leoni. The letters are written from right to left, in the Eastern manner, and can only be read with a mirror. Like his worthy rival Michael Angelo, Leonardo Vinci was also scholar, sculptor, architect, engineer, chemist, mechanician, and man of letters; with such men the multiplicity of accomplishments, instead of injuring each other, seems, on the contrary, to extend and strengthen them. The sight of this singular manuscript, with its reversed characters, proves by its manner, how the influence of the East was reflected on Italy in Leonardo's age, and to how great an extent the genius of Italy was indebted to it for warmth and brilliancy.<sup>1</sup>

There is a small but rich museum in the Ambrosian library, in which may be seen the cartoon of the School of Athens, the first simple and sublime sketch of that immortal composition. M. de Chateaubriand, standing before that painting, said, "I like the cartoon as well." And the latter, having been carefully restored, seems likely to outlast the painting, which is daily falling to decay. A portrait of Leonardo Vinci, in red crayon, done by himself, is a true patriarchal countenance; the features are calm and mild, notwithstanding the bushiness of the eyebrows and the vast exuberance of beard and hair. Several charming paintings by Bernardino Luini, such as the young *St. John playing with a lamb*, the *Virgin at the rocks*, which were brought back from Paris, are also at the Ambrosian; there is likewise a very fine fresco of the *Crowning with thorns*, which in my opinion has less reputation than it merits; its figures pass for the portraits of the deputies of Santa Corona, a charitable institution to which these premises originally belonged.

A monument has been erected at the Ambrosian to the ingenious Milanese painter and writer, Joseph Bossi; the de-

bodies. The most important of Leonardo's manuscripts is the one which belonged to the library of king George III., given by his son to the British Museum; this manuscript offers divers figures, heads of horses and other animals, subjects in optics, perspective, artillery, hydraulics, mechanics, and some drawings with the pen, among which is a sketch of his own *Last Supper*, regarded by Canova as more precious than any thing else he had seen in England. There are also some of Leonardo's manuscripts in Earl Spencer's library.

sign and basso-relievos are by SS. Palagi and Marchesi, and the bust, which is colossal, is a work of Canova's, full of life and expression.

## CHAPTER X.

Library of Brera.—Observatory.—Oriani.

The library of Brera is principally composed of the old library of the Jesuits, and others proceeding from convents and religious houses suppressed in 1797, of a part of Haller's books, Count Firmian's, and the small but precious collection bequeathed by cardinal Durini. The cabinet of medals occupies a very handsome apartment; it has a numismatic library tastefully selected by the conservator, S. Cattaneo; this arrangement is very convenient for students, as they are not obliged to have recourse to the great library for the books they may require, and which probably might not be in their places. The library of Brera has only a thousand manuscripts, among which are the famous choir books of the Chartreuse of Pavia; but it contains a hundred and seventy thousand volumes, and is the best furnished of all the Italian libraries with modern books of science, natural history, and voyages. The great number of readers is another resemblance between Milan and Paris, and in crossing the great hall with its superb bookshelves, one might almost fancy oneself at the library in the rue de Richelieu.

The elegant palace of Brera was formerly a college; its architecture is by Ricchini, except the front by Piermarini. In one of the porticoes, among other illustrious Milanese, is the bust of Parini, with an inscription which is exceedingly touching, when we remember that it was there that this excellent poet performed the duties of a professor, and formed youth to eloquence and virtue.

The observatory of Brera, founded in 1766, after the plans of the learned Father Bosovich, and well supplied with the best of instruments, has been ornamented in these latter days by the discoveries of the great astronomer and mathematician Barnabas Oriani, who for more than fifty

years assiduously watched the stars there; he was a man not less superior by his virtues and simplicity than his genius.<sup>1</sup> Oriani was created count and senator by Napoleon, but he continued a scholar and a priest. He died at the age of eighty, on the 12th of November 1832, and divided his property into two portions, one for charitable purposes, the other for the advancement of science.

## CHAPTER XI.

Private libraries.—Trivulzio library.—Verses by Gabrielle d'Estrées.

In Milan there are many remarkable private libraries; as the *Fagnani*, which has a fine collection of Aldine editions; the *Melzi*, rich in Italian works of the fifteenth century; the *Reina*, *Litta*, *Archinto*, *Trivulzio*. By a kindness of which I shall preserve a lasting memory, I obtained access to the last mentioned, which does not count less than thirty thousand volumes and about two thousand manuscripts. A minute detail of the Trivulzio library, transmitted by its owner to M. Millin, was inserted in the *Annales encyclopédiques*, of 1817, t. VI.; but it is not exactly correct now, a part of the books having passed into another branch of the family, and the enlightened zeal of the last marquis Jacopo Trivulzio, who died in 1831, one of those Italians that have accorded the noblest encouragements to letters, having been continually making additions to the part which remained. Lady Morgan has likewise given a description of some articles; such as the book of *Hours*, or primer for the use of the young Maximilian, son of Louis the Moor, with some beautiful vignettes by Leonardo Vinci,—characteristic pictures, which are a kind of portraiture of princely education at that epoch; in one of them the young duke is represented on horseback, contemplated by the ladies (*il principe contemplato dalle donne*). The Trivulzio library is rich in manuscripts and early editions of Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch. A very fine manuscript of the last is of his own time, and may be in his own hand, as the writing is exactly like the note in the Virgil at the Ambrosian; the Paduan edition (1472) is ornamented with charming miniatures of Mantegna's school. Lady Morgan mentions an edition of the

<sup>1</sup> It is said that Oriani was fond of pointing out at Linterno near Milan, (see liv. iv chap. i.) a little wall at which he had worked when a mason.



same poet, printed, as she informs us, only fifteen years after his death, a slight oversight of half a century. There is a beautiful manuscript on vellum which her ladyship preferred describing, though the little she says is inaccurate, it is the oration of Isocrates to king Nicocles, with some charming verses by Gabrielle d'Estrées, to whom the manuscript had belonged, after having been at first Henry II.'s, to whom it was dedicated when Dauphin. These are some of Gabrielle's verses :

De vraye amour aultre amour reciproque  
C'est le parfait de son plus grand desir ;  
Mais sy l'amour de l'autre amour se moque  
Pour ung amour trop moins digne choisir,  
C'est ung ennuy qui ne donne loysir,  
Temps ne repos pour trouver reconfort.  
Le desespoir est pire que la mort,  
Et jalouzie est ung vray desespoir.  
O foy rompue, o trop apparent tort ;  
Pour vous me fault pis que mort recevoir.

From the place where these almost unknown verses are found, they are doubtless authentic and of the time, an advantage that some other more celebrated verses have not, like the *Adieux de Marie Stuart*, printed, I believe, for the first time, in Monnet's *Anthologie*,<sup>1</sup> or the verses of Henry IV., *Viens, aurore*. These verses confute the tradition of her intellectual inferiority, and what is more, they are honourable to her as a lover and a sensible woman : why should not the infidelities of Henry IV. have inspired this bitter expression of unfeigned grief at that love *qui de l'autre amour se moque*? The fact of Gabrielle's having read the discourse of Isocrates concerning the administration of a kingdom, proves that this royal mistress meddled with state affairs, and, perhaps, that she had sought arguments against Sully in the Athenian rhetorician.

The Trivulzio library possesses many manuscripts bearing the arms of Mathias Corvin, to whom they previously belong-

ed; I remarked among the manuscripts eight autograph madrigals and ten sonnets of Tasso, which were first published at Venice in 1827; the treatise on architecture addressed to Francesco Sforza by Averulino or Filarete of Florence, a clever pupil of Donatello, the architect of the grand hospital of Milan, is a manuscript on cotton paper, of which there only exists one other copy at the Magliabecchiana of Florence; \* an unpublished treatise on music composed by the priest Florentio, and dedicated to cardinal Ascanio Sforza, a charming manuscript, on the frontispiece of which Leonardo Vinci, who had been recalled to the court of Ludovico Sforza as musician, is represented holding in one hand a lyre, a kind of large mandoline, an instrument of his own invention. One of the last curious acquisitions of the marquis Trivulzio was a first clear copy (*Cabozzo*), in good preservation, of the *Dictionary of Calepin*, the original of which I have since sought in vain at Bergamo, where it formerly was at the convent of the Augustines, now turned into barracks. It is impossible to hold in too great esteem those dauntless individuals that first broke up the desert fields of science. The name of Calepin which has been disfigured by latinizing it, was Calepio, an ancient and illustrious family, as were many other names of scholars at the revival of letters.<sup>3</sup> This name has become immortal, as it has added a word to the language, and that word has been employed by Boileau.

## CHAPTER XII.

Austrian domination.—Schools.—Printing, book-trade, censorship.—Liberty of conscience.—Improvement.

Notwithstanding the accusation of the *Edinburgh Review* and the general opinion, the absolute government of Austria is not a *gouvernement d'obscurantisme* in the ordinary acceptance of the word.

<sup>1</sup> They are also inserted at t. ii. p. 426, No. 878 of the *Bibliotheca Roveriana*, whence the book has passed into the Trivulzio library, but we readers of catalogues pay but little attention to such trifles. The following verses, written on the first page of a blank leaf at the beginning of the book, are more to our taste as they prove the bibliographic fact :

Ce livre est à moy Gabrielle,  
Qui voudrais bien avoir l'esprit  
Et le sçavoir semblable à celle  
Qui Pa mis icy en escript.

\* The genius of Filarete was singularly fertile and exuberant; it is he of whom it was said that he would have liked to rebuild the world and would have thought he had improved it. Vasari does not seem to think very highly of this architectural treatise:—*E commeché alcuna cosa buona in essa si ritrovi, è per lo più ridicola e tanto sciocca, che per avventura è nulla più.*

<sup>3</sup> Lascaris, Bessartion, Francesco and Hermolao Barbaro, Poggio, Budé, etc.

After Scotland, perhaps, popular education is more encouraged, and more widely spread there than in any country in Europe. The Scotch parish schools are known and praised by every body, but there has been little enough said of the Austrian. These schools, founded by Maria Theresa, were extended in 1821 to the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom; the word *Scuola* is there written beneath the emperor's arms, even in the villages; and every parish, however small, must have its school or contribute to the support of that which admits its children.<sup>1</sup> The effects of this general education are very perceptible in Lombardy, and one may hope to see a very fine expression of the late emperor's realised there. When advised to establish an extraordinary jurisprudence for that province, on account of the too great mildness of the Austrian laws, he refused; he contended that his code would some day become as beneficial there as in Austria by the progress of civilisation, and nothing more

was required but its advancement:—"When the people can read," said he, "they will no longer kill."

In spite of the literary piracies inevitable in a country divided into little states like Italy, and the ordinary absurdities of the censorship,<sup>2</sup> the book-trade and printing flourish in Lombardy, and at Milan more books are published than at any other town in Italy.<sup>3</sup> The works printed by the Typographic Society of Italian Classics are in general remarkable for clearness and accuracy. The *History of the campaigns and sieges made by the Italians in Spain, from 1808 to 1813*, by S. Vacani, dedicated to the arch-duke John, and printed in 1823 at the Royal Office of Milan, notwithstanding some typographical peculiarities, is very superior to the books not long since printed with the old-fashioned letter of the Royal Office at Paris. The *Fragments of the Iliad*, proceeding from the same press, and published in 1819 by S. Mai, from a manuscript in the

<sup>1</sup> By the returns of 1830, out of two thousand two hundred and thirty-seven parishes in Lombardy, only one thousand one hundred and seventeen were destitute of schoolmasters. Elementary instruction was there extended to one hundred and seventy-seven thousand eight hundred and eighty-six children. The number of children received in the schools of the Venetian provinces in 1834 was seventy-eight thousand nine hundred and seventy-seven.

<sup>2</sup> Walter Scott was prohibited in 1827. and, what is singular, but a short time after the publication of *Woodstock*, or *the Cavalier*, a novel altogether aristocratic. Our *Journal des Savants*, edited at the Chancery at the expense of the Seal, printed at the Royal office, and so inoffensive, is sometimes stopped or delivered with a *transeal* inviting the receiver not to communicate it to others without due circumspection. This rigour of the censorship is not always judiciously exercised; if a bad book has obtained permission to appear (which is frequently the case when good ones are forbidden), it is immediately sold in great numbers. At the period of my first visit to Venice the *Voyage d'Antenor* was in this case; and it was consequently placarded and exposed at all the book shops like some new production of the Palais Royal. There are even typographical censors. I was informed that in a work on Venice the initial capital of that town had been suppressed and replaced by a small letter, since, according to the rules of this singular typography, the capital only belonged to independent states—a last and disgraceful insult to the country of Aldus Manutius! This censorship has, however, scarcely any effect; as observation has always proved, it merely creates odium to no purpose, for every one receives and reads what he pleases. The dramatic censorship seems conducted at random, being exer-

cised according to the good pleasure of the censor of the place. S. Nicolini's tragedy of *Foscarini*, though forbidden at Mantua, was performed at Bressia.

<sup>3</sup> The number of works published in Italy in 1836 amounted to three thousand two hundred and sixty-four. Their subdivision and classification furnishes the scientific and literary statistics of the country: five hundred and twenty-two appeared at Milan; two hundred and ninety-seven at Venice (one thousand six hundred and thirty-one in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom); two hundred and eleven at Turin (four hundred and fifty-four in Sardinia); at Parma and in the duchy one hundred and eleven; at Modena and in the duchy, thirty-four; one hundred and twenty-five at Rome (three hundred in the Roman State); twenty-seven at Lucca; one hundred and two at Florence (one hundred and fifty-one in the grand duchy); two hundred and sixty at Naples (five hundred and fifty-six in the kingdom). Of the three thousand two hundred and sixty-four works, six hundred and fifty-one were theological; one hundred and eighty on jurisprudence, fifty-six of which were criminal trials in the Two Sicilies; three hundred and eighty on geography, history, archeology, and mythology; one hundred and twelve biographical; seventy-five philosophical; seventy-two on political economy and government; sixty-one mathematical; one hundred and thirteen on physics and chemistry; two hundred and ninety on medicine and surgery; thirty on literary history; seventy-one on philology; four hundred and thirty-five poetical; one hundred and eighty-two romances, tales, and novels; five hundred and fifty essays, theses, and incidental writings, and one hundred and twelve theatrical pieces. Fifty Italian works were printed abroad, chiefly at Paris and Lugano.

Ambrosian, with the figures apparently of the sixth century, whilst the scholia are dated in the thirteenth only, are also a very beautiful book. Among the publications by private individuals is a work entitled *Famiglie celebri d'Italia*, published by Count Pompeo Litta, which is at once magnificent and national. The *Collection of ancient Greek historians* translated into Italian, about sixty volumes of which have already appeared, is a good specimen of typography; some parts of this collection are held in esteem. The publication of the complete works of Ennius Quirinus Visconti, the archaeological and literary parts of which are edited by Doctor Labus and the plates executed by S. Palagi, would do honour to the best French house in the trade.

As to liberty of conscience, I doubt whether it is anywhere more religiously respected; there is not the least semblance there of priestly interference in government, and, by an unnecessary exertion of authority, the preachers have been interdicted from declaiming against heresy. The jubilee of 1825 was in a manner subjected to a blockade in the Austrian states; it was forbidden to be celebrated, and in despite of Italian fervour, in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, passports were refused for pilgrimages to Rome. While the infamous *Ghetto*, that species of pestilential bagnio founded by fanaticism, still defiles some of the finest cities of Italy, the government of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom consults its delegates *on the state and means of ameliorating the lot of the men that are elsewhere condemned to it*; the emperor, a religious prince, himself visited, in 1828, the house of refuge and industry at Mantua, and the Chancery of Vienna officially congratulated the Israelite society of that city on its beneficent zeal.

The introduction of infant schools took place in 1835. In the month of May 1837 there were four of them, receiving

more than three hundred children; and this number was then about to be doubled. Singing is taught in them, and the children execute moral and religious melodies, which sometimes are not without benefit to their parents also. The administration courts the assistance of new and different means of social improvement; vaccination is generally practiced; <sup>1</sup> a savings' bank, <sup>2</sup> and a fire assurance company have been established at Milan; the spirit of association is progressing every day; the land registry office, which is continued uninterruptedly, occupies the old convent of the Jesuits, and statistical professorships have been founded at Pavia and Padua. This foreign government is doubtless rigorous on some points, but it is not that rough, severe, and savage despotism admired by the abbé Galiani. The ascendancy that it exercises has no effect on the national character, manners, or customs; it annoys without injuring, and is rather anti-pathetic than inimical; the Austrian government in its prudence does not oppress, it incommodes.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### Military College.

The military college of Milan, intended for the children of the soldiers in the eight Italian regiments, is a well conceived establishment, and might serve as a model for others. It was begun in 1802 by general Theulié, then minister of war, whose portrait may still be seen under the vestibule.<sup>3</sup> The pupils are three hundred in number, and fifty of them are sons of citizens paying a small annual sum. The titles of the other children are the services, the wounds, or the death of their fathers on the field of battle; difference of religion is no obstacle, provided the religion is acknowledged by the state, and the tolerance of the Austrian government on that point

<sup>1</sup> In the bills of mortality at Milan there is not a single death from small pox during the years 1822 and 1823; the number for the following years is very small. The physicians in Lombardy who distinguish themselves by their zeal in propagating the cowpox are rewarded by prizes of 400, 500, or 600 fr.

<sup>2</sup> The deposits in the Lombard Savings-bank were in 1831, 1,133,943 francs; the sum total of the deposits and interest amounted to 3,545,896 francs in 1832.

<sup>3</sup> General Theulié, of French origin, was born at Milan, and was a barrister in that city when the French army arrived there. He then entered the service, and commanded the first Cisalpine legion. This much esteemed man was killed by a cannon shot at the siege of Colbert in 1807. Foscolo intended to write his memoirs, and had collected considerable materials for that purpose. Marocco the barrister has published a panegyric of Theulié.



is well known. I have visited this young military colony with extreme pleasure several times; it is under the management of colonel Young, a man of great capabilities, who treats these young soldiers with paternal care: their highly improved gymnastic exercises (which the able director has composed by selecting from the different methods whatever was best) are applicable to warlike operations, such as the passage of rivers, precipices, assaults of forts, etc.; the course of instruction consists of writing, arithmetic, the German and Italian languages, geography, history, topographical drawing, etc. Similar institutions, to the number of fifty-one, exist for the other regiments of the Austrian army; they must attach the inferior officer and the soldier to his colours, since in his absence neglect and want no longer threaten his family. It is probable that these establishments are one of the causes which have preserved this same army from destruction during twenty years of defeat and misfortune.

The military college is one of those establishments founded by good sense, justice, and humanity, which leave the most pleasing impression on the mind of the traveller. Other states support at a vast expense schools for pages, young ladies, and brilliant officers; there the soldier's orphan serves his apprenticeship to his father's trade; there he is taught honour, order, obedience, to love his prince and his country, and those military virtues, which are so simple, resigned, and intrepid. Such a creation would have been worthy of Louis XIV.; he who had opened so noble an asylum for the old age of our soldiers was worthy to prepare the gymnasium of their infancy.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

Pinacoteca of Brera.—Milanese school.—Raphael's *Sposalizio*.—Guerchino's *Agar*.—Expositions.—Pino, Longhi, and Palagi collections.

The splendour of Florence, Bologna, and Rome, and long-existing reputation of their museums, perhaps cause that of Brera to be too much neglected, which

was begun no farther back than 1805. If it has no great Titians, and is also destitute of other masterpieces, it possesses some admirable paintings of the first masters of the Milanese school, such as Gaudenzio Ferrari, its chief; Bernardino Luini, Bramantino, and others of this productive school, so distinguished for simplicity, expression, force, and the marvellous gift of perspective.

The *Marriage of the Virgin*, a charming work of Raphael's youth, is a painting which in after years he would not have done so well in doing it better: talent, when arrived at perfection, at times loses something of its simplicity and grace. Raphael was twenty-one years old when he gave *Lo Sposalizio*; Voltaire composed his *Oedipus* at the same age,—brilliant essays which thus early revealed all the grandeur of their future compositions, and which afterthought variations could only weaken and disfigure.<sup>1</sup> The *Agar dismissed by Abraham*, by Guercino, is one of his finest works. This painting electrified Byron, according to the account of his shrewd cicerone at the museum of Brera.<sup>2</sup> A head of the *Eternal Father*, by Luini, breathes the simple, antique, and sublime spirit of the Bible. His little painting of *Noah's drunkenness*, notwithstanding some traces of the fourteenth century (*vestigia ruris*) is one of his best performances. The other remarkable paintings are *St. Peter* and *St. Paul*, by Guido; the graceful *Dance of winged Loves*, by Albano; the *Woman taken in Adultery*, by Agostino Carracci; the *Woman of Samaria*, by Annibale; the *Canaanitish woman* by Ludovico; the *Virgin, St. Petronio and other saints*, by Domenichino; the *Adoration of the Magi*, by the elder Palma; the *Moses taken out of the water*, a simple and harmonious masterpiece by Giorgione; the *St. Mark preaching in Alexandria*, a vast and lifelike composition by Gentile Bellini, to which, from his residence at Constantinople and in the Levant, he has been enabled to give an oriental colouring; the portraits of the *Dukes of Urbino*, by Fra Bartolommeo; the *St. Mark and other saints*,

<sup>1</sup> For instance, the fine verse

Jeune, et dans l'âge heureux qui méconnaît la crainte,  
quelque Voltaire replaced, in the later editions, by the common verse

Au-dessus de son âge, au-dessus de la crainte.

<sup>2</sup> Letter of M. H. Beyle to Madame Belloc on Lord Byron, and *Byron's Life*, vol. iv. chap. v.

in several compartments, by Mantegna; the *Annunciation*, attributed to Perugino, though in reality by Francesco Francia; *St. Peter the martyr*, by Co-neghiano; a *Crucifixion*, by Bramante; an admirable *Head of an old man*, by Titian. There is an interesting though somewhat ordinary painting by Giovanni Santi or Sanzio, the father and first master of Raphael, a poor painter, but a man of good sense, who felt that his lessons were insufficient for such a pupil, and accordingly lost no time in consigning him to Perugino. The different paintings of herds and shepherds, by Londonio, the Milanese painter of the last century, are very natural.

By chance I had the good fortune to be present, in 1827 and 1828, at the exhibition of the works which had disputed the prizes offered by the Brera academy of fine arts, as well as at that of other pictures by artists and *dilettanti*. These two exhibitions gave a favourable idea of the present state of the Italian school. S. Palagi, of Bologna, S. Hayez, of Venice, would not be disowned by the masters of those two schools. S. Palagi exposed a fine copy of Giorgione's *Cesar Borgia*; in the original the bastard of Alexander VI. has his hand on his poniard, and in the back-ground are seen a warrior and a woman who seem to be his intended victims. This last doubtless alludes to the story of those nuns of Capua, who withdrew into a tower at the time the city was sacked by Borgia's army, and of whom, according to Guicciardini, he chose, after a minute examination, forty of the handsomest to send to his seraglio at Rome. The copy being intended for Count Borgia, the artist, from delicacy, had thought proper to suppress the poniard, the woman, and the warrior; this disarmed, inoffensive Borgia lost part of his terrible physiognomy, in spite of the merit of its execution. There might not, perhaps, be any great cause to boast of such an ancestor, were it not that, by a strange contradiction, names made famous by vice or even crime become in course of time titles of nobility. A charming subject, *Newton discovering the refraction of light* in soap bubbles which a child is blowing, presented some fine details; the woman and child were graceful, but the figure of Newton was without character or genius. *Veturia and the Ro-*

*man ladies going to meet Coriolanus*, in the camp of the Volscians, was another good painting by S. Palagi; with respect to costume, however, it was somewhat deficient: the dress of these Roman matrons, who at that period were still rustic, was by far too elegant and refined. The paintings of S. Hayez, representing the *Death of Clorinda*, at the moment of her being baptised by Tancrede; the *Meeting of Mary Stuart and Leicester*, as she is proceeding to her execution, a subject taken from Schiller, and the moment of her ascending the scaffold, produced a strong sensation. Italy has not escaped that taste, that craving after a reform in arts and letters, which torments some spirits in France; and the bold and even capricious talent of S. Hayez, reckoned by his admirers the first Italian painter now living, belongs to the new school. The *Young Toby restoring his father's sight*, by S. Diotti, was also an interesting picture. The *Subterranean Chapel of the families of Verona*, and other interiors by S. Migliara, were quite in vogue, and indeed they are charmingly natural and very picturesque paintings. There were also some Roman banditti at the Brera exhibition, but they were not so good as those of M. Cogniet and Leopold Robert. Two basso-relievos by S. Marchesi, one showing the *Sepulchral monument of Lord Dungarvon's daughter*, the other representing the *Vision of a mother on the loss of her seven children*, were full of grace and feeling. The colossal group by the same artist representing the *Piety of S. Giovanni di Dio*, founder of the congregation of the *Fatebene fratelli*, and destined for their convent, excited the ardent admiration of the Milanese, and seemed a work of merit.

The exhibition of 1828 presented nothing by SS. Palagi and Hayez, but there were many and excellent pictures by S. Migliara, such as the *Condemnation of Jacques Molay*, the *Castle of the Innominato*, several paintings of Gothic interiors by S. Moja, his happy imitator and almost rival; two landscapes by S. Gozzi, the senior Italian landscape-painter, and like our Boguey, always graceful and vigorous, notwithstanding his eighty years; a superb pencil drawing by S. Anderloni, after one of Raphael's *Holy Families*, now in the Stafford gallery in England, and of which

there are several copies in existence at Rome and Naples, taken by his pupils. In sculpture there were some important works : an *Apollo sleeping*, executed after an earthen model of Pacetti, by S. Cacciatori, his pupil; the model of the tomb erected to the noble Melzi, at Bellaggio, by his nephew, the work of S. Nesti of Florence, and another cenotaph, dedicated by the inhabitants of Chiari, a large village four leagues from Milan, to the clever lapidarian writer Morcelli, their provost; a distinguished performance of S. Monti of Ravenna. This vast and splendid monument, erected by husbandmen to a learned and virtuous priest, is a new proof of the popularity of the arts in Italy; such an idea would never enter the heads of our peasants who most respect their clergyman, and I am not aware that a single individual has here received a like honour from his parishioners. The divers plans of a cathedral before a large square surrounded by piazzas, announced that architecture also was well studied at Milan.

The concourse of people was very considerable at these two exhibitions. In each of the rooms, instead of a *custode*, a great Hungarian soldier, with his firelock on his shoulder, stood sentinel: this armed Pannonian amid the productions of Italian art was a singular and mournful sight; the listless air of the insulated conqueror, indifferent and statue-like, in the midst of the agitated crowd, seemed a pretty accurate personification of the kind of domination that he enforces.<sup>2</sup> What a vast interval between such a contrast and those exhibitions at the Louvre at once royal and popular—those splendid works ordered by the prince and the state to decorate our cities, palaces, monuments and temples! Patrio-

<sup>1</sup> The provost is a kind of superior rector; there are four clergymen at Chiara, who are ecclesiastically subject to the provost.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps I ought to suppress this passage on the Pannonian of Brera; for I have since made my peace with him, and have ascertained that I did not at first do justice to his taste for the fine arts. At the exhibition of 1828, as I was again looking at these soldiers with the same impression, one of them, though under arms, came to speak to me. I thought he was about to execute some part of his orders, but it was not so; he had perceived that I was French, and with what was meant for an easy air, he said to me, pointing at the paintings: "*Il est joli la maison comme ça.*" By the elegance of his language, I had no doubt that he had been in France,

tism, family feeling, and the taste of some private persons for the arts had commanded the execution of the works exhibited at Brera, but the sovereign had not ordered even one.

The finest private collection of paintings at Milan, that of general Pino, was still for sale in 1828; it contained a great Titian, *Moses defending the daughters of Jethro*; the *Woman taken in Adultery*, by Poussin; *St. Joseph and a child*, by Guido; and an admirable *Christ bearing the Cross*, by Sebastian del Piombo.

The gallery of Longhi was of no great extent, but was composed with the taste that might be expected of so clever an artist, who is besides distinguished as a poet and writer. I saw at his house in the same year a very fine drawing of Michael Angelo's *Last Judgment*, by S. Minardi of Rome, which he had begun to engrave, a work that he left nearly finished, and which, with the fine copy by Sigalon, will make known and preserve, in some degree, that masterpiece, which has suffered so much from the ravages of time and man, and is seen to such disadvantage.<sup>3</sup>

The collection of S. Palagi is rich in Egyptian antiquities, and contains also divers Etruscan and Greek monuments, which make it a real museum.

## CHAPTER XV.

Beccaria.—Punishment of death.

In the strada di Brera is a handsome hotel which was inhabited by Beccaria, whose medallion and those of eight other celebrated Milanese of both sexes are seen on the front.<sup>4</sup> Beccaria, a genius full of paradox in his passionate love of

and I asked him rather cavalierly how many times he had been prisoner there. He replied, twice; and I saw by his air, which was by no means disconcerted, that his comrades had probably experienced the same fate more frequently.

<sup>3</sup> Longhi died on the 2nd of January, 1831, at the age of 65 years.

<sup>4</sup> Namely: Lecchi, Giolini (the historian of Milan); Agnese (a celebrated female mathematician); Frisi, Verri, Parini, Domenico Balestrieri (who translated Tasso into Milanese); Fumagalli. A nation, which, under a foreign domination, has counted such characters, and which in our own times has Manzoni, has certainly received no ordinary endowment.



virtue and humanity, a philosopher whose opinions were daring and rash, while his life was prudent, virtuous, and peaceable, has recently acquired partisans in the old and new worlds; his principles on the punishment of death have regained favour with the friends of enlightenment. But, notwithstanding the superior merit of some discourses and essays, I think that the instinct of self-preservation which prescribes the destruction of the homicide, the conscience of men, and that simple *lex talionis*, anterior to all positive laws, will always be stronger with the people than all arguments; nor do I think that such an innovation can be compared to civil liberty, religious toleration, the abolition of slavery, and other just and natural improvements.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Monti.—Pindemonte.—Manzoni.

When I saw Monti, he was almost crushed beneath his sufferings, but still, despite his infirmities, his physiognomy was noble and his look full of poetry. He spoke in an interesting manner of the Italian language and literature, and of the derivation of the former from the Provençal; he appreciated the laborious researches of M. Raynouard, and alluded to a work on the same subject, to which he had begun to devote himself, aided by Perticari, whose death interrupted the undertaking.<sup>1</sup> He asked me for news of Botta, the first historian of Italy, as himself was the first poet. The affectionate and assiduous attentions that he received from his daughter, the widow of the generous Perticari, and the grace and talents of this young lady, reminded me of one of Milton's daughters under an Italian sky.

I was subsequently acquainted, at Verona and Venice, with Ippolito Pinde-

monte, another great contemporary poet that Italy lost about the same time.<sup>2</sup> It is impossible to see such monuments disappear without feeling a profound emotion; these superior persons were also excellent men, plain, religious, and sincere.

S. Manzoni, who, though differing on some theoretical points, seems called to succeed them, is recommended by the same qualities of the heart and by principles perhaps still more exalted. This writer has defended, against Rousseau and S. Sismondi, the possibility of combining catholicism and liberty in a country that offered him no example of it, and under a government little inclined to favour such notions; his eloquent treatise *Sulla Morale cattolica* is a new proof of the might of Italian genius, always on a level with the great principles of civilisation, in spite of the obstacles which embarrass it. Such characters do singular honour to Italy, if, as we think, literary characters are a tolerably just expression of public manners, representing them with not less fidelity than their works.

In the same year 1828 and the same month, died also at Ravenna the celebrated F. Cesari, orator, theologian, grammarian, critic, biographer, burlesque poet, commentator and translator of Horace, Terence, and Cicero. I had visited him at Verona, his country; he was a quick, ardent, restless elderly man, a really complete *abate*, very obliging, eccentric in his dress and deportment; a determined Cruscantist, Cesari pretended to make Cicero speak precisely as he would have expressed himself in Italian in the sixteenth century.<sup>3</sup> Notwithstanding his whims, irritability, and deficiency of judgment and taste, his admirers were numerous, and his loss was blended, in the patriotic and literary regrets of the Italians, with that of Monti and Pindemonte.

<sup>1</sup> Respecting these researches, see the twelfth chapter of the *Difesa di Dante*, by Perticari.

<sup>2</sup> Monti was born on the 19th of February 1757, and died on the 9th October 1828; Pindemonte, who died on the 17th of November, was born in the same year as Monti: if they differed in talent, the one being harsh, impassioned, and brilliant; the other gentle and melancholy, their course was perfectly equal. Scarcely had a month elapsed after the death of Monti, when a subscription was opened in Italy to raise him a monument in one of the squares of

Milan. Verona was not less grateful towards Pindemonte; his memory is to receive the same honour there, and his old and worthy friend, the baroness Silvia Curtioni Verza, is at the head of the subscription.

<sup>3</sup> For instance, he makes him say *l' uovo di Pasqua*, in *un credo*, *un vespro siciliano*, etc., expressions which he defends in the preface introducing his translation of the second volume of *Letters*. Milan, 1826.

## CHAPTER XVII.

La Scala.—Theatre.—Italian female singers.—Bow-  
ing to the public.—Decorations.—Ballet.—La  
Scala, society of Milan.—Carnevalone.

In 1826 I did not see La Scala at the season of its splendour. At that time there was no opera; the performance consisted of a kind of tragedy called *Dirce*, written by the actor who played the principal character; both the piece and the actors were exceedingly bad, and indeed this time I went for nothing but to see the theatre, which seemed to me more spacious and lofty than magnificent. La Scala has accommodation for more than four thousand spectators; it was embellished in 1830, and has, at all events, the chief merit of a theatre of that kind, namely, that of being perfectly resonant, notwithstanding its immensity; this advantage is principally owing to the form of the roof, a clever construction by Piermarini, a pupil of Vanvitelli, and the restorer of good architecture in Lombardy in the last century.

I have since been present, in September 1827, at some brilliant representations of *Mosè* and the *Ultimo giorno di Pompei*, a chef-d'œuvre of Pacini. This opera had immense success at Milan; people returned from the country, and some even came from distant towns to hear the *Ultimo giorno* and madame Méric-Lalande, a French singer then very much liked in Italy. I found in the register of an inn the name of a prince, grandson of Louis XIV., and like him an admirer of the opera; he had written that he came to Milan, with his attendants, to hear the *grand opera of the Last day of Pompeii*. The piece was wonderfully executed by Rubini and Tamburini; madame Méric-Lalande, who is even lauded as a tragedian, appeared to me affected. It is true that affectation seems customary and almost insisted on among the actresses of the Italian theatres; the grimaces, finical gestures, and contorsions of the Italian female singer are shown in every part of her person: the arms, fingers, and feet of these harmonious puppets, especially at the end of the air, start into motion simultaneously with the voice, to increase the effect. The perpetual salutations of the actor add still more to this defect of truth. As soon as the actor

receives applause, forgetting his part, in the middle of the most touching scenes, he advances towards the pit, places his hand on his heart, and bows respectfully over and over again; I have seen Tancredi less occupied with saluting his native land than in bowing to the public. The first woman's parts at La Scala were played by French actresses, for madame Comelli, now madame Rubini, was there and sung in *Mosè*; I have since heard a madame Casimir at Venice. Verger and Duprez, excellent singers, are Frenchmen; the latter, a favourite tenor, since engaged at our grand Opera where he has obtained such brilliant success, is a pupil of that excellent and impassioned master of song, Choron, director of the school of religious music, a useful establishment which was wrongfully neglected and suffered to fall in 1830 owing to its epithet of religious. Neither are English actresses rare in Italy; I have seen them take the first parts at Turin and Genoa, and madame Cori Paltoni, an English lady favourably received by the public of La Scala, was *prima donna* in 1828. Foreign invasion extends even to the stage.

They played in 1828 *la Prova d'un' opera seria*, an old work, the music and words of which are by Gnecco; it is a very amusing picture, a kind of *Comic Romance* of the singing troops of Italy, and I was delighted with it. The opera buffa, which in France, beside the scenes of Molière, seems only an unmeaning buffoonery, appeared to me in Italy, on the contrary, gay, natural, and true; it is a plant of the soil that deteriorates when transplanted. The decorations of La Scala are magnificent, and superior for effect, if not for painting, to all that is elsewhere seen. I remember nothing so astonishing as the eruption of Vesuvius in the *Last day of Pompeii*, by S. Sanquirico. There was, however, in the last act, a trifling circumstance sufficiently ridiculous: on one of the pillars of the forum was a large transparency with these words: *Si rappresenta col velario*; this scene-shifter's erudition would have been hissed at Paris, and properly too. The passing of the Red Sea in *Mosè*, so feebly given at our grand opera, had not been executed; but it was not caused by timidity on the part of such clever persons: all the machinery of the theatre was employed in

the preparations for Vesuvius, and the sea, which in nature produces and feeds volcanos, could not be represented because of the volcano of La Scala.

Ballets have an action and interest in Italy which we knew nothing of before the charming *Somnambule*. They gave at La Scala in 1827 a ballet entitled *Zaira*, which I expected to find very bad; I imagined it difficult by gestures and capers to render the feeling and passion of such a piece; the ballet, however, was well got up, and presented a fine spectacle; it was there that I first had the pleasure of admiring the aerial gracefulness of Taglioni, since called to reform the stiff and starched motions of our ancient opera, and to replace them by her natural, elegant, pure, and almost poetical dancing. In the year following I saw a long and tedious ballet entitled *Agamemnone*, a kind of dancing parody of the piece by Alfieri and Lemercier, which was represented in the Italian style, between the two acts of *Cenerentola* and *la Prova d'un' opera seria*, to give the singers a little repose: thus were all the horrors of the palace of Argos diversified with the mad tricks of Don Magnifico and Maestro Campanone, two humorous characters marvellously well played by Lablache. Tragic ballets are performed in Italy in great numbers, these serious pantomimes being more easily got up on account of the small number of subjects for the dance, as well as the mimic talent natural to the Italians; Gioja, the Italian Gardel, has composed a ballet on the *Death of Cæsar*; I was present in 1828 at Bologna at the representations of his *Gabrielle de Vergy*, and they promised a ballet entitled *Atreo* for the ensuing season.

La Scala is all the society of Milan; and people really know not how to pass the evening if there be no performance, for they have not there, as at Florence, Rome, and Naples, a *corps diplomatique* to give receptions. Notwithstanding the great fortunes and generally easy circumstances of the inhabitants, no one thinks himself obliged to be *at home*. The successive revolutions that the country has undergone during the last forty years, and the consequent reactions, seemed to have annihilated social life. Those drawing-room insurrections, when liberty takes refuge in the opinion of the fashion-

able world, which, in France, the different parties have always opposed to an unpopular government, have no existence in Italy. The opposition, either in exile or powerless, travels or holds its peace; and the small talk of the boxes, perpetually interrupted by the arrival of the last comers or the compulsory departure of the first, owing to the want of room, is hardly calculated to develope conversational talent. The opera may indeed be but a feeble accessory (which is natural enough, though it has excited the surprise and indignation of some travellers, since it has been already heard and will be heard again forty times), but it is occasionally listened to, and serves as another source of diversion. Such conversations, as is easily seen, can only consist of news and gossip, and it would be rather difficult for ideas to find a place in them. The frivolous and trifling habits of these meetings is, however, preferable to the dulness of our *écarté*; and the multifarious relations that it establishes, as these visits are nearly of every day occurrence, produce a kind of cordial and friendly familiarity not altogether without its attractions. The practice of receiving visits at the theatre, so injurious to the spirit of society, is not to be eradicated in Italy: every lady is a queen in her box, and like Cæsar, she will prefer the first place in that little empire to the second in a drawing-room.

The out-of-door life at Milan is merry. Its brilliant carnival, called *Carnevalone*, is prolonged to the Saturday after Ash-Wednesday, and during those four days, in spite of the solemn warning of the Church, balls, masquerades, and every species of carnival extravagance are kept up with greater spirit than before.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Comic actors in Italy.—Italian Theatre.—Nota.—Philo-dramatic theatres.—Fantoccini.

There is one observation that has struck me in visiting the various theatres of Italy; which is, that if the lyrical department shows symptoms of decline, the performance of comic pieces seems to have attained a high pitch of perfection. Were the several actors of that country united, who are now dispersed and belong to different companies, they would compose probably the best comic troop in



Europe. Demarini was an excellent comedian, Vestri is very natural and lively; Bon, an esteemed dramatic author, is original and piquant; Modena is noble and pathetic; Dominiconi is full of warmth; signoras Marchionni, Luigia Bon, Internari, Pasqualini, Belloni-Colombelli, Polvaro-Carlotta, have sensibility, grace, and delicacy, and I doubt whether there exists a more genteel *soubrette* than signora Romagnoli. It is true that none of these actresses equal mademoiselle Mars, but the talent of that inimitable actress would be scarcely adapted for Italian comedy and the characters it represents. The Italian manners being all exterior, if one may be allowed the expression, and generally uniform in the higher class, seem hardly suitable for the scenes and action of comedy. There is not sufficient variety and contrast in their vanities to require a lesson; the satire of reason, the first principle of the *vis comica*, would be too strong and too serious for people so habitually indifferent; and the negligence and indolence of individuals are less comic than the pretensions, disappointments, and annoyances of our social state. The difference of dialects is another obstacle to the improvement of the Italian stage: the pieces which are written in these dialects, are the only merry and popular ones, but they are not intelligible to the whole nation; the others, written in the book style, a kind of dead language not resembling the vernacular tongue, cannot supply those spirited and natural expressions which excite the laugh peculiar to good comedy, sudden and free, long, hearty and communicative. The duke of Modena's company played in 1827 at the *Re* theatre, a very pretty comedy of Goldoni, *I Pettegolezzi delle Donne*,<sup>2</sup> with an *ensemble* that we might wish some royal companies to imitate. In this comedy one of the characters was a ridiculous Frenchman, too common in the pieces of Goldoni; but this Parisian *en perruque* of the last century was but little like those of our day, who are more in favour in Italy. The antipathy for the French is of the preceding century. Ac-

cording to Addison, it was very strong, particularly among the lower classes; Louis XIV., so admired by Europe, was odious to them: the Genoese had not forgotten the bombardment of their city; the Venetians were dissatisfied with the alliance between the French and the Turks; the Romans with the menaces made to Innocent XI., Naples and Milan by the humiliation inflicted on their sovereigns. The Germans were greatly preferred to the French. All this is totally changed: the people of the present day regret them, and point out in all quarters the works for which they are indebted to them; and the *valet de place*, who bows to the lamp of the Madonna at every street corner, strives to be a philosopher with you in every thing else.

Nota, the modern Goldoni of the Italian stage, was, like him, a lawyer;<sup>3</sup> the bar may become a good dramatic school, if declamation and prolixity be carefully avoided; the legal exposition of facts demands the same perspicuity as the drama; the peroration is the *dénouement*; action and intrigue even are necessary to the two kinds of composition; they combine eloquence, passion, and humour: the pleadings of Beaumarchais are the best of his pieces. The comedies of Nota are sensible, regular, natural, interesting, well conducted, and written with purity, an advantage which he has over Goldoni; but they are deficient in originality and gaiety, and the characters are somewhat superficially drawn. *La Fiera* (the Fair), perhaps his best work, has some excellent scenes, a spirited dialogue, true characters, and a moral object. *L'Atrabile* is another good comedy of Nota's, but its hero has some similarity with the *Misanthrope* and the *Tyran domestique*.

It is singular enough that, at the moment when imitations from the foreign stage are recommended incessantly as the only resource of our exhausted dramatic literature, the foreign theatres only exist on translations and imitations of the pieces produced on our stage, and even of those least to be recommended. Our melodramas, it is said, become sublime in Germany, thanks to the nebulous

<sup>1</sup> He died in 1830.

<sup>2</sup> The Tatling of the Ladies.

<sup>3</sup> The thirteenth and fourteenth editions of Nota's Comedies appeared about the same time at Florence and Milan. M. Baudry gave an elegant and correct edition of them in Paris, in 1829; *la Donna ambi-*

*ziosa*, translated in French, and from the French into Russian, has been played at Moscow, on the occasion of the emperor Nicolas's coronation. Some of Nota's pieces are inserted in the translation of the *Théâtres étrangers*.

genius of the language; our most ordinary comic operas are stock pieces in the theatres of England and Italy; and in the private theatres at Turin, Florence, Rome, and Naples, it is our vaudevilles that are sung and played by companies composed of the most illustrious foreigners. The French stage, though so depreciated in France, is still universal.

The Italians of the present day are strongly attached to theatrical representations, and philo-dramatic or private theatres exist even in the smallest towns; sometimes this taste appears a real mania; at Bologna, during carnival, there have been as many as thirty of these theatres. They also afford an opportunity for beneficence when payment is required, for the receipts are bestowed as a portion on some poor girl, or employed in charitable actions.

I was taken to the *filodrammatico* theatre of Milan, an establishment exceeding well conceived, and skilfully managed, which has existed for more than thirty years. The performances take place once a week in a charming private theatre painted by Appiani, which is almost as large as our great ones, and, like all those of Italy, arranged in a manner infinitely more commodious and agreeable. Actors who have appeared in public are not afterwards allowed to play on this stage, and the company (if such a name may be applied to them) is composed of young men engaged in trade or in the public offices, and of girls or young women belonging to respectable families of the city. Independently of the ease and grace acquired by this description of exercise at once domestic and public, such an establishment must also contribute to raise the profession of dramatic artists in public opinion; as it occasionally associates with this class persons of liberal education, whose powers have there an opportunity of revealing themselves; it may again increase the mass of talent by opening the theatrical career to a greater number. The *filodrammatico* theatre has already become very illustrious in this way; it witnessed the first attempts of the artist, who, with Talma, has most excelled in our days in the tragic art: it was on this tranquil stage, in the presence of friends, relations, and a few strangers whom Italian courtesy had conducted thither, that signora Pasta

gave the prelude to her high theatrical renown. There is one observation on the subject of the *filodrammatico* theatre that I must by no means omit: that a private theatre subsisting more than thirty years is a fact honourable to the moral character of a nation, and evinces an absence of petty jealousies truly prodigious, of which perhaps no other people is capable.

These particulars respecting the Italian stage would still seem to me incomplete, were I to pass over the *Fantoccini*, who are, though I dare scarcely acknowledge it, the performers that I visited the most. In consequence of the prejudice existing in France, at first I went to the opera only, and these wooden actors then appeared to me the most natural I had seen in Italy. It is a fact that they had not the sensitiveness and gratitude of the actors at La Scala, for they never bowed to the spectators, amid the well merited applause that they elicited. Were I the director of the *Fantoccini*, I would have them bow for some time and very profoundly too, that the parody might have the effect of abolishing such a ridiculous practice. The performances of the theatre of Girolamo or *Fiando* generally consist of a grand piece and some ballets. The former are sometimes a little too pathetic; for multiplicity of adventures and exaggeration of sentiment and language, they might be called melodramas in miniature; but the dances and pantomimes are lively and animated, and the decorations perfect. Girolamo, a Milanese buffoon, is an indispensable part in all the grand pieces: this half-Sancho, half-Sosie, is ugly and cowardly, a glutton and a babbler; as soon as he appears all the audience is in a roar of laughter, nor is there a more national or popular personage in the world. I well remember the transports that he excited in a grand piece called *Alceste*, or the descent of Hercules into hell: Girolamo, armed with a little halberd, was the companion of Hercules, who dragged him down in his descent very much against his will; the terrors of this reluctant but merry Philoctetes, in Charron's boat, at the sight of Cerberus, and before Pluto, were excellent buffooneries. As at La Scala the ballet came between the acts of this interesting spectacle, probably to allow a little repose to the interlocutors of the *Fantoccini*, who,

however, do nothing but speak, though in a clear and well accented tone. The *Fantoccini* are one of the best theatrical undertakings in existence; there are neither freaks of fancy, caprices, indispositions, extraordinary gratifications nor leave of absence: I do not think that there has ever been either vacations or any of those performances which are but little better; this active and indefatigable troop is always at its post.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Great Hospital.—Of great hospitals.—Naviglio canal.

Italy possessed the first and the largest hospitals in Europe. The founding of the one at Milan represents very well the history and revolutions of the Italian states in the fifteenth century. This foundation is due to Francesco Sforza,—the victorious usurper of the duchy of Milan, the first Italian captain of his day, and the illegitimate son of Jacopo Attendolo, a peasant;—to his wife Bianca Visconti, a natural daughter of the last duke; and to the voluntary contributions of the people, who for a moment had attempted to establish their independence and form themselves into a republic. The partial foundation of a hospital by a cruel and warlike prince such as Sforza, seems a sort of amends to humanity.

The Great Hospital of Milan, partly by Antonio Averulino or Filarete, is one of the finest edifices of its kind.\* The Naviglio canal, a fine hydraulic structure partly erected by Leonardo Vinci, passes by it, and serves as a river to carry away all the filth. The portico on the right on entering is by Bramante, and the vast court in the centre by Ricchini. The church is of good taste, and has a beautiful *Annunciation* by Guercino.

These vast foundations for which we are indebted to the piety of long past ages, certainly admirable for the faith, repentance, or patriotism which they put us in mind of, are not perhaps without inconveniences in practice: the number of patients is too great for them to be equally tended; moral diseases, a kind of depravity more incurable than the ills

of the body, are engendered by the crowding together of so many unfortunate wretches; branch houses containing three or four hundred patients seem preferable to these palaces.

The Great Hospital of Milan has no Sisters of Charity, but some attempts have been made recently to introduce them. The period of our domination would have been a favourable occasion, and it is to be regretted that it was not taken advantage of; among many honourable traces left in Italy by France, the Sisters would not now be the least useful, nor the least affecting.

## CHAPTER XX.

Arena.—Arco della Pace.

The *Circus* or *Arena*, intended for races and naumachy, is capable of holding nearly forty thousand spectators, and is truly an antique monument—this work of the French, and of the clever Italian architect Ludovico Canonica, is wanting in Paris. Perhaps there is no more worthy ornament of a great city than these arenas destined to receive the people, where they may sit to be amused by the spectacle of games, in which agility, strength, and address bear off the prize. But I think it would be requisite to make some changes in the order established by Augustus, who had thrown back the women to the farthest seats, with the exception of the Vestals, the empress, and ladies of the imperial family and of the chief patricians. French politeness would never consent to this rude etiquette of the Roman emperors. Certainly we do not claim, under Christianity and the ease of our civilisation, the *panem et circenses* that the haughty Rome lavished on the people she had conquered. Such coarse pleasures would not suit us; there are now other generous illusions to satisfy, and the ennobled race of man has a right to something better than such combats.

The *Gate of the Simplon*, now the *Arco della Pace*, at the end of the immense Piazza d'armi, is now nearly complete, but the battle of Leipzig will strangely occupy the place of our victo-

\* The average number of patients was one thousand eight hundred and thirty-six, at an annual expense of 614,047 Austrian livres [528,080 fr.]; the

daily cost of each patient was 78 centimes, which is something less than that of the hospitals of Paris.



ries in Italy, which the colossal figures of the Po, the Ticino, the Adigio, and the Tagliamento bear witness to and seem to relate. The statue of Peace, as on the arch of the Carrousel, succeeds to that of Napoleon; the car is drawn by six bronze horses, a greater number than was customary among the ancients; four other horses mounted by figures of Fame are placed at the angles. The figure of Peace and the horses are truly superb, and honour the talent of the sculptor S. Sangiorgio, and the skill of the founders, the brothers Manfredini, who seem to have recovered the method of the ancients. The rich ornaments executed under the direction of the clever artist S. Moglia, surpass, for taste and effect, those which were previously selected. The brilliant basso-relievos, three of

which have been boldly decided by a traveller to be superior to those of the Parthenon, are by Pacetti and SS. Monti of Ravenna, Monti of Milan, Acquisti, Pizzi, and Marchesi. One of the basso-relievos, ordered by Napoleon, represents him granting peace to the emperor Francis who receives it in an humiliating attitude; but another represents the latter monarch entering his capital in triumph after Napoleon's fall. This respect for history and truth is sublime, tasteful, and truly great. The arch of Peace, all dazzling with marble and sculpture, is the largest which the moderns have conceived. It has cost three millions, and would amount to more than double at Paris; and if it yield in height to the Arc de l'Etoile, it is infinitely more magnificent.

## BOOK THE FOURTH.

### ENVIRONS OF MILAN.—PAVIA.—COSMO.

#### CHAPTER I.

Linterno.—Petrarch's house; his treatise *On the remedies against either fortune*.—Popularity of the first men of letters.

Near Garignano, about half an hour's ride from Milan, are the remains of a small house inhabited by Petrarch, which were discovered some years ago.<sup>3</sup> Nothing of his time now remains, except the two columns of the court on which his cipher is legible, the windows, the floor, and the vaulted roofs of two chambers that overlook the country. The present proprietor is a Milanese, who is pretty careful of the preservation of all these vestiges of the poet. The Italians are not in general so barbarously negligent in that respect as ourselves. Petrarch's house was situated in a deep valley which then bore the somewhat in attractive

name of the *Inferno*, which he with some ostentation converted into *Linterno*, in memory of Scipio, the hero of his *Africa*. Such privileges do not belong to literature, except at early epochs, and perhaps no where but in Italy. Hamilton could not change the name of the giant Moulineau into that of Pontalie; that bank of the Seine, in spite of the countess of Grammont, still retains the name of the ingenious and methodical possessor of the ram.<sup>4</sup> The men of letters at the period of the revival of learning, Petrarch, Dante, Boccaccio, like the philosophers, orators, and poets of antiquity, being known by the people and artisans with whom they mixed and conversed in the streets or their workshops, had a much greater, and much more direct influence, than that of court authors or academicians.

The details given by Petrarch of the

<sup>1</sup> *Voyage en Italie*, by M. Simond, t. i. p. 49.

<sup>2</sup> Except the capitals, which are of Carrara marble, the arch is entirely of the fine marble of Creosla, found in the mountains near Milan, by the architect of the monument, the marquis Cagnola, who was succeeded, on his death, by S. Feverelli, his pupil. The eight columns are each a single stone.

<sup>3</sup> The Adda does not pass by Linterno, as is stated by Ginguené (*Hist. litt. d'Italie*, II, 408); it runs on the other side of Milan, at ten leagues from Linterno. We are indebted to the researches of Professor Marsand and the marquis J. J. Trivulzio for having ascertained and determined the true position of Linterno.

<sup>4</sup> *Le Belier*, by Hamilton.

life he led at Linterno are curious, and offer a new instance of that singular popularity. "I have taken for the summer a countryhouse in the environs of Milan; it is truly delicious, the air is very pure... I continue here my ordinary course of life, and am freer and less disturbed by the annoyances of the town. I want for nothing, and the peasants rival each other in bringing me fruits, fish, ducks, and game of all kinds. Near it there is a fine Charterhouse recently built, where I can enjoy at any time the innocent pleasures that religion affords. At first I wanted to take up my abode in the interior of the cloister, and the good monks consented to it, and appeared even to desire it: but I ultimately decided that it was better only to live near the convent, that I might assist at all their holy exercises; their door is always open to me, a privilege granted to but few." Such was the high renown that Petrarch enjoyed, that while monks and peasants were so prepossessed in his favour, the proud Malatesta, lord of Rimini, not content with having sent a painter that he might have his portrait, being infirm, had himself carried to his house at Linterno, into those very chambers that I saw filled with heaps of Indian corn, and which were then occupied by the husbandmen of a Milan lawyer.

Petrarch retired to Linterno in 1355, seven years after Laura's death; and he there composed some of the sonnets in which he deplored her loss. It was there also that he wrote his treatise *On the remedies against either fortune*, a kind of dry nomenclature of the good and evil things of life, divided into books and chapters; the first book, which is devoted to the good things, has one hundred and twenty-two chapters, while the second, which treats of our ills, exceeds that number by ten; it is a long dissertation in dialogues between the moral beings personified, as Joy, Hope, Reason, Pain, and Fear,—a philosophical treatise full of moral sentences, maxims, quotations, witty remarks, names of celebrated persons taken from mythology or history, which will never dry up a tear,

because it belongs more to the author and scholar than to man and misfortune.' This treatise was dedicated to Azzo de Correggio, the fallen sovereign of Parma; who, one day a wanderer, another a captive, always in jeopardy, must have found it a cold comforter.

## CHAPTER II.

Charterhouse of Garignano.—Saronno.—Castellazzo.  
—Chiaravalle.—Pagano della Torre.—Gulletteuina.

The Charterhouse of Garignano, with its vaulted roofs and painted walls, covered with Carthusians, the best of Daniel Crespi's works, seems peopled and full of life; it is Le Sueur magnified, and in fresco. The *Resurrection of the Doctor* is especially admirable for its remorse, grief, and despair, whereas the painting by Le Sueur on the same subject is cold and feeble. Byron could scarcely tear himself away from the *Damned* of Crespi. "We saw him excited even to horror," relates his faithful and discreet companion; "out of respect for genius, we silently remounted our horses and rode on to wait for him at a mile from the Charterhouse." The *Duke of Calabria discovering the Hermite while hunting*, is another of those paintings much and justly boasted. Notwithstanding its neglected condition, few monuments have still a more superb effect than this edifice, now only the parish church of a village.

The church of Nostra Signora di Saronno, independently of its venerated image of the Madonna, is a wonder of art; the choir and cupola are reputed to be by Bramante. The numerous frescos of Bernardino Luini, in Raphael's manner, and in good preservation, are in the rank of his best productions; he has painted himself under the guise of a venerable old man standing among the rabbins in the *Dispute with the Doctors*. There are also some other paintings of value: the *Last Supper*, by Camillo Procaccini; *St. Martin* and *St. George*, by Gaudenzio Ferrari; his slight frescos, diversified, on the cupola, present-

<sup>1</sup> In the chapter of the book of *Misfortunes*, *De impudica uxore*, Reason, who in this book combats Pain and Fear, as she did Joy and Hope in the first, gives for consolation some of Montaigne's arguments. —"Pudicitia insignis imperiosas efficit matronas; nihil metuit quæ sibi nihil est conscia. Huic malo

igitur hoc saltem boni inest: esse jam molesta minus incipiet, minusque insolens; læsa enim conscientia femineum premit animi tumorem, et sæpe obsequuntur in reliquis viro est, quæ se meminit impudicam."

<sup>2</sup> Stendhal's *Lord Byron in Italy*.

ing a choir of angels, great and small, singing or playing on instruments; *St. Sebastian* and *St. Roch*, by Ferrari's clever pupil, Cesare Magno; and several incidents from the Old Testament, gracefully treated by Bernardino Lanino. A chapel recently repaired presents a *Deposition from the Cross*, a basso-relievo by Marchesi. In the sacristy, the *Glory of the Virgin*, with *St. James*, *St. Charles*, and *St. Ambrose*, by Cesare Procaccini, has the sublimity of the school of the Carracci, his masters, whom he left on account of an offensive expression of Annibal's, after having struck the latter in his fury.

Castellazzo is an old Italian manor of the Arconati family, at present the property of the marchioness Busca, much less visited than the house of Simonetta, which stands at a short distance from it: the echo of the latter, which repeats a pistol-shot thirty-six times, being much more to the taste of certain travellers than the fine basso-relievos of Bambaja, the remains of the mausoleum of Gaston de Foix. The tomb of this young hero is strangely dispersed; one part of the sculptures which adorned it is at the Ambrosian, another at Brera; Giuseppe Bossi had some of its fragments; there are also portions of it in the houses of Trivelli and Biglia, in the chapel of prince Belgiojoso's villa, near Pavia; and Cicognara, who had even found some of it as far off as Paris, thought that there were still more. The eulogium of Vasari, who found that these marble basso-relievos had the appearance of wax-work, may very well be applied to those at Castellazzo, which are, I believe, the most considerable portion, and which, independently of numerous ornaments of exquisite taste, represent *Gaston's entry into Milan*, *the Taking of Brescia*, *of Bologna*, *the Battle of Ravenna*, *the Funeral procession of Gaston*, etc. Some of the figures are only rough-hewn, owing to the precipitate retreat of the French from Italy in 1522 and the establishment of Francesco Sforza's authority. Nearly all the heads of these basso-relievos were broken off, and that on the very eve of the sale, when they passed into the hands of Count Giuseppe

Arconati, after the demolishing of the old church of Saint Martha's monastery, where they stood. It is said that a nun had engaged herself that they should be adjudged to a purchaser whom she protected; incensed at seeing Count Arconati obtain the preference, in the night she committed these ravages. The first tomb erected by the army to Gaston de Foix in the cathedral of Milan, against the high altar, and composed of arms and standards taken at Ravenna, was destroyed by the Cardinal of Sion, at the head of his bands; the second, two centuries after, was fated to be mutilated by a nun: so much does this knightly tomb seem to have been exposed to the vilest extremes of ecclesiastical fury.

At Castellazzo is a fine colossal statue of Pompey, brought from Rome, which pretends, as well as that of the Spada palace, and no doubt with as good grounds, to the honour of having seen Cæsar fall at its feet.<sup>1</sup> An inscription taken from Pliny, which is much admired by the antiquarians, notices the vast conquests rather than the great actions of Pompey, his thirty years of warfare, and the twelve millions one hundred and eighty-three thousand men whom he had taken, defeated, subjected, or slain; a sort of statistical account of his glory which leaves a chilling sensation, because these pompous feats have no hold on the soul, or the nature of man.

Three miles from *Porta Romana* are the church and monastery of Chiaravalle, the Italian Clairvaux, founded by Saint Bernard, which is not now quite worthy of its name, the atmosphere there being much darkened by fogs occasioned by the irrigating of the neighbouring rice-fields. The steeple, which Lalande thought of an *absurd and dangerous* Gothic, is much rather rich and bold. Some basso-relievos on wood by G. Garavaglia, masterpieces of the kind, representing the life of Saint Bernard, adorn the ancient stalls of the monks; but now the church is only a common parish church not kept in very good order, and there are in it, though half destroyed, some large frescos by the brothers Fiammenghini, artists of the seventeenth century, full of fire but

<sup>1</sup> According to the inscription, it was in 1742 that Count Giuseppe Arconati formed the collection of Bambaja's basso-relievos which are still seen there.

<sup>2</sup> After Giuseppe Bosse's opinion, quoted by Cicognara (*Stor. del. scult. lib. v. cap. v.*), this statue is a Tiberius.



exaggerated. At the top of a staircase, the *Virgin*, the *Infant Jesus and some angels*, a beautiful fresco covered with glass, shamefully restored, is by Bernardino Luini. A bust of Saint Bernard, very fine, formerly in the convent library, is now in the church: the features are gentle, almost graceful, and form a contrast with the rigour, power, irresistible eloquence, and agitated life of this great hermit.

A small stone in the wall of the cemetery of the convent of Chiaravalle points out the burial-place of Pagano della Torre, podesta of Milan, who died in 1241. So mean a monument to such a personage, of so great a family,—a monument erected by the people, whose affection La Torre had merited, if the epitaph, which for once appears sincere, may be credited,—shows a republican simplicity perfectly antique. This tomb is for the middle ages like the stone slab of the Scipios, and both are more worthy of respect than the splendid mausoleums, the master-pieces of art, which succeeded them.

In the cemetery of Chiaravalle, in 1282, the heretic Guillelmina was interred as a saint, and afterwards exhumed in 1300 as a witch, and burnt with two of her living followers; she had pretended to found an apostleship of women, to have successors of her own sex, like Saint Peter, and to replace the Roman pontificate by a female papacy. One of the two sectarians burnt with the corpse of Guillelmina was the abbess Maifreda, a nun of the order of the *Umiliate*, whom she had appointed her vicar, with the same powers as the vicar of Jesus Christ, but who was only the first martyr of these lamentable follies.

### CHAPTER III.

Monza.—Theodolinda.—Iron crown.—Archives.—Hector Visconti.—Palace.

Greco, on the road to Monza, has some fine frescos by Bernardino Luini, discovered a few years since. Monza, a small well-situated town, with its rich basilic, offers the oldest and most numerous vestiges of the Lombards; this old basilic, founded by queen Theodolinda and exhibiting in every part traces of her life, seems as if it were the temple of the Italian Clotilda, who, like the

queen of the Franks, converted her husband to the catholic faith.

The history of this queen of the Lombards of the sixth century contains some natural and touching particulars. So great was the popularity of Theodolinda that at the death of Antaris, her first husband, the chief men of the nation invited her to chose a second whom they promised to recognise as their king. Theodolinda fixed her choice on Agilulphus, duke of Turin, who was worthy of such an honour. The queen, without communicating her intention to him, simply invited him to come to her court. She went as far as Lomello to meet him, and there having ordered a cup to be brought, she drank half of its contents and presented it to him to drink the rest. The duke of Turin, on returning the cup, kissed the princess's hand with great respect. "That is not, said Theodolinda, blushing, the kiss that I have a right to expect from him whom I intend to be my lord and master. The Lombard nation has empowered me to chose a king, and it is you that it invites, by my mouth, to reign over it and me." Agilulphus's gold crown, which the canon Frisi has described in his *Historical Memoirs of Monza*, was taken to Paris in 1799 and put in the cabinet of medals in the great Library; it was stolen in 1804, and melted down by the thieves. How strange the fate of this Lombard crown, to be conferred with such ingenuous grace, and to fall and come to its end by felon hands at Paris! After the affecting marriage of Theodolinda and Agilulphus, it is disagreeable to see them so grossly deceived by the crafty muleteer in Boccaccio's novel, which has been imitated by La Fontaine. The reliquary of queen Theodolinda, a toilet cabinet of the middle ages, contains her crown, sapphire cup, perhaps the one she presented to Agilulphus, her fan of red parchment, and her comb, which, from the present taste of ladies for the Gothic, would be still a near approach to the fashion.

Among other articles in the treasury of Monza is a grand relic, namely, the entire gown of the Virgin, gorgeously enclosed in a silver frame, which is exposed on holydays. This pretended gown is a sort of cotton of no great an-

tiquity, in which even the Italian clergy (in general full of propriety and good sense) do not believe, and which it is time to leave off exhibiting. This attempt to establish, as among the pagans, one religion for the people and another for the priests, is a deception unworthy the truth of Christianity.

The iron crown, the real wonder of Monza, is enclosed in the upper part of a large cross placed in a chapel of the cathedral; it is rarely seen but at a certain distance, and during the short service which always accompanies its exposition. The canons afterwards show an imitation of the true crown, which you may handle and contemplate at your ease, as well as the very costly, but sometimes very insignificant, presents made by sundry sovereigns to this cathedral; such, for instance, are certain little loaves of gold and silver presented through cardinal Caprara at Napoleon's coronation as king of Italy. I confess that I preferred to all this rich and modern jewellery the gradual of Saint Gregory, a fine purple manuscript, \* given to the cathedral of Monza by that great pope, who was the friend and confidant of the amiable Theodolinda; and particularly the famous papyrus containing a statement of the relics that he sent her, a frail and venerable monument of twelve centuries, *the real king of papyrus*, as the canon Frisi enthusiastically says, who dethrones without pity another papyrus belonging to the marquis Maffei.

In my first journey I only saw the iron crown at a distance; a close inspection has since been allowed me, as well as of the iron circle it encloses, which, as every body knows, is made of one of the nails used in the Passion. I had been presented to the archpriest and the chapter by an ecclesiastic attached to the Ambrosian library, who was passing his vacation at Monza, the place of his birth. The hierophant of the temple was a good sort of man, but no great genius. I could not pardon him for the disorder and filthy condition of his archives, which have no catalogue but an inventory of the objects restored by France, in which the titles are mutilated.

A series of medallions painted on the circular vault of the church of Monza, represents the princes who have been crowned with the iron crown, from Agilgolphus, the beloved husband of Theodolinda, to Charles V. After this last no brow has dared to bear it till Napoleon.

Among the historical mementos which abound at Monza, is a painting representing the solemn reception given to Henry III. by Saint Charles Borromeo. May they, in that chapel which contains one of the instruments of our Saviour's Passion (the chapel *del San Chiodo*), have repented together of the Saint Bartholomew massacre, if it be true that this illustrious saint was privy to it!

The remarkable paintings of this basilic are: the ceiling, by Isidore Bianchi; the frescos near the high altar, by Montalto and Cesare Procaccini; a *St. Gerard* on a column, by Bernardino Luini; the *Visitation*, by Guercino.

The so badly kept archives contain an antique and curious collection of bulls and papal briefs, and diplomas of the emperors, bound at Paris, and bearing the arms of the empire. One of the celebrated ivory diptychs represents *Boetius in prison, comforted by Elpis*, a distinguished Sicilian lady, his first wife, holding a ten-stringed lyre, or according to some interpreters, by an allegorical figure of Poetry.

In the cemetery appertaining to the church is a strange corpse, that of Hector or Astor Visconti, exhumed after about three centuries and found entire. Hector Visconti, one of the many bastards of Benarbo,\* received the surname of the *Fearless soldier*; being blockaded in the castle of Monza, he defended himself there against the troops of duke Philip Maria, until, as he was leading his horse to the well, a fragment of rock thrown by a balista broke his leg, and killed him. The body of Hector Visconti has since been put in a niche under one of the arcades which surround the cemetery: were it not for its whiteness the dried corpse might be taken for an armed mummy standing upright; and this brave knight, leaning on

\* The letters of Saint Gregory's gradual are in gold and silver; the latter are almost effaced, but those of gold are in better preservation.

\* M. de Sismondi says that at one and the same

time Benarbo had thirty-six children, and eighteen women pregnant by him. (*Hist. des Rép. it.*, ch. LII.)

his old iron sword which bears his cipher, seems still to be facing the enemy.

The palace of Monza is noble and regular, and one of Piermarini's best performances. The chapel passes for a masterpiece. In the rotunda of the orangery are the *Adventures of Psyche*, celebrated frescos by Appiani, which began his reputation. The gardens and hot-houses are vast and magnificent; as is also the park, which is crossed by the Lambro, and is nearly three leagues in circumference.

The remains of the palace of Federico Barbarossa at Monza have become public property; the residence of this humbled and restiff emperor is now a store-house for the town.

## CHAPTER IV.

The Charterhouse of Pavia.—Tomb of Giovanni Galeas Visconti.—Arts encouraged by the monasteries.—Francis I. at the Charterhouse.

It is impossible to contemplate the lustre, richness, and ornaments of the Charterhouse (*Certosa*) of Pavia, without becoming an admirer of its ancient masters, and feeling oneself almost a Carthusian. Splendour like this is the most innocent of all, as it is due to the culture and improvement of the soil: "The only conquest," as one writer felicitously expresses himself, "which does not increase the number of the unhappy."<sup>1</sup> The sumptuousness of the world, by which people are so dazzled, seems less deserving of respect than that of these magnificent recluses. The Charterhouse was suppressed by Joseph II., who confiscated its revenue amounting to a million; at a subsequent period the Directory stripped it even of the lead on the roof: all these philosophic ravages, this ungrateful violence towards the benefactors of the country, this destruction of a national and religious monument and miracle of art, do not inspire less abhorrence and compassion than any other ruin.<sup>2</sup>

For the repairs of the Charterhouse, which is not irretrievably injured, 5000 li-

vres are now assigned, but a French architect would do but little with that sum. It must also be allowed that the climate of Italy is less destructive than ours, and that the materials are of better quality and cheaper.

The comfortable retreats of the ancient monks may still be seen, to the number of twenty-four; they are of a single story, with a fountain and small garden.

..... Spatio brevi  
Spem longam reseces.

The Gothic church is by a builder whose name is unknown. The elegant front, adorned with exquisite sculptures by the first masters of the fifteenth century, seems to be by Borgognone, no less skillful as an architect than good as a painter. The small columns beneath the ogive have been reckoned worthy of Bambaja; the basso-relievos near the principal entrance are supposed to be by Gobbo; they represent a *Visitation*, a *Miracle*, a funeral *Procession*, and are masterpieces for grace, nature, and truth.

The splendid tomb of the founder of the Charterhouse, Giovanni Galeas Visconti, finished in 1562 by Cristoforo Romano, is placed in the church. It is such a monument as ought to be erected by characters like these monks, to whom death always present, supplied the place of ambition, memory, and meditation. The tomb of Giovanni Galeas has always been empty; it was not finished till one hundred and sixty years after his death; during this long interval, the place where his remains had been temporarily deposited was forgotten, and, like the Egyptian kings spoken of by Bossuet, this duke of Milan *has never enjoyed his sepulchre*.

Behind this mausoleum are the figures in demi-relievo of Louis the Moor and his wife Beatrice, attributed to Gobbo; the figure of Beatrice is one of the cleverest performances of the time; the chill of death alone has extinguished the expression of her features.

Despite the spoliation of 1798, the Charterhouse of Pavia still presents some remarkable paintings; for instance, there

paintings also were carried away in 1798; the Gradual of the Carthusians is in the Brera library, but as was usual with such amateurs of books, it has been stripped of its rich covering.

<sup>1</sup> Melon, *Essai politique sur le commerce*.

<sup>2</sup> The taking off the lead gave admission to the rain, which has done much damage to several parts of the church and injured the paintings; many



are on the interior of the front the fresco of the *Assumption*, by Giuseppe Procaccini; the *Virgin adoring the Infant Jesus*, in Montagna's style, is by Ambrosio Fossano; and *St. Veronica showing the Saviour's winding-sheet to a number of women*, by Camillo Procaccini. The flowers in hard stone, a rich and brilliant mosaic, which embellish the front of this altar and several others, are the work of the Sacchi family, established at the Charterhouse, which, from one generation to another, has always followed the same occupation, and remained there in succession for three centuries. The monastic orders, by their uninterrupted duration, have afforded and secured to the arts more certain and permanent encouragement than all the governments. The painting in six compartments, of the year 1496, by Macrin d'Albe, a good old Piedmontese painter, who made the first approaches to the modern style, is esteemed for the truth of its colouring. Two frescos from the *Life of St. Syrius*, by Antonio Busca, repeat the same countenances, and prove the indolence and eccentricity of the author. The *Virgin, her Son, St. Peter and St. Paul*, a picture now become dull and much damaged, is by Guercino. An *Annunciation*, by Camillo Procaccini, by its arrangement and attitude of the heads, recalls his clever imitation of Parmegiano. The ceiling of the new sacristy is by Alessandro Casolani, a painter of Siena in the sixteenth century, who was esteemed by Guido. An *Assumption*, the upper part of which, of beautiful expression and colouring, is by Gobbo, and the lower part, precise and true, by Bernardino Campi. The *Christ before the high-priest* is one of the best works of Paggi, a Genoese painter of the sixteenth century. An *Annunciation* is by Cesare Procaccini, and a *Virgin, the Infant Jesus, two saints and three angels* full of grace playing on instruments, by Bartolommeo Montagna, a pupil of Giovanni Bellini, a painter of the middle of the fifteenth century; he was of Venetian origin but born at Vicenza, as it has been proved by a distinguished man of that town, Count Leonardo Trissino, whose information and literary taste make him worthy of the name. The old sacristy has a *St. Martin*, by Bernardino Luini, and a superb *St. Ambrose*, by Fossano. At the altar of

the Relics, *Christ in the midst of the elect* is by Danielo Crespi. The frescos of the choir were the last and finest paintings of this great artist, who, before the age of forty, was carried off, as well as his whole family, by the plague of Milan in 1630. The brazen gates of the tabernacle are by Francesco Brambilla; the stalls, a precious piece of inlaid work of the year 1486, are by Bartolommeo di Pola. A basso-relievo by Denis Bussola, the *Massacre of the Innocents*, is regarded as one of the best sculptures in the church for nature and expression. A *Virgin* surrounded with angels adoring the Infant Jesus, by Perugino, is admirable.

The little court called the court of the Fountain, near the grand court, is decorated with works in stucco, which are not surpassed in beauty and elegance by the finest works in marble.

Brantome informs that when Francis I. after his defeat was taken prisoner in the Charterhouse park, he desired to be conducted to church to perform his devotions, and when there, the first object that presented itself to his eyes was this inscription from the Psalms: *Bonum mihi quia humiliasti me, ut discam justificationes tuas*. It was a great and affecting lesson, such as religion alone could give to the king who had lost all except honour.<sup>1</sup>

Some persons have received from the Charterhouse an impression different from mine; they found it rich and pretty, but not remarkable for grandeur; the situation, instead of combining the horrors generally attributed to monasteries of this sort, is exposed, flat, and monotonous. But the Carthusians of Pavia, being husbandmen, were doubtless more attentive to the quality of the land, than to its picturesque appearance. As to the impression produced by the building, it is owing, I believe, to the fact of those persons having visited it on their return from Italy, and after my several voyages I can easily conceive it. Nevertheless I thought it incumbent on me to attempt a relation of what I felt on surveying this monastic splendour, before I became accustomed to it.

Among the many projects for employing the buildings of the Charterhouse, there is one which seems feasible and

<sup>1</sup> This so often quoted expression of Francis I. is perhaps fictitious, as it is not in the original of the letter written to his mother the queen-regent.

very excellent; that is, to convert it into an asylum for aged and infirm priests, and for country clergymen no longer able to continue their laborious ministry. Such an establishment would become like the Invalides of the priesthood; it would be, with the Invalides of the army, *the most venerable place on the earth.*<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER V.

Pavia.—University.—Library.—Colleges.

Pavia struck me by the singular contrast which exists between some of its ancient monuments, the remnants of the middle ages, when it was the seat of the kings of Lombardy or the capital of a republican state, and the modern and scientific aspect of its university,<sup>2</sup> with its museum of natural history, its cabinets of experimental philosophy and anatomy, and its botanical garden. The museum of natural history has had the honour, rather uncommon to this kind of establishment, of inspiring the small but beautiful poem of Mascheroni, in which *Daphnis* calls the attention of *Lesbia* to the productions of nature with which it is enriched.<sup>3</sup> The number of students is fourteen hundred: these youths have a distinguished appearance, and are noted for their ardour and capacity. As in university towns, the crowd of idlers and curious persons who are usually found in large capitals, do not interfere with the lessons, each feels that every one goes there to study. If Pavia lost some years ago many of its most celebrated professors, such as Tamburini, Volta, and Scarpa,<sup>4</sup> it still owned some able masters, such as the professor of mathematical and experimental philosophy, S. Configliacchi; of natural history, Brugnattelli; of botany, Moretti; of mineralogy and zoology, Zandrini; of general chemistry and pharmaceuticals, Marabelli; of anatomy, Panizza, the worthy successor of Scarpa, and corresponding member of the Academy of sciences at Paris; of medical clinics and therapeutics, del Chiappa; of pure elementary

mathematics and surveying, Bordoni, a great mathematician; of ecclesiastic law, Prina; of Roman law, as related to the common law, Beretta; of mechanics, Borgnis; of political sciences, Lanfranchi. No one is allowed to follow the university courses without having previously been at the Lyceum. The course of instruction is divided into three parts, viz.: the faculty of politico-legal studies, medico-chirurgico-pharmaceutical studies, and philosophical studies, which nearly correspond with our faculties of law, sciences, and letters, notwithstanding the title of philosophical given to the last.

The course of the faculty of politico-legal studies lasts four years; the following are the professorships: statistics, introduction to politico-legal studies; natural law, private and public; criminal law; Roman law, as compared with the common law; ecclesiastical law; Austrian universal civil law, and its differences with the French civil law; commercial law; maritime law; political sciences and the penal code, and judiciary procedure.

The course of the faculty of medico-chirurgico-pharmaceutical studies continues five years; the professorships are: mineralogy; introduction to the study of medicine and surgery; practical anatomy; botany; zoology; comparative anatomy and physiology; general chemistry; animal and pharmaceutical chemistry; introduction to the study of the theoretical surgery, pharmaceutical dietetics, materia medica; general pathology; etiology and semeiosis; midwifery; theoretical surgery; use of instruments and theory of bandages; materia medica and treatise on poisons; general pathology; hygiene and general therapeutics; practical medical instruction at the patient's bed-side; special therapeutics of the acute internal maladies; veterinary art; forensic medicine; theoretical instructions on the diseases of the eyes; public hygiene (*polizia medicale*).

The course of the faculty named philosophical studies lasts two years: one part of its courses is not necessary to obtain

<sup>1</sup> *Lettres Persanes*, let. lxxxv.

<sup>2</sup> Although founded, as it is said, by Charlemagne, this university had greatly declined. Maria Theresa remodelled it, and its organisation does not in reality belong to a more remote period than the middle and close of the last century.

<sup>3</sup> *Lesbia* was the Arcadian name of Grismondi Suardi of Bergamo, a woman whose genius as a poet was pure, noble, harmonious, but somewhat diffuse.

<sup>4</sup> He died October 31, 1832, aged eighty-five years.

the grade of doctor. The obligatory courses are : religious instruction ; theological philosophy ; pure elementary mathematics ; latin philology ; moral philosophy ; mathematical and experimental physics. The following courses are not obligatory : universal history ; natural history ; rural economy ; pedagogy ; history of Austria ; historical sciences ; archaeology and numismatics ; diplomatics ; classical Latin literature ; Greek philology ; criticism ; Italian literature and language ; history of the fine arts ; history of philosophy ; German language ; heraldry.

By this table one may judge of the professorships of the university of Pavia and the extent of its education ; it will confirm the remark that we have previously made on the pretended *obscurantisme* of Austria : in this list there is a course of statistics, which we have never had, and courses in pedagogy and diplomatics in actual progress ; real normal and charter schools. As to the instruction, I have been informed by some of the most distinguished professors that it is neither compulsory nor restricted ; the salaries have been augmented, and are even higher now than they were under the French government, which had already made some additions to them ; they are at least as high as those of the professors of the academy of Paris, and it is well known that living in Italy is far less expensive.

The ancient library of Pavia, established by the Sforza family, and chiefly by duke Galeas, with the advice of Petrarch, was successively despoiled by Louis XII. in 1499, and in 1526 by Marshal Lautrec ; the great library of the rue Richelieu is indebted to it for the finest editions of the fifteenth century, of which it now has the richest collection in the world. The present library of the University was founded by Count Firmian, and it has received the greater part of Haller's books. Being intended for educational works, it has scarcely any ancient manuscripts except those proceeding from the suppressed monastery of Saint Peter *in ciel d'oro*, and with all its fifty thousand volumes, it contains but few scarce works. Its collection of the memoirs of all the

scientific societies and academies in the original text, is the largest and most complete in Italy. The portfolios of the professors are carefully preserved there, and must form an interesting compilation. An under-librarian's place was vacant about the middle of 1826, and was about to be competed for, as are all literary functions in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. This method, which might be thought the best, and which appears to me very good for nominations to offices of a secondary nature, is however offensive to the Italians, and I have heard it reprobated by men of enlightened minds.

There are three free colleges at Pavia, namely, the Caccia, Borromeo, and Ghislieri colleges ; the two first are family foundations and are still supported by the founders' munificence. Such foundations are by no means rare in Italy ; perhaps aristocracy has no nobler attribute than this perpetual benefit of education conferred on successive generations who must naturally become attached to these same families. The Caccia college receives from twenty-five to thirty pupils, all from Novara, the country of the Caccia family ; the Borromeo, thirty-six ; and the Ghislieri, sixty, and twelve boarders. The finest of the establishments is the Borromeo college, founded by Saint Charles, as well as a great number of the first schools of Lombardy. With its imposing front, vast porticoes, the elegance of its architecture, the brilliant frescos of Federico Zuccari, representing the *History of Saint Charles*, which cover the walls and ceiling of the great hall, this superb edifice seems rather a palace than a college.

## CHAPTER VI.

Towers.—Boetius.—Malaspina house.—Museum.

I experienced numerous historical disappointments at Pavia : I went to the church of Saint Peter *in ciel d'oro* to look for the tomb of Boetius, that really great man, minister, scholar, orator, philosopher, poet, musician, and martyr to the public welfare and the truth in an age of barbarism ; it was no longer

<sup>1</sup> Dante has some fine verses on the burying of Boetius in Saint Peter *in ciel d'oro* :

Lo corpo ond' ella (*l'anima santa*) fu cacciata, giace

Giuso In Cieldauro, ed essa da martiro,  
E da esilio venne a questa pace.

(PARAD. X. 427.)



there : the church had been suppressed thirty years, and I beheld it then encumbered with the forage of a Polish regiment. The body of Boetius had been put in the cathedral, but, in the language of the day, *there were no funds to build him a tomb*. Certainly the Liutprands and Othos, those princes of the middle ages that we look on as barbarians, some eight or ten centuries ago, had erected and magnificently enlarged the mausoleum of Boetius; they had not yet, to avoid rendering honour to virtue, adopted this eternal and invincible argument of our civilisation.<sup>1</sup> The tomb of Liutprand was at first placed in the church of Saint Adrian, but some time after it was carried to the basilic of Saint Peter *in ciel d'oro*; in his will he desired that he might be interred at the feet of Boetius, that when he ceased to exist he might not seem to cease testifying his respect for that illustrious man. The coffin of this great king, as we are informed by a learned Pavian,<sup>2</sup> was supported by four small marble columns; his statue in royal robes was placed above. The decision of the council of Trent caused the coffin to be taken down, as it was then decreed that the burial-place of saints only should be above the surface of the earth. The ashes of Liutprand were deposited at the foot of a pilaster in the choir; the original epitaph which told of his piety and valour, the wisdom of his laws, his conquest of the Roman state, and his victories over the Saracens in France when he flew to succour Charles Martel, the taking of Ravenna, Spoleto, and Benevento—all these signs of glory had disappeared, and nothing was left on his fallen

tomb but the words, *Here are the bones of king Liutprand*; this simple inscription was one day destined to be itself ignobly smothered over with trusses of hay, and I sought it in vain.

Pavia, called in the olden times the *City of a hundred Towers*, has but two now standing. One of those now thrown down, from its extravagant structure, was called *the point downwards* (*pizzo in giù*). The tower which bears the name of *Boetius* is modern; the tradition even of his imprisonment in a tower can be traced no farther back than Jacopo Gualla, an historian of the fifteenth century. As to the site of the palace of the Lombard kings, probably near the church of Saint Michael, I was informed by a learned man whom I consulted that there were fourteen opinions on the subject, without counting his own, I believe; so I had not the courage to look for its locality.

In front of the Malaspina house are the busts of Boetius and Petrarch, men greatly differing in fortune, genius, and character, whom chance alone could have brought into juxta-position. An elegant inscription by Morcelli, placed beneath the bust of Boetius, informs us that it was near that spot where he was imprisoned, and composed his book on the *Consolations of Philosophy*. The inscription on Petrarch's bust states that he came to pass the autumns within the walls of that house, the residence of his son-in-law Brossano, architectural surveyor to Galeas Visconti, and husband of his natural daughter, a trifling incident, but somewhat crude, which sadly disconcerts our imaginings respecting the fidelity of Laura's bard.<sup>3</sup> This daughter

<sup>1</sup> The tomb of Boetius was erected in the church of Saint Augustine by the king of the Lombards, Liutprand, about 726; the emperor Otho III. erected another and a magnificent one in marble with a very remarkable inscription composed by Gerbert, afterwards pope under the name of Sylvester II. (*Notizie appartenenti alla storia della sua patria raccolte ed illustrate da Giuseppe Robolini, gentiluomo pavese*. Pavia, 1826 et seq.; tom. i. 210, and ii. 86.) Gerbert was one of the most learned men of his day, but he did not invent clocks as some have supposed (*V. Gallia christiana*, tom. x.); he was born in Auvergne, and may be added to the illustrious Auvergnats mentioned by M. de Chateaubriand in his *Voyage à Clermont*.

<sup>2</sup> *Notizie appartenenti alla storia della sua patria, raccolte ed illustrate da Giuseppe Robolini*, vol. i. p. 94.

<sup>3</sup> Petrarch, alluding to the birth of an illegitimate son previous to that of this daughter, avows

himself, with a sort of Italian simplicity singular enough, how he had thought of escaping from the passion which enslaved his mind and formed his torment, by yielding to propensities somewhat less platonic. But he pretends that in spite of these indulgences he never really loved any but Laura, that he was always conscious of the disgracefulness of such habits, and ultimately ridged himself of them in his fortieth year. *Carm. lib. i. Ep. 42, et Epist. ad Post.* quoted by Foscolo, *Essays on Petrarch*, xiii.

On the death of a child of this daughter's, Petrarch composed some natural and touching Latin verses, which he had engraved on its tomb :

Vix mundi novus hospes iter vitæque volantis  
Attigeram tenero limina dura pede;  
Franciscus genitor, genitrix Francisca, secutus  
Ilos, de fonte sacro nomen idem tenui.  
Infans formosus, solamen dulce parentum,

is the one who, in the absence of her father-in-law and husband, so cordially received Boccaccio when he visited Pavia, and notwithstanding his fifty-five years, his obesity, and pitiful appearance, he did not think it prudent to lodge in her house lest her reputation might be compromised. Marquis Ludovico Malaspina, who died in 1835, above eighty years of age, had erected at his own expense and from his own designs, a noble but plain edifice destined to receive his valuable collection of prints, and his paintings, among which there are not only some of the best Italian masters, but several of the Flemish school, as well as a quantity of antique works and the inevitable Egyptian museum, fortunately not very extensive. The front is decorated with a basso-relievo presenting the figures of Raimondi, Raphael, and Michael Angelo, by S. Monti of Ravenna, who also executed the statue of the *Genius of the Arts*, placed opposite the entrance-door. This handsome and useful foundation is besides an academy of the fine arts; it will perpetuate at the same time the memory of the taste, talents, and patriotism of its generous founder.

## CHAPTER VII.

Church of Saint Michael.—Cathedral.—Tomb of Saint Augustin.—Bridge.

The Gothic church of Saint Michael, one of the oldest monuments of Christian antiquity, seems to be of the sixth century: among the basso-reliefs sculptured on the exterior of this old basilic, may be remarked an *Annunciation*, in which the child is already grown, according to the Arian doctrine. The coarse expressive sculpture of Saint Michael is moreover suited to such a sect, which seems to have infused into Christianity the conquering, destructive, and martial spirit of Islamism. In another basso-relievo, is an angel playing on a violin, from which the great antiquity of

that noble instrument may be inferred. The frescos representing the *Virgin's coronation*, the *Four doctors of the Church*, and the painting over the altar of the Virgin, are curious productions of Andriano d'Edesia, a painter of Pavia, contemporary with Giotto. A *St. Sebastian*, and a *St. Luke*, by Moncalvo, are good.

The vast majestic church *del Carmine* is of the fourteenth century. Several of its paintings are esteemed, namely: a *Crucifix*, by Malosso; *St. Anne*, by Moncalvo; *St. Sebastian and divers saints*, a painting in six compartments, inscribed with the name of Bernardino Cotignola, a painter of the sixteenth century, whose works are scarce.

*Santa Maria Coronata*, commonly called *de Canepanova*, of a plain but noble architecture, is by Bramante; it contains some fine paintings: *Jael and Sisera*; *David and Abigail*, by Moncalvo; a *Judith*, an *Esther*, by Tiarini, an excellent painter of the Bolognese school; *Rachel at the well*; the *Hebrews marching towards the land of promise*, by Camillo Procaccini; and two other subjects from the Old Testament, by his brother Cesare.

At Saint Marino, a *Holy Family* is attributed to Gaudenzio Ferrari; *St. Jerome* and the *Virgin*, to his illustrious pupil Bernardino Luini.

Saint Francis has two good pictures: a *St. Matthew*, by Bernardino Campi; a *St. Catherine*, by Procaccini.

Of the throng of deceptive remains which abound in Italy, Pavia, perhaps, possesses two of the most brilliant and best imagined. The first is the pompous pretended tomb of Saint Augustine, formerly standing in the church of Saint Peter in *ciel d'oro*, and now in the cathedral. The sculptures which ornament it, consisting of fifty basso-reliefs, ninety-five statues, in all four hundred and twenty figures, without including animals, are a singularly remarkable piece of workmanship of the close of the fourteenth century, and the most con-

Nunc dolor, hoc uno sors mea læta minus,  
Cætera sum felix, et veræ gaudia vitæ,  
Nactus, et æternæ, tam cito, tam facile.  
Sol bis, luna quater flexum peragraverat orbem.  
Obvia mors, fallor, obvia vita fuit.

Me Venetum terris dedit urbs, rapuitque Papla:  
Nec queror, hinc cœlo restituendus eram.

<sup>1</sup> This opinion of d'Agencourt, of Malaspina, in

his *Guide of Pavia*, and of Rosmini, in the *History of Milan*, has been recently contradicted by San-Quintino (*Dell' italiana architettura durante la dominazione longobarda*, Brescia, 1829). According to San-Quintino, Pavia and the old church of Saint Michael were burnt in 924 by the Hungarians: so that the present church can only be of the end of the eleventh century.

siderable of that epoch. The second counterfeit remnant in the cathedral is the lance of Roland, a sort of oar pointed with iron, suspended from the ceiling. This cathedral is a monument of no great importance; it has been recently repaired, and the old Gothic is nearly hidden by the new constructions. There are some paintings, however, not destitute of merit, as those of the high altar, by Carlo Sacchi, a Pavian painter of the seventeenth century and a clever colourist; at the altar of the Rosary, the *Mysteries*, by Antonio Solari, surnamed Zingaro, who was born at Venice and not in the Abruzzi, as some have supposed; a *St. Syrus* and two other paintings near it, the best works of Carlo Antonio Rossi, a pupil and follower of Procaccini; a *Flagellation*; the *Virgin and the Marys*, by Danielo Crespi.

The covered bridge over the Ticino, supported by a hundred columns of granite, with its elegant front on the side towards the town, is a monument of the fourteenth century, which, with the waterworks of the same period, still bears witness to the grandeur and utility of the public works at Pavia under the republican government.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Varese.—Madonna del Monte.—Italian Catholicism.  
—Cosmo.—Cathedral —*Eles Joviae*.—Lyceum.—  
Library.—Casino.—Theatre.—Tower of Baradello.

Before returning to Milan, in 1827, I visited Cosmo. The road, on leaving Sesto Calende, differs completely from the flat and monotonous one leading to Milan. This corner of Lombardy, being nearer the Alps, is picturesque and full of variety. The road passes by Varese, a rich and pretty town, of a joyous aspect and well peopled, near the lake of its own name; it has a theatre, a *casino*, and some splendid villas, where Italian magnificence is already displayed. A part of the road passes under some beautiful trellis work, belonging, I believe, to the gardens of the neighbouring villas, and the view from thence commands all the country to a great distance. The octagonal baptistry of the principal church is a monument remarkable for its antiquity, and is a remnant of the Lombards. In an elegant little church, the *Adoration of*

the *Magi* appears to be the last work of the old age of Camillo Procaccini, as we are informed by this pathetic inscription of the time :—*Hic Camilli Procaccini manus inclitæ ceciderunt*. The figure of the Virgin has but little gracefulness and is the weakest part of the painting, which is not, however, destitute of a sort of variety.

Near Varese is the famous *Madonna del Monte*, whose fête the maidens of the neighbourhood were then going to celebrate (it was in the month of September on the eve of the Nativity of the Virgin). The whole district had that air of joy, which the catholicism, enlivened by ornaments, of the inhabitants of Italy gives to the popular manners of the country. The prospect from the *Madonna del Monte* is varied, immense, and magnificent, extending from the chain of the Alps where Mont-Rose raises its towering summit, as far as Milan. The church and the fourteen chapels, built by the roadside, have some good paintings of the best Lombard masters of the fourteenth century.

I committed the fault of not going to Lugano, which its lake, the frescos of Luini, and its Gazette of the Ticino, render worthy of a visit from the lovers of nature, the arts, and liberty.

I was delighted with Cosmo : its position in a species of valley on the banks of the lake and its many towers render it picturesque. The marble cathedral erected by the people is a vast and beautiful monument of the era of the revival. Rodari, an able architect and sculptor of the close of the fifteenth century, too little known, executed the elegant gallery, the chandeliers of the altar of Saint Lucy, the exquisite pilasters of the organ, the graceful ornaments of a little door, the *Christ in his mother's arms*, and some other excellent statues. On the outside wall are the remains of an inscription relative to Pliny, which has been quoted by Gruter and the divers editors of the Latin Epistolary, although it contains nothing very interesting for history. The baptistry is attributed to Bramante. The *Nativity*, the *Adoration of the Magi*, the *Virgin*, *St. Jerome* and some saints are by Bernardino Luini; a *Flight into Egypt*, the *Espousals of the Virgin*, by Gaudenzio Ferrari.

<sup>1</sup> D'ornements égayé.—BOILEAU.



The church of *San Fedele*, the oldest in the town, is of characteristic architecture. There are some fine frescos attributed to Camillo Procaccini, and the chapel of the Crucifix is of good architecture.

The *Ædes Joviæ* presents, under the vestibules, the porticoes of the court and the staircase, a real museum of antique inscriptions. The device of the Giovio family is several times repeated on the walls, *Fato prudentior minor*, a parody of that somewhat obscure verse of the Georgics, on the foresight of ravens :

Aut rerum fato prudentia major;

a motto of a destructive fatalism, little worthy of a scholar and philosopher. The *Ædes Joviæ* was the abode of Count Giambattista Giovio, great nephew of Paolo Giovio, a man of erudition, and author of the *Lettere lariane*, somewhat ostentatiously surnamed the Varro of Cosmo. The library contains ancient manuscripts, some of which are still unpublished ones of Paolo Giovio, Benedetto Giovio, the second scholar of this family, and of the count Giambattista.

A magnificent lyceum was founded in 1824. On the front are busts of the illustrious literati of Cosmo from the two Plinys down to Carlo Gaston Rezzonico, a learned critic and tolerably brilliant poet of the last century ; busts, which are strangely enough surmounted by that of Saint Abbondio, which would be more suitably placed in the chapel, and its present position might now be occupied by the bust of Volta, the honour of Cosmo. The library of the lyceum had a good beginning, and is already extensive. It is decorated with a large statue by Bernino of *St. Isidore keeping his oxen*. So perpetually laboured is the talent of this artist, that not only is the air of the saint devoid of every shade of rusticity, but even the calves are formal and have also, in their way, a smack of affectation.

Cosmo has a superb literary casino. This establishment of an Italian town of fifteen thousand souls, is superior to all those of the same kind in Paris.

The new front of the theatre is a noble piece of architecture, and the interior is pretty handsome ; but the players were execrable, and I cannot forget a certain Rosina, one of the most affected Italian

singers that I ever heard. This *worst* of the Italian actors is not, however, cold or dull like that of our provincial performers : thanks to the language and the physiognomies of the country, it is hearty, boisterous, expressive, and animated.

On an eminence near the road, is to be seen still standing the tower of Baradello, another monument of the intestine broils and revolutions of Italy in the middle ages. It is there that Napoleon della Torre was confined in an iron cage until he perished, after nineteen months of torment ; this perpetual chief of the Milanese was made prisoner by the army of the archbishop of Milan, Otho Visconti, whom he had expelled ; a defeat which overthrew the power of the Torriani and brought about the sovereignty of the Visconti. Voltaire ridiculed these cage stories ; it is clear, however, that the inhabitants of Cosmo shut up in three iron cages Napoleon della Torre and five of his relatives taken with him, because he had inflicted the same punishment on one of their countrymen. The tower of Gabbia, which is still in existence at Mantua, and retains its cage ; and the tower of Placentia, which has also a cage, assert this barbarity ; it even lasted more than two centuries. The imprisonment of the six Torriani took place in 1277 ; the same captivity is frequent at the end of the fifteenth century : the duke of Nemours and cardinal La Balue underwent it, and Comines confesses that he *had an eight months' taste of it*.

During the French domination, a telegraph was established on the tower of Baradello ; it has since been suppressed, as well as all the others in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom : one would say that German sluggishness felt embarrassed by the rapidity of such an instrument.

## CHAPTER IX.

Lake.—Greek names.—Factory-convent.—Pliniana. Melzi villa.—Fiume Latte.—Frate nuns.—Gravedona.—Baptistry.—Musso palace.—Sommariva villa.—Basso-relievs of Thorwaldsen.—Villa d'Este.—Vico.—Odescalchi Villa.—Elm.—Paolo Giovio.

It is difficult to describe the variety and the enchanting localities of the lake of Cosmo ; with its woods, rocks, and cascades, the mildness of the air, and the olive and citron groves that reach

down to its banks, it presents an image, as it were, of Switzerland and Italy combined; Greece even seems to be there, and she has given some of her harmonious names to sundry places in the environs: for instance, Lenno, Nesso, Lecco, Colonia, Corenno, which naturally remind one of Lemnos, Naxos, Leucadia, Colona, and Corinth. This number of Greek names is a proof of the emigration of the Pelasgians into the north of Italy, and the name of Cosmo, too, bespeaks a Greek derivation. The Pelasgians were originally from Arcadia,<sup>1</sup> and on these beautiful shores they found the freshness and charming solitudes of their native vales.<sup>2</sup>

In spite of the singular, and perhaps rather cold, epithet of the great master, *Lari Maxime*,<sup>3</sup> the lake of Cosmo does not present, like some others, a great plain of monotonous water; on the contrary, the scene appears to close, reopen, and renew itself every instant; its little straits produce the effect of a succession of lakes, and the headlands which they form present admirable views of different kinds. I went over it several times with infinite pleasure, as well as its environs, and I could have wished to sojourn longer there. It would not be very expensive to live in this delightful country; at Balbianino, one of the best situations on the lake, I was shown a very pretty house then let to an English family for fifty Milanese crowns a month, a little under 250 francs.

On an agreeable acclivity, near the point of Torno, a pretty village which rises in the form of an amphitheatre, may be seen the ruins of an old monastery, for the borders of the lake are all

covered with chapels, churches, and convents, which have a very picturesque effect when viewed from the water. The monks of Torno belonged to the *umiliati*, an order devoted to manual labour, and whose convents, numerous in Lombardy and on the banks of the lake of Cosmo, were woollen manufactories; the workmen lived there with their wives and children, subject to certain regulations. It appears that the trade at Torno was so flourishing, as to cause a relaxation of discipline among the *umiliati* from the increase of their wealth, and that it was found necessary to suppress this factory-convent in 1571.

I went down to the *Pliniana*, the most noted spot on the lake. The Pliniana was not, as is supposed, the abode of Pliny, but takes its name from the famous fountain observed by the Elder Pliny and described by the Younger, whose letter, which may be read on the wall, totally differs from the passage in his uncle's Natural History.<sup>4</sup> On seeing the abundant and impetuous issue of this fountain, the periodical flowing and ebbing of which is still a mystery,<sup>5</sup> I was struck with the might and unchangeableness of nature, always the same though ages pass away, and the admirable order which she preserves amid the wreck of all things human; science examines, and reason loses itself in researches; but ever-teeming nature lives, creates, and renews. The present palace of Pliniana, a massy and formal square building, was erected in 1570 by Anguissola, one of the four chief nobles of Piacenza, who poniarded the tyrant Pietro Ludovico Farnese, son of pope Paul III, and threw his body out of the

<sup>1</sup> It would be easy to make a lengthy note on the origin of the Pelasgians; it is said now that they came from the land of Canaan; I have adhered to the opinion of D'Anville, Freret, and Barthélemy.

<sup>2</sup> According to Strabo, Pompey sent into this country, after it was ravaged by the Rhellans, five hundred Greeks of distinguished families to repopulate it.

<sup>3</sup> *Georg. II.* 459. Some injudicious commentators had pretended to discover two lakes in the *Lari maxime*, namely, the lake of Cosmo and Lago Maggiore, a reading rightfully rejected by Heyne.

<sup>4</sup> Pliny the Elder pretends that the periodical flow takes place every hour: *In Comensi. juxta Larium lacum, jons largus horis singulis semper intumescit ac residet*, II. 403. and Pliny the younger makes it three times a day, *lib. iv. ep. 30.*

<sup>5</sup> The most satisfactory explanation of this phe-

nomenon is probably that given in a note to Lemaire's *Classiques latins*: the ebb and flow, says the note, may be produced by the agency of a siphon or tube formed by nature running through the clay and the rock: The following pleasing passage from Pliny's letter, in which he ingeniously compares the ebb and flow of the fountain to the gurgling of a bottle, makes a near approach to the conjecture of the siphon:—"Spiritus ne aliquis occultior os fontis et fauces modo laxat, modo includit, prout illatus occurrit, aut decessit expulsus? Quod in ampullis ceterisque generis ejusdem videmus accidere, quibus non blans, nec statim patens exitus. Nam illa quoque, quanquam prona et vergentia, per quasdam obluentis animæ moras crebris quasi singultibus sistunt, quod effundunt," *Lib. iv. ep. 30.*

window. This nobleman died from terror, after having discovered the project of an assassin, who had been long concealed under monastic habits in a convent near Cosmo, awaiting an opportunity to surprise him. At every step, even in the bosom of this sweet and smiling solitude, one meets with the fearful reminiscences which characterise the history and manners of the Italians at various epochs. Baradello had been the prison of him, who might almost be called the Cæsar of Milan; Pliniana became the asylum of the Brutus of Pincenzia.

Notwithstanding the authority of Paolo Giovio, the point of *Bellaggio* must have been the *Comædia* of Pliny.<sup>2</sup> There also doubtless is the *mollis curvamine* which embraced it. Pliny's description of the two villas that he preferred to his other houses on the lake of Cosmo is a perfect parallel; it has all the symmetry and the peculiar elegance of that kind of writing: letters so skilfully composed are rather a book addressed to the public than a correspondence. A singular analogy exists between Pliny and Sacy, his translator, a rare occurrence, as those kinds of union are most frequently sufficiently ill-sorted; both were men of great uprightness of character, of a gentle and amiable disposition, living in elegant, polite, and talented society, and born at an epoch of subtlety and decline.

At *Bellaggio* the villa of Melzi, elegantly embellished by that illustrious Italian, has some paintings by Appiani, and is also remarkable for its gardens and fine prospect. A beautiful group of *Dante led by Beatrice*, is the work of Professor Comolli, a clever attorney, patronized by Melzi; he also executed Melzi's sepulchral monument which stands in the chapel.

The torrent called *Il fiume latte*, which rushes in foam through the rocks, falls into the lake, and gives its name to the village situated at its feet, reminded me of the cascade of Pissevache, near Martigny. A comparison of these two po-

pular metaphors, intended to produce the same impression, shows all the difference between the genius of Italy, and (if one may say so) the genius of Switzerland. In this manner may words at times serve to distinguish the character and spirit of nations. The *fiume latte* is dry in winter, and commences to flow in spring, as it is picturesquely painted by Arieli, in these correct and well-turned verses:

Entro ai capaci

Rivolgimenti d' intentato speco  
Arida tace al verno atra sorgente,  
E al primo uscir di primavera, intenso  
Romor di venti e fremiti e procelle  
Assordan l'antro, come se di mille  
Edifici laggiù fosse il frastuono  
E la ruina e un mar chiuso e il tremoto;  
Poi s'orga.<sup>3</sup>

*Capuana*, the Serbelloni villa, a superb abode in by-gone times, is now deserted; but it still retains its rivulet, cascades, evergreens, and its view.

Near to the branch of Lecco, which has not the animated and varied aspect of the Cosmo branch, but is sad and solitary, stands Varena, favoured with so genial a climate, that, besides its pines, oaks, laurels, cypresses, and numerous olives, the aloe and even the plants of Syria will flourish there.

The bottom of the lake is superb; it is shut in by the Rhetian Alps which witnessed the first exploits of Drusus,

Videre Rhætis bella sub Alpibus  
Drusum gerentem Vindelici—

mountains which subsequently gave equal renown to great captains of modern times, from the duke of Rohan, the determined conqueror of the Valteline, to Macdonald, the vanquisher of the icy fogs and the Grisons.

On returning by the left, *Domaso* and *Gravedona* meet the view. On the mountain between these two small towns the women wear a large gown of brown woollen with a hood like that of the Capuchins: these ladies are also called

<sup>1</sup> See the end of the preceding chapter.

<sup>2</sup> Pliny gave the names of *Comædia* and *Tragædia* to two of the villas he possessed on the lake of Cosmo; it is probable that *Tragædia* was at Lenno, on the other side of the lake, nearly opposite, on account of the severe aspect and the rocks of which Pliny speaks in the description of this villa, which *shod it like a buskin*; whereas *Comædia*, which touched the shore, *had only sandals*. Lib. ix. ep. 7.

<sup>3</sup> *L'Origine delle fonti*. Milan, 1833. Arieli died at Brescia, his native place, on the 2nd of July 1836, aged fifty-three years. He was a good didactic and descriptive poet, but in lyrical composition he partially failed, and in epic totally. The *Commentary* which he published as secretary of the Athenæum of Brescia are distinguished for purity and elegance of style, and the art of expressing with perspicuity the most abstruse ideas of science and philosophy.



*frate*. They adopt this strange costume in consequence of a vow made by their mothers, which they religiously observe. But coquetry loses nothing by it; this humble dress does not entirely conceal either their elegant forms or pretty faces; and among the rich, gold, coral, and lace occasionally shine on the robe of the good fathers.

Gravedona has some importance with respect to art. Its antique and curious baptistry presents on the outside some hieroglyphics and unintelligible basso-relievos; and the miraculous fresco of the Madonna, as the old annalists relate, threw out such a brightness for two days, in 823, that it moved the son of Carloman to almsgiving and prayer. At the church of Saint Gusmeus and Saint Matthew, a fine *Martyrdom of the two saints*, passes for a performance of Guercino, and the ceiling of the choir, by Pamfilio Nuvolone, offers a *Glory of Angels* with exquisite countenances. The marble palace formerly belonging to the dukes of Alvitto, is of a noble architecture, and has a very fine effect when viewed from the lake. Some arm-chairs in the great hall, bearing the names of the cardinals of the time, have given rise to an opinion that it was once proposed to assemble there the general council, afterwards held at Trent; a grand Christian consultation, which passed eighteen years in drawing up the doctrines and formulas of our faith, and which might have offered its religious reminiscences to make a new contrast with those of literature, politics, and war, associated with the lake of Cosmo.

Lower down are discovered the ruins of the stronghold of Musso, an ancient fortification hollowed out perpendicularly in the rock by the indefatigable Giovanni Jacopo Trivulzio. Musso was defended with singular audacity by the famous Giovanni Jacopo Medici, whose sisters Clarissa and Margaret (the latter afterwards the wife of Count Borromeo and mother of Saint Charles), shared his perilous adventures and stimulated the women to augment the fortifications. Francesco Sforza, after ordering the murder of Ettore Visconti, wanted to get rid of the instruments of that crime, Medici, and another captain named Pozzino. The latter was killed; Medici had

received orders to repair to the castle of Musso; however, while making the passage he suspected Sforza's intentions, and opened the letter entrusted to his charge, by which he was convinced of the fate that awaited him. He immediately replaced this letter by another enjoining the governor to transfer to him provisionally the command of the fort; and from this rock he braved all the attacks of Sforza both by land and water, became the terror of his race, pillaged all the environs, took possession of the Valteline, and did not consent to make peace until he had obtained, besides the payment of 35,000 sequins, the sovereignty of Lecco for himself and his descendants, and the possession of Meleguano, another fortress between Milan and Lodi, in exchange for the one he occupied. It is painful to behold such men stained by crime; as it restricts the admiration their prodigious courage inspires: how great would their glory have been, if instead of being impelled by their own danger and personal interest, they had been actuated by patriotism and honour!

Cadenabbia and Tremezzine, situated on the same side, in the middle of the lake, for position, climate, and their many beautiful villas, are the Baïæ of this little Mediterranean. The Sommariava villa, although of the bad architectural taste of last century, is one of those splendid seats that would not have been disdained by the luxurious and voluptuous Romans, so severely reprehended by Horace, an Epicurean and poet who had little right to appeal to Romulus, the Elder Cato, or ancient usages. There may be seen an exact copy of *Jocond*, by Leonardo Vinci, many pleasing paintings of modern Italian and French painters, as well as the *Palamedes*, of Canova, a statue which was accidentally broken when nearly finished, but which was admirably repaired by the artist; the model of his pathetic *Magdalen*, and the beautiful basso-relievos of the *Triumph of Alexander* by Thorwaldsen, ordered by Napoleon for the Quirinal palace, and which Pliny, at his early period too zealous a partisan of museums, would not, if now living, have failed to comprise in the list of those statues expelled and sent into the exile of villas.

I went down to the villa d'Este, which was inhabited for three years by the princess of Wales. Her cipher may still

<sup>1</sup> See Liv. III, ch. II.

be seen in the drawing-room, and in the theatre that she had built there. This villa had previously belonged to general Pino; on the flank of the eminence which commands it, he had built walls and battlements so as to give a tolerably good imitation of Tarragona, of which he had gained possession. These military traces still remain, and they nobly divert one's thoughts from dwelling on the memory of the little Caprea of the English princess.

At the town of Vico, on returning to Cosmo, is the Odescalchi villa, the most extensive of the many villas on the borders of the lake, and an abode of almost princely splendour, but which struck me as melancholy despite its late magnificent embellishments. All the rich wainscoting of this palace are less grateful to my taste than the shade of the superb old elm planted at its gate on the bank of the lake, with its stone bench, whence one can enjoy so delightful a view of Cosmo, the lake, and the mountains. At Vico, in the house called *Gallia*, now the property of the Fossani family, was the museum, or the gallery

of Paolo Giovio, the voluptuous asylum of that court prelate and man of letters, who, while passing his life in attendance on princes, or in the seclusion of his museum, must have resided but very rarely in his diocese of Nocera. Besides, there is little to interest in the recollections of Paolo Giovio; this priest, nay, bishop, notwithstanding the elegance of his style, was but a venal and diffamatory writer.<sup>1</sup> Paolo Giovio pretended to have built his palace on the site of one of Pliny the Younger's villas. According to Benedetto Giovio, the Odescalchi villa is on the same spot as the delightful *Suburbanum* of Pliny's modest friend, Caninius Rufus,<sup>2</sup> with its gallery—where an eternal spring prevailed, its impenetrable shade of plane-trees, its canal with verdant banks enamelled with flowers, and that lake which served as a basin to receive its waters;<sup>3</sup> for the memory of Pliny is predominant over all these shores: he has bestowed his name on one of the steamboats of the lake, and though more than seventeen centuries have elapsed, he is still the glory of the country.

<sup>1</sup> See, in his letters, the candid immodesty of his confessions on this subject (*Lettere*, p. 42; Tiraboschi, t. vii. part iii. p. 905-6), and what he says of his *penna d'oro* in his letters to Henry II. king of France, and to Giambattista Gastaldo, (*Leti.*, p. 31, 35; Tiraboschi, *ibid.*) Cassandra Giovio, a lady of the family of Paolo Giovio, probably his great-niece, born at Cosmo in 1544, seems to offer a perfect contrast with this writer and even with Giambattista Giovio, the dull but erudite author of the *Lettere lariane*, of which we have already spoken. Cassandra has left a few poetical compositions, graceful and full of feeling: such is this stanza from a poem she wrote at the age of eighteen, on the day of her marriage with Geronimo Magnocavallo:—

Poichè m' hai colta, Amor, ne' lacci tuoi,  
I' benedico il giorno, e l'ora, e l'anno;  
Ma tu che tutto in cielo e in terra puoi,  
E se' d' alme gentili dolce tiranno,  
Deh! fa ch' io piaccia sempre agli occhi tuoi,  
Occi cagion del mio soave affanno;  
Che se qual io con lui, sempr' ei fia meco,  
Tu non sarai detto inconstante e cieco.

(*Donne più illustri del regno lombardo-veneto*, Milan, 1828, p. 47.)

<sup>2</sup> Lib. i. ep. iii. "Only endeavour," says Pliny, 'to have a better opinion of yourself; do yourself justice, and you will receive it from others.'

Pliny invited him to write, but Caninius Rufus appears to have preferred a *prudent silence*: it is sometimes a great advantage to have done nothing, as it is said, and not to have given the measure of one's strength. Pliny's reasons, moreover, seem rather singular: "All other possessions change masters thousands and thousands of times, but the productions of your mind will be always your own." It appears that Caninius Rufus yielded to the persuasions of Pliny; for, in a letter from the latter, the fourth of book viii, we learn that he was engaged in the composition of an epic poem in Greek verse on Trajan's expedition against the Dacians.

<sup>3</sup> Both the French translator of Pliny and the Italian have mistaken the sense in rendering *lacus* by basin, as the author of the *Lettere lariane* has demonstrated; it is the lake itself, as the present aspect of the places still proves. This misconstruction is not the only one that our visit to the country enables us to correct; in the same passage *illa porticus, verna semper*, does not seem rightly rendered by *portico where reigns an eternal spring*, but by *alley arched over by trees*: thus the delightful avenue of holms leading from Albano to Castelgondolfo is still called the *Gallery*. A French translator of Catullus has bestowed the usual epithet of *tranquille* on the lake of Garda, which is the most agitated of all the Italian lakes.

## BOOK THE FIFTH.

BERGAMO.—BRESCIA.—VERONA.—VICENZA.

## CHAPTER I.

Vaprio. — Colossal Virgin. — Bergamo. — Fairs. —  
Duomo. — Santa Maria Maggiore. — Colleoni chapel. — Italian military genius.

On the road from Milan to Bergamo is Vaprio, where there is to be seen, at the palace of Caravaggio, a colossal Virgin painted in fresco, and which, according to Vasari, appears to be by Leonardo Vinci instead of Bramante. The head reaches to the first floor, the rest of the body is hidden by a staircase, and has disappeared among the new buildings subsequently erected. An expression of modest bashfulness is predominant in this figure despite its enormous proportions, so very unsuitable for such a subject.

Most recent travellers have forgotten or neglected Bergamo, a town remarkable for monuments, aspect, and position, which occupies the top and sides of a steep hill and extends along its base. Its old established and splendid fair (which existed as early as 913) was just over when I arrived; but enough was left to allow one to judge of its importance. The square building that it occupies is one of the principal monuments of the town, and contains five hundred and forty shops with four great halls at the corners. Fairs were the means of exchange in the middle ages, and they owe their origin to the devotional practices, pilgrimages, and indulgences granted by the popes in those times, and though they may seem to belong to the infancy of commerce, they are still serviceable to trade. The fair of Bergamo is the principal vent for the cloths manufactured at Cosmo and the silks of Lombardy.\* Commercial science does not seem to have kept pace with the intellectual sciences: in Italy I have

several times met on the road the carriage loaded with gold that M. Rothschild sends, I believe, every month to Naples; it seemed to me that such a proceeding was somewhat retrograde since the discovery of bills of exchange, an excellent invention due to the Jews when they were driven from France by Philip Augustus and Philip-the-Long, when, instead of being courted, respected, and *à la mode*, they were obliged to hide the effects and property they left there, and to give foreign merchants and travellers private bills on the persons to whom they had confided their wealth.

The Duomo, an old church of the Lombard Arians, has been restored at various times, and last in the middle of the seventeenth century. An elegant *St. Benedict* is by Previtali of Bergamo, one of the best pupils of Giovanni Bellini, and it has the magic colouring of that school. A *Crucifixion* and the great baldachin of the high altar are the work of Giovanni Paolo Cavagna, a clever painter of Bergamo, at the end of the sixteenth century; *St. Fermus* and *St. Rusticus in prison* is by Cignaroli, a celebrated Veronese looked upon as a prodigy in his time, to whom the emperor Joseph II. said that he was come to Verona to see the two greatest wonders of the ancient and modern world, the amphitheatre and the first painter of Europe. The *St. Vincent*, in the chapel of that name, is by Carlo Ceresa, a painter of Bergamo in the seventeenth century, who had studied the models of a better era. The second sacristy has some remarkable pictures; three small ones by Lorenzo Lotto, a Venetian long resident at Bergamo, a pupil of the Bellini and graceful imitator of Leonardo; the *Christ risen*, by Morani; a *Deposition from the Cross*, by young Palma, and *St. Theresa*, by Antonio Balestra, a good painter

\* The Bergamese merchants sell these goods in London, where several of them have warehouses; their fortunes are immense. Zurich also carries

on this trade advantageously; there is a colony of its denizens established at Bergamo, where they have a chapel and minister.



of Verona, of the end of the seventeenth century, a pupil of Carlo Maratti, and like his master, not exempt from affectation. The antique baptistry, brought from the neighbouring church of Santa Maria Maggiore, and since become a kind of oratory, is an old and barbarous monument of an uncertain date.

The finest church of Bergamo, *Santa Maria Maggiore*, with its lions of red marble supporting the columns of the front, displays the first traces of the former power of Venice. The fresco of the *Assumption*, by Cavagna and Ercole Procaccini, is majestic, full of life, and in Correggio's style. The *St. Roch* and the *St. Sebastian*, by Lolmo, an esteemed Bergamese painter of the sixteenth century, are in the taste and drawing of the fourteenth. The *Passage of the Red Sea* is by Luca Giordano; a *Deluge*, by Liberi, has energy and variety. There is a fine painting in this church by Talpino, of Bergamo, the pupil and imitator of Raphael; the frescos of the roof, on the left of the high altar, are a remarkable performance of Cyrus Ferri, a Roman painter, the companion of Pietro de Cortone and his cleverest pupil. Above the little door is a small fresco, much injured but still beautiful, by Giovanni Cariani, who with Cavagno and Talpino forms the triumvirate of the best Bergamese painters.

The Colleoni chapel, founded by a famous warrior who is buried there, has an elegantly ornamented front. The hero is mounted on a great horse of gilt wood, placed on the top of his superb mausoleum, a monument of interest for the history of art, by Amadeo, a Pavian artist of the fifteenth century, who also executed the three statues of the altar and some of the sculptures on the front. Colleoni, who first made use of field artillery and invented ordnance carriages, belongs to the great school of the Sforzas, Braccios, Carmagnols, and Maltestis, who founded the art of war in Europe, and who prove that military genius, once the glory of Italy, has never been extinct among the Italians. The Colleoni chapel contains a large painting, representing the *Battle in which Joshua stopped the sun*, by Giuseppe Crespi, called *Spagnuolo*, a fantastical painter of the Bolognese school in its decline; and a *Virgin* full of grace, by Angelica Kauffman, which forms a strange contrast

with the capricious and confused boldness of the *Joshua*. The frescos of the roof are by Tiepolo, and the *Mattathias* by Cignaroli.

The church of Saint Erasmus is ornamented with a painting dated 1538, by Colleone, a good painter of Bergamo, who, being neglected and despised in his own country, left it to attach himself to the court of Spain: just before his departure, the unfortunate artist, conscious of his talent, painted on the front of a house a horse which has been much praised by some writers, and added these words—*Nemo propheta in patria*.

The church of Saint Andrew is remarkable for its paintings. The *Virgin, her Son, and some saints*, is an exquisite work by Moretto. The three fine incidents from the *life of the saint*, on the roof, by Padovanino, are highly effective, and perhaps this painter, so noted for his skill in foreshortening, never displayed a more astonishing example of it.

Saint Alexander *in colonna*, a church of the fifteenth century, has a rich and novel cupola, and many beautiful paintings, principally in the three sacristies. A *Last Supper*, of good design and colouring, though somewhat tinctured with the dryness of the fourteenth century, is by Caligarino, who from a shoemaker became an artist in consequence of the compliment paid him by his clever compatriot, Dossi, of Ferrara, on the shoes which he carried him appearing painted. A *St. John Baptist*, which has been attributed to the elder Palma, is by the younger; and in the oratory near the first sacristy is a good painting by Giovanni Jacopo Gavazzi, dated 1512.

Saint Bartholomew has a delightful *Madonna*, one of the best works of Lotto; the next painting on the left is attributed to the elder Palma; but it may possibly belong to the younger. The sacristy contains five of Bramantino's works; three of Lotto's; a young *St. John*, a masterpiece of Guercino or Cesare Gennari, is wrongly attributed to Bassano.

Saint Alexander *della Croce* has many fine paintings; a *Deposition from the Cross*, by Cignaroli; an *Assumption*, by Bassano; the *St. Anthony the Abbot*, by Talpino; the *Coronation of the Virgin*, by Moroni, and the two side paintings, attributed to Andrea Schiavone,

a happy imitator of Titian : in the sacristies, *St. Nicholas of Bari*, by the elder Palma; a *Crucifix*, by Previtali; another by Moroni; four little saints, by Bramantino, and other works of the best Bergamese masters.

The little oratory of Saint Jesus has, under a glass cover, an extraordinary painting of *Christ carrying his cross*, the only work at Bergamo by the celebrated and prolific painter Giambattista Castello, called *il Bergamesco*, who died in 1570, court painter at Madrid.

*Santa Maria delle Grazie* has the *St. Diego* of Francesco Zucco, a good Bergamese painter, and pupil of the Campi, the rival of his clever compatriots Talpino and Cavagna; the painting of the high-altar is by the latter.

At *Santa Maria del Sepolcro* is the *St. Sigismund*, one of Previtali's masterpieces.

## CHAPTER II.

School at Santa Grata.—Library.—Municipal patriotism of the Italians.—Carrara school.—Painting perpetual in Italy.—Singers of Bergamo.—Old palace.—Tasso's Bergamese origin.—Palazzo della Podestadura.—Harlequin.

The small church of the Benedictine nuns of *Santa Grata*, with its gilding and tasteful ornaments, has all the brilliancy of a drawing-room. It contains a much-admired painting, which has been at Paris, the *Virgin* in an aureola and several saints beneath, the masterpiece of Talpino, thought worthy of Raphael by Vasari. This Bergamese convent of Benedictines, having been suppressed by an imperial decree given at Compiegne (one might call it a capitulary of the time of Charlemagne) on the 25th April 1810, was not suffered to revive, as most of the other women convents in Lombardy, except on the condition of becoming a girls'school, so stubborn and unchangeable is the Austrian government in its system of schools.

The old convent of the Holy Ghost is converted into a house of industry. The church offers some fine celebrated paintings : *St. Anthony of Padua performing a miracle to convert a heretic*, a painting of amazing effect, is not by Dominico, but Giovanni Viani his father, a pupil of Guido; the *Madonna* by Lotto, in which the little St. John playing with a lamb shows a joy so

lively and natural, is a charming figure, that, as Lanzi says, neither Raphael nor Correggio would have surpassed. The *Daniel in the lions' den* and the *St. Francis*, by Cavagna, placed on each side this picture, sustain their dangerous proximity tolerably well.

The library of Bergamo has forty-five thousand volumes, the gift of private individuals. The Carrara school of painting and architecture was likewise founded by the generous man whose name it bears, Count Jacopo Carrara. In the absence of the patriotism and public spirit of free states, which they cannot possess, the Italians evince a love of art and of their native towns truly estimable, since it is habitual, and if its exercise be unproductive of glory, it has at least the advantage of being useful. This feeling impels them to a sort of partial benevolence somewhat singular. I was sometimes surprised at the favour accorded to certain plays, as well as to certain actors and actresses; but I learned that it was because the author or performers were of the town; *nostro veronese*, *nostro veneziano*, *nostro ferrarese*, *bolognese*, etc., is an expression of everyday use, to designate some compatriot artist or writer. The Carrara school contains many paintings attributed to various masters; a portrait of Raphael, supposed to be by himself, seems worthy of him for the sweet and noble expression of the physiognomy. Among other portraits are seven by Van-Dyck, two by Titian, one by Pordenone, one by Giorgione, one by Albert Durer, and one by Holbein. The *Galatea* is by Orbetto; a small painting of *Christ between the two thieves*, of 1456, by Vincenzo Foppa, is affecting and clever for that epoch; its inscription, *Vincentius Brixiensis fecit*, decidedly proves that this illustrious painter belongs to Brescia, and not to Milan, as Lomazzo and his followers have pretended. Four *Bacchanals*, three of which are copied from Titian, are by Padovanino; a *St. Catherine* is by Lotto; the *Virgin*, the *Infant Jesus* and *four saints* by the elder Palma; a *Holy Family*, by Parmegiano; a *Nephtune*, by Rubens; two *Pietys* and a *Magdalen* are by Annibale and Agostino Carracci. A cabinet of prints, a collection of medals, and a pretty good number of plasters, likewise make part of the Carrara school. It is astonishing that,

with so many helps and such means of study, the Italian school has not attained a greater eminence in the last three centuries. Possibly this multitude of such perfect models is an obstacle to originality and truth; artists, instead of looking within to their own resources, turn to things without, and wander in a vague and sterile imitation; and instead of expressing nature, they ape Titian, Raphael, or Giulio Romano; copying and repeating instead of creating. The art then becomes a kind of trade, an easy, regular, and continuous occupation which recalls the remark made with singular self-gratulation by Scipio Maffei, *that if they paint badly in Italy, at all events they are always painting.*<sup>1</sup> The musical lyceum directed for forty years by Mayer, the clever Bavarian composer, is another institution of art honourable to Bergamo. By a kind of miracle, this little town alone, has produced a greater number of eminent singers than any city in Italy; hence has escaped during thirty years past that flight of warblers, those harmonious tenors who have enchanted Europe, from Monbelli, Davide father and son, to the incomparable Rubini.

Under the portico of the *Palazzo vecchio della ragione*, or palace of justice, is a great statue of Tasso in Carrara marble. The father of the bard of the *Gierusalemme* was of Bergamo; misfortune and proscription had obliged him to quit the land of his birth, and to be a wanderer in Italy and France, for adversity is traced back and seems hereditary in this poetic family: Ludovico Tasso, the maternal uncle, who was to Bernardo in the stead of a father, had been murdered in his house by robbers. This statue of Torquato seems to protest against the injustice of fate, which deprived the inhabitants of Bergamo of the honour of such a compatriot; it is an expression of illustrious regret and noble sorrow, a partial appropriation of the great man whom they lost, after passing among them the first days of his infancy. Bergamo, the primitive country of Tasso,

seems worthy to have given him birth, by the interest it ever continued to take in him. When he was detained in the hospital of Saint Anne, the town sent a petition to the duke of Ferrara in his favour, which was presented by one of its first citizens; there was also sent as a present at the same time a lapidary inscription interesting to the house of Este, which its sovereigns had long coveted. After his deliverance, Tasso went to Bergamo, was visited by the magistrates, enthusiastically welcomed by his friends, his admirers, and the lovely dames; and, although it was fair time, his presence was quite an event. Tasso has more than once spoken of Bergamo as being really his country, in his sonnets, dialogues, and letters,<sup>2</sup> and the comparison he has made of the miseries of human life to the perplexities of a great fair may be regarded as a reminiscence of this town.<sup>3</sup>

The civic palace (*della Podestadura*), is one of the finest palaces planned by Scamozzi, but the upper part, which is not by him, and the statues over it, are in very bad taste. The great hall offers several remarkable paintings: *St. Andrew d'Avellino celebrating mass*, by Talpino; a *Virgin*, the *Infant Jesus*, with several saints overhead, and two Venetian magistrates kneeling below, by Felice Brusasorci, a noble and graceful painter; the great *Cenaculum*, by Bronzino. The same piece contains also numerous portraits of cardinals and other illustrious Bergamese. The council-chamber is not less curious: there are a portrait of Bembo, by Titian; the *Adulterous woman*, by Talpino; a ceiling by Francesco Bassano, and the original designs of the great architect, the author of the plan, so badly followed, of this very palace *della Podestadura*.

It is the commonly received opinion that Harlequin sprung from the vallies near Bergamo, but German criticism and erudition have just found him an Etruscan genealogy.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Verona illustrata*, part. III, fol. 443.

<sup>2</sup> See his beautiful sonnet on Bergamo: *Terra, che l' Serio bagna*, etc. *Rime*, part. II, 448, and the *Lett. inedite*, lxxvii, lxxxvi, cxxxi, and others, published at Pisa in 1827.

<sup>3</sup> "Pensa che questa vita è simile ad una fiera solenne e popolosa, nella quale si raccoglie grandissima turba di mercanti, di ladri, di giacatori:

chi primo si parte, meglio allogia; chi più indugia, si stanca, ed invecchiando divien bisognoso di molte cose; è molestato da' nemici, e circondato dall' insidie; al fine muore infelicamente." Letter to his kinsman the cavalier Enea Tasso, of Bergamo, cxxxix of the *Lett. ined.*

<sup>4</sup> See Schlegel's *Course of dramatic literature*, lesson VIII.



## CHAPTER III.

Gorlago.—Tower of Telgate;—of Palazzolo.—View.  
 —Mount Coccaglio.—*Vino santo*.—Castle of Calepio.—Vale of Calepio.—Ancient towers.—Lake of Isea.—Lovera.—Cenotaph by Canova.—Orrido del Tinazzo.—Pisogna.—Iron foundry.—Cascade.—Tavernola.—*Monte d'Isola*.—Four sisters hermits.—Isea.—Predora.—Odd ruin.—Sarnico.—Montecchio.—Vengeance by dishonoured maidens.

The lake of Isea and its environs, though nearly always neglected, are worth a visit. This corner of Upper Italy is distinguished for his natural beauties, its works of art, and the productions of industry.

At the village of Leriato, the principal church has a fine picture by Morone. The greater part of the churches of these villages have good paintings by Lombard or Venetian masters.

The church of Gorlago, embellished with stuccos and gilding, possesses some valuable old paintings. There is a hall in this same village, painted in fresco, a grand and splendid work by an unknown author, which is worthy of a palace.

Telgate begins that chain of flourishing villages which occupy the vale of Calepio. The tower is of great antiquity.

A vast steeple ornamented with elegant basso-relievos by S. Marchesi, has been erected on the top of the rock of Palazzolo. From this species of watch-tower the view extends afar all round the country, embracing the Duomo of Milan and the tower of Cremona.

Mount Coccaglio, above the villages of the same name, offers another marvellous prospect. Up two thirds of the ascent is an ancient monastery now become an immense cellar, where the sweet and rather pleasant wine of the country, known by the name of *vino santo*, is prepared and stored; this wine, which every body makes at home, is dearer and held in higher esteem than all the most boasted foreign wines. Beside the grand *Loggia* is a chamber occupied by prince Eugene in the campaign of 1706, where, after seeing the greater part of that army which was going to deliver Turin file off, he dictated to his secretary a letter for the emperor, beginning with these words :—"I write to you from the finest point of view there is in Italy." On the door of this historical

chamber these three words, unnecessarily enough, are inscribed : *Intra, vide, admira*.

The castle of Calepio, which is not the ancient manor house of that family, but the palace built in 1430 by Count Trussardo Calepio, rises majestically on the steep bank of the Oglio, which foams along at its feet. The vale of Calepio enjoys the mildest temperature, and some of its enormous mulberry trees are anterior to the introduction of silk-spinning. The numbers of antique towers covering the neighbouring hills forcibly recall the cruel dissensions of the Guelphs and Gibelines; some of these towers maintain their primitive elevation, but the most part have been lowered into houses, a sign of the defeat of their occupants.

Among the numerous boroughs and villages which border and embellish the shores of the lake of Isea, at once so smiling and sweet, so well cultivated and so wild, Lovera and Pisagna are the principal. Lovera, an ancient borough, injured in the wars between the Guelphs and Gibelines, was more especially the victim of Pandolfo Malatesta, lord of Bergamo, who to chastise its rebellion, repaired thither with his army in the first days of October 1415 : he took it, ordered the inhabitants to quit, and allowed them no more time than a candle would last that he had ordered to be lighted; he afterwards sold the houses and land. Lovera has two great and rich churches adorned with paintings, and a fine cenotaph by Canova, one of the repetitions of that of Volpato, devoted by Count Tadini to his son, a young man of great promise, who was crushed by the ruins of an arch. At Castro, near Lovera, is a narrow abyss, where the torrent justly called the *Orrido del Tinazzo* precipitates itself with a roaring noise. Pisagna, a small trading town, has a large square with a piazza opposite the lake, a modern church of the Corinthian order, and a fine iron foundry in a most picturesque spot at the foot of a majestic cascade.

The Fenaroli palace, at Tavernola, enjoys from its terrace one of the finest prospects of the lake, particularly at sunrise. But the wonder of the lake of

<sup>1</sup> Cicognara has pointed out three repetitions of this cenotaph; the one here alluded to must be the fourth.

Isea, which distinguishes it from the five other lakes of Lombardy, although the smallest, is the high mountain, *monte d'Isola*, which shoots up from its bosom; a mountain crowned by the sanctuary of the Madonna and adorned at its base by vineyards, woods, fields, and meadows with fort Martinengo, its battlements and tower, once a kind of telegraph of the Guelphs and Gibelins. At the foot of this superb peak crouch, scarcely rising above the water, two little islands which enhance its majesty. The chronicles of the convent of Conventuals relate that four maiden sisters, seized with a holy enthusiasm, resolved to seclude themselves and live alone on four of the highest points on the borders of the lake whence they might be able to see each other: the *monte d'Isola* was one of the retreats of these maiden hermits who were actuated only by the pure sentiments of love to God and mutual affection.

Isea, the principal port on the lake, takes its name, it is said, from a temple of Isis, a proof of its antiquity. By the side of a rugged rock advancing into the lake, Predora shows its abundant vegetation of orange and lemon trees. A tower, one half of which has been demolished from top to bottom, owes its extraordinary ruin to the hostility of two brothers, one a Guelph, the other a Gibeline, to whom it had fallen in heritage; the first wished it to stand, the second to be pulled down. Sarnico, a populous trading borough, with a spacious square, stands close by where the rapid and noisy Oglio issues from the lake.

The summit of Montecchio, formerly the site of a monastery, is now occupied by a beautiful villa hidden by a wood of evergreens. The view, at once smiling, varied, and extensive, is one of the most splendid in the country. The ruined castle was, in the thirteenth century, the theatre of an event, noticed and sung by Alfieri,\* which furnishes another proof of the energy of that age and also of the women of the country. Montecchio was then held by two brigand chiefs, Tizzone and Giliolo, from whose violence the whole country suffered, and near Isea resided two young orphans, Tiburga and Imazza, daughters of Girardo Oldofredi whom they had recently lost. Tizzone

and Giliolo, conscious that their proposals to marry their neighbours would not be accepted, made a forcible entrance during the night, with their men, into the villa of these noble ladies, and violated their persons. But Tiburga and Imazza, instead of bashfully deploring their injuries and killing themselves like Lucretia and other heroines of the same kind, flew to Brescia, raised the inhabitants to avenge the outrage, and, followed by an armed band, with thirteen women who had assumed cuirasses and military habiliments like themselves, laid siege to the rock of Montecchio. The defence was obstinate; but at last Tiburga, having placed a ladder, met Giliolo in the breach, the very man who had dishonoured her, smote off his head with her sword, and showed it to her companions in arms, crying out:—"God has given me the victory; so may the wicked perish!" Tizzone, after the taking of the fort, was discovered and taken in a subterranean hiding-place by Tiburga, whom he wounded with his lance, but she plunged her poniard in his heart. The bodies of Giliolo and Tizzone were thrown into the Oglio, and Imazza and Tiburga modestly retired to their villa, became the wives of two brave inhabitants of Brescia, and began a long posterity who religiously preserved the arms which their two ancestors had used so courageously.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Brescia.—Antique temple.—Statue of Victory.—Brolletto palace.—Brigitta Avogadro.—Women of Brescia.—Bayard's house.

Brescia is a wealthy trading town of nearly forty thousand inhabitants; it has some fine paintings and noble edifices; but its various merits partially escaped me on my first journey, owing to the discovery of an antique temple, which I have since visited every year and watched its excavations with great interest. Doctor Labus had endeavoured to restore the inscription on the pediment, of which some few letters only remained; he was of opinion that Vespasian erected a monument in the town of Brescia, probably on account of the succour that it afforded him when he seized on the empire after defeating the forces of Vitellius. This was but a conjecture, but the doctor has since had the rare antiqua-

\* See the following chapter.

rian triumph of seeing his hypothesis confirmed by the finding of a portion of the original inscription. When I first contemplated these beautiful marble columns which had been buried so long, I could not suppress my veneration for a soil which is equally productive of the wonders of art and the blessings of nature, where one need only dig to draw from its bosom chefs-d'œuvre or illustrious mementos of antiquity; a soil not less prolific of fruits, than teeming with monuments.

In the grand hall of the Gymnasium there were exposed sixteen figures discovered only some days before, among which, was a superb statue of *Victory*, perhaps the largest and finest of all those in bronze: in the following year this statue had become an image of Fame, and in accordance with this change, a kind of large oval tablet of disagreeable effect had been placed in her arms, on which she appeared to be writing. This Fame of 1827 had not probably attained her last metamorphosis. In the absence of interests, principles, and discussions of a graver kind, the Italians turn the natural inconstancy of our judgments and opinions upon their statues and monuments, of which they are ever changing the names, attributes, and destinations. As a consequence of that artistic and municipal patriotism, spoken of in a

preceding page, and which is to be found throughout Italy, the town has made great sacrifices and a considerable outlay in order to establish a museum of antiquities on the very ruins of the discovered temple. This museum, consisting of monuments withdrawn from the earth, independently of the statue of *Victory* and other bronzes, contains several basso-relievos, trunks, and fragments of statues in marble, tasteful ornaments, many articles in glass and earthenware, a fine mosaic pavement, and about four hundred inscriptions, the greater part of interest for the history of Brescia and even of Italy.

I have since passed several days at Brescia, and inspected every thing minutely under the guidance of one of its most distinguished inhabitants, whose attentions were truly indefatigable. The revolution of 1797 and the converting the old palace of Broletto to another use, as hotel of the prefecture, at present the seat of the delegation, a law court and prison, have nearly effaced all that was interesting in an historical point of view. I should have wished to find there the high mast of that carroccio<sup>1</sup> won from the Cremonese in 1191. in the bloody field of Rudiano, a symbol of the military and religious liberty of the republics in the middle ages, which the demagogues of the last century destroyed,

<sup>1</sup> The *carroccio* was a four-wheeled car drawn by four pair of oxen. It was painted red, and the oxen drawing it were covered down to their feet with red cloth; a mast, also painted red, rose from the middle of the car to a great height, and was surmounted by a gilt globe. The flag of the town floated on high between two white sails; lower down, towards the middle of the mast, a Christ placed on a crucifix with extended arms seemed to bless the army. The councils of war were held on this *carroccio*, and the military chest, the surgeon's stores, and a part of the booty were kept there. It was not allowed to go out till authorised by a public decree, and was always accompanied by some hundreds of veterans armed with halberds and lances. A platform was set apart on the front for some of the most valiant soldiers whose duty it was to defend it; behind, another platform was occupied by the musicians with their trumpets. Divine service was celebrated on the *carroccio* before it left the town, and there was often a chaplain attached to it, who accompanied it to the field of battle. The loss of the *carroccio* was reckoned the greatest ignominy which could befall a town; all the choice men of the army were therefore selected for the guard of the sacred car, and the decisive strokes were generally made in its vicinity; it was the *rem esse ad triarios* of the Romans or

the charge of the *vieille garde*. The *carroccio* was devised by Eribert, archbishop of Milan, during the war of the Milanese with the emperor Conrad-the-Salic; it was like the ark of the covenant to the tribes of Israel. This singular standard completed the military system of the Lombards at that epoch; it was necessary to augment the importance of the infantry belonging to towns by rendering it formidable, in order to oppose it to the cavalry of the nobles: the *carroccio* gained this object; the infantry when obliged to subject its movements to those of a heavy car drawn by oxen, acquired a more weight, solidity, and self-confidence; retreats were effected more slowly and consequently in better order, and flight, otherwise than disgraceful, became impossible. "It is not irrelevant to observe," says M. de Sismondi, "that the oxen of Italy have a more lightsome gait and are much quicker than in France; so that their pace is better adapted to the march of infantry," (*Hist. des Rép. Ital. du Moyen âge*, chap. vi.) The use of artillery was one of the chief causes for discontinuing the *carroccio*, which only figured afterwards in certain ceremonies. In Tassoni's *Secchia rapita* there is an exact and poetic description of the *carroccio* :—

Ecco il carroccio uscir fuor della porta  
Tutto coperto d'or, etc.

Cant. v. p. 93.



with the portrait of Brigitta Avogadro, who, leading the women of Brescia armed with cuirasses and lances, valiantly repulsed the redoubtable Piccinino, in the assault he made on their town in 1412. The ladies of Brescia have left off fighting, but they seem still to be somewhat fiery, if we may judge of them from the satirical verses of Alfieri :—

Veggio Bresciane donne iniquo specchio  
Farsi de' ben forbitti pugnauelli,  
Cui prova o amante infido, o sposo veglio.

A Brescian of the family of the brave Brigitta, count Ludovico Avogadro, has been singularly calumniated on the French stage by Du Belloy, who has almost made him the traitor of his rhyming melodrama of *Gaston et Bayard*, whereas the count's enterprise was honourable, having only for its object the deliverance of his native country from foreign invasion and the re-establishment of legitimate authority in Venice. It is true that the plain and unassuming Bayard is almost as miserably parodied in that piece, he being represented as a mere braggadocio.<sup>1</sup> The execution of Avogadro and his two sons, and the frightful pillage of Brescia for seven days were crimes arising from the victory of Gaston, who is so sensitive and sympathetic in Du Belloy's verses. Historical tragedy, which seems capable of endowing the art with more comprehensiveness, nature, and truth, has hitherto evinced but little fidelity in France. The Cid, like Gaston, was cruel; but how boundless the distance between such works, and is it not a kind of dramatic blasphemy and sacrilege to compare them for a single moment?

The memory of Bayard and the friendly zeal of a guide so well acquainted with the history of Brescia, made me anxious to find the house which received the illustrious knight when, being wounded, after having the first passed the rampart on foot and repulsed that master Andrea Gritti who cried to his men in his Italian tongue; "Let us hold on, my friends; the French will soon be tired, they have won only the first point; and if

that Bayard was disabled, the rest should never come nigh; a"—he said to the lord of Molart :—"Companion, push on your men, the town is won; as for me I cango no further, for I am a dead man," and then two of his archers took off their shirts and tore them to stanch the bleeding of his wound. According to the not improbable conjectures thrown out in the notes to Gambara's *Geste de' Bresciani*, Bayard, being wounded in the New Market, must have been carried into the house of the Cevola or Cigola family, situated in that square. At that period there were only three families of note who had houses in the New Market, one of which, the Maggi, had no daughters at that time; and the other, the Confalonieri, was opposed to the French and had lost one of its members in the battle. One of the Cigola family, on the contrary, was an esquire to the king of France, and Calimere Cigola had a wife and two daughters at that very epoch. This Calimere Cigola appears besides to have been an arrant egotist and coward, as on the assault "he fled to a monastery," leaving his wife at the house, "under the protection of Our Lord, with two fair daughters that she had, who were hidden in a loft under some hay." Bayard, after assuring his hostess that she had "in her house a gentleman who would not plunder it," asked her where her husband was: "I bedoubt me much," said she, "that he be in a monastery where he has great acquaintance;" and when he came, he made him "fare jovially," saying to him, that he must not be melancholy, and that he had lodged none but his friends." It was there that Bayard kept his bed a month or five weeks, longing "to be at the battle, and greatly fearing it would be given before he was there." The scene of Bayard taking farewell has been painted and narrated a thousand times, and is known by every body. But the habitual surprise and astonishment inspired by so natural and simple a fact as his refusal of the ducats for having protected a lady and her daughters, proves that such conduct was then an exception, and that for a long time this mode of acquiring money

<sup>1</sup> So strange was the manner of understanding patriotism at the end of the last century, that Bayard's chain, which had devolved by right of inheritance to his collateral descendants, was presented, in 1789, by its possessor to Larive in a mad

fit of enthusiasm induced by witnessing that actor's personation of Bayard in Du Belloy's piece, and this manner of disposing of it he fancied was rendering homage to the memory of his ancestor.

<sup>2</sup> *Mémoires du loyal serviteur*, ch. L.

had been usual with military men : Sully himself relates that at the sacking of Villefranche he gained a purse of a thousand crowns in gold by saving the life of an old man who was pursued by five or six soldiers. The noble disinterestedness and generous compassion of the French officer are part of those national qualities for which we are indebted to the reign of Louis XIV. ; but the glory of Bayard is not less, as he preconceived and forestalled them.

## CHAPTER V.

Palace of the *Loggia*.—Political incendiarism.—Ancient symptoms of heresy.—Library.—Cardinal Quirini.

The finest edifice of Brescia is the municipal palace of the *Loggia*. It is much to be regretted that this palace was consumed by fire in 1575, when the great hall of the palace, which Palladio thought admirable, was destroyed, as well as the three vast paintings executed by Titian at the age of ninety-two ; one of them was the forge of the Cyclops, engaged in the manufacture of fire-arms, a subject most appropriately placed in the guildhall of Brescia, a town which has ever been famous for its fowling-pieces. Notwithstanding the antipathies to *ordered* subjects, it is seen by Titian's letters, that this great painter exactly conformed to the magistrates' instructions, and had the extraordinary resignation to make no changes. Titian's fecundity is prodigious : independently of his numerous masterpieces still extant, the paintings of Brescia are not the only ones he has lost by fire. An admirable picture of the *Battle of Cadora between the Venetians and the Imperialists*, placed in the grand council-room, was burnt in the conflagration of the ducal palace. The burning of the palace of the *Loggia* does not appear the effect of accident, but premeditated design ; the Venetian government was accused of it ; such an act, it was alleged, was the only means it had of depriving them of the

rights and liberties granted by the emperors Conrad, Henry VI., and Henry VII., and guaranteed by the doges Francesco Foscari and Leonardo Loredano, the titles of which were in the public archives. What a strange scruple of power is this political sophism ; how perfectly worthy of the Italian governments of the sixteenth century ! In the council chamber are eight frescos by Giulio Campi, previously placed in the room where the doctors or judges of the colleges held their sittings, and which, for that reason, all represent instances of good and impartial justice. These are two of them : *Trajan on the point of setting out on a military expedition, dealing justice to a mother for the murder of her son who has been slain by soldiers* ;<sup>1</sup> and *Seleucus, king of the Locrians, author of the law condemning adulterers to the loss of both their eyes : his son Aristeus, being found guilty of this crime, was on the point of being acquitted by the magistrates, and all the people petitioned for his pardon ; but Seleucus, at the same time a father and a king, plucked out one of his son's eyes and one of his own, that the law might have the two eyes it exacted*. Over the door is a *Nativity* by Moretto ; below on each side *St. Faustin* and *St. Giovite*, by Foppa, as well as the fine painting of *Christ and Veronica* over the fireplace. In the room before this, a large painting represents the condemnation, in 1810, of the priest Giuseppe Beccarelli by the podesta, the captain, the cardinal bishop of the town, and the Dominican inquisitor, the last act of the inquisition at Brescia.

The heresy of Beccarelli, if he has not been slandered by the jesuits, who were jealous of the prosperity of a college he had founded, seems to have been a kind of Platonism, and of mysticism mixed up with spirituality and sensualism ; he preached, said his accusers, that provided the soul were united to God by prayer, the body might do what it pleased : he was condemned to the galleys, but his punishment was commuted by the senate

<sup>1</sup> This humane act of Trajan's is also the subject of a basso-relievo in marble, which Dante has placed in his *Purgatory* (x. 70), because it is pretended, as Ginguené says (*Hist. litt. d'Ital.* n. 450), that Saint Gregory was so touched by it that he asked and obtained the good emperor's deliverance from hell. The tradition of this incident seems popular in Italy. I have seen a representation of it in a church

at Verona, *Saint Thomas Cantuariense* ; but it is not recorded by any historian deserving of credit ; both Baronius and Bellarmine treat it as fabulous. Others attribute Saint Gregory's compassion for Trajan to his admiration of that emperor's forum, a new and curious proof of the injustice of reproaching this great man with being a mortal foe to the arts and monuments of antiquity. (See Book XIV. chap. xvii.)

who suspected he was the victim of jealousy, and he died in prison at Venice. Brescia is one of those Italian towns that have shown at different times symptoms of schism and reform.<sup>1</sup> The weak and tender Beccarelli, if he was not culpable, and the theologian Giovanni Ducco, archbishop of Coron and legate in Germany, who was stripped of his honours by Pope Sixtus IV. for writing too freely on the abuses of the Roman court, and who died at Brescia, his native place, where his tomb is seen in the church of Saint Nazarius and Saint Celsus, were at all events far from the power and excesses of that Arnaud of Brescia (as if the name of Arnaud, both in France and Italy, must needs remind us of doctrinal disputes and persecution), that Arnaud, the pupil and friend of the lover of Heloise and antagonist of Saint Bernard, who was ten years master of Rome, and finally perished at the stake before the Corso; a kind of apostle, tribune, and martyr, one of the first and most terrible innovators, whether political or religious.

The library of Brescia has twenty-eight thousand volumes. The celebrated manuscript of the Four Evangelists, of the sixth or seventh century, on purple vellum, is in a very good state of preservation: it has been explained by the learned Bianchini. The oldest edition is the second of Saint Augustine (Rome, 1468), which is scarce and much sought after. The first edition of Petrarch (Venice, 1470) has some pretty miniatures attributed to Mantegna's school. There is also a fine Coran; this book is common in the Italian libraries; they were brought by the Greeks when driven from Constantinople, perhaps through one of those inadvertences to which flight and fear are liable. The original drawings of the *Monumenta antiqua urbis et agri Brixiani*, by the able and learned Sebastiano Aragonese, are curious and scarce. The most precious monument of the library is a great cross given by Didier, the last king of the Lombards, to his daughter Ansberg, abbess of the convent of Saint Julia of Brescia, the sister of Adelghis and of that touching Ermengarda who is so

pathetically portrayed in Manzoni's tragedy. The cross of the holy abbess is enriched with cameos representing the choir of the Muses, Pegasus, the three Graces, and other mythological subjects, some of which are scarcely decent. This costly cross of Greek workmanship seems of itself to compose, as it were, the cabinet of medals and engraved stones of the Brescia library. A charming miniature of the Virgin and her son on lapis lazuli is said to be by Titian: it is supposed to have been the medalion of Charles V. Notwithstanding the beauty of this gem, it seems of less price than the simple chain of Bayard, for it has never felt the beating of a noble and generous heart.

The library of Brescia was the gift of one of its bishops, Cardinal Quirini,<sup>2</sup> to whom Voltaire addressed those elegant stanzas.—

Quoi ! vous voulez donc que je chante  
Ce temple orné par vos bienfaits? etc.

It was also to this cardinal that Voltaire addressed his dissertation on ancient and modern tragedy which is prefixed to *Sémiramis*. In this essay, after having so many times spoken of Shakespeare with admiration, he qualifies *Hamlet* as the *fruit of the imagination of a drunken savage*. The false judgments of Voltaire are nearly always connected with some jealous rivalry which is soon betrayed by the indiscretion of his self-love. He refused to believe in the devotedness of the citizens of Calais, because of some bad verses by Du Belloy and the noise made by his play; in this instance it is evident that on the point of introducing the shade of Ninus on the French stage, he could not conceal from himself how far his accessible and familiar shade was inferior on its estrade, by daylight, in the midst of the Babylonian court, to the ghost of the English poet, appearing at midnight, by moonshine, on the platform of the castle of Elsinore near the rock-bound shore of the bellowing sea.

A great number of autograph letters, forming seven large bundles, written to

<sup>1</sup> See Thomas M'Crie's work, *History of the progress and suppression of the reformation in Italy*. Edinburgh and London; 1827.

<sup>2</sup> The diptych of Boetius, which cardinal Quirini had illustrated by divers literati, is not in the li-

brary; it belongs to the cavalier Nicolas Fè of Brescia. The public library possesses another regarded as modern, the ivory figures of which are perfectly intact and are full of grace and voluptuousness.



Cardinal Quirini, were also bequeathed by him to the library of Brescia. As the cardinal had relations with d'Aguesseau, Cardinals Noailles and Fleury, Montfaucon, Dom Calmet, and the scholars and literary characters of the latter half of the age of Louis XIV., this correspondence must be curious to examine; a part has no doubt been extracted in the historical commentary that Quirini has written on his own life,<sup>1</sup> but this portion is inconsiderable, and he must have experienced that feeling of embarrassment and reserve natural to every man obliged to speak of himself throughout three large volumes, an embarrassment against which men have since become well hardened.

## CHAPTER VI.

Old Duomo;—new one.—Saint Afra.—Popular literature.—Marcello.—Real and grand music.—Work of Saint Luke.—Anachronisms of painting.—Martinengo mausoleum.

The old Duomo of Brescia, one of the most ancient monuments of Italy, was mistakenly supposed a pagan temple, on account of the great number of idolatrous emblems found in it, and which were barbarously doomed to destruction by the town council on the 19th of April and the 25th of May 1456. It appears that the Lombards erected the edifice about the middle of the seventh century. Two relics are religiously preserved there: a large piece of the cross, which was given in 1149 by Pope Eugene III. to Manfredi bishop of Brescia, and afterwards purchased of the Venitians who had received it from his heirs, and the small standard, a real oriflamme, as it is called at Brescia (*croce d'orofiamma*) carried in the crusade in 1221 by bishop Albert, who planted it on the walls of Damietta which he had seized upon at the head of fifteen hundred Brescians: after so glorious an exploit, Albert was named patriarch of Antioch, a singular instance of an ecclesiastical dignity being conferred in reward for military courage. The old Duomo has some good works: in the chapel of the *croce d'orofiamma*, the two great paintings by

Gandini and Cossale (the latter was a good painter and an unfortunate man who perished in his old age by the hand of his son); two statues of *Faith* and *Charity*, by Vittoria, an artist of Trent, who gained his celebrity at Venice; the fine mausoleum of Domenico Domenici, bishop of Brescia, by an unknown author; a *St. Martin*, by Pietro Rosa, a clever pupil of Titian, who died young; the *Passover of the Hebrews*, the *Sacrifice of Abraham*, a superb *Elijah*, and a *David*, by Moretto, likewise one of Titian's pupils, and a charming painter, whose numerous pictures at Brescia, says Lanzi, have induced more than one amateur to visit the town.

The present new Duomo, a work of the sixteenth century, was, like that of Pavia, rebuilding when I saw it. The Italians are a people of masons, and have an impatient ardour for building which impels them to be ever throwing down and re-erecting their edifices; a pitiable mania in such a country, so abounding with reminiscences and curious monuments of the past.

The churches of Brescia are rich, and interesting in an artistic point of view. At Saint Peter in Oliveto, *St. Lorenzo Giustiniani* between Saint John and the Divine Wisdom, is graceful and full of morbidezza; the *Virgin crowned by God the Father*, with Saints Peter and Paul, and the figures of Peace and Justice, at the high-altar, is a noble and majestic composition; the two superb frescos of *St. Peter* and *St. Paul*, and of *Simon the Magician*, are by Moretto; *St. Theresa kneeling before the Redeemer bound to the Pillar*, is by Cappuccino; the *Ecstasy* of the same, vivid and natural, is by Angelo Trevisano. The choir is ornamented with four majestic paintings from the history of Moses, by Ricchino, Moretto's countryman and pupil. The *Victory gained in 1629 by the Carmelite monk Jesus Maria over the duke palatine of the Rhine*, passes for one of the best paintings of the Cavalier Celesti, a pleasing easy painter, few of whose works have preserved their primitive beauty owing to the composition of his colours and the affectation of effect in chiaro-obscurò. A *Bearing*

<sup>1</sup> *Commentarius de rebus pertinentibus ad Aug. Mar. S.R.E. cardinalem Quirinum*, Brixie, 1749, cum appendice, 1750, three large vols, 8vo. The work was continued by Padre Federico San Vitale,

a Jesuit, and forms in all five volumes. Some of cardinal Quirini's manuscripts have come into the possession of our *Société des bibliophiles*, it seems that they contain nothing worth extracting.

of the Cross, is a valuable picture by Paolo Zoppo, a clever imitator of the Bellini, who embellished a great quantity of books with his miniatures, and died of grief at Desenzano, through having broken a crystal basin on which he had painted the sacking of Brescia by Gaston, a long and beautiful work that he meant to present to the Doge Gritti.

The church of *Santa Maria di Calchera* offers a noble, touching, and picturesque painting by Romanino, the *Bishop Appollonius administering the communion to the people*. The *Christ between St. Jerome and St. Dorothea* seems a fresco by Moretto. A *Visitation* with a fine landscape and forms and colouring in Titian's style, is by Calisto Piazza. The *Christ at the Pharisee's table*, and *Magdalen at his feet*, is another masterpiece of Moretto.

At Saint Euphemia, the *St. Maur* is one of the best productions of Gbitti, a good painter of Brescia in the seventeenth century. The *Virgin with the Infant Jesus and the little Saint John*, adorned by the Saints Benedict, Paterus, Euphemia and Justine, by Moretto, is noble and graceful. *St. Benedict visiting St. Scolastica* passes for one of the good works of Santo Cattaneo; a head of an old man is remarkable.

Saint Afra has some admirable paintings. Despite the resolution I had adopted in my first journey not to occupy myself too much with pictures, it was impossible not to yield at the sight of Titian's *Adulterous woman*. Painting carried to that height of perfection becomes eloquence; it is an intellectual art which is understood and enjoyed by all those to whom its exercise is not completely foreign. This beautiful figure is the truest and most touching expression of woman's frailty and repentance. The *Martyrdom of St. Afra* is one of the first and best preserved chefs-d'œuvre of Paolo Veronese; but the saint's habiliments are too showy for a scaffold, such theatrical costume being out of place there. It is supposed that one of the trunkless heads placed in a corner of the picture is the portrait of Paolo Veronese: Cristoforo Allori, the painter of *Judith*, in the Florence gallery, likewise gave his own portrait in the severed head of Holophernes. We may recognise even in these artist's freaks something of the gloomy genius

of the Italians in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The *Virgin and her Son*, by Cesare Procaccini, is the most Correggio-like of his numerous altarpieces: Saint Latinus, Saint Charles, and the Angels have, however, a gayer and more wanton air than properly belongs to them. *St. Apollonius baptising*, and *St. Faustin and St. Giovite giving the eucharist in the night to the first Christians*, by Francesco Bassano, is magical in its expression, colouring, and effect. The figures of the two last saints, and the *Martyrdom of St. Felix*, are by the younger Palma. A *Transfiguration* is by Tintoretto.

At Saint Barnabas, the *Christ in the manger* is a charming work, and the only one at Brescia, of Savoldo, an able painter of that town, and one of the best of the sixteenth century; he was a noble amateur who presented his paintings to the churches, after finishing them off leisurely and carefully, and never fatiguing himself by too extensive compositions. The two small paintings of *St. Roch* and *St. Sebastian*, by Civerchio, one of whose paintings placed in the public palace so much excited the admiration of the victorious French that they sent it to Louis XII.; and a *Last Supper*, in the sacristy, by Foppa, are very good.

Saint Alexander has some remarkable paintings; an *Annunciation* is one of the fine monuments of ancient painting. The *Christ dead between St. Alexander and St. Paul*, with a view of Calvary covered with excellent little figures, passes for a masterpiece of Civerchio. The *Virgin worshipped by St. Honorius*, and other saints, is one of the most esteemed works of Geronimo Rossi, Moretto's imitator.

Among the paintings of the church of Saint Dominick, may be distinguished, on the roof, the *Saint and St. Francis praying to Christ*, by Fiamminghino; the *Virgin, Magdalen, and St. Peter the martyr at the foot of the Crucifix*, one of the best productions of Gandini, in the style of Paolo Veronese and the younger Palma; two paintings of the latter, *Pius V. returning thanks to God and the Virgin for the victory over the Turks on St. Justine's day*, in the year 1571; the *Souls in Purgatory praying for deliverance*.

Saint Nazarius and Saint Celsus deserves a visit for the singular and beau-

tiful painting by Titian, divided into five compartments. *St. Francis*, *St. Nicholas*, *St. Michael*, a painting by Moretto, bears its trying neighbourhood with honour. This church is still further indebted to this excellent artist for the *Christ between Moses and Elias*, and some small paintings in the sacristy, which also possesses a superb *St. Barbara*, attributed to Lactantius Gambara, a famous painter of Brescia, and clever imitator of Titian.

The church of Saint Francis, which has some good paintings such as the *St. Peter*, by Gandini; the *St. Francis and other saints*, by Romanino; a *Mother praying to St. Anthony*, by Francesco Maffei, and especially a *Sposalizio*, by an unknown author, recalls a singularly characteristic literary incident. It was there that, on the 24th of June 1425, Bartolommeo Baiguera read his *Itinerarium Italiae* to the people after prayers, as Herodotus read his history before assembled Greece, another primitive, artless, and poetical itinerary. Before the invention of printing reading in public was frequent; it is probable, therefore, that literature was more popular then, than when it became necessary to learn reading, and even writing, preparatory to its cultivation: the verses of Dante were sung, better or worse, by artisans, who have paid little or no attention to them since. In our days were a book of travels in Italy to be read to the congregation after the sermon, it would appear a terrible scandal.

*Santa Maria dei miracoli* is rich and elegant and has a superb and Titian-like *St. Nicholas* by Moretto, with a fine *Presentation*, of the year 1594 by Cossale.

Saint John presents some admirable pictures by Moretto and Romanino, which seem to dispute the superiority in taste, gracefulness, expression, and truth; such in particular are the altar-pieces of the Confraternity of the Holy Sacrament. Their other chefs-d'œuvre are: by Moretto, the *Massacre of the Innocents*, an excellent *Trinity*, with the Virgin, the saints Gregory, Augustine, Monica, and some little angels; a large painting of *St. John the Evangelist*, with the saints John the Baptist, Augustine, and Agnes adoring the Virgin in the clouds;

an *Old man holding a musical instrument*; the *Forerunner baptising on the banks of Jordan*; *Zacharias blessing St. John the Baptist and Elizabeth*, who is mourning her son's departure for the wilderness; the *Hebrews gathering manna*; the *Prophet Elijah awakened by an Angel*;—by Romanino: a *Last Supper*; the *Resurrection of Lazarus*; the *Adoration of the Holy Sacrament*, on the roof; a superb *Sposalizio*. A small painting of the *Burial of Christ* is the only work existing at Brescia of Giovanni Bellini, one of the first and greatest masters of the Venetian school. In the baptistry another delightful little picture, perfect in the colouring, represents a *Crucifix*, *St. Blaise*, and *St. Barbara*; it appears to be by Ferramola, and may have been finished by Moretto.

The church of *Santa Maria delle Grazie* is magnificent but in bad taste; it contains some good pictures by Brescian artists, pupils and followers of Titian; a *St. Barbara*, by Rosa; *St. Francesco Regis* by Brentana, an artist who lost nothing of his originality and warmth by the study of Tintoretto; *St. Martin*, by Maffei, *St. Jerome and an aged matron worshipping the Virgin*, one of the best of Ferramola's works, a clever painter, the Brescian Pindar of the arts, who was protected and even favoured by Gaston amid the sack of his natal town; three paintings, each perfect in its way, by Moretto, *St. Anthony of Padua*, a *Virgin with St. Martin*, *St. Roch*, and *St. Sebastian*, one of his youthful performances, and a *Nativity*.

In a little chapel beside the choir of the church *del Carmine*, a tomb has been erected at the expense of the town, to the poet and musician Marcello, a Venetian patrician, who died while captain or first magistrate of Brescia. The psalms of Marcello, which are still admirable though more than a century has passed away, and which procured him in his time the surname of the Prince of Music, in conjunction with such examples as Handel, Scarlatti, and Pergolese, prove that true and grand music, that powerful revelation of the pathetic and beautiful by means of sounds, is an art as well as poetry, eloquence, painting, and statuary; and not, as some have pretended, a talent as

<sup>1</sup> The painting is signed *Francisci de Prato Caravagensis opus 1547*; probably it is by Fran-

cesco da Prato, a Florentine artist of the sixteenth century, mentioned by Lanzi and extolled by Vasari.



transient and changeable as the fashion. The same church *del Carmine*, which has an *Annunciation* by Ferramola, and a fine ceiling by Sandrini, possesses one of those old pictures attributed by popular credulity to St. Luke, which have always brought to my recollection Cicognara's observation, namely, that had it been true that this apostle was a painter, as he lived under Augustus, his work must have been of rather better taste.

Saint George has a graceful *Nativity* by Brescianino, a pupil of Gambara, who seems to have died young, his paintings being few in number. In the sacristy, a *St. George on horseback killing the dragon*, the first painting of the old church, is a brilliant old picture very extraordinary for its era; it seems to be by Montorfano, a Milanese painter of the fifteenth century.

Saint Joseph has some excellent paintings: a *Mother of grief*, *St. Paul*, *St. Jerome*, *St. John*, *St. Catherine*, and *Magdalen*, by Romanino; the *Martyrdom of St. Crispin and St. Crispinian*, the masterpiece of Avogadro, a Brescian painter of the last century; the *Pentecost*, by Moretto; *St. Joseph*, *St. Roch*, and *St. Sebastian*, a majestic work of Mombelli, before his talent became enervated by excessive refinement. In this church I remarked the tomb of a Lautrec, who was slain on the field of battle at the skirmish of Roncadella in 1705; he was the last of that chivalrous race, of which Italy seems to be the glorious tomb.

Many paintings in the churches of Brescia already present those strange anachronisms of the Venetian school. At Saint Clement's, which numbers five of Moretto's pictures, his noble and graceful figures of the saints *Lucy*, *Agnes*, *Agatha*, *Cecilia*, and *Barbara*; *Melchizedeck* and *Abraham*; *Saints Paul*, *Jerome*, and *Catherine*; *St. Ursula* and her companions; his superb piece at the high-altar, one of the finest paintings in Brescia, exhibits Pope Saint Clement wearing the tiara, which was not used till a hundred years after. At Saint Faustin and Giovite, a church adorned with a graceful *Nativity* by Gambara, a *St. Apollonius*, and a *Resurrection*, by his master Romanino; Tiepolo has represented the Roman governor who orders the martyrdom of the saints, in a Turkish costume, and, though in Trajan's time, smoking his pipe. The subject of another

picture by Cossale is the apparition of the patron saints of Brescia when the town was assaulted by Piccinino. The tradition runs that they appeared upon the walls and threw the enemies' bullets back at them. Without disrespect to Faustin and Giovite, we may believe that the exploits of Brigitta Avogadro and her worthy companions were as great a prodigy, and contributed as much to the safety of the place.

The mausoleum of Martinengo, is a national and military monument of Brescia; it is the burying place of Marco Antonio Martinengo della Palata, a valorous master at arms, who beat the Spaniards near Cremona, in 1526, and, although wounded by two musket shots, took prisoner with his own hand the terrible Ludovico Gonzaga, surnamed the *Rodomonte*, for having, at Madrid, strangled in his embraces, a Moor of gigantic stature who had challenged him to wrestle. Martinengo was carried home, and died of his wounds three days after the victory. Magnificent funeral honours and this mausoleum were decreed him; but, strange to say, except his arms, which are an eagle, there is nothing on the monument to recall his memory; the marble medallions and bronze basso-relievos which embellish it represent the *Passion of Jesus-Christ*, and other sacred subjects, without bearing the least relation to the brilliant and hardy exploit of the hero.

## CHAPTER VII.

*Pio luogo della congrega.*—Charitable establishments and philanthropical institutions.—Galleries. Group in Ivory.—Campo-Santo.—Inscriptions and fountains of Brescia.

The *Pio luogo della congrega apostolica* is a well conceived charitable establishment which has existed nearly three centuries. Its object is to assist persons of respectable birth who have come to want: the relief is apportioned every week by the managers, who visit the unfortunate families in person. The spirit of association is of long date in Italy; it was developed under the influence of religion, and the bishops of Brescia were the first and principal benefactors of *Pio luogo della congrega*. This spirit of association proceeding from Christianity exerts itself with zeal, delicacy, kindness, and humility. The phi-

lanthropic institutions of free and commercial states, being adapted to their peculiar state of civilisation, are of a character totally different: their constitution has something of the precise, severe, calculating, but still brilliant and ostentatious, regime of a banking-house. If we admire the order of their accounts, and the extent of their correspondence, it is not the less strange to see some of the beneficent societies of London, even the Bible Society, giving every year fêtes, dinners, concerts, and even balls. The *Pio luogo della congrega* deserves imitation elsewhere; such a society would be most excellent after the vicissitudes which have taken place in the fortunes of such numbers of persons so variously situated; never perhaps were there more examples of unforeseen misfortune which shrinks from the public gaze, and that poverty which pines in secret is not the least deserving of compassion.

The galleries of Brescia are pretty numerous. The first is that of Count Lecchi: *the Virgin, the Infant Jesus, and some saints*, by Calisto Piazza, is reckoned one of the best paintings in Brescia; an *Assumption*, by Gambara, is also very fine, and the collection of portraits curious. The Martinengo-Colleoni gallery has a portrait of the queen of Cyprus, Cornaro, by Titian, admirable for truth, but the physiognomy, though expressive, is singularly vulgar. The gallery of Count Paolo Tosi declares the taste and splendour of the owner: a small painting of *Christ giving his blessing* is attributed to Raphael; numerous paintings by the best living or contemporary artists, as Landi, Migliara, Palagi, Diotti, Hayez, Granet, a bust of Eleonora d'Este, by Canova, a Ganymedes by Thorwaldsen, make this gallery a kind of Brescian Luxemburg.

The residence of Lactantius Gambara, who may be called the national painter of this town, was behind the bishop's palace; the artist had embellished his house with paintings both within and without; those on the outside having

been spoiled by his enemies, he replaced them by new ones which represented Time trampling down Error; Truth was descending from heaven with Apollo accompanied by the Muses and Minerva; in the centre was Atlas bearing the globe on his shoulders, with the motto *indefessus labore*. This colossal Atlas is scarcely perceptible now; the other figures have suffered much injury from the air; but the small figures in compartments in the doorway are in perfect preservation. One of the rooms in the Scaglia house is decorated with the *Wedding of Pirithous and Hippodamia*. The ceiling and walls of a chamber beside the residence of the Counts Valotti, present *Charity, Faith, Hope, Chastity, and Temperance*, very well executed. The house of the Cavalier Sabatti has a spacious room painted all over in fresco by himself in 1368, and representing the *Deluge*. The marvellous frescos of the convent of Saint Euphemia, exhibiting divers incidents of the Old and New Testaments, are nearly destroyed by time and the conversion of the edifice into barracks. Lastly, this indefatigable artist painted a whole street; he there represented, in forty-eight compartments, scriptural, fabulous, and historical subjects, works full of case, variety, and imagination, but their preservation has been sadly neglected.

Signor J. B. Rondi is the possessor of a singular curiosity; it is the *Sacrifice of Abraham*, a group in ivory, which Cicognara informs us is the largest existing in any country. The composition is bad, the expression very weak, the attitude of the heads deficient in nobleness, the hair, beard, and folds of the drapery in bad style; but there is some talent in the fleshy parts. The artist was a Belgian, a celebrated sculptor in ivory, named Gerard Van Obstal, for whom the fifth son of the president Lamoignon pleaded with success, then a common barrister, and afterwards for thirty years "king and tyrant of Languedoc under the name of *intendant*," as Saint Simon says.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The question was whether Van-Obstal should be allowed to demand, after the expiration of the year and a day for the executor's arrangements, the price of a monument he had executed, as a workman claiming the payment of his labour or things furnished. The young orator demonstrated that his client professed a liberal art, which ought to raise him above the class of simple artisans.

The academy of painting and sculpture to show their gratitude to M. de Bâville printed his speech, and offered him, through Lebrun, to have his bust made by Girardon and his portrait taken by Champagne. The orator refused these honours, but wished the academy to offer them to his father, the first president, who accepted them after a long resistance.

Van-Obstal was one of the founders of the Paris academy of painting, an institution of little note, which does not appear to have been very favourable to the art in France, as it was precisely from the moment of its dissolution that our school, having more liberty, seemed to become more extensive and take a higher character.

The Campo-Santo of Brescia, begun in 1815, is a grand and beautiful monument of its kind, which does honour to its architect, S. Vantini. The tombs are erected against the wall in the form of the ancient *columbaria*. The tomb of Marco-Antonio Deani, a pious and charitable Franciscan known by the name of Pacifico, one of the most celebrated preachers of the day, who refused a bishopric offered him by Pius VII., and only asked him to reestablish his order at Brescia that he might end his days there, bears an inscription by Doctor Labus, his countryman and friend. By an Italian artist's fantasy, of sufficiently bad taste, the busts painted on the ceiling of the chapel are portraits of persons of the society of Brescia: all these male and female saints attired *à la mode* form a kind of circle, and seem much more out of place in heaven than they would in a drawing-room. A separate spot is allotted to suicides: Plato enounces the same opinion in his laws. The protestants have also a burying-place apart, but the grievous wrong of interring executed criminals among them existed for some time; a disgraceful mixing of those who do evil with those who think incorrectly which has been very properly reprobated by S. Guiseppe Nicolini, a good poet of Brescia, the translator and biographer of Byron, in his *Meditation* on the feast of All Souls.<sup>3</sup>

It is a singular circumstance that Brescia is the town which has more inscriptions and fountains than any other in Italy, Rome excepted. The number

<sup>1</sup> *E mal pensati e mal fattor confusi.*

*Il due novembre, Meditazione,  
Brescia, 1824.*

Cesare Aricci, another distinguished poet of Brescia, has also composed a poem on the Campo Santo, and it is one of his best productions.

<sup>2</sup> See also chap. i. of this book. The exportation of silks for England from 1815 to 1834 amounted to 28,930,000 livres; from 1800 to 1814 it was only 11,794,000 livres. The Mount *delle Sete* a well

of public fountains is seventy-two, and there are more than four hundred belonging to private individuals; by means of these a supply of pure refreshing mountain water, almost equal to that of Rome, is distributed throughout the town. The discovery of the superb temple of Brescia has recently added to this kind of approximation, if such be permitted, with the Eternal City.

How singular are the conquests of industry! the silk which is produced in abundance round about Brescia is purchased by the English, and these Britons separated from the world now bear away the richest produce of the fields adjacent to the country of Virgil.<sup>a</sup>

## CHAPTER VIII.

Lake of Garda.—Sermione.—Steamboat.—Isle of Lecchi.—Malsesine.

One of those tempests frequent on the lake of Garda,

*Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, Marino,*

did not permit me the first time to visit the coast of Sermione and the grottoes of Catullus. As I stood on the shore, contemplating them in the distance, in that sort of reverie peculiar to disappointment, I was struck with the idea that the first poets of ancient and modern Italy and of France, sprung from the north, as Catullus, Virgil, Petrarch, Dante, Boccaccio, Ariosto, and the seven or eight great poets that honour our literature, as if the poetical genius had still more need of meditation and reason, than of the brilliant light of the sun and the sensations it produces.<sup>3</sup>

The setting of the sun after the storm displayed, on the shores of the lake of Garda, a singularly superb effect of light. At his rising on the morrow, the east lavished other wonders: the sombre pyramids of the Alps were distinctly outlined on a sky still faintly coloured, but

organised trading company and discounting bank, established at Milan in 1836, is calculated to extend and equalise this exportation to the advantage of the producers.

<sup>3</sup> Horace and Ovid are exceptions among the Latin poets. Tasso's father was from Bergamo; his son seems, by accident, to have been born at Sorrento, as we have seen. The first contemporary poets of Italy, Alferi, Monti, Cesarotti, Ippolito Pindemonte, Manzoni, Silvio Pellico, and Grossi, belong also to the north of Italy.



of admirable purity, and a few clouds gilded by the first rays of the sun seemed like the fringe of these magnificent hangings. The *Monte Baldo*, a picturesque and fertile mountain, surnamed the *Garden of the Alps*, whose lofty summit by a gentle and majestic sweep is united with the Tyrolian Alps, overlooks this almost boundless scene. It was impossible not to be enraptured at such a sight: these are the voluptuous moments of a traveller's life, which is always rather cheerless and uncomfortable when one journeys alone.

I have since visited the peninsula, or rather the rock, of Sermione and the vast ruins which cover it. The olive accords well with these ruins, and their charming position still recalls that *venusta Sirmio* which its poet was so happy to see again on his return from Bithynia and Thynia.<sup>1</sup> But after reading Catullus attentively it is difficult to recognise his dwelling in the ruins bearing his name: that palace was perhaps the one belonging to Manlius; the house of him who composed his epithalamium would be adjacent, that house which he received with a field and even a mistress,<sup>2</sup> and which was rendered more disagreeable by its mortgages than all the winds.<sup>3</sup> Catullus, notwithstanding his talents, was already a kind of courtier poet, although the manners of Rome were not then so relaxed, nor had Mæcenas sanctioned literary adulation. He often, much too often, speaks of his poverty, and rails against the race of protectors whom he curses:<sup>4</sup> all this, certainly, is but little in character with the powerful Roman, who possessed the great and beautiful structures of Sermione, with their bath, a separate edifice, their lofty pilasters, and the immensity of their subterranean vaults. The rank of Catullus's father and the distinguished family to which he belonged have been adduced; but he would not be the only instance of a well-born man sinking into a debauched and servile poet. The conventional manners of the Romans could not indeed sanction the loose tone of Catullus, nor the licentiousness and infamy of his poems. He has written both epi-

grams and epithalamiums, two opposite kinds, but which it is not surprising to find in the same author, as malice can very well amalgamate with vileness. Such is, however, the power of glory; no one knows the name of the opulent patrician who owned this superb palace, and after ages have thought they honoured its ruins by decorating them with the name of a poet.

Sermione reminds us of some events of modern times. By a singular destiny, this peninsula, the abode of the bard who sung of Lesbia and her sparrow, was given by Charlemagne to the monks of Saint Martin of Tours to bear the expenses of their wardrobe; for it seems that these monks liked to be better clothed than their saint. The fort of Sermione, with its battlements and antique towers, erected by the Scaligers, the sovereigns of Verona, has a fine appearance from the lake. When the Austrians evacuated the retranchments of Sermione in 1797, the French general who took possession of them gave a fête in honour of Catullus; but in the midst of the poetical toast and drinking songs, the inhabitants came to complain of the depredations they suffered from a detachment of our troops. Probably these brave fellows had unconsciously imitated rather too much, the lax morals of the poet they celebrated. After two thousand years the memory of Catullus proved useful to his country, as a narrative of that period pompously apprises us. The disorderly detachment was immediately dispersed among the inhabitants of other villages, good folks who counted no poets among their ancestors, who, it appears, had never written any thing but prose.

A steamboat now runs the whole length of the lake of Garda; assuredly it is not less rapid than the old ship devoted to Castor and Pollux by Catullus; but previously to its boat existence it had not, like that, delivered oracles:—

Phaselus ille . . . . .  
 . . . . . navium celerrimus.  
 . . . . .  
 . . . . . Cytorio in Jugo  
 Loquente sæpe sibilum edidit coma.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Catull. *Carm.*, xxxi., 5, 42.

<sup>2</sup> *Id.*, lxxviii., 41, 67, 8.

<sup>3</sup> *Id.*, xxvii., 5,

<sup>4</sup> *Id.*, xxviii.

<sup>5</sup> *Journal historique des opérations militaires du siège de Peschiera, et de l'attaque des retranchements de Sermione*, par F. Béné, an ix. p. 110.

<sup>6</sup> Catull. *Carm.* iv.

After two thousand years, such is the truth of Virgil's verse, that a double machine has been found necessary for this boat, to subdue the *fluctibus et fremitu marino* of the Latin poet. The boat of lake Garda has none of those learned and national names common to steamboats of other lakes, such as the *Verbano* of Lago Maggiore, the *Lario*, and the *Plinio* of the lake of Cosmo; it takes the respected but less poetic name of the archduke Regnier, who has truly usurped that honour over the *Benaco*. One does not meet here the elegant company of the above-mentioned lakes, but tradesmen, peasants, sawyers, and loads of packages. The day I was on this boat it coasted along the Brescian shore, which is very superior to the Veronese. It starts from Desenzano and goes to Riva and Torbola, small towns at the extremity of the lake. They scarcely stop any where now, as I had done previously, but on the fertile borders of the *riviera* of Salò, covered with olives, vines, and citrons, which have an absolutely enchanting aspect from the lake. Towards the middle the lake narrows, becomes wild, and presents a succession of grottoes, steep rocks, a fine cascade (the *Ponale*) and lofty mountains; it is a Scotch loch under an Italian sky.

A letter of Bonfadio, addressed to Plinio Tomacello, contains a description of lake Garda, which Ginguéné extols as charming and faithful, though he does not appear to have ever visited the country.<sup>1</sup> Bonfadio's description is rather insipid and exaggerated, and he well deserved the castigation inflicted by the lash (*frustra*) of the burlesque Barette; the dreams of Platonism, in vogue in the sixteenth century, are absurdly enough mixed up with this description of a lake in the north of Italy.

Cardan, a man of parts whose name has wrongfully become synonymous with atheism, tells us in the narrative of his life,<sup>2</sup> that he narrowly escaped shipwreck at the entrance of lake Garda.

The situation of an atheist in a tempest must be horrible, were it possible for one to exist under such circumstances, which I do not think, for the danger would compel belief. The history of Cardan, a kind of *Confessions*, which often do him no great honour, disproves his reputed atheism; as there is in it a chapter on his religious feelings, which even contains a short prayer.<sup>3</sup>

The isle of *Lecchi*, which is only an Italian mile in circumference, is one of the embellishments of the smiling part of lake Garda; Dante thus speaks of this solitude :

Luogo è nel mezzo la dove 'l Trentino  
Pastore e quel di Brescia e 'l Veronese  
Segnar poria, se fesse quel cammino.<sup>4</sup>

A monk of the family of Count L. Lecchi, who now inhabits this island, founded there about the beginning of the sixteenth century, a theological school of great reputation. So fervent was the passion then for the study of divinity, that, to accommodate the multitude of his disciples, he was obliged to have the seats raised so as to form an amphitheatre, in the centre of which he delivered his lectures. Some authors pretend that Pope Adrian VI., whom they suppose the same person as Ludovico Rampini, one of the pupils of P. Francesco Lecchi, was born at Renzano, near Salò; a conjecture peculiar to the Italian literati, which seems to have but slight foundation: this pedagogue of Charles V., this pope void of taste for the arts,—the unworthy successor of Leo X., who, on arriving at Rome, turned away in disgust from the sight of the Laocoon, as from a profane divinity—this gloomy and rigorous pontiff seems more likely to have been born at Utrecht amid the fogs of Holland, than under an Italian sky.

In the wilder part, near the extremity of the lake, is Malsesine, a large town on the Veronese coast. The embattled gothic castle, of several stories, with an old tower, rises picturesquely from the rocks on the water's edge. It was there that

<sup>1</sup> Hist. litt. d'Ital. t. VIII. p. 323, 344. Ginguéné places Gazano, Bonfadio's native place, near the lake of Salò. There is no such lake; Salò is a small town; the *Riviera di Salò*, where Gazano stands, is that part of the shore of lake Garda which lies adjacent: in the same manner we say in French *la Rivière de Gènes*.

<sup>2</sup> See chap. xxx.

<sup>3</sup> The twenty-second. The arrangement of these Memoirs of Cardan is whimsical enough: instead of following chronological order, they are divided into collective chapters separately treating of his friends and enemies, his pleasures and pains, his travels, lawsuits, regimen, style of dress, etc.

<sup>4</sup> Inf. xx. 69.

an agent of Venice tore and threw away the drawing that Goethe was making of these ruins; and where, without the security of a gardener who had served at Frankfort, the poet's country, he would have had much difficulty in escaping the persecution of the podesta and his grasping secretary. The borough of Malsesine, the country and residence of two good poets, Giambattiste Spolverini and Buttura, has inspired them with some verses. Spolverini, in his poem of the *Riseide*, which he composed at Malsesine, invites his Amaryllis to repair thither:—

Amarilli gentil, vienì qui, dove  
Tra l marmifero Torri, e la pescosa  
Torbole, ve degli altri altero monte,  
La soggetta Malsesine, l'amata  
Primogenita sua Baldo vagheggia,  
Fiso in lei la selvosa antica faccia  
Immobilmente e le canute ciglia.

And Buttura, who sojourned long with us, wished to die in his native town:

Salve! mi scuote il seno  
Di Malsesine mia l'aspetto, e l'opre  
Liete ricordo di mia nuova etate.  
.....  
Mi terrei fortunato  
Lasciando util memoria al borgo umile  
Ove apersi, e desio chiudere i giorni.

Opposite Malsesine, on the Brescian coast, is the small village of Limone, where the Tyrolian Andrew Hofer embarked a prisoner. When Europe had yielded, this mountaineer alone defended his country against the arms of Napoleon. He was abandoned by the princes whom he had served, and delivered to his implacable enemy, who had ostentatiously accorded favour to certain aristocrats, but could not pardon the rustic heroism of Hofer. An inhabitant of Limone who had witnessed his removal, gave me a few particulars respecting it. Hofer, calm and resigned, was accompanied by a young man, the son of a physician of Gratz, who would not leave him, so great admiration had he for his courage and virtues. This Vendean of the Alps was fettered like a robber; and as the little bark which held him crossed the lake, its waters were unusually agitated, as if indignant at participating in such a murder: he was landed at the fortress of Peschiera, and taken thence to Mantua, where he was shot. Hofer was

one of those rare and illustrious victims who, like the favourites of fortune, appear but at long intervals; the former acquire by sacrifices, imprisonment, calumnies, and death, a glory not less eminent, and much purer, than the latter can ever attain by success, power, and dominion.

## CHAPTER IX.

Italian Tyrol.—Madonna of the *Inviolata*.—Lake of Loppio. — Roveredo. — Dante's verses: *Qual' è quella ruina*.—Valley of the Adige.

Near Riva, a small fortified town at the point of the lake, is a church of the *Inviolata*, which, with its pictures and cupola resplendent with marble and gilding, seems like a lingering ray of Italy in a poor and mountainous country. The miraculous image of the Virgin was shown me by a Franciscan of the convent, a jovial fellow who was almost intoxicated, and exhibited the first traces of German manners by the side of Italian magnificence. The Franciscan, nevertheless, very devoutly lighted two small candles on each side the tabernacle, before he uncovered the image of the madonna and recited his prayer.

The road across the mountains from Riva to Roveredo, is exceedingly picturesque. The limpid rock-bound lake of Loppio, with its Islands, has a thousand particulars that one cannot too highly recommend to artists.

Roveredo is a pretty town, with a German aspect; it is entirely devoted to manufactures and commerce, and has neither the loitering inquisitive travellers, the monuments, nor the external appearance of Italian towns.

Between Roveredo and Ala, another small town of the Tyrol, is *lo Slavino di Marco*, a fallen mountain, or kind of avalanche of stones, which it is now said that Dante meant to designate, much more than the *Chiusa*, by:—

Qual' è quella ruina che nel fianco,  
Di quà da Trento, l'Adice percosso,  
O per tremuoto o per sostegno manco,  
Che da cima del monte, onde si mosse,  
Al piano, è sì la roccia discoscata,  
Ch' alcuna via darebbe a chi su fosse?

One can scarcely conceive now what *lo Slavino* may have been; but after visiting the *Chiusa*, which is farther down on the same road, I should incline to re-



turn to the opinion of the first commentators and Maffei, by again recognising the *Chiusa*, as the famous ruin : it gives a good idea of a vestibule of hell, of the entrance to that circle where the violent were punished, by the immense succession of rocks it presents, which the road made by the French has mutilated without destroying their formidable aspect.

From Roveredo to Verona, the road descends the valley of the Adige, a garden traversed by a torrent and enclosed by mountains.

## CHAPTER X.

Peschiera. — Verona. — Scaligers. — Can Grande. — Romeo and Juliet.

The direct road to Verona passes through the fortress of Peschiera, erected at the spot where the Mincio issues from the lake :—

Siede Peschiera, bello e forte arnese  
Da fronteggiar Bresciani e Bergamaschi,  
Onde la riva intorno più discese.

Verona, with its old tower-flanked walls, its embattled bridges, its long wide streets, and its reminiscences of the middle ages, has an imposing air of grandeur. Such a city was fit to be the capital and abode of this Can Grande della Scala,<sup>1</sup> the Augustus of the middle ages, who welcomed to his court Dante and other proscribed poets and authors. Boccaccio cites Can Grande as one of the most magnificent lords that Italy ever knew.<sup>2</sup> One of the refugees whom he received has given a particular account of his noble and ingenious hospitality. "Different apartments were assigned to them in the palace according to their respective conditions; he appointed servants to each, and a well served table. Their several apartments were indicated by symbols and devices: Victory for the

warriors, Hope for the exiles, the Muses for the poets, Mercury for the artists, Paradise for the preachers. During meals, musicians, jesters, and conjurers performed in these apartments, the rooms were ornamented with paintings (by Giotto) relating to the vicissitudes of fortune (probably after the inspirations of Dante, his friend) : and the lord of La Scala occasionally invited some of his guests to his own table, particularly Guido di Castello di Reggio, who, for his sincerity, was called the simple Lombard, and Dante Alighieri, then a most illustrious man, who charmed him with his genius."<sup>3</sup> This hospitality accorded to Dante has been immortalised by the celebrated verses of the poet, the finest, and most pathetic that ever exile inspired :—

Qual si partì Ipolito d'Atene  
Per la spietata e perfida noverca,  
Tal di Fiorenza partir ti conviene.

Questo si vuole, e questo già si cerca;  
E tosto verrà fatto a chi ciò pensa  
Là dove Cristo tutto di si merca.

Tu lascerai ogni cosa diletta  
Più caramente; e questo è quello strale  
Che l'arco dell'esilio pria saetta

Tu proverai sì come sa di sale  
Il pane altrui, e com'è duro calle  
Lo scendere e 'l salir per l'altrui scale.

E quel che più ti graverà le spalle  
Sarà la compagnia malvagia e scempia  
Con la qual tu cadrai in questa valle.

Lo primo tuo rifugio e 'l primo ostello  
Sarà la cortesia del gran Lombardo,  
Che 'n su la scala porta il santo uccello.<sup>4</sup>

The tombs of the magnificent lords of Verona, a species of long Gothic pyramids

<sup>1</sup> The etymology of the name of this illustrious family is very uncertain. The historian Villani, like a true Florentine merchant, believes in good earnest that it proceeds from the circumstance of the Scaligers' ancestors having been ladder-makers.

<sup>2</sup> *Giorn.* i nov. vii.

<sup>3</sup> Saggius Mucius Gazata, the historian of Reggio, quoted in part by M. de Sismondi, *Hist. des Rép. ital.* ch. xxviii.

<sup>4</sup> *Parad.* can. xvii. 46, *et seq.* At last, however, Dante's spirit could not endure the manner of living in the palace of Can Grande, nor the insolence of

his courtiers. It is very possible that the latter had destroyed the effect of their master's benevolent intentions. Poggio gives us, in his *Facetiæ*, the poet's answer to these courtiers, who had placed nothing but bones before him one day when he dined at Can Grande's table :—"Versi omnes in solum Dan-tem, mirabantur cum ante ipsum solummodo ossa conspicerentur; tum ille: Minimum inquit, mirum si canes ossa sua comederunt; ego autem non sum canis." *Facetiæ*, p. 67. Tiraboschi relates the anecdote of that buffoon whose grimaces and jokes were not relished by Dante, though they had ob-

surmounted by the equestrian statue of each prince, are some of the most curious monuments of the town, but these old tombs, in the open air, are in a situation too noisy and confined. The most splendid of them, and one of the finest of the fourteenth century, is not that of Can Grande, but of Can Signorio, his third successor, heir of the brother of Can Grande II., whom he had publicly assassinated on horseback in the middle of the street, near his palace,<sup>1</sup> who, when at the point of death, ordered his younger brother Alboin to be strangled in his prison; wishing to assure the succession to his bastards Antonio and Bartolommeo, the former of whom, as soon as he mounted the throne, caused the other to be poniarded. Never were so many instances of fratricide brought within so small a space as in this chapel; and fable has recounted fewer horrors of the hostile brothers of Thebes, than history records of those of Verona. Petrarch no doubt alluded to all these catastrophes when he too lightly wrote that Verona, like Acteon, was torn by its own dogs.<sup>2</sup>

To divert my thoughts from this fearful subject, I sought information respecting the loves of Romeo and Juliet:—

Flos Veronensium depereunt juvenum,<sup>3</sup>

a verse of Catullus, applied to much less honourable loves, and that one would imagine Shakspeare had imitated:—

Verona's summer hath not such a flower;

which passage M. Emile Deschamps has naturally rendered by

C'est la plus belle fleur du printemps de Vérone.

tained great success at the court. Being asked by Cane, or more likely by his brother and predecessor Alboin, why he alone despised the man whom every body else admired, he answered: "It is because a similarity of manners is the foundation of friendship." Although the remark has escaped the many voluminous commentators on the *Divina Commedia*, I know not whether the phrase *lo scendere e' l' salir per l'altrui scale* be not a *jeu de mots* in allusion to the annoyances that Dante experienced with the lords of La Scala.

<sup>1</sup> The arcade under which Can Signorio committed this murder, took and retained the name of *Volto barbaro*; it joins the *Piazza de' Signori*, where the Scaligers lived.

<sup>2</sup> *Epist. senil.*

<sup>3</sup> *Carm. C. 2.*

<sup>4</sup> The Archduchess Maria Louisa of Parma.

<sup>5</sup> It is extraordinary that Dante, to whose genius the pathos of the story of Romeo and Juliet was so suitable, has said nothing about them, though he

I saw in a garden, said to have once been a cemetery, the pretended sarcophagus of Romeo's bride. This tomb was the object, at the same time, of excessive honours and strange indignities. Madame de Stael, and a very learned antiquary whom I knew at Verona, regarded it as really that of Juliet. A great princess<sup>4</sup> has had a necklace and bracelets made of the reddish stone of which it is composed; some illustrious foreigners and handsome ladies of Verona wear a small coffin of this same stone, and the peasants in whose garden this poetical sarcophagus stood in 1826 used it to wash their lettuce in. It is now religiously preserved in the orphan asylum.

According to a popular but erroneous tradition, the *Capelletta* takes its name from the family of the Capulets, and some enthusiastic travellers have lately taken drawings of both the interior and exterior. The memory of the loves of Romeo and Juliet has been renewed in Italy by English travellers; Shakspeare's play has made it popular. Thus do Dante and Shakspeare seem to meet at Verona, the one by his works, the other by his misfortunes; and the imagination delights in bringing together these two great geniuses, so tremendous, so creative, and perhaps the most astonishing of modern literature.<sup>5</sup>

## CHAPTER XI.

Amphitheatre.—People inhabiting the monuments.  
—Arch of Gavius.

The amphitheatre of Verona, now the finest and best restored of those edifices,

speaks so eagerly of the Montagues and Capulets:

Vieni a veder Montecchi e Cappelletti.

(Purg. vi. 406.)

A poetess, or more probably a poet of the time concealed under the name of Clithia, celebrated it. This little poem to four cantos, printed in 1553, had become scarce; it has been reproduced by S. Alessandro Torri in his notes to the novel of Luigi da Porto. (Pisa, 1831.) The *novelliers* and Italian historians who have related the adventure of Romeo and Juliet, which happened in 1303 or 1304 under Bartolommeo della Scala, the son of Albert, are later by more than two centuries. See the novel of Bando, t. iv. nov. ix. A French translation of the novel of Romeo and Juliet, by Luigi da Porto, followed by some scenes translated from Shakspeare's Juliet, is due to a learned writer, M. Delécluse, who has compared the play with the novel. Paris, 1829, in-12.

has undergone many vicissitudes in its destiny : it has been thrown down by earthquakes, destroyed by barbarians, made a receptacle for the filth of the town, and even assigned as a residence for prostitutes, nor were any regulations made for its restoration and keeping in repair till the sixteenth century. In the next, it was cleared of the constructions that encumbered it, and the ditches of the citadel were filled up with their materials. The long continued neglect of the amphitheatre seems to explain the cause of its not being mentioned by Dante, who had lived at Verona, and was always so eager to bring forward the wonders of Italy. It seems difficult to believe, as some have pretended, that, the form, ascending seats, and vomitoria of the amphitheatre, having suggested the idea of the circles and distribution of his hell, this great poet never spoke of the monument lest his strange plagiarism should be discovered.

The first time that I saw this vast circus, there was a small puppet-show built with planks in the centre, which formed an odd contrast with the beautiful marble seats and the Egyptian solidity of the vaults and arcades that surrounded it. Thus, in the history of nations, a magnificent scene is often occupied by ludicrous personages. I afterwards attended a rather childish spectacle in this same arena : pigeons had been trained to perch themselves on a pistol and sit motionless while it was fired ; they also discharged a small cannon, and then let off crackers while soaring in the sky. The intrepidity of these pigeons, carrying thunderbolts like the eagle (which is said to be cowardly), was little to my taste ;

boldness is not becoming in graceful beings, and I preferred the tender and unfortunate pigeons of La Fontaine to these warlike ringdoves. When full of people, the amphitheatre must offer a superb *coup d'œil*, if I may judge of it by the number attracted by the pigeon performances. This *coup d'œil* was given in the last century to the emperor Joseph II., and in 1822 to the sovereigns assembled at Verona ; Pius VI. also enjoyed it when he passed through this city on his way to Vienna. But I think that this Father of the Faithful, blessing twenty thousand Christians<sup>1</sup> from the top of this arena of some Roman emperor,<sup>2</sup> must have been a grander and more affecting sight than all the pomps of worldly princes.

The outside of the amphitheatre is inhabited by the poorer classes of the town. It appears to me however that travellers are sometimes too indignant against the occupying ancient monuments in this manner ; for it detracts less from the picturesque of these ruins than would the residence of classes more elevated or the practice of genteeler trades : the forge, with its flame sparkling at night in the bottom of the amphitheatre of Verona, has a finer effect than the lights which illuminate brilliant apartments, or the gas of some new shop or coffee-house. It was probably an ancestor of this artisan, a tenant of these ruins, to whom Dante in exile at Verona said, as he threw his tools into the street : — “ If you do not wish me to spoil your things, do not spoil mine : you sing my verses, but not as I made them ; they are my tools, and you spoil them for me.”<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> According to Saraina Torello, an esteemed Veronese antiquarian, the amphitheatre of Verona will hold twenty-three thousand one hundred and eighty-four ; Maffei reduces it to twenty-two thousand.

<sup>2</sup> Despite all the researches of the learned, the period of the foundation of the amphitheatre remains uncertain.

<sup>3</sup> In Sachi ( *nov. cxiv* ) this scene passes at Florence ; it is also said that Dante somewhat eccentrically reproached a muleteer, who was likewise singing his *Divina Commedia*, with adding to his verses a hoarse *arri* to stimulate his mules : *Ma quell' arri non celò posio io !* ( The same, *nov. cxv.* ) The poems of Dante and Boccaccio were commonly accompanied with music and dancing, from which practice are derived the names of *Sonnets*, *Chansons* ( *Canzoni* ), *Ballads* ( *Ballate* ). This accompani-

ment was even applied to lyrical pieces and those of amorous and mystical metaphysics, as may be seen by the fine canzone of the *Convito* which Casella, the friend and music-master of Dante, sings to him at his request in Purgatory, to his great delight : —

Amor che nella mente mi ragiona,  
Cominciò egli allor sì dolcemente  
Che la dolcezza ancor dentro mi suona.

( C. II, 112-115. )

Petrarch had a musical voice, and accompanied his verses on the lute which he bequeathed to his friend, maestro Tomas Bombasius of Ferrara ; his *Africa* even was sung at Verona. An incident very like that of Dante and the blacksmith is related by the biographers of Ariosto. He entered the shop of a potter who was singing, in a mutilated form, the



The arch of Gavius, the tomb of that illustrious family, was till some thirty years ago, another precious relic of antiquity. Its fluted columns and elegant capitals which now bestrew the earth, and will soon disappear beneath the filth of the *Cittadella*, are one of those wrecks brought about by civilisation, which are not less numerous and much more complete than those of barbarism. This monument, after escaping so many ravages, was destroyed in 1805, when the citadel near it was put in a state of defence. S. Pinali, a patriotic Veronese architect and distinguished antiquarian, the possessor of some valuable original drawings by Palladio, so vehemently bewailed the loss of this national ruin that the French Viceroy of Italy decreed its re-erection. Some proposed to remove it to a spot where they said it would be better placed, as if these old Roman tombs, for centuries embedded in the soil, could be shaken and uprooted so easily. Five months only were asked for this fine job, and the probability now is that it can never be executed.

## CHAPTER XII.

### Ramparts.—Porta del Palio.

The illustrious Veronese architect San Micheli seems almost the builder of his town: every thing was done by him,—gates, bridges, palaces, fortifications, chapels, and tombs. As the Marquis de Maffei has said, the genius of Vitruvius seemed to have passed into this great artist.<sup>1</sup> There has been, however, a general mistake in attributing to him the invention of angular bastions; Leonardo Vinci had previously ascertained the necessity of this arrangement which

verses of the xxxi<sup>nd</sup> Stanza of the first canto of *Orlando* :—

Ferma, Baiardo mio, deh ferma il piede,  
Che l'esser senza te troppo mi nuoce,

and broke several vases. The potter asked the reason of his wrath: "A cui Lodovico, Eppure non mi sono ricattato a dovere: io finalmente non ho che in franti pochi vasi del valore appena d'un soldo; voi mi avete guastati i miei versi, che senza paragone costano molto più."

<sup>1</sup> According to Gallani and Solieni, who were interested judges, Vitruvius was of Formiæ; he has just been included in the collection of medals

has been since adopted by all engineers, and the ramparts of Verona were not constructed till 1527, eight years after his death.<sup>2</sup> The superb ramparts built by San Micheli, which the peace has destroyed, were masterpieces of military architecture: the demolition was one of the articles of the treaty of Luneville; but we may judge by the remnants of the bastion of *Espagna* and the bastion *delle Boccare*, which is still entire, of the strength and solidity of those constructions. Of late years Verona has been again considerably fortified by Austria, without making any ado about it.

The *Porta del Palio*,<sup>3</sup> another of San Micheli's miracles, as Vasari expresses it, recalls one of those numerous national festivals celebrated in the cities of Italy during the middle ages. The Verona races, instituted in 1207 in honour of the victory gained by the podestà Azzo d'Este over the enemies of the city, have long ceased, but they will live for ever, since Dante has been their Pindar, and has compared his master Brunetto Latini to one of the conquerors :—

..... E parve di coloro  
Che corrono a Verona 'l drappo verde  
Per la campagna, e parve di costoro  
Quegli che vince e non colui che perde.<sup>4</sup>

The *Porta del Vescovo-a-S.-Toscana* is associated with neither such glorious nor such poetic reminiscences, but the name and figure of the governor Teodoro Trivulzio are sculptured on it; it was he that first introduced the culture of rice into the country of Verona in 1522; and though less renowned than the indefatigable Giovanni Jacopo Trivulzio, he was a much greater benefactor to mankind.

of celebrated Neapolitans, which is published at Naples under the direction of S. Taglioni.

<sup>2</sup> See the *Essay on the physico-mathematical manuscripts of Leonardo Vinci*, by J. B. Venturi. Leonardo Vinci's acquaintance with practical military architecture was very extraordinary, if we may judge by a memoir which he addressed to Ludovico Sforza about 1490. In attacking towns he engages to make a gallery under the ditches full of water: might not one truly say that the Thames tunnel was already under discussion?

<sup>3</sup> *Palio*, a piece of cloth given as a prize to those who won the race.

<sup>4</sup> *Inf. c. xv.*, 120-124.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Saint Zeno. — Cathedral. — Pacifico. — Pope Lucio. — Nicholas's mausoleum. — Blanchini. — Saint Anastasia. — Thesis maintained by Dante. — Pellegrini chapel.

The churches of Verona are numerous, magnificent, and replete with reminiscences. There, as in many other Italian towns, the principal church is not the cathedral, but the church of some popular saint, powerful in word rather than eloquent, a benefactor to the country, whose temple is generally the most national monument of the place. It is thus that Saint Zeno, Saint Anthony, and Saint Petronius, are really the first churches of Verona, Padua, and Bologna, very superior to the cathedral with its titled archbishop and lazy canons. The oldest portions of Saint Zeno are of the ninth century. By a kind of miracle this church has hitherto escaped the everlasting labours of the artists of *Cosmo*, as Algarotti designated the masons who came from that town, and its appearance is still singularly venerable. The bronze doors presenting grotesque emblems, are of curious workmanship. The church, spacious, majestic, and gloomy, contains the statue of the saint, who seems in a roar of laughter; it is made of red Verona marble, and the colour gives the visage a rubicund appearance, and adds still more to his jovial air. This Christian Zeno seems to contrast with the austerity of the stoic chief. His tomb also exhibits some fantastic figures of the earlier times, and near it, among the arabesques of the archivolt of one of the choir staircases, is one representing two cocks carrying a fox suspended to a stick,

Honteux comme un renard qu'une poule aurait pris,

an unknown allusion, a profound allegory of the middle ages that La Fontaine could doubtless have explained. The great wheel of Fortune, by Brislotto, a Veronese sculptor of the eleventh century, a precious piece of workmanship, suggested by the rapid rise and fall

of the princes of that epoch, is now converted into a window in the front, and is not very well seen in its lofty position. Three finished paintings, the *Virgin*, the *Infant Jesus* and some angels; the *Apostles Peter, Paul, and John*; *St. John Baptist*, *St. George*, *St. Benedict* and a bishop, are by Mantegna, who has likewise painted in the cloister a very fine fresco of the *Infant Jesus standing and blessing the universe*, a touching and noble picture that nothing but the genius of Christianity could have inspired.

Beside the church is a curious ancient tomb, the subject of a thousand fables: the inscription makes it that of Pepin, king of Italy, the son of Charlemagne; but this inscription is modern, which may caution travellers against so egregious an error. The fine steeple of Saint Zeno, of the year 1045, is moreover distinguished by the quality of the stone and the remnants of Roman antiquities therein enchased.

The cathedral appears to have been finished about the close of the tenth century. It seems as if Roland and Oliver were standing sentry at its doors; they are sculptured standing erect on the Gothic pilasters of the front, amid a thousand symbolical figures of griffins, lions, birds, fruits, hunters, prophets, and warriors; they wear turned-up mustachios and naked-swords as at Roncesvalles, and there also is Durandal,<sup>2</sup> for its name is still legible; but the singular suits of armour of the two knights are of different kinds. Over the door are the figures of the three queens who contributed to the foundation of the church, Bertrade, the mother of Charlemagne, his wife, and his daughter Ermengarde, the wife of Didier, princesses who have since become the three divine virtues, and over whom are written the three words *faith, hope, and charity*. This last virtue, charity, as well as an antique basso-relievo representing the *Adoration of the Magi*, is half-covered and nearly effaced by the archbishop's arms.

There is one tomb which confers a

Charles VIII. and Louis XII., kings of France, over Ludovico Sforza, who had seized the duchy of Milan and maintained his tenure less by force than subtlety. — *Observations on Italy*, vol. II. p. 77.

<sup>2</sup> *Durindarda*, and not *Durindana*, as in Ariosto, c. xi. 50; xliii. 78.

<sup>1</sup> Grosley found some similar figures on the mosaic compartments of the pavement of Saint Mark, the work of the abbot Joachim, a famous visionary of the eleventh century. According to the historians and people of Venice, said he, these figures are a prophetic emblem of the victories of

lustre on Verona; it is that of its arch-deacon Pacifico, who died in 846, renowned for the theological victories of his youth, his commentary on the Bible, the first ever composed, and especially for his skill in astronomy and mechanics. The long, barbarous, and somewhat unintelligible epitaph, which bepraises even the beauty of his countenance, attributes to him the invention of the night-clock, by which is meant one striking the hours.

The tomb of Pope Lucius III., who was driven from Rome and died at Verona in 1185, is curious. A quaint antique quatrain, followed by a characteristic inscription, recounts the pontiff's adventures.\* How strange that the spiritual power of the popes, so strong and daring abroad during the middle ages, encountered no where more resistance than at Rome itself! † Lucius had scarcely time to seat himself, so sudden and violent was the insurrection against his authority. It is said that he was the first elected by the cardinals alone, who then arrogated to themselves the right of choosing the pope to the exclusion of the people and clergy.

The frescos of the high altar, representing subjects from the history of the Virgin, were executed by Moro, a Veronese painter, from drawings by Giulio Romano: the *Assumption* is admirable.

Titian's *Assumption*, brought back from Paris, is interesting, if it be true that he has painted San Micheli under the features of the apostle in the centre, with his face turned towards heaven, and one hand on the sepulchre.

The painting of the chapel of Saint Anthony is by Balestra, and a *Transfiguration* by Cignaroli, his pupil. In the sacristy of the canons, an *Assumption* and a *St. Charles* with a crucifix, are esteemed works of Ridolfi, a painter and writer of the seventeenth century, who contrived to avoid, in his paintings and biographies of the Venetian

artists, the false taste prevalent in Italy at that epoch.

In the chapel called the *Madonna del Popolo* is an antique tomb of Julius Apollonius and his wife, with an inscription purporting that he had destined it during his life to his beloved spouse Attica Valeria, that he might one day be placed by her side; this loving couple were succeeded in their tomb by Saint Theodore, bishop of Verona. Near this spot is an enormous fish bone, a strange instrument for an executioner, which, according to the popular belief, served to decapitate the holy martyrs Fermus and Rusticus.

The mausoleum erected to Nichesola, bishop of Bellona, by François Gervais, a Frenchman, canon of Verona, drawn and sculptured, according to tradition, by Sansovino, appears worthy of that grand artist.

A monument was consecrated, in pursuance of a public decree, to Francesco Bianchi, whom the learned prelate, Gaetano Marini, regarded as the first man of letters in the eighteenth century; the inscription relates, and truly, that the meekness and modesty of this astonishing man, at once natural philosopher, mathematician, botanist, antiquary, astronomer, and even poet,—who has so highly honoured Verona and Italy, equalled his vast acquirements.

Over the door leading from the cathedral to the archbishop's residence is a pulpit from which the deacon formerly read the Gospel to the congregation; an *Annunciation* is sculptured there. In accordance with the ancient practices, the Virgin is represented simply standing, and not prostrate and in prayer, as she has always been painted in later days.

Saint Anastasia, a church built during the sovereignty of the Scaligers, with its sculptured doors, majestic columns, lofty nave, cupola, and choir, is a monument of the magnificence of those princes as well as of the epoch. The chapel of Janus

\* Luca dedit lucem tibi, Luci, pontificatum Ostia, papatum Roma, Verona mori.

Immo Verona dedit lucis tibi gaudia, Roma Exilium, curas Ostia, Luca mori.

Ossa Lucii III Pont. Max. cui Roma ob invidiam pulso Verona tulissimum ac gratissimum perfugium fuit, ubi conventu Christianorum acto, dum præclara multa molitur, è vita excessit.

† It is remarked by Machiavel on the subject of the public penance imposed by Pope Alexander on Henry II. after the murder of Thomas à Becket, a sentence to which in our days the meanest citizen would be ashamed to submit, that this same pope could not make the Romans obey him, nor would they even allow him to live in Rome. *Istor. fiorent.* lib. i.



Fregose, a Genoese and general in the Venetian service, who died in 1565, erected by his son Ercole, is a monument half altar half mausoleum, and one of the most remarkable in Italy; from the inscription it appears to be by Danese Cattaneo, an artist and poet of Carrara, whose thirteen cantos on the *Amor di Marfisa* delighted the youth of Tasso, and who was the master of Geronimo Campagna, a great sculptor and architect of Verona.

There are some good paintings at Saint Anastasia : a very fine *St. Vincent*, by Count Rotari, an artist of graceful talent, who was painter to Catherine II. and died during the last century in Russia; near it is a fresco by an old and unknown author, part of which is in a good state of preservation; the *Christ dead and bewailed by the Marys*, is attributed by Vasari to Liberale, but is by his great disciple Francesco Carotto, a clever Veronese artist of the end of the fifteenth century; a *Deposition from the cross* and other old paintings of the Pellegrini chapel, and particularly the fresco of *St. George*, by Vittorio Pisanello, a celebrated Veronese master of the first epoch of the Venetian school; two paintings of the *Holy Ghost descending on the Apostles*, by Giolfino, the friend, pupil, and guest of Mantegna. The chapel of the Rosary is of good architecture, and is said to have been executed from a design left by San Micheli. A fine old painting at the altar represents the *Virgin*, the *Infant Jesus*, and the saints and martyrs Peter and Dominick, at her feet Martin II. della Scala and his wife Taddea da Carrara; this cruel and faithless prince, the successor of Can Grande I., may be called the Tiberius of the Veronese Augustus. In the sacristy, the noble and elegant altar-piece representing several saints, is by Felice Brusasorci, as also the small portraits of Dominican saints on the wall; a graceful *Assumption* is by Orbetto.

A stone cenotaph and bust had just been erected in this church, in 1828, to the poet and improvisatore Lorenzi of Verona, by Ippolito Pindemonte and the archduchess Beatrice d'Este, an homage offered to talent by grandeur and friendship. These private monuments, so

common in Italy, are among the noblest decorations of their temples; it is a touching manner of honouring the friends they regret or the great men they admire. Pindemonte composed, on the subject of erecting this monument, some verses on the death of Lorenzi, in which his pious and resigned muse seems rather more sceptical and independent. These verses were the last Pindemonte wrote, and they seem, like the song of the expiring swan, to be the dying inspiration of this tender and melancholy poet.

The baptistry of the church of Saint John in *Fonte*, with its eight faces, on which divers sacred subjects are coarsely sculptured, is a curious Christian antiquity, in which the patriotism of Maffei found traces of nobleness.

Saint Helena contains some old monuments, and especially the fragments of an old mosaic, the origin of which has become involved in uncertainty by multiplied researches. It has also the tomb of a cardinal Teodin, Pope Lucius's companion in exile, and that of a pious, learned, and unfortunate Veronese, Leonardo Montagna, who died in 1485; his epitaph is simple and affecting. The best painting, the celebrated *St. Helena*, by Felice Brusasorci, is of extraordinary beauty. It was in this church that Dante, in January 1320, when poor and in exile, maintained in Latin, before a numerous audience, a thesis on *land and water*, a strange subject for this great poet to discuss, and a singular means of turning his talent to advantage. This public sitting in a church, which belonged to the manners of the day, and was regarded as a mark of honour for him who was to be heard, confirms a remark in a preceding chapter on the popularity of science and literature before the invention of printing, when they were neither studied nor taught in the closet, but propounded before the crowd and for every body.

Saint Euphemia has the fine Verità mausoleum, a capital work by San Micheli. The old church, which had been repaired and renovated, dated from the Scaligers. It was then given to the hermits of Saint Augustine of the monastery of Montorio, who established themselves there; they acquired also several gar-

<sup>1</sup> Naufragus hinc fugio; Christum sequor : Is mihi solus

Sit dux, sitque comes, sitque perenne bonum.

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dens and houses adjoining as well as the right to enclose a street leading down to the Adige : it appears that the latter proceeding was offensive to some parties, and the wall of the monks was thrown down in the night ; but they rebuilt it, and their tenure was maintained. There are several tombs of literary men in this church : that of Renaud de Villefranche, the grammarian, one of Petrarch's numerous correspondents ; that of Antonio da Legnago, a counsellor of the Scaligers, "learned and of repute in his day," says Maffei ; those of Pietro dal Verme, and his son Lucchino ; a famous warrior to whom Petrarch addressed his treatise *On the duty and qualifications of those who command*, a sort of manual for military chiefs, in which he several times mentions good fortune as their chief merit. The form of this red marble tomb pretty much resembles that of Petrarch, which I have since seen at Arquà. The tomb of Fracastor is not at Saint Euphemia, as some have asserted, but that of his friend Rhamnusio is there. The best paintings of the church are : *St. Paul before Ananias*, one of the best works of Giambattista dal Moro, a fresco which, on the demolition of the wall it first occupied, was carefully removed at great expense and placed over the door ; the *Virgin with St. Roch and St. Sebastian*, by Domenico Brusasorci, and especially two *Virgins*, by Carotto.

The church of Saint Bernardin, which is decorated on the outside with frescos by Cavazzola, surnamed the *second Paolo Veronese*, by Farinati, called the *third*, and by Giolfino, contains : the superb *St. Francis*, by Francesco Morone, and another painter unknown, who did the beautiful aureola ; frescos by Giolfino, which are still full of life, despite the injuries of time, and which offer a view of ancient Verona ; a *Virgin*, perfect, by Francesco Monsignori, of Verona, one of the best pupils of Mantegna. The chapel of the Cross seems a gallery of the best works of Veronese

masters of the good era. But all this magnificence nearly escapes attention beside the Pellegrini chapel, a masterpiece of San Micheli, of itself a little temple. If, with respect to style and eloquence, some few pages are sufficient to give the measure of superior minds, as may be seen by the *Aventures d'Aristonous*, the *Rêverie* of Rousseau, *Paul et Virginie*, *René*, *le Lépreux*, it ought to be the same in the fine arts : the Pellegrini chapel displays all its author's genius. Though erected three centuries ago, such is the skill of its disposition, the beauty of the light, and the singular quality of the stone,\* that it still seems quite new, and one feels inclined to ask what immortal contemporary has just finished such a captivating wonder.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

San Fermo.—Mausoleums of the Turriani, Brenzoni, and Alighieri.—Saint Sebastian.—Thomas à Becket.—Santa Maria in Organo.—Sacristy.—Saint George.—Ricovero.

The church of San Fermo presents the celebrated mausoleum of the Turriani ; but this fine monument was stripped by the war of its bronze basso-relievos and the two genii placed on each side. One might have supposed that these tombs would be respected in all these ravages. Nothing is known of the fate of the two genii ; the eight basso-relievos of Andrea Riccio are most clumsily encased in the wooden door of the hall of the Cariatides at the Royal-Museum.† These Turriani, who are here so magnificently entombed, were neither princes nor famous warriors, but good physicians and skilful anatomists, who had merely been successful professors at Padua, Ferrara, and Pavia : one of them, Antonio, son of Geronimo, the anatomist, assisted Leonardo Vinci in more truly expressing the different parts of the human body. Outside the church is the tomb of Aventino Fracastor, ancestor of the great Geronimo, the physician of Can Grande I., and

\* This stone peculiar to the environs of Verona, says M. Quatremère de Quincy, is the most valuable kind known, after white marble, for whiteness and fineness, and at the same time better adapted by its firmness, to be worked by the chisel : it is called *bronzine*, because when wrought it sounds like bronze. *Histoire de la vie et des ouvrages des plus célèbres architectes*, t. 1. p. 466. Paris, 1830.

† It was at first somewhat blunderingly stated in

the *Catalogue des commissaires français de 1798*, that the subject of these basso-relievos was the history of Mausolus, king of Caria, and they were again similarly explained in 1813. This notion was subsequently refuted by Cicognara, who thinks that the subject of these basso-relievos is the life, sickness, and death of Geronimo de la Torre. (*Stor. del. Scult.*, t. iv. p. 202 et seq.) M. de Clarac has since added, in his *Musée de sculpture*, t. 1. p. 469

inside are those of Francesco Pona, another celebrated physician, of several others of the same profession, and of Francesco Calceolari, a botanist, author of the *Iter in Baldum*. San Fermo seems to be the Saint Denis, or Westminster of the faculty. A singularly elegant tomb, one might almost call it graceful, perpetuates the memory of the Veronese historian Torello Saraina; this monument was erected by his townsmen as an acknowledgment of his learned researches. Few towns have had a better share of historians than Verona; Saraina is still esteemed; Maffei owes his glory to his *Verona illustrata*; and Count Persico, by his excellent Description of Verona and its province, has shown himself a worthy successor of these national annalists. The mausoleum of the Brenzoni, a good work of the fifteenth century, which elicited the approbation of Vasari, is adorned with paintings on a gold ground by Pisanello. But the little altar of the Aligeri, as they pronounce it at Verona, with all its simplicity, is far otherwise imposing by its name alone. The poetical arms of this family seem worthy to have been chosen by Dante; they are a wing or on an azure field. The last descendant of Dante, Francesco Alighieri, who was a very learned man, a good judge of architecture, and the best interpreter of Vitruvius, though his manuscript translation is perhaps now lost, erected near this altar the tombs of his two brothers, Pietro and Ludovico, the former well-versed in Greek and Latin literature, the latter an able juriconsult: it is pleasing to observe that, even to the last, a family so celebrated for mental powers has not been unfaithful to the intellectual arts, and that when genius fell away, its members never ceased to cultivate science.

Over the principal door is a *Crucifixion*, a natural old picture by an unknown author; which, from the two nails put in the feet, must be anterior to Cimabué, who first restricted himself to one. Thus, according to Maffei, Verona both preceded and excelled Florence in

the pictorial art. These disputes for glory are continually recurring in Italy, and they are inevitable among so many old and beautiful monuments. There are still some good and old paintings at San Fermo: the *Prophets* and other noble figures, of the year 1396, by Stefano of Zevio, or Verona; the *Adoration of the Magi* in the chapel degli *Agonizzanti*, by Pisanello; a *Nativity*, by Orbetto; the *Conception of the Virgin*, by Carotto; a *Piety*, effective, by the Cavalier Barca, an artist of the seventeenth century, well deserving notice; the *Virgin, Infant Jesus, and St. Christopher*, perfect, by Monsignori; the same with *St. Peter and St. Francis*, by Dal Moro; the *Christ* with his mother and Magdalen, by Domenico Brusasoreci. A good *Crucifix* in bronze is by Giambattista of Verona, a sculptor much praised by Vasari.

Saint Sebastian is one of the most splendid churches of Verona; its front, from the design of San Micheli, remained long unfinished to the great affliction of Veronese patriotism, and has been but recently completed. The high altar is by the celebrated Padre Andrea Pozzi, of Trent, jesuit and architect, who, with his brother the Carmelite, likewise an architect, was one of the most zealous corrupters of taste in Italy towards the end of the seventeenth century: this altar has however been greatly extolled. Among the many paintings, the *Saint suffering martyrdom*, gracefully supported by an angel, passes for one of Brentana's best works. On the ceiling, the same, by Parolini, is pleasing and well composed. A *Moses* on the ceiling of the sacristy is by Farinati; also a *Judith*, a superb and fantastical work, in which he has even ventured to put cannons in the siege of Bethulia.

*Santa Maria della Scala* shows the literary glory of Verona at very different epochs, and under manners greatly changed: it was built in 1328, by a vow of Can I., and it contains the very simple tomb of Maffei, its historian, antiquary, and poet, who died in 1755. At the altar *delle Grazie* is an old fresco of the

et seq., some reasonable explanations to Cicognara's critique. M. Quatremère thinks that the basso-reliefs represent the vicissitudes of human life, intermingled with both Christian and Pagan ideas and allegories. (*Journ. des savants*, déc. 1847.)

The wife of Pietro Alighieri was a Frisoni, a noble family of Verona; she had one daughter Gi-

nevra, who was married in 1549 to Marc Antonio Serego; from that epoch the name of Alighieri is conjoined with that of Serego; and till within some few years, it was borne by a very amiable lady, the countess Serego Alighieri, whom I had the honour to know, and whose premature death excited universal regret at Verona.



*Virgin*, and below Alberto and Martino della Scala, nephews of Can I. An *Assumption* at the high altar is by Felice Brusasorci; the *Virgin* with the seven founders, is one of the best performances of Rotari; an expressive *St. Mary Magdalen*, is by Coppa, a pupil of Guido and Albano. The *Virgin and some saints*, over the little door on the right, are light, graceful, and picturesque paintings by the Cavalier Barca.

By a singular coincidence, at the church of Saint Thomas *Cantuariense*, there is the tomb of John Baptist Becket, a member of the saint's family. Bossuet has left a magnificent eulogy of the archbishop of Canterbury; speaking of the Church, he said that *Becket defended even the out-works of that holy city*. The plan of Saint Thomas was by San Micheli, who lived in its immediate neighbourhood. His house still exists, and is remarkable for its beautiful entrance; a plain inscription on the pavement of the church points out where he was interred; it recapitulates his immense labours, and its unvarnished tale has a kind of eloquence arising from the truth of its statements. There are some fine paintings in this church. *St. Magdalen*, *St. Martha*, and a *choir of angels*, is by Orbetto. *St. Job*, *St. Roch*, and *St. Sebastian*; the *Infant Jesus on his mother's knees playing with the little St. John*, a painting in Raphael's manner, and even attributed to Garofolo, is by Carotto; the *St. Jerome*, full of thought; the *Virgin*, *St. Anthony the abbot*, *St. Onuphre*, by Farinati. Such is the beauty of the latter saint, naked and seated, that he has been regarded as an imitation of the antique torse.

The oldest Christian antiquity of Verona, and even of all the Venetian provinces, is perhaps the church of Saint Nazarius and Saint Celsus, for it may possibly be of the sixth century. The grottoes adjacent served for retreats to the first Christians, and may be called the catacombs of Verona. The monas-

tery is partly demolished and is occupied by a soap-boiler; this manufacturer is a friend of the arts, and has had the paintings of the seventh century which are still visible drawn and engraved; these old paintings, coarsely executed in a kind of cellar, represent the apostles, some martyrs, and the soul of the just departing this life, assisted by the archangel Michael, and may be called the first fruits of the brilliant Venetian school, which did not revive till four centuries later. The paintings of the present church are numerous; we may remark: the frescos of Falconetto, who became a great architect from chagrin,<sup>2</sup> through the first of these frescos not having procured him the praise he expected; divers incidents from the life of *St. Blase*, *St. Sebastian*, and *St. Julian*, by Monsignori; the *Nativity*, the *Circumcision*, the *Adoration of the Magi*, the *Presentation in the temple*, by the younger Palma; on the shutters of the organ, are some *Angels*, gracefully expressed, by Domenico Brusasorci, whose harmonious songs one seems to hear; a *Conversion of St. Paul*, lively and expressive, by Bernardino India, an imitator of Giulio Romano: according to a tradition peculiar to painters and now generally adopted, the saint is on horseback, although Scripture is silent on that point; a fresco of *Adam and Eve*, one of the best works of Farinati; a *Carrying of the cross*, in fresco, by Giambattista dal Moro; a *Descent of the Holy Ghost*, superb, by Carmeri, the clever assistant of Paolo Veronese.

*Santa Maria in Organo* is a wonder of art: the beautiful Corinthian front, from the design of San Micheli, would be, if it were finished, a model of sacred architecture. The altars and walls of its twelve chapels are covered with paintings by the first masters: *St. Francesca the Roman*, much injured, by Guercino; the *Passover of the Hebrews*, a *Last Supper*, *Pharaoh drowned*, and other picturesque frescos, by Giolfino;

<sup>1</sup> San Micheli appears to have been not less estimable for his social qualities, than worthy of admiration for his talents. So fervent was the piety of this architect amid all his occupations, that he never undertook any work without having a solemn mass said to invoke aid from on high. Vasari, who knew him, records an incident that proves his singular conscientiousness. Being harassed by the remembrance of a connection which he formed in

his youth, at Montefiascone, with the wife of a statuary, and knowing that this woman, who was in straitened circumstances, had a daughter of whom he thought it possible he might be father, he sent her fifty gold crowns as a marriage portion. It was in vain that the mother attempted to allay his scruples by assuring him of his error, he obliged her to keep the sum.

<sup>2</sup> See post, book VII. chap. vii.

some beautiful landscapes by Domenico Brusasorei. A wooden chandelier, in the chapel of the Holy Sacrament, the carvings on the wainscot of the choir, and especially the sacristy, by Fra Giovanni, an Olivetan monk of Verona, are perfect. I observed among these last the Coliseum, the tomb of Augustus, and other Roman antiquities which did not seem quite suitable subjects for a sacristy; they are another instance of the freedom of the arts in Italy before the council of Trent. This sacristy was mentioned by Vasari as the finest in Italy: the superb *St. Francis*, one of the chefs-d'œuvre of Orbetto, has since added to its magnificence; it contains other charming landscapes and views by Brusasorei; some excellent frescos and portraits of Olivetan monks, by the Moroni, celebrated painters of Verona in the fifteenth century; among which may be noticed the portrait of the clever Fra Giovanni, executed in a superior manner by Francesco Morone, who probably lived at the period of his admirable labours.

The antique church of Saint Stephen offers one of those old stone seats destined for the earlier bishops, which may have suggested the idea that it once was a cathedral; this stone bears but little resemblance to the white satin on the episcopal throne of our bishops. Among the excellent paintings of Saint Stephen, may be remarked: the *Virgin*, the *Infant Jesus*, *St. Peter*, and *St. Andrew*, by Carotto, the two first between *St. Maur*, *St. Simplicius*, and *St. Placidia*, by Giolino; a *St. Stephen*, the *Eternal Father*, a *Christ bearing his cross*, the *Adoration of the Magi*, by Domenico Brusasorei; the *Execution of the forty martyrs*, one of the most brilliant masterpieces of Orbetto, which is singularly detrimental to two good paintings near it, the *Massacre of the Innocents*, by Pascal Ottino, and the *Five Saints Bishops of Verona*, by Bassetti.

The church of Saint George Major is one of the finest of the revival: some attribute it to San Micheli, others to Sansovino, and it is worthy of both; but what belongs to San Micheli is the skilful daring with which the sides are supported in order to lay the cupola on

the cross-aisle of the nave. The superb high-altar is by his nephew Bernardo Brugnoli.<sup>1</sup> Saint George abounds in admirable paintings: there is the picture of the saint, by Paolo Veronese, which has been brought back from Paris; it is perhaps the best preserved of his works and the finest painting in Verona, remarkable for the excessively rich dress of its personages, the best clothed, I believe, in the whole realm of painting. An *Annunciation*, *St. Roch* and *St. Sebastian*, the *Christ praying in the garden*, his *Resurrection*, a *Transfiguration*, *St. Ursula*, prove the variety of Carotto's talent. A *St. John baptising the Saviour*, by Tintoretto, is full of vigour. The *Martyrdom of St. George*, in four parts, by Geronimo Romanino, is spirited, varied, and terrible. The *Apostles delivering a demoniac*, by Domenico Brusasorei; the *Virgin* in a glory, and *Saints Benedict*, *Romuald*, *Anthony the Abbot*, *Maur*, and *Bernard*, and especially three archangels, by Felice; the *Virgin*, *St. Lucy*, and *St. Cecilia*, by Moretto, are excellent. A charming little picture by Geronimo Dai Libri, called by Lanzi the jewel of this church, (*gioiello di questa chiesa*) represents the *Virgin sitting between St. Augustin and Lorenzo Giustiniani*; three little angels below are singing and playing on instruments; they forcibly recall the verses of Dante, the last of which is so precise and beautiful, as the conclusions of his various cantos generally are:—

Tale immagine appunto mi rendea  
Cid ch' io udiva, qual prender si suole  
Quando a cantar con organi si stea:  
Ch' or sì or no s' intendon le parole.<sup>2</sup>

Geronimo Dai Libri, as well as his father, took his surname from his singular ability as a miniature painter in music and prayer-books; he was the master of Don Giulio Clovio, the cleverest artist in this department, who was also a pupil of Giulio Romano. The masterpiece of Dai Libri, as we learn by a very legible inscription, is of the 29th of March 1526, and not 1529, as Lanzi states. On one side wall of the choir is an immense painting of the

<sup>1</sup> San Micheli had another nephew of greater celebrity, and on his own side, Giovanni Geronimo. See *post*, chap. xxi.

<sup>2</sup> *Purgat. Cant. ix. p. 142, 145.*

*Hebrews gathering manna*, a kind of pictorial poem: the invention of the whole and the execution of the upper part are due to Felice Brusasorci; Orbetto and Ottino, his clever disciples, did the lower part. Opposite is the *Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes*, not less vast in its dimensions, nor less poetic, by Farinati, an extraordinary artist whose talent was developed in his old age; he has painted himself under the form of an old man, for, according to the inscription on the painting, he was then seventy-nine, and he was aware that his age must increase the admiration.

One of the most remarkable paintings in Verona, the *Mater Dolorosa*, the masterpiece of Orbetto, formerly at the church of Mercy, is now at the *Ricovero*, a refuge for mendicants, and hospital receiving about four hundred individuals of both sexes, which seems to be well-conducted. The *Mater Dolorosa* has only three characters: Christ dead, Nicodemus supporting the body, the Virgin weeping; but the two last figures are extremely pathetic, and the drawing, colouring, and arrangement of the whole, are perfect.

## CHAPTER XV.

Town library. — Chapter library. — Institutes of Gaius. — Manuscript of Maffei's *Merope*. — Theatre. — Museum of inscriptions.

The library of Verona contains about ten thousand volumes; it was founded in 1802, and has therefore neither manuscripts nor rarities. The real library is that of the Chapter, which was augmented and almost founded by the celebrated archdeacon Pacifico towards the middle of the ninth century. It was in this library that Petrarch was first enraptured with the sight of Cicero's *Familiar Letters*, the manuscript of which with a copy in his hand are at the Laurentian; it was there also S. Mai disinherited his *Ancient Interpreters of Virgil*, printed at Milan, and that M. Niebuhr discovered the commentaries on the *Institutes* of Gaius, since published at Berlin by Messrs. Goeschen, Bekker, and Holweg.\* Perhaps there

are other treasures still buried in this rich library, that only await the labours of future scholars. Twenty-six epistles of Saint Jerome were written over the *Institutes*; the characters are still more effaced than those of Cicero's *Orations* at the Ambrosian. Between the text of the *Institutes* and the *Tracts of Saint Jerome* is another writing which extends over a quarter of the manuscript; it also presents some *Epistles* and *Meditations of St. Jerome*; the same parchment has consequently been scratched and polished twice. Sometimes, however, the ink preserves its brilliance, and proves that the ancients knew very well how to make it. This palimpsestus was on *large paper*; the Roman amateurs were not less sensible than ours to the width and beauty of the margin, as may be seen by several passages in the letters of Pliny and Cicero. Like Montesquieu, Gaius combined literary pursuits with legal studies; his commentaries are precious monuments of ancient jurisprudence, written with perspicuity, elegance, and purity, and they make us acquainted with the doctrines and opinions of the Roman juriconsults anterior to the codes of Justinian and Theodosius; they are vastly superior to the institutes of the former emperor, a mere undigested, inconsistent, and contradictory compilation pirated from them by his despicable minister Trebonian and his assistants.

The chapter library did not escape the library pillage of 1797; several manuscripts and scarce editions have not been seen since. These violent acquisitions and compulsory restitutions are equally injurious to learning. The library has at present sixteen hundred Greek and Latin manuscripts, several of which appear of the fourth, fifth, and sixth centuries; above fifty from the tenth to the twelfth century, are remarkable for the beauty of the parchment and characters.

Verona also possesses some good private libraries; but the number, like that of its picture galleries, has diminished within some few years. The library of the late Gianfilippi, which was sold in 1829, amounted to about thirty thousand volumes. I believe the catalogue of this

\* These fragments were not altogether unknown. Maffei mentions them, and likewise the laborious canon Dionisi, who left his rich library, contain in

a valuable collection of editions of Dante, to the Chapter library. The publication of the *Institutes* is no less honourable to the Prussian literature.



vast disorderly heap of books, purchased without discrimination by its former possessor, has not yet appeared. The chief part of them have passed into the possession of persons of Verona. At Signor C\*\*\*\*, a distinguished amateur of books, I saw the manuscript of Scipio Maffei's *Merope*, which came from the archives of Verona. It appears that some uncertainty had arisen respecting the authenticity of this manuscript, and the delegate had thought it his duty to certify it by apposing the stamp of the delegation and his signature on almost every page; it is assuredly the best authenticated tragedy in the world. Maffei's manuscript is exceedingly full of erasures, much more so probably than Voltaire's masterpiece.

In the court and under the peristyle of the theatre (this peristyle is by Palladio), is the collection of Etruscan inscriptions and Greek and Roman basso-relievos, formed by Maffei, and given by him to his native town; a museum which the donor's friends resolved to call *Maffeian*, though he had named it the Verona museum. The erudition of this good man was so lively, devoted, and persevering, that it may almost be called patriotism. Over the door of the theatre may at last be seen the bust voted to him by the Academy as well as the inscription to his honour, which he constantly refused while living, and even had it effaced when his fellow-citizens had put it up in his absence, a rare instance of the sincerity of this kind of modesty. How many monarchs and conquerors have fallen before statuary honours, and after a feigned resistance, have prudishly consented to accept immortality! The marquis Maffei did not deserve the mean trick played him by Voltaire, who, after dedicating to him his *Merope*, wrote, under a fictitious name, a pamphlet full of quibbles and abuse against the Italian *Merope*: as if some few imitations could diminish the merit of such a masterpiece. Voltaire would have been far otherwise enraged could he have known Alfieri's admirable piece, less showy and pompous than his own, but truer and more Grecian. Maffei showed himself

more generous towards another Italian poet, Count Torelli, a distinguished writer of the sixteenth century, and also the author of a tragedy of *Merope*, inserted by Maffei in his *Selection of Italian tragedies*, in spite of the personal interest he might have in its suppression.

The rich Verona museum, after being long exposed to the injuries of the air, has been better arranged recently through the municipal zeal of Count Geronimo Orti.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Canossa palace;—Gran Guardia;—Guasta Verza;—Pompei;—Bevilacqua;—Ridolfi;—Giusti;—Fornarina of Verona;—Palace della Ragione;—Pinacoteca;—Custom-house;—Piazza delle Erbe;—Painting of streets in Italy;—Campo Santo;—Casino Gazola;—Congress.

The finest of the many palaces of Verona, the masterpiece of San Micheli, the famous Canossa palace, once the abode of kings and emperors, whence the view of the Adige is so beautiful, has on its frieze, a singular ornament scarcely perceptible amid its magnificent architecture; it consists of a multitude of mitres, placed there by the order of Ludovico Canossa, bishop of Bayeux, who erected the palace. It is singular enough to see Italy indebted for one of its finest palaces to a bishop of Normandy.<sup>1</sup>

The vast palace called *della Gran Guardia* in the fine Piazza della Bea, is not by San Micheli, though such is the common opinion, but it reminds one of his style: experienced judges detect architectural inaccuracies in it that such a man as he would never have committed. It appears to be from the design of Domenico Curtoni, one of his nephews.

The Guasta Verza palace, indubitably by San Micheli, is of the most elegant and graceful taste, whereas his other palace, *Pompei della Vittoria*, though smaller, is remarkable for its plain and sturdy front. That of the Bevilacqua palace, also by San Micheli, but unfinished, appeared to Maffei somewhat licentious (*alquanto licenziosa*), so much richness and profusion were there in the commixtion of its columns. The precious museum which for more than two centuries

<sup>1</sup> Ludovico Canossa, noted for his uprightness and diplomatic talents, had been the pope's legate in France and England. It was in the latter country that he had the singular interview with Erasmus, without knowing him, which Roscoe relates

in his *Life of Leo X.*, chap. xii. Ultimately he settled in France under Francis II., whose confidence he gained, and was named by him bishop of Bayeux (*vescovo di Baiusa*, as he rather oddly gave his signature).

conferred celebrity on the Bevilacqua palace is no longer in existence; its beautiful Venus, Pan, and Bacchus, its busts of emperors, and its superb Livia, have passed into Bavaria: the Augustus and Caracalla (very scarce) brought back from Paris, only passed through Verona on the road to Munich to rejoin the other chefs-d'œuvre.

The Ridolfi palace deserves a visit for its pompous *Cavalcade of Pope Clement VII. and Charles V. at Bologna*, at the coronation of the latter; it is an immense and beautiful ceiling, the masterpiece of Domenico Brusasorci, the Titian of the Veronese school, one of the best works of this kind, and very curious for its portraits and costumes.

The great Giusti palace, finished about the close of the sixteenth century, was described, as well as its garden, by that indefatigable writer and physician, Francesco Pona, of Verona, in a scarce little book oddly entitled *Il Sileno*, Verona, 1626, in-8vo. This palace has become a military lodgment, occupied by the Austrian commander and his troop. Its beautiful gallery, which was enriched by the principal remnants of the Molino Museum of Venice, was sold by the government about 1825. The garden is still frequented; its prospect, grotto, echo, and labyrinth, are in repute at Verona; but it is melancholy; its continually recurring steps, formerly used for drying cloth, recall the time when the woollen manufacture was followed by nobles, and not thought derogatory. Andrea Scotto, author of an *Itinerario d'Italia*, of the year 1600, relates that the trade in wool and silk was so extensive at Verona, that nearly twenty thousand persons thereby gained a livelihood.

The galleries of Verona are not now very remarkable; several have even been sold recently. At the ancient Maffei palace (which has a winding staircase truly unique for height and boldness), there was a beautiful Fornarina for sale in 1828, belonging to Signora B\*\*\*, superior even, it was said, to those of the Tribune and the Barberini palace. Such at least was the opinion of the grand duke of Tuscany Cosmo III., who seem-

ingly must be a partial judge, and of S. Pinali, in his letter addressed to the publisher of the *Journey to Cosmo*, first published at Florence in 1828. Cicognara, though he greatly admired the Fornarina of Verona, did not think it by Raphael; in his opinion it had not that great painter's peculiar softness of outline, and he thought it might rather be attributed to Giulio Romano or some one of his school.<sup>1</sup>

The ancient palace *della Ragione* has on one side a basso-relievo representing the figure of a Dominican, which has caused it to be attributed with some foundation to Fra Giocondo, a good Veronese architect of the fifteenth century, one of the architects of Saint Peter's, who brought into France the principles of good architecture, and built the Pont Notre-Dame at Paris, sung by Sannazaro. On the arch near this palace is the statue of Fracastor, and on the arch of the *Volto barbaro*<sup>2</sup> that of Maffei. The *Annunciation*, in bronze, on the front, is by Geronimo Campagna, a clever sculptor of Verona in the sixteenth century.

The spacious old council chamber, associated with patriotic recollections which ought to be held sacred, has been transformed by means of thin plaster partitions into four rooms intended for the new *Pinacoteca*. The greater part of the paintings are bad, with the exception of a *Deposition from the cross* by Paolo Veronese, whose chefs-d'œuvre are not numerous in the town that he honoured by taking its name; it is almost the same with Urbino, the country of Bramante and Raphael, which possesses neither house nor painting by these great masters. Another remarkable painting, by an unknown author, in this unlucky *Pinacoteca*, represents the uniting of Verona to the republic of Venice, an act perfectly voluntary, a rare thing in the history of unions.

The custom-house of Verona seems, by the noble simplicity of its architecture, a kind of forum, and one is almost offended at finding nothing but packages, porters, and officers. This edifice of such good taste, which had for architect Count

<sup>1</sup> See also, on the admiration that this Fornarina inspired in Appiani and Cicognara, the passage of a letter by Count Persico, quoted in the notes of the Italian translation of M. Quatremère de Quincy's

*Histoire de la vie et des ouvrages de Raphaël*, by F. Longhena, Milan, 1829, p. 329.

<sup>2</sup> See ante, chap. x. note 5.

Alessandro Pompei, is nevertheless of the middle of last century, an epoch when the prevailing taste was detestable. One would think that the ascendent of the monuments of San Micheli and Palladio has influenced the architecture which succeeded them, and that when within view of such examples, it was impossible to go astray.

On the *Piazza delle Erbe* is a column, erected in 1524, and formerly, according to a decree of the grand council, a debtor had only to touch this column, to find shelter from the pursuit of his creditors; a singular expedient, proving that it was already felt necessary to prevent the rigours of imprisonment for debt, so terrible in free states, which our improved legislation is attempting to correct.<sup>1</sup> The Venetian lion, an excellent work which surmounted this column, was broken in 1797. The statue of Verona (*Madonna Verona*) in the same square, formerly had a sceptre and a crown to show that this city was once an imperial and royal residence, but these were broken off in 1797, and it is now covered with an *arena* that gives it altogether the air of a statue of Cybele, an emblem of the fecundity of the earth, which does not seem ill placed in the centre of a market. The statue holds in its hand that noble and harsh inscription, the ancient device of the republic of Verona: *Est justī latrīx urbs hæc et laudis amatrix*.

Painting in reality runs along the streets in Italy. Mantegna executed two frescos on the house of the painter Giolfino, his friend, with whom he had lived as a guest; a poetic and not uncommon manner with the artists of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, of acknowledging hospitality. Mantegna's frescos are now scarcely to be recognised: having first been barbarously whitewashed, an unskilful cleaning followed, and when I saw them they were again half covered by a large green Venetian blind.

The Campo Santo of Verona was finished in 1833; it is the work of S. Barbari, architect of the town, and, with its piazzas, temple, pantheon, and chambers

of anatomy and of pathology, is the most imposing and best conceived of all recent erections of the kind in Italy. Pindemonte, who now honours this pantheon, could no longer eloquently lament the confused and barbarous sepulture established in the first, the philosophic *Campo Santo* of Verona, created under the French administration:

Indistinte  
Son le fosse fra loro, e un'erba muta  
Tutto ricuopre: di cadere incerto  
Sovra un diletto corpo, o un corpo ignoto,  
Nel cor il planto stagneria respinto.—

The name of Verona is connected with memorable events of our own days. It was for some time the asylum of an august exile and his faithful companions; but these noble refugees did not find there the hospitality of the lord of La Scala, and in their deep sorrow, they could not have accepted his joyous consolations. The Gazola casino, almost sunk into a cottage, and now occupied by gardeners,<sup>2</sup> saw the commencement of that reign at once so long and so short, which succeeded that of a captive infant king.<sup>3</sup> This reign, begun in a foreign land, was destined to have a peaceful conclusion at the Tuileries, amid a people who were astonished at having ultimately found the benefits of order and liberty.

Verona became one of those rendezvous of kings and emperors, grand political consultations, which the disquietude and agitation of Europe have rendered frequent in our days. Comines, an able judge in matters of business, was no partizan of such meetings: "Two good princes," says he, "who wish to be friends, should never see each other, but send good and prudent people to each other." This opinion, which Comines supports by the history of his own time, is not true now. One of the benefits of civilisation is the improvement of the moral character of sovereigns. If Greece was abandoned at Verona, perhaps her misfortunes were less owing to the sentiments of the princes than the practices of those *good people* so much recommended by Comines.

<sup>1</sup> See post, book VII. chap. vi.

<sup>2</sup> This casino was always very small; the garden is in the bad taste prevalent in the last century, with its aviary and stone statues; but the vegetation is pretty good, and the view of the Adige pleasing.

<sup>3</sup> Louis XVIII. was at Verona when he learned the death of Louis XVII., and published the manifesto by which he declared that he neither could nor would change any part of the old French constitution, a rash engagement of which the Chart was afterwards a noble and just contradiction.



The impression that Verona leaves is not less vivid than its first sight is striking ; it contains fine monuments of various epochs, of antiquity, the middle ages, and the revival ; such as the amphitheatre, the chapel of the Scaligers, and the palaces of San Micheli and Palladio ; in short, this town, the Austrian headquarters of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, numbering forty-six thousand inhabitants, still produces the effect of a fine capital.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Environs.—Gargagnago, residence of Dante.

I have rambled through the environs of Verona, and its hills, which rise amphitheatrically and are commanded by the Alps, present an aspect at once joyous and majestic. Several points of the Veronese territory recall events connected with the literary and poetical history of the revival, as well as the finest feats of arms of contemporary glory.

On visiting Gargagnago, the abode of Dante, I did not experience the disappointment sometimes produced by places inhabited by celebrated men, a disappointment that I felt at Ferney, and later, too, at Vacluse. Dante wrote his *Purgatory* at Gargagnago, perhaps during his exile ; the *Inferno* was begun at Florence in the midst of factions ; and the *Paradiso* in Frioul, at the castle of Tolmino, and under that tranquil grot which the traveller still frequents. Thus do the three parts of this immortal poem, the work of Dante's whole life, seem in keeping with the misfortunes and situation of the poet. Like the Homer of antiquity, this Homer of modern times has taken words from the dialects of the different countries where wayward fate had thrown him. There is nothing left at Gargagnago of Dante's time, but the air and the site ; the latter, composed of lofty mountains, is grave and solitary, and one feels there a sort of harmony with the genius of the bard by whom it was inhabited.

<sup>1</sup> We learn from De Thou that he practiced medicine gratuitously : one of his most pathetic pieces is an epistle on the death of his two children, addressed to one of the three brothers Torriani, his friends :—

I cannot reflect on my visit to Gargagnago without sorrowful emotions. This old manor of Dante was then the residence of a distinguished lady whose death I have already lamented. The countess Serego-Alighieri had formed, at Gargagnago, a library of the rarest and best editions of this great poet, and had the intention of erecting a monument to him ; truly was she most worthy to bear his name, for her devout admiration of him, the elevation of her mind, and the ardour of her Italian feelings. Three laurels consecrated to Monti, Pindemonte, and the improvisatore Lorenzi, were planted by her at the poetical fête that she gave in 1820, to Monti and Lorenzi, who had mutually wished to be acquainted with each other. In the recital of my short voyages, I love to mingle the reminiscences of women with those of illustrious men, and the ever-new impression of nature's beauties, the wonders of art, and all the enchantments which enraptured me : this recollection still moves me with delight amid my sorrows.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Incaffi.—Fracastor's house.—Fracastor.—Rivoli.—Battle.

I visited the house where Fracastor formerly lived, situated on the hill of Incaffi at the foot of Montebaldo, between the Adige and lake Garda. Fracastor is now but a name, yet he was one of the first men of his day : natural philosopher, astronomer, great as a physician and a poet, he is a new instance of the affinity that ever since Apollo has seemed to exist between the two arts in which he excelled,—between the inspiration of the poet and the *coup d'œil* of the physician. Fracastor's pure and honourable life still adds to our admiration of his talents ; generous, feeling, ever ready to aid, he enjoyed at Incaffi the two blessings of the soul, letters and friendship. Fracastor's house, internally much injured, is let at ten crowns to some peasants who inhabit it ; but the walls are good and some traces of its better days are still visible ; for instance, a kind of wooden ladder

Batte, animos quando tristes, curasque levare  
Musa potest. . . . .

affords the means of reaching the second floor, while the wall beside it is a polished and shining stucco; the place of the library and the wooden chair of Fracastor are preserved: the latter pretty much resembles Ariosto's arm-chair shown at Ferrara, and proves that men of letters at that period were not very indulgent in their habits. It appears, however, that Fracastor was not inattentive to comfort in his arrangements, for there is a fireplace in every room of the house, a kind of luxury at that time. The loop-holes made in the walls between the chambers and the staircase, over the door, for the purpose of watching and repulsing the *Bravi*, acquaint us with the violence and troubles of that period: the house of this poet and physician was quite a miniature citadel. The view is tolerably extensive, but to survey the whole of lake Garda, you must ascend for some minutes; and I confess that I prefer the views that it requires some exertion to find to those which perpetually present themselves to our eyes until we at last think no more about them. Fracastor resided at Incaffi when he was summoned to Trent to be the physician of the council. How many times must he have regretted, amid the tumult of theological disputes, and even the balls and banquets of the reverend fathers, his woods, his books, and his calm retreat! It was at Incaffi, during a plague which ravaged Verona, that he composed that chaste poem, though its title has small claim to the epithet, a charming work, which has no other fault than that of being addressed to Bembo, and of containing frequent elogiums of that corrupt, grovelling man, who was much more worthy of the subject than the verse.

I was enraptured while reading Fracastor's verses at Incaffi; he is the Virgil of that beautiful spot, which after three centuries still retains the same aspect. It must, however, be acknowledged that Montebaldo, and the borders of lake Garda, with the translucid azure of its restless waves, are very superior to the watery plain and slimy marsh of Mantua. Fracastor's imitation of Virgil

consists not merely in form and externals, an imitation of words and sounds, like that of most modern Latin versifiers; his verses have real warmth and feeling, with the enthusiasm of a mind at once captivated with the beauties of nature and zealous of its country's welfare. One might fancy it a distant but full-toned echo of the pipe and lyre of the Roman poet. Perhaps the patriotic verses of Fracastor, inferior in expression to those of Virgil, are even superior in sentiment: he embraces all Italy in his complaints, in his lamentations, in his desolation; his grief is not that wealth-lamenting and somewhat selfish sorrow of the shepherd-courtier, Tityrus, who is so easily comforted after Octavius restores his property, and all whose sympathy goes no further than to offer a night's lodging on the leaves (*fronde viridi*) to the fugitive shepherd.

To justify my admiration of Fracastor, a poet that few persons read, I will transcribe some of the verses which most delighted me at Incaffi, while sojourning with an enlightened and generous host well worthy of feeling them:—

Ausonia infelix, en quo discordia priscam  
Virtutem, et mundi imperium perduxit avitum.  
Angulus anne tui est aliquis, qui barbara non sit  
Servilia, et prædas, et tristia funera passus?  
Dicite, vos, nullo soliti sentire tumultus,  
Vitiferi colles, quâ flumine pulcher ameno  
Erethenus fluit, et plenis lapsurus in æquor  
Cornibus, Euganeis properat se jungere lymphis.

O patria! O longum felix, longumque quæta  
Ante alias, patria O divum sanctissima tellus,  
Dives opum, secunda viris, lætissima campis  
Uberibus, rapidoque Athesi, et Benacide lymphæ,  
Ærumnas memorare tuas, summamque malorum  
Quis queat, et dictis nostros æquare dolores,  
Et turpes ignominias, et barbara jussa?  
Abde caput, Benace, tuo et te conde sub æmne,  
Victrices nec jam Deus interlabere lauros.

Independently of the beauty of its details, Fracastor's poem is distinguished by the merit of invention: the episode of the young man who fell a victim to the new contagion is very affecting, and I doubt whether our descriptive poets have any prettier verses than these on the citron-tree and lemonade:—

\* The *Syphilis*. A very inferior poem on the same subject had preceded Fracastor's: it was by Giorgio Sommaripa, a Veronese, and was printed at Venice, with other minor poems, in 1487. This very scarce book was pointed out to Bossi (notes on

the history of the *Life and pontificate of Leo X.* vii. 323-4) by S. Francesco Testa of Vicenza, a deeply-read bibliographer, whose activity, learning, and kindness I can never forget.

Sed neque carminibus neglecta silebere nostris  
 Hesperidum decus, et Medarum gloria, citre,  
 Sylvarum : si fortè sacris cantata poetis  
 Parte quoque hac medicam non dedignabere Musam.  
 Sic tibi sit semper viridis coma, semper opaca,  
 Semper flore novo redolens : sis semper onusta  
 Per viridem pomis sylvam pendentibus aureis.  
 Ergo, ubi nitendum est cœcis te opponere morbi  
 Seminibus, vi mira arbor cithereia præstat.  
 Quippe illam Cytherea, suum dum plorat Adonim  
 Munere donavit multo, et virtutibus auxit.

Ippolito Pindemonte has written a very fine epistle on Fracastor, like himself a Veronese : it is a happy inspiration of the verse and sentiment of that poet.

My morning walk to Fracastor's house and its environs is one of my sweetest and most vivid reminiscences. The rock of Minerbe, on the other side of lake Garda, struck by the first rays of the sun, seemed like a block of rose coloured granite. From the rock which crowns the height of Affi, I commanded on one side all the lake ; on the other the valley of the Adige, and before me were the lofty mountains of the Tyrol. It was at the foot of this eminence in the battle of Rivoli, that the Austrian general Lusignan was defeated and taken, despite the beauty of his name, by those generals of the French republic, young and new masters in the art of war, vanquishers of the tacticians of the old school, who were beaten probably in all the rules. I had beneath me the battlefield of Rivoli, a confined valley, a victorious Thermopylæ, in which any other army would have surrendered without the intrepid firmness of its chief, who that very evening went to defeat and take Provera under the walls of Mantua. Those were the bright days of Napoleon. I discovered, on visiting during the day the field of battle and the immortal platform, the traces of three cannons of our battery, a glorious furrow, which the earth now bedecked with turf and flowers seems proudly to preserve. The battle of Rivoli is one of the first feats of arms in the military history of the world ; the admiration it excites is redoubled on seeing the locality, which makes one better able to appreciate the rapidity, the courage, and constancy of the combatants : to increase the prodigy of this day, it was two Italian generals, Bonaparte and Massena, who triumphed in Italy, if not for Italy.

I had an opportunity at Rivoli of con-

versing with a man who has a sort of celebrity in the country ; it was Mosca, a notable name, though belonging to a smuggler, which was the trade he practiced at the time of the battle. Mosca was consulted by Bonaparte respecting the roads ; he carried him on his shoulders to a steep passage of Mount Saint Mark, on the borders of the Adige ; he would not ask any thing for his services and was only rewarded with a small pecuniary present and permission to carry on his smuggling rather more easily. Mosca retired some twenty-five years ago after thirty years' business, and was when I saw him a merry old man of eighty-three ; he had purchased a small estate, which produced him corn and wine, and I found him working in the fields. Mosca could neither read nor write ; in his account of the action, he frankly confessed that he advanced or retreated according to the chances of battle, and, like Molière's Sosie, he might very well have taken

Un peu de courage

Pour nos gens qui se battaient.

Notwithstanding his bit of an exploit, and his good fortune in military matters, Mosca did not seem a strong partisan of the French, and he remained attached to the ancient regime of the Venetian government.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Azzano.—The great Isotta.—Literary ladies in Italy.

Azzano was the abode of the great Isotta Nogarola, a learned lady, well-skilled in philosophy and theology, and famous for her dialogue on the fault of our first parents, in which she pleads for Eve against Adam, who is defended by her brother, before the podestà Novagero, who gives his decision. The scene takes place in the morning at Azzano, and the lawyers and judge, as was then the usage, take their arguments from Aristotle, Cicero, Hippocrates even, Ovid, and the Fathers. Isotta has composed a Latin elegy in honour of Azzano, the name of which she poetically traces back to the Sicilian nymph, Cyane, charged by Ceres with the care of her daughter, a trust of which she acquitted herself badly enough, and after the abduction of



Proserpine, fled into Italy. Isotta's elegy concludes with a prayer for the prosperity and honour of the Nogarola family, a prayer which seems to have been heard as regards the latter part of it; <sup>1</sup> she also, in the ordinary formula, wishes that Azzano may have a mild temperature, clear fountains, flowery meads, and pure streams; but is there not something sordid in her desire to see them roll along the rich sand of the Pactolus, and does it not recall the verse of Petit-Jean?

Mais sans argent l'honneur n'est qu'une maladie.<sup>2</sup>

The ancient manor of Isotta is nothing now but a new-built mansion, with an English park, great meadows, and a fine river, which also is of recent creation. Its avenue still exists; it is closed by an old iron palissade, and some decrepit old oaks near it appear to be its contemporaries. The portrait of Isotta is in one of the rooms of the house; her features are broad and strong; her mien somewhat vulgar; she is clothed in black and white, and, except the veil, her costume is not unlike that of a gray nun: beneath is a Latin inscription purporting that it is doubtful whether she was more admirable for learning or conduct.<sup>3</sup> This portrait is, however, more than two centuries posterior to Isotta, as it bears the date 1666. In the university library at Bologna, I saw another portrait with the same physiognomy, which was formerly in the library of Cardinal Filippo Monti. It is very probable that Isotta

has not been flattered in these after-date portraits: she must have been handsome, since her former master, the learned Matteo Bosso, who had taken holy orders and been named canon after finishing her education, declined returning to the Nogarola family whose friend he had long been, that he might not be exposed, as one of Bessarion's correspondents rather singularly informs us, to the distractions that the charms of his pupil might produce.

The great Isotta Nogarola, although she did not reach an advanced age,<sup>4</sup> obtained a high celebrity by her learning and writings: one of her chief works was a discourse addressed to Pope Pius II. and the princes assembled at Mantua, inviting them to a crusade against the Turks;<sup>5</sup> she was honoured by the praises of Ermalao Barbaro, Mario Filelfo, and excited the admiration of Cardinal Bessarion, who went from Rome to Verona to pay her a visit. Such a suffrage conferred sufficient glory. Amid the grand intellectual movement of the revival, the women were neither destitute of zeal nor ardour; queens, princesses, and ladies of noblest birth enthusiastically pursued the new studies. The first Greek book printed in Italy, the grammar of Constantine Lascaris, was composed by a lady, the daughter of Duke Francesco Sforza, wife of prince Alfonso, afterwards king of Naples.<sup>6</sup> Ariosto has given a poetical but incomplete list of the illustrious women who loved, cultivated, and patronised letters.<sup>7</sup> This high origin of

<sup>1</sup> General Nogarola, who died in 1827, although an enemy of the French, was a generous enemy; he saved several at the massacre of Verona in 1797. "History," says M. Daru, "owes him this honourable testimony." (Hist. of Venice, book xxxvi, 4.)

<sup>2</sup> The other works of Isotta are: *Letters*, unpublished Discourses, which have passed from the Ambrosian to the Bibliothèque royale of Paris; *Latin discourse to bishop Ermalao Barbaro*; *Elogium of St. Jerome*; *Latin letter to Ludovico Foscari*.

<sup>3</sup> The great part of the Italian women then famous for their learning, were not less illustrious for their strict principles. Some even seem not quite free from a kind of affectation and mania; such is the famous Veronica Gambara, of Brescia, born in the same century with Isotta: she lost her husband in her youth, and wore mourning for him to the day of her death; her apartment continued hung with black; her carriage was always of the same colour, and her horses were always the blackest she could procure.

<sup>4</sup> She died at the age of thirty-eight. Some bio-

graphers make her ten years older; although ladies in general remain stationary at thirty-eight for some years, one can hardly suppose such a weakness on the part of so rational and philosophic a person as Isotta.

<sup>5</sup> The princess Ippolita Sforza about to be spoken of, even went to Mantua and pronounced a discourse on the same subject before the pope, which was formerly at the Ambrosian, and has been published by Monsig. Mansi (t. II, 492), a discourse which Pope Pius II. answered with great courtesy.

<sup>6</sup> Milan, Dionisi Paravolino, 1476. Ippolita Sforza was not less learned in the Latin tongue; she transcribed nearly all the Latin classics. In the library of the convent of the Holy Cross of Jerusalem at Rome, may be seen a fine copy in her hand of Cicero de *Senectute*, with a great number of thoughts collected by herself.

<sup>7</sup> *Orland. fur.*, c. xlii. str. 3 et seq. See also the work of Signora Ginevra Canonici Fachini, of Ferrara, already mentioned: *Prospetto biografico delle donne italiane rinomate in letteratura*, which

science seems to have preserved to it a kind of dignity with the Italian ladies, that it has not elsewhere; their education is profound when they have any, and has not the pedantic character of our *Femmes Savantes* or of the blue-stockings of England. This knowledge, connected as it is with the discovery of antiquity, has something great and virile about it; it does not date from the hotel of Rambouillet, and has not been immortalised by ridicule from its birth. The country, the aspect of the places, the names that they bear, and the reminiscences they suggest, all combine to render the learning of ladies less extraordinary, and their Latin seems less a learned language than a dialect of the mother tongue. I have known some of these doctors of Verona, Padua, Venice, and Bologna, they were women of good society, amiable, lively, and natural, who were once beautiful and loved pleasure; they were, perhaps, less agitated, less harassed, and less impassioned than Corinne, but they had not fewer charms of character or intellect.

## CHAPTER XX.

Bridge of Veja.—The original type of the infernal bridges of Christian poets.

The natural bridge of Veja, in the mountains of the Veronese country, is one of the most curious things I have ever met with. One might say that nature, too, has not feared to give her specimen of architecture (as Scamozzi calls this bridge) in the very country which, from Vitruvius to San Micheli, Scamozzi, and Palladio, seems the land of the most eminent architects. The majestic arch of the bridge of Veja is composed of rock, and its river, a limpid cascade which never fails, flows between the young shrubs on its turfy banks, glides over an immense stone polished by its waters, bordered with a bed of moss, and forms lower down a charming fountain. This savage bridge is decorated with light festoons of verdure which hang down picturesquely, swaying in the breeze beneath its arch. The neighbouring val-

lies, that must be passed before reaching it, are really infernal, so far as aridity and desolation can make them. Dante rambléd over these mountains; it is very probable that the bridge of Veja gave him the idea of the bridges in his *Inferno*, of which the bridge thrown over chaos by Milton, between heaven and earth, is a grand imitation. Considered as the original type of the bridges in the hell of Christian poets, a new machine which is not found in the descriptions of Tartarus, the bridge of Veja would thus evidently have a rare poetical importance. We have already remarked, on the subject of Romeo and Juliet, that Shakspeare is to be met with at Verona; Milton is found in its environs. How strange that the genius of the first English poets should have the source of its inspiration at the foot of the Alps in a province of Italy!

By the side of the bridge of Veja is a subterranean grotto, a long and lofty cavern formed by rocks. If Dante ever visited it, and if the cicerone who conducted him had the same profusion of torches, throwing out as black a smoke as ours, he might have drawn from this expedition a scene of demons for his poem; but the muddy pool of the grotto (which I am not unacquainted with) was far removed from that river of hell supplied by the tears of all the unhappy.

## CHAPTER XXI.

*Tempio della Madonna di Campagna.*—Davila.—Historical exhumations.

On one side of Verona is the *Tempio della Madonna di Campagna*, a charming structure by San Micheli and his worthy nephew Giovanni Geronimo. The historian Davila, also an able warrior, by a catastrophe which seems to associate him with the personages of his history, not a solitary example of this bloody epoch, was assassinated by a musket shot not far from the *Tempio della Madonna*. His tomb was discovered in 1822 by the exertions of Count Persico, then podestà; it is in the church, and the old inscription *Henrici Cathedrini Davila cineres*, 1631, has been restored. The second baptismal name of Davila, the godson of Catherine de' Medici, explains his apology and justification of her life and conduct: an eloquent

Is preceded by a very sensible refutation of Lady Morgan's erroneous opinions respecting the ladies of Italy.

and fanatical historian, he treats the massacre of Saint Bartholomew with indifference, and bitterly censures the admiral, who, according to his account, seems to have been treated pretty nearly in conformity with his merits. This discovery of Davila's tomb may be put in juxtaposition with other remarkable disinterments that our days have witnessed. Charles I. reappeared in England after the death of Louis XVI.; James II. was found again at Saint-Germain. One would say that these dead had returned out of curiosity, awakened by the noise of events similar to those of which they had been witnesses or victims. Thus, did the historian of the Saint Bartholomew massacre appear after the murders of September and the proscriptions of the Terror, as if to be convinced that the passions of man, whether they bedeck themselves with the names of religion or liberty, are at all periods equally violent and cruel.

The cupola of the temple where the historian of the French civil wars reposes, became, in the Italian campaign, a kind of military observatory for our victorious captains; but when I ascended to it, there was nothing to be heard but the musket volleys and cannon of the Austrians who were fighting a sham battle on the plain of *Campo-fiore*.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Arcola.—Obelisk.

Arcola is one of those names that victory has rendered magical, one of those places that bear witness to the greatest efforts of French courage. The blunder of the general, if such there were, was here repaired and covered by the intrepidity of the soldier. The obelisk erected

\* The siege of Paris, book xi. of the *History of the French civil wars*, is very fine; in book x. the imprecations of Henry III. against Paris, shortly before his death, when he was riding along the heights of Saint-Cloud, are remarkable for a spice of declamation almost modern; they might very well have proceeded from the mouth of some of those foreign chiefs whom we saw on the same spot in 1815, when Saint-Cloud was the Prussian quarter-general:—

“Parigi, tu sei capo del regno, ma capo troppo grosso e troppo capriccioso: è necessario che l’evacuazione del sangue ti risani, e liberi tutto il regno dalla tua frenesia; spero che fra pochi giorni qui saranno non le mura, non le case, ma le vestigie sole di Parigi.”

on the bank of the Alpon in memory of the battle of Arcola is still standing, but despoiled of its inscriptions. The iron crown and imperial N have disappeared, and their traces inspire less regret. It is Bonaparte, the general of the army of Italy, and not the king of that same Italy that we seek at Arcola; the captain there is much above the prince, and the oak crown of the triumphal Romans would have been better on this monument than the Gothic crown of the Lombard kings.

Beside the mutilated obelisk stood a withered and broken tree, which seemed to associate nature's mourning with that of glory. A company of harvest-women were at work in the adjacent fields; one of them, armed with her sickle, would explain to me this great battle of three days, given *after Martinmas*, when the waters of the Alpon were much higher than I saw them, for the torrent had then dwindled into a tiny stream.

The small bridge of Arcola is still of wood and without parapets, but it has not the grand proportions conferred on it by our patriotic engravings; a stone bridge might have been built at the erection of the monument, which, in its imperial and military magnificence, seems somewhat selfish. A village bridge is not without its value even beside the most glorious and best merited obelisk.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Colognola.—Bonfadlo.—Illasi.—Amateur architects.  
—Pantheon.—*Purga di Bolca*.—Fossiles.

Colognola was the abode of Bonfadlo and the theme of his song (*de villa Coloniola*). The house in which he was received, probably by some Spanish lord,

(*Magnæ Alcon silvis cognitus Hesperiaë*.)

\* Bonaparte seems to have answered the reproach of Injudiciously choosing his point of attack, and of not passing the Alpon at his mouth the first or second day of the battle as he did on the third; the French had suffered some reverses for eight days past, he could not expose himself in the plain with thirteen thousand men against thirty thousand, and the equilibrium was only partially established between the armies on the third day by the successive advantages of the two first. *Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire de France sous Napoléon, écrits à Sainte-Hélène, par les généraux qui ont partagé sa captivité*. T. 1<sup>e</sup>, written by General Montholon, p. 19.



is near the great Portalupi villa. The small garden is more properly a terrace, whence the view is very fine, extending over all the valley. But yew-trees and cypresses have succeeded to the hazels under whose shade Bonfadio received from his Phillis that platonic kiss, a cold and refined pleasure, not at all resembling the *âcre baiser* of Julie. Besides, cypresses are plentiful in the Veronese, and therefore lose, as in Greece, their funereal character; this fine tree also yields a good return to the proprietor. I had some trouble to find this house of Bonfadio; the people of the village always directed me to that of the Signor Bonifacio, and this fact appeared to me a fresh instance of the little popularity of literary names, since literature has become a closet study.

The letters of Bonfadio, though rather elaborate, are interesting for the philosophic and literary passion that they breathe: "Il pensar è il viver mio," he writes to Benedetto Ramberti, a friend of Paul Manutius: his letters to the latter are the finest eulogy of that great printer: "Tropo occupata, e faticosa in vero è la vita vostra: nè so a che fine ciò facciate: per arricchire? non credo: perchè voi non misurate le ricchezze con la storta regola del volgo, e dei beni di fortuna, secondo i desiderj vostri avete assai: e se le cose veramente sono di chi le usa bene, siete un gran signore... E poichè avete indrizzato il corso della nobile industria vostra a sì bel fine, non bisogna che piegate punto; benchè per giudizio mio oramai potreste talor riposare. Andava gli anni passati la lingua latina rozza, e come forestiera smarrita. Il padre vostro la raccolse in sua casa, e la ridusse a politezza principiando un bellissimo edificio..." He counsels him not to leave his house nor even his bed on account of the wind. "Mentre che dura questo tempo, non uscite, non dirò di casa, ma non uscite di letto; ponete nel conservarvi maggior cura che fin' ora non avete posto; avete troppo grand' animo: l'ingegno è maggiore; ma le forze ove sono? viviamo, messer Paolo, viviamo." Some features of manners in those days will appear singular now. "Questo verno ho letto il primo della Politica d'Aristotele in una chiesa ad auditori attempati, e più mercanti che scolari..."

"Mori il vescovo di Consa mio padrone: era un giovane il più robusto ch'io conoscessi mai; affrontava gli orsi, ed ammazzava i porci selvaggi; era un Achille."

Not far from Colognola are the châteaux of the Counts Pompei, an old Veronese family: that of Count Alessandro, built in 1737, is of his own architecture, as the inscription announces. The Venetian school of architecture is distinguished by one peculiarity, namely, that it has produced besides clever architects by profession, a considerable number of amateurs, belonging to the more elevated classes of society, and altogether worthy of the name of artists by their proficiency and the style of their buildings. Count Alessandro Pompei, the editor of San Micheli, is in the first rank of these illustrious amateurs. The château of Illasi was his first attempt; soon after there arose, in the environs of Verona, similar palaces from his designs for the marquis Pindemonte and Count Giuliani, palaces which are like traditions of Palladio's style, and Verona itself is indebted to him for its splendid customhouse.

At *Santa Maria delle Stelle* is a subterranean apartment called by the pompous name of *Pantheon*, the subject of numerous doubtful notices by the Veronese antiquarians; this antique monument is paved in several places with a fine many-coloured mosaic, in which the following inscription in Roman letters is perfectly legible, *Pomponiæ Aristochiæ alumnae*, placed on a pedestal under a coarse basso-relievo representing the death of the Virgin; for this cave of Trophonius, as it is called by the canon Dionisi, became a chapel in 1187, dedicated by Pope Urban III. to Mary and St. Joseph. The latter, by a whimsical anachronism, holds in his arms the Infant Jesus in the basso-relievo of Mary's death.

The valley of Ronca, about fifteen miles from Verona, is celebrated throughout Europe for its shells, and likewise for a quarry of calcareous schistus full of fossile skeletons of fish, peculiar to distant seas, of species unknown or extinct; these fish heaped together at the foot of the mountain *Purga di Bolca*, certain proofs of the revolutions of our globe, victims and wrecks of remote catastrophes, curious monuments, nature's antiquities, investigated and explained in our days by her learned and

ingenious interpreters, and which a great contemporary Italian poet has sung :

Queste scaglie incorrotte, e queste forme  
 Ignote al nuovo mar manda dal Bolca  
 L'anima del tuo Pompel patria Verona.<sup>a</sup>

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Montebello.—Vicenza.—Basilic.—Library.—Reading society.—Olympic theatre.—Olympic academy of the sixteenth century.—Palladio's house.—Palace.—Churches.

I stopped one night at *Montebello* and was horribly lodged, as this large village was then crowded with a numerous detachment of Austrian infantry on the march, but it reminded me of a victory, and one of the new historical names belonging to France.

Vicenza derives its glory from the birth and palaces of Palladio, whose taste, at the very period of the decline, has been constantly transmitted and maintained. But the filthiness of the town, which contains thirty thousand inhabitants, and the ugly shops of the place detract from the beauty of its monuments. An *ordonnance de police* would be there singularly useful to art.

The public palace called the Basilica is a vast and magnificent restoration which began and extended the reputation of Palladio. This ancient Gothic structure renovated without any incongruity by so able a master, has become a model of taste, accuracy, and purity. In this palace there are some masterpieces of artists of the Venetian school. The half-moon representing : *the two Rectors of the town at the Virgin's feet*, under a rich pavilion with Saint Mark, a majestic composition, and one of Bassano's best ; the *PoDESTÀ Vincenzo Dolfin, with Peace, the town of Vicenza, an old man, and Fame dispersing the Vices*, a painting of the same size, by Giulio Carpioni, is ideal and true ; the *Martyrdom of St. Vincent*, by night, in the tyrant's presence, one of the good works of Alessandro Maganza of Vicenza ; the *Virgin, Sts. Monica and Mary Magdalen adoring the Infant Jesus*, with a beautiful landscape ; the *Virgin*

*presenting her son to Simeon*, by Bartolommeo Montagna ; a *St. Catherine ; the Virgin weeping over the dead Christ, with St. John and Mary Magdalen*, by Marescalco, a graceful painter of Vicenza at the beginning of the sixteenth century ; the *Adoration of the Magi*, grand, by Fogolino ; the *Virgin, Infant Jesus, Sts. James and Jerome*, by Conegliano ; the *Virgin in the air surrounded by angels and cherubim*, with God the Father above, and an apostle and St. Jerome below, by Giovanni Speranza, of Vicenza, pupil of Mantegna.

The *Loggia* of the *Prefettizio* palace, now occupied by the delegation, is a monument by Palladio. It has some good paintings by Antonio Fasolo, a painter of Vicenza in the sixteenth century, an imitator of Paolo Veronese, namely : *Mutius Scævola burning his hand ; Curtius riding into the gulf ; and Horatius Coccles fighting on the bridge of Sublicius*.

The library of Vicenza, called the *Bertoliana*, from the name of its founder, Count Giovanni Bertolo, a celebrated jurisconsult and councillor of the Venetian republic, contains thirty-six thousand volumes and about two hundred manuscripts.

One the of five vellum copies of *Orlando Furioso*, Ferrara edition, 1532, is adorned with the portrait of Ariosto, after a drawing attributed to Titian. This edition, the eleventh, was the last published during Ariosto's life ; he corrected the proofs of it, and it is pretended that it caused his death, so dissatisfied was he with the printer, and he wrote to his brother Galasso that he was *mal servito in questa ultima stampa e assassinato*.

A reading society has just been founded at Vicenza. The number of members is more than a hundred and twenty ; it proves that the Vicentian youth, noted for its love of pleasure and fêtes, knows how to combine therewith a taste for reading and solid converse.

The Olympic theatre of Vicenza, built from Palladio's designs after his death, is a noble, elegant, and curious monument. It has the form of an ancient theatre ; the stage even is like those of

<sup>a</sup> See the last edition of Cuvier's *Recherches sur les ossements fossiles*, t. IV. p. 218 et seq., and the *Description géologique des environs de Paris*, by

the same and M. A. Brongniart, inserted in this last edition, t. II. p. 426 et seq.

<sup>a</sup> Mascheroni. *Invito a Lesbica*.

two theatres discovered at Pompeii two centuries after, and which this great man had divined. The members of the Olympic academy, who had it erected, represented there in the sixteenth century, the dramas of Sophocles and Euripides, translated into Italian verse, barren imitations which left Italy without a tragic stage till the time of Alfieri. The inauguration of the Vicenza theatre was performed by the Olympic academy of the town, who performed the Greek *OEdipus* translated by Orsato Justiniani, a Venetian noble. Ludovico Groto, himself a dramatic author and blind, personated *OEdipus*, at least during the last act, when *OEdipus* comes on the stage after plucking out his eyes. I do not think that Groto's infirmity added to the perfection of his play; it must, on the contrary, have injured that sort of *ideal*, which is the first condition of the imitative arts, and he was doubtless better inspired by that admiration, nay passion, that the learned of the revival felt for the chefs-d'œuvre of antiquity. It was at Vicenza, according to Voltaire, that the *Sophonisba* of Trissino was performed in 1514; we are told by the same authority that Trissino was a prelate, and even an archbishop, although he had been twice married and had had four children. The Italian *Sophonisba* was the first of our regular tragedies,† and Vicenza is therefore the cradle of the triple unity.

The little house, said to have been Palladio's, is a chef-d'œuvre, but it was not his property as is commonly believed; he built it at the order of the Cogolo family of Vicenza, and perhaps he afterwards occupied it as tenant; it was only surnamed little as compared with the other larger palaces that he had built there.

The palaces erected from Palladio's designs are, the Chiericato palace; the celebrated Tiene palace, some parts of which only have been executed; the Porto-Barbaran palace, to which some embellishments in bad taste have been added that do not belong to the illustrious architect; the Folco palace, called Franceschini, of such majestic simplicity; the Valmarano palace, one of his best chefs-d'œuvre; the Trissino palace

*dal Vello d'oro* which he did at twenty years of age.

The Trissino palace, one of the finest in Vicenza and Scamozzi's masterpiece, built from his designs while he was at Rome, appeared even then the work of an artist who had nothing to learn. The Cordellina palace is by Calderari, a good architect of Vicenza at the end of last century, a restorer of the art and one of those noble amateurs of whom I have spoken already. Only a third of the palace is finished, but if completed, its magnificence would not be unworthy of the neighbourhood of Palladio's palaces.

The churches of Vicenza are rich in paintings; and most of the masterpieces of painting and architecture which adorn this town are due to its native artists. The cathedral possesses, by Bartolommeo Montagna, the *Virgin, the Infant Jesus, and some saints*; a fresco of *St. Joseph and other saints adoring the Infant Jesus*; by his brother Benedetto, the *Eternal Father, the Christ, the Holy Spirit, the Virgin and St. John Baptist*; by Alessandro Maganza, the *Virgin with the Infant Jesus, Sts. John, Paul, and Gregory*, one of his best works. The *Miraculous Draught of Fishes*; the *Conversion of St. Paul*, by Zelotti, one of the first painters of the sixteenth century, whose reputation is inferior to his merit, have been deemed worthy of Paolo Veronese, his companion, countryman, and friend. In the choir is *Noah's Sacrifice*, one of the most distinguished works of Liberi. The oratory of the Duomo, has some good paintings by Maganza. The *Virgin embracing the Saviour in the temple*, by Andrea Vicentino, is remarkable; the statues are of the Vittoria school, and the best are at the altar.

The outside of the church *Santa-Corona* promises little; but there is much within. The *Saint, Sts. Mary Magdalen, Jerome, Monica, and Martin*, in pontifical robes, is a noble composition by Bartolommeo Montagna. There are two other masterpieces, the *Baptism of Christ*, by Giovanni Bellini; the *Adoration of the Magi*, by Paolo Veronese.

The same subject at the little church

† Notwithstanding the disputes of the learned, it appears the *Rosmunda* of Giovanni Bernardo Ruc-

cellai, played at Florence before Leo X., was only in the year 1515.



of Saint Dominick is a clever imitation of Paolo Veronese, and the good works of Maganza.

The Poor Hospital, adjoining the church of Saint Peter, presents an elegant funereal cippus by Canova, who has embellished so many rich and splendid abodes. It is sacred to the memory of the Cav. Trento; the female figure engraving the name of this beneficent man on the column bearing his bust, represents *Felicity*, an odd subject and too cheerful for an hospital. The church has some fine paintings by Maganza, among which may be distinguished the *St. Benedict*, with *St. Placid* and *St. Maur*, and a king in the act of presenting his son to them: the *Christ giving the keys to St. Peter*, by Zelotti, is excellent.

The church of Saint Stephen ought to be visited for its *Virgin* on a throne, with *Sts. Vincent* and *Lucy* beside her, and, below, an angel playing on a harp, a work incomparably graceful and sweet, and one of the elder Palma's best.

*Santa Croce* has an admirable *Deposition from the cross*, by Bassano.

At Saint Rock there is an admirable *Raphaellesque Madonna* between two saints, by Marescalco, one of the best paintings in Vicenza; its *St. Sebastian* is of truly ideal beauty.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Capra casino.—Cricoli.—Trissino.—Nostra Signora del Monte.

Without the walls of Vicenza is the celebrated Capra casino, a masterpiece of Palladio, which a peer of Great Britain, Lord Burlington, an admirer of his genius, and himself an architect, has imitated in his park at Chiswick. Perhaps that delicate rotunda, which harmonises so well with the bright sky and living light of Italy, may not match so well with the misty atmosphere of England. The skilful architecture of Palladio is attended with so much convenience when applied to modern wants and usages, that he has found a second home in the country proverbial for its love of comfort, and the first English architects seem to have naturalised his

plans by their multiplied imitations. The views from the four fronts of the casino, are admirable for their variety, a variety which exhibits the character of Italian nature.

Cricoli, one mile from Vicenza, is a villa built from the plan of Trissino, the author of *Sophonisba*, a rural abode, still belonging to his descendants, in which he drew together the literary men of his time. It has a tower at each of its four corners, and there is something noble in the style of the architecture. Like Pompeii, Vicenza contains the house of a tragic poet; but that of the ancient city, carefully preserved by the ashes of Vesuvius, is less damaged, after the lapse of seventeen centuries, than the house of the modern tragedian, which now appertains to a large farm and is degraded into a barn. Trissino, however, rendered architecture a more meritorious service by being the friend and Mæcenas of Palladio, whom he conducted to Rome, than by his villa of Cricoli. Though he may have left no performance of supereminent worth, it is evident that Trissino, an orator and poet both epic and tragic, was one of the most ardent champions of letters and arts in an age when they were so very numerous.

Near Vicenza is the church *Nostra Signora del Monte*, whose statue, of Greek workmanship, is overloaded with drapery. Some paintings are excellent: the *Virgin holding the body of Christ in her arms*, and with Saints Peter, John, and Mary Magdalen, by Bartolommeo Montagna; the *Virgin and Infant Jesus in the sky with angels*; the portrait of the rector Francesco Grimani struck with the rainbow, and below Justice, Charity, Peace, Plenty, Prudence, and Hope, who is introducing some merchants and many poor, with women and children, a vast and beautiful composition by Giulio Carpioni. The *Virgin setting the Infant Jesus on a pedestal off which an idol has been thrown*, with Saint Joseph and three angels, is by Ménageot, a French painter, who contributed towards the end of last century to the restoration of our school; an affecting present made by the artist to the town of Vicenza, in remembrance of the asylum he found there during the trou-

<sup>1</sup> The chief of these architects are Inigo Jones, the English Palladio, Christopher Wren, James Gibbs, and Chambers, cited by M. Quatremère de

Quincy, *Histoire de la vie et des ouvrages des plus célèbres architectes*, t. II. p. 5.

bles in France. In the refectory of the convent are : the *Adoration of the Magi*, a chef-d'œuvre of Benedetto Montagna, and the wonderful painting by Paolo Veronese, representing Christ in a traveller's dress seated at St. Gregory's table. Mount Berico, on which the church of Nostra Signora stands, has almost grown into a monument, and the path to its summit is all under stone arcades. In this long structure, which is not the only one of the kind in Italy, there is a perseverance of art perhaps unique, and which belongs to this country alone.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

*Sette Comuni.*—Of their Cimbrian origin.—Asiago.—Society.—Inhabitants.—Fair.—Ancient usages.—Popular election of the priest.—Ferracino.—Merlino Coccajo.—*Per ubbidirla*.

I spent four days in going over the celebrated *Sette Comuni*, tribes of real mountaineers but little known, species of Alpine Batuecas, that some learned men and travellers have been inclined to imagine of Cimbrian and Teutonic descent.<sup>1</sup> This genealogy seems to have somewhat annoyed the inhabitants of the *Sette Comuni*, for about the middle of last century they charged one of their compatriots to procure them information respecting it, and his work was executed at their expense. The historiographer of these villages has written an excellent book, but unfortunately the first volume only has appeared; <sup>2</sup> he neither admits the fabulous antiquity, nor the etymological romance on which it is founded, and he regards the whole population as a

mixture of different German hordes who at various epochs fled to these rocks for refuge.

From Vicenza to Marostica, the road is a continual ascent through fields of flints. Marostica has produced some learned men, and of them, the celebrated Prospero Alpino, a physician, traveller, and great botanist, was the person who introduced coffee into Europe, which, in spite of Madame de Sévigné, was no more destined to be forgotten than Racine.

From Marostica to Asiago, the chief place of the *Sette Comuni*, the journey is a true mountain excursion and none of the smoothest, which can only be accomplished afoot or on mules. But the views in these mountains are beautiful; the Brenta becomes visible there, and as the traveller climbs the steep, his eye commands a greater portion of its course. Below the *Sette Comuni* are the Bergezonz hills, very interesting in a geological point of view, which were studied attentively by a learned Vicentian of the first rank, Count Marzani, who died in 1836, aged fifty-six; he ascertained that the strata of tertiary calx, gravel-stone, and basalt alternated as many as twenty-two and even twenty-five times. Before reaching Asiago the road passes through a forest of pines intersected with rocks, and the savage aspect of the town gives it a pomp well suited to such a capital. On the road, and not far distant, are the ruins of the old government house of the *Sette Comuni*, which was overthrown by an avalanche, the sole conspirator against this state, the only enemy, the only barbarian which ever ventured to assault and destroy such a palace.

<sup>1</sup> Marzagaglia, a learned Veronese of the fifteenth century, and master of Antonio Scalliger, was the first partisan of the Cimbrian origin, so perseveringly defended by Maffei and supported by Marco Pezzo of Verona, author of the book *de' Cimbri Veronesie Vicentini*. In 1708 Frederick IV., king of Denmark, pretended to recognise some words of their language. Bettinelli consented to the belief that these villagers were only the remains of a German colony brought thither by the Othos. In our days M. Bonstetten alone has readopted the Cimbrian origin. Malte-Brun, in an article on the Tyrol and Voralberg (*Annales des Voyages*, t. viii), pretends, following the opinion of Baron Hormayr, the latest historian of the Tyrol, that these mountaineers were probably only carpenters and others artificers in wood proceeding from the Tyrol, and that the word *zemberleut*, which in Tyrolian signifies *workmen in wood*, may have given birth to the tradition re-

ceived among these supposed Cimbrians. A learned philologist whom I consulted at Milan, Count Castiglioni, a great authority in the northern tongues, who has conversed with several of these mountaineers, thinks that their dialect is only the corrupted German of Suabia. I regret not having been able to procure Count Giovannelli's work on the Suabian origin of the Veronese and Vicentian villages, which was printed at Trent in 1826, and has been vehemently combatted by Professor Stoffella of Roveredo, although, in these questions, it is always requisite to keep on one's guard against the national prepossessions and patriotic feelings of the writer.

<sup>2</sup> *Memorie istoriche de' Sette Comuni Vicentini*, opera postuma dell' ab. Agostino dal Pozzo, Vicenza, 1820, in-8vo, published by the representatives of Roizzo, one of the seven Vicentian villages, the birth-place of dal Pozzo, who died at Padua in 1798.

Asiago is not without a sort of rustic dignity; its streets are well laid out, and is has several fountains with wooden taps. The church is solidly built; it contains the tombs of some old families of the country, covered with large slabs of marble, and the steeple, with its clock by the great Ferracino, rises proudly on the flattened top of the mountain, which is clothed with no vegetation but grass.

It seems that strangers rarely frequent the Sette Comuni, for my arrival in their capital was quite an event: my chamber at the inn was filled with a curious crowd in the evening, and in accordance with the Italian fashion, they first honoured me with a visit, as at Rome and Florence. The gendarme, whose zeal was less flattering, also came to ask for the everlasting *passaporto*; this military personage had not yet either arms or uniform, simply carrying the police staff.

The society of Asiago is composed of seven or eight officials living at the inn or coffee house: these are the judge, the police magistrate, their two deputies, and three lawyers. These last have plenty of occupation, for the natives of the Sette Comuni are very litigious. The cleverest of these lawyers, but recently established at Asiago, had found on his arrival sixty causes on questions of property, rent-claims for money, wheat, Turkey corn, etc., and the population is under four thousand. When I visited him I could not suppress my astonishment at the quantity of papers piled up in his office. Shepherds and manufacturers,—the Sette Comuni are famous for their straw hats, which are even carried to Paris; their tobacco is good and their timber excellent for building,—these men have neither the innocence of the former, nor the good faith and integrity that ought to characterise the latter.

Although the day of my arrival at Asiago was a Sunday, the costume of the female peasants struck me as by no means pleasing; they wear large round hats, like the men's, and their dark-coloured habits are ugly, differing but little from those worn on the plain. Instead of mountain airs and songs, I was unable, as at Chamouny, to procure any thing but some dull German canticles. The dialect of the Sette Comuni is daily growing obsolete, as their primitive man-

ners have imperceptibly passed away. How singular that the only work printed in this savage tongue is the *Doctrine* of the Jesuit Bellarmin which was attacked by Bossuet and suppressed by Maria-Theresa as contrary to the temporal power! It will perhaps appear strange to engage in bibliographic researches in the bosom of these mountains where stones and grass are far more abundant than books; but it is an old habit not easily laid aside, and I must, therefore, crave the reader's indulgence. On the second day that I passed at Asiago one of the four great annual fairs was held; the merchandise consisted of coarse haberdashery and vast quantities of those frightful round hats common to both sexes; the cattle fair, outside the town, on a grassy eminence surrounded by huge fragments of rock, was more picturesque.

Under the Venetian government the inhabitants of the Sette Comuni did not pay tribute; they had the right of electing their magistrates, were governed by their own laws, and enjoyed other privileges besides, of which smuggling was not the least; report says that they can scarcely resign themselves to the loss of the latter, which they exercise to the extent of their power.

Notwithstanding the universal decline of the picturesque in manners, some old usages still subsist in this country; if, like certain mountaineers of Auvergne, these people no longer marry exclusively among themselves; if they no longer manufacture their cloth; if the merry musketry of their wedding-feasts is no more heard; in a word, if their joyous ceremonies are nearly lost, like the ancient Germans, they still assemble to weep over the tomb of their dead, for whom they wear mourning a whole year, consisting of a heavy frock of black cloth, which they never relinquish however hot the weather may be. At the procession of Rogation week, which they rather pompously call *giro del mondo* (going round the world), they make a half-way repast; for there is something bacchic and German in the otherwise very fervent devotion of these mountaineers; and on the last day, the young maidens present to their lovers one, two, or three eggs, according to the degree of their attachment.

<sup>1</sup> See post, and in the next chapter.

<sup>2</sup> See Book I. ch. xii.



The clergyman of Asiago is still elected by the people, who vote by ballot with a red or white ball; the red is affirmative, the other negative. The priest had been elected in this manner about a month before (September, 1828). the bishop proposes four candidates, and in this case the one chosen was third on the list; the choice, however, is not absolutely restricted to the four thus named. Amid the extensive levelling of the Austrian administration, religion only has preserved to the *Sette Comuni* some vestiges of their ancient rights.

The sonnet has penetrated even into the bosom of these mountains: one of them was placarded at Asiago in honour of the archpriest Montini, who had preached the Lent sermons in the parish of Saint James, and it expressed the general gratitude in the name of the parochial deputation.

Asiago is the country of one of the most clever modern Latin poets, Giovanni Costa, professor and director of the celebrated college of Padua, called the seminary, who died in 1816, in the eightieth year of his age. His *Carmina*, which have gone through several editions, and his fine translation of Pindar in three vols. 4to, ought to render his name illustrious.

On returning to Vicenza by Bassano, across fine mountains and superb rocks, at the foot of which a broad torrent rolls along its foaming waters on their way to join the Brenta, I found against the outer wall of the church at Solagna, the tomb of Ferracino, that simple and touching inscription on which recalls his singular genius.<sup>1</sup>

On the banks of the Brenta, in the bosom of a smiling valley, I saw in the church of Campese the mausoleum of Merlin Coccajo, born near Mantua, an elegant Latin poet, the Virgil of the wardrobe, and the first of writers in the macaronic style, who appeared to me little worthy of inhabiting such places:

D. O. M.  
Bartholomæo Ferracino  
Venetæ Reip. Mechanico  
Inveniendi ingenio perficiundi solertia  
Natura unice magistra  
Machinatori Archimedis æmulo  
Jo. Baptista parenti optimo  
Bartholomeus avo dulcissimo  
Pils cum lacrimis  
M. P.

Campese, la cui fama all' Occidente  
E ai termini d'Irlanda e del Catajo  
Stende il sepolcro di Merlin Coccajo.<sup>2</sup>

The inhabitants of the Vicentine have an affirmative formula which they repeat incessantly, it is *per ubbidirla* (to obey you); it was ever the chorus of the very intelligent guide whom I took at Marostica to go over the *Sette Comuni*; if I spoke to him of a rock or torrent, he failed not to reply to me by his eternal *per ubbidirla*, and I am not quite certain that when I met with the tombs of Ferracino and of Coccajo, he did not tell me these dead bodies were there *per ubbidirla*.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Cittadella.—League of Cambrai.—Bassano.—Birth of Bassano.—Bridge.—Brocchi.—Publications of Bassano.—The Bassanians.

The road from Vicenza to Bassano passes by Cittadella, the ditches, gates, and loop-holed walls of which, although in ruins, have a fine effect. This remote part of the Venetian State forcibly recalls the recollection of its former power and the vicissitudes of its fortune; at times you observe on the summits of a mountain an old fort of red brick, a memento of the reign of the Scaligers, or of the league of Cambrai; of that league, the most formidable which was formed in Europe against a people, from the fall of the Roman Empire, to the coalitions against France; but amidst its dilapidation and abandonment, these ruins still retain a sort of independence and grandeur, and one does not perceive the evidence of a foreign yoke, as on the Piazza di San Marco, at the sight of the Austrian standard and their cannon.

Bassano, an animated and commercial place, has 12,000 inhabitants, noted for their wit, intelligence, and politeness. Two of its manufactures evince an elegant and distinguished industry, the

Vixit annos LXXXV. M. IV. D. VI.  
Obiit IX cal. janv. A. MDCLXXVII.

<sup>2</sup> *Secchia rapita*, cviii, 24. The word *Macaronée* is derived from the Italian *Macaroni* composed of a mixture of flour, cheese, butter, and other ingredients; a passage in the piece by Merlin Coccajo, entitled *Merlini Coccaji apologia in sui excusationem*, confirms this derivation.

first, of porcelain, is that of the *marquis Ginoro*, near Florence, the only one I met with in Italy; the second, of straw hats which rival those of Tuscany. This pleasant town, formerly called *Little Venice*, derives a lasting renown from its great painter *Jacopo Bassano*, the rival of *Titian* and *Correggio*, esteemed, envied, and admired by *Annibale Carracci*, *Tintoretto*, and *Paolo Veronese*.

At the oratory of *Saint Joseph* is the celebrated *Nativity* by *Bassano*, his finest picture, and perhaps the most remarkable of modern paintings for the force of its tints and its lights and shadows. It was presented by *Bassano* to his native town, a patriotic homage which makes us esteem the author not less than we admire the chef-d'œuvre.

The famous bridge over the *Brenta* is the work of a villager of the *Bassano*, *Ferracino*, a sawyer, a peasant of genius, a self-taught mechanic, and one of the most skilful engineers of the last century.

It was also from *Bassano* that came one of the most learned contemporary geologists, the illustrious *Brocchi*, who so happily opposed *Cuvier* in his chef-d'œuvre of the sub-apennine fossil conchylology,—the best work that has ever appeared on the fossil shells of any country. *Brocchi* began his career, like most other distinguished writers in Italy, by poetry, and archeology;—he was actively employed by the French administration as inspector of mines, and after losing his place he travelled over southern Italy and Sicily; obliged for a livelihood to enter the service of the viceroy of Egypt, this Italian, full of ardour, and in the prime of his life, died of fatigue in the desert. He bequeathed to his country his manuscripts and rich mineralogical collection, now one of the greatest curiosities of *Bassano*, with the *Nativity* and the bridge, monuments of the active or scientific genius of the fellow-countrymen of *Brocchi*.

The numerous publications of *Bassano*, although devoid of typographical beauty, have not been without utility, since they were pretty correct and moderate in price. The printing-office of *Rimondini Brothers*, which at one time gave employment to from fifteen to eighteen hundred workmen, is now in a languishing condition; it has had as many as fifty presses at work, but at present there are no more than three or four.

Such is the variety, the fecundity of the painting of the *Bassanos*, of those artists so united and intelligent in the direction they gave their school, which has, as *Montaigne* said of his Latin, overflowed even into the villages and as far as the territory of *Asolo* and *Castelfranco*.

Among these rustic masterpieces, may be remarked :

In the parish church of *Borso*, a *Virgin* on a throne with two little angels above it, and below *St. Zeno*, and *St. John the Baptist*, a work in the original style of *Jacopo*;

In the church of *Saint Zeno*, a majestic figure of the saint in a sitting position, by the same;

In the church of *Fonte*, *St. John the Evangelist* in a cloud with an eagle, holding a pen in his hand, an inspired figure; and below two bishops, one having a black beard and the other a white one, with two graceful *Virgins* by the same;

In the church of *Poiana*, the *Martyrdom of St. Laurence*, an animated picture, remarkable for the effect of the flames amid the darkness of the night, by *Francesco*, son of *Jacopo*;

Near *Trebaseleghe*, in the small country church of *Saint Fizio*, the *Saint* in pontifical robes seated, *St. Francis*, and *St. Sebastian*, and above the *Virgin* in the midst of a cluster of little angels, a noble and natural work, with a fine landscape, by *Leandro*, another son of *Jacopo*, and his faithful pupil.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

*Asolo*.—*Asolani*.—Cathedral.—Cenotaph of *Canova*.  
—*Bragadino* palace.—*Aqueduct*.—*Falieri* palace.  
—Chateau of queen *Catherine Cornaro*.

*Asolo*, a small ancient fortified town containing two thousand inhabitants, is in a delightful situation on a well-wooded mountain, commanded by an ancient castle. The prospect is really admirable for its grandeur and variety. So fine a specimen of nature ought to have inspired ideas a little less insipid than those of *Bembo's Asolani*, consisting of dialogues on love between the courtiers of *Cornaro*, queen of *Cyprus*, assembled in her garden, a kind of little *Tusculana* full of gallantry and conceits; in spite of their title and the general opinion, I have since easily satisfied myself

as to the fact that they were not written at Asolo.\*

The cathedral of Asolo presents one of the finest works of Damini, *St. Peter*, *St. Nicholas* (bishop), *Saint Catherine*, and *St. Prosdocimus baptising some nobles of Asolo*, richly dressed, and attended by their pages. A *Virgin* in the midst of graceful little angels, with *St. Anthony the Abbot*, and *St. Basil*, is a youthful work of Lotto, then the too timid pupil of Giovanni Bellini.

In the hall of the municipal council, a *Genius* weeping before the bust of Canova was dedicated to the great artist by his friend, cousin, and fellow artist Manera d'Asolo, who died through grief at his loss. Another incident adds to the religious interest which this elegant cenotaph inspires; the marble was a long time at Rome in Canova's studio; he had commenced working it, but did not proceed on account of a flaw.

At the extremity of Asolo, the ancient Bragadino palace is well deserving a visit for its extensive view, obtained by cutting through a hill, and for the numerous anonymous frescos, which ornament the rich front and exterior walls. On the front is a very animated representation of a great battle, in which the standard of one army is red, and that of the other blue, yellow, and white; and *Solomon receiving the Queen of Sheba*, whose head reminds one of the majestic grace given to his women by Paolo Veronese; the young ladies and pages of the queen's suite have a very charming effect.

The ancient aqueduct is an admirable work. This long open gallery pierced through the rock of the hill, the extremity of which has not been discovered, conducts to the fountain the small but precious stream of the only spring in the neighbourhood.

The Falieri palace at the Pradazzi, near Asolo, possesses the most celebrated production of Canova's youth, and which was considered as the dawning of his glory, the group of *Orpheus and Eurydice*, which he presented to his first benefactor, the Venetian senator Falieri. He was sixteen years of age when he completed the *Eurydice* and

nineteen when he finished the *Orpheus*, and his rapid progress may be easily observed. The remembrance of this first attempt was always cherished by Canova, since, when he was bedecked by Pope Pius VII. with the title of marquis of Ischia, he took for his arms the lyre of Orpheus, and the serpent of Eurydice, blended together. Canova had the good taste never to sign his name otherwise than Antonio Canova. A yearly income of 3,000 Roman crowns (16,000 fr.) was annexed to the marquisate of Ischia, situated between Castro and Canino; the artist made a present of it to the academy of Saint-Luke, to the Archæological Academy, and to that of the *Lincei*; he founded three prizes, for painting, sculpture, and architecture, with a pension of three years for the laureats; the prize called anonymous was increased; assistance was accorded to aged, infirm, or necessitous artists resident at Rome. A marquis of Ischia (the island), Inigo d'Avalos, is celebrated by Ariosto (*Orlando*, xxxiii, 29). Some verses of the poet might almost apply to the artist who succeeded to the name of the great seignor :

..... Quel gran marchese,  
Che avrà sì d'ogni grazia il ciel cortese.

Catherine Cornaro, queen of Cyprus, whom the policy of the Venetians compelled to abdicate, appears to have sought diversion when deposed from her throne, in the sovereignty of wit, and the conversations on sentimental metaphysics then so much in vogue: one might call it the hotel of Rambouillet, or the court of Sceaux at the foot of the Alps. I had the curiosity to visit the remains of her ancient residence, which, being distant from the high road, was accessible only by the most horrible paths. This castle, in which such subtle discussions took place, where gallimatias was the not unfrequent product of want of employment and ennui, is now a farm house. But the traces of queen Cornaro are there imprinted on all sides: four columns of the front still remain; the barn, which must have been the drawing-room, has its ceiling ornamented with elegant ara-

\* M. Renouard, in his excellent *Annales de l'imprimerie des Aides*, t. iii, p. 45, has not escaped this error as to the place where the Asolani were composed. Bembo wrote them at the court of Ercole d'Este, duke of Ferrara, and they were dedicated to

his wife the celebrated Lucrezia Borgia. See the article *Bembo*, in Bayle, and the *Life and Pontificate of Leo X.*, by Roscoe. Dissertation on Lucrezia Borgia.



besques, and the granary which is over it, and is of the same size, is decorated in a similar manner. The paintings on the outside are very singular. The queen is there represented riding on her husband bridled and saddled like a palfrey; *la regina col suo marito*, said an old woman to us in triumph; in another part she is represented as the goddess Diana hunting the wild boar. On one side of one of the principal doors is Apollo in the costume of a troubadour, and with pointed shoes, pursuing Daphne already half-metamorphosed into a laurel, and on the other side is represented a cardinal as a hermit, with the aureola of a saint, a kind of Saint Jerome clad in purple, who tears out his heart and offers it bleeding to Jesus Christ on the cross. Over the same door is the lion of Venice, the connection between these latter paintings presents a faithful image of the poetical and religious life of the captive queen of Cyprus.

The chapel still exists, and contains many small frescos of excellent taste, mingled with armorial bearings in the style of those in the castle; this building alone retains its primitive destination, and whilst the pomp of royalty, the vanity of wit, and the regrets of power have disappeared from the place, prayer has remained.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

Possagno.—Temple by Canova.—Metopes.—Piety.—  
Painting of Canova.—His tomb.—His house.

About four miles from Asolo, on a small elevation at the bottom of a valley commanded by a triple range of mountains, is the temple raised by Canova, near Possagno, a village containing fourteen hundred inhabitants, where he was born. Marble is common in these mountains, and one would say that it was to give it animation that this great artist entered the world at their foot. Part of the riches of Possagno consists in the abundance of a stone precious by its quality and by the diversity of uses to which it is applicable. Canova's family was engaged in the working of this quarry.

The apparition of this pompous monument of art in the bosom of savage nature, in the midst of woods and rocks, is marvellous. The portico, composed of eight fluted columns of the ancient Doric order, is similar to that of the Par-

thenon, the vestibule to that of the temple of Theseus, the cupola resembles that of the Rotunda, and, as in all the temples of antiquity, the light only enters by the doors and the roof, which has an opening of sixteen feet in diameter. This church, dedicated to the Trinity, was built from designs of the Venetian architect Selva, but which were in several instances corrected and changed by Canova. Through an absurd and very ancient custom at Possagno, females alone have the privilege of entering the church by the great door; this portico of the Parthenon is thus devoted to the particular use of the female peasants, and it has been necessary to open two side doors for the men.

The church, begun in 1819, was not finished until 1830, and not brought into use for divine service until 1832. The death of Canova, which happened in 1822, must have contributed to these delays. His heirs have been accused of evincing indifference towards the completion of a monument which would prodigiously decrease the amount of their inheritance; but it appears that the charge is unfounded, and that the work from some details in the construction could not proceed more rapidly. Such was the benevolence of Canova, and such the noble use he always made of his riches,<sup>1</sup> that when at the close of his life he wished to construct the church of Possagno, his resources were found to be insufficient, and he was obliged to resume the most profitable of his labours, and with the same fatigue to which indigence alone had at first condemned him. The expense of the building has been a million, and the interest of a capital of 113,437 fr. 66 c., is set apart for repairs.

It is difficult to reflect on the destination of this edifice without experiencing some emotion; this Grecian temple erected in a village in the Alps, this monument dedicated to the service of God by one man, who intended to make it his tomb, and built it in his native village. The glory of Canova is more affecting on this spot; the European sculptor here shows himself only as a citizen and a Christian. No city monument will ever be more national or popular than the temple of this hamlet. The inhabitants came of their own accord, to assist the

<sup>1</sup> During one of the disastrous years of the French occupation of Rome, Canova devoted 140,000 francs to charitable purposes.

two or three hundred workmen who were daily employed there; on holy-days, at an early hour in the morning, men, women, young and old, rich and poor, animated with the same zeal, the priest at their head, and singing sacred hymns, proceeded to the neighbouring mountain to fetch the marble necessary for the construction of the temple; they drew it in triumph, and in their rustic enthusiasm they had inscribed on their waggons the words *religione, patria*. Canova, who had come to Possagno, ordered vehicles to be made for the use of the young girls, who employed themselves in bringing the lighter materials; these maidens, to the number of some hundreds, joyfully yoked themselves two and two to the carriage; they were dressed in their holyday clothes, and had their hair ornamented with flowers. On the day of the ceremony of laying the first stone, they claimed and obtained the honour of going to fetch the water from a distant fountain. The sculptor of the Graces, of Psyche and of Hebe was pleased to dress with his own hand after the antique one of those *ex-tempore* naiads, and with all the taste which distinguishes his female mythological figures. The new fashion so charmed the other villagers that this Grecian head-dress still continues to be worn on Sundays. An indemnity of 1,000 fr. was granted by Canova to the girls of Possagno, during the continuance of the works. His brother has since continued this act of generosity; a sum of 60 Roman crowns is every year devoted as a dowry for three of the poorest and most virtuous; the choice was left to the churchwardens, who, embarrassed by the number of candidates, and by the dissatisfaction evinced by the unsuccessful, succeeded in having the sum divided into six portions. The multitude of candidates may be explained by the fact, that any age from sixteen to forty-five was eligible.

Some censorious spirits have blamed the erection of such a monument in such a small secluded village, but this monument will attract strangers to the place; it has given it roads, and made it a thoroughfare; for when I visited it, there was no access but by difficult foot-

paths, through the dried-up bed of torrents; the foundation of the church by Canova is as a magnificent and eternal benefaction bequeathed by him to his obscure and needy country.\*

The seven metopes of the portico, representing different scripture subjects, (their models, noble, graceful works of Canova, are in the interior), were executed in marble by some of the first pupils of the Venetian Academy of Fine Arts. The interior of the building has an air of simplicity rather harsh and naked, Canova not having been able to execute some works with which he had intended to decorate it. A *Piety*, a marble group of his later years, which he could not complete, and which was skilfully cast in bronze by the Venetian founder Ferrari, offers a delicate and striking expression of the artist's talent. The head of the Christ, according to the lively expressions of Pietro Giordani, resembles: "la bellezza, la bontà, il valore, la mansuetudine, e come fu benigno alla semplità dei poveri e alla innocenza dei fanciulli, pietoso alla miseria degli infermi, severo coll' arrogante dovizia dei signori e colla superbia e avara dominazione dei sacerdoti: non timido insegnatore del doversi amare con sincerità netta d'ogni superstizione Iddio, cui la misericordia è più gradita che il sacrificio, e che comandò di amare e tollerare gli uomini come fratelli, e non usare se non misuratamente le ricchezze tiranne del mondo."

The last chef-d'œuvre of Canova is worthily placed at Possagno; for it is the point of departure; still more than his works, which makes the glory of the man.

At the grand gallery is the *Apparition of the Eternal to the three Marys, and to the disciples, near the dead Christ*, a capital picture by Canova, which he painted in 1797, and retouched in 1821. Never did talent fall into a more deplorable error. The upper part of the painting represents the Eternal Father in the semblance of a sun, as Louis XIV. was represented, and his bended arms hang across this sun; the Holy Ghost, under the ordinary form of a dove, shedding luminous rays from the beak, and an angel, who has nothing either heavenly or divine in his appearance, although of

\* A bold bridge, of a single arch of forty yards span, has been thrown across between two rocks,

over a torrent at the point called *Il salto di Crespiano*, in order to facilitate the approach to Possagno.

fine form, is blowing a trumpet with a theatrical air. In spite of the bad colour of the whole painting, and the poverty of invention and composition, the lower part is much superior to the ideal; and some traces of the sculptor's skill may be recognized in the draperies.

Some good paintings of the Italian masters ornament the temple of the great contemporary artist. They are: a fine and touching *Madonna delle Grazie* in a double compartment by Pordenone; *the Virgin* in the midst of an aureola of angels, and below St. Sebastian, St. Francis, St. Roch and St. Anthony, an agreeable picture by Andrea Vicentino; *Christ in the garden of Olives*, by young Palma, a pathetic piece, and one of the best of his too numerous works; and *St. Francis de Paule*, refused by the sailors and passing the straits of Messina on his cloak with his two acolytes, by Luca Giordano. The twelve figures of the *Apostles*, a fresco by M. Demin, notwithstanding their too rapid execution, are noble and effective, and happily replace the statues which Canova did not live to execute.

The marble tomb of the founder of this splendid monument is very simple, it was raised by his brother the bishop of Mindo, who, as the following touching inscription indicates, is to rejoin him there:—

JOH. B. EPISCOPUS MYNDENSIS  
ANT. CANOVÆ FRATRI DULCIS-  
SIMO ET SIBI VIVENS. P. C.

In the village is the small house which was inhabited by Canova, the beau ideal of an artist's residence from its elegant simplicity, *simplex munditiis*: his works are framed in the different rooms. A large hall contains all the plasters; it forms a Canova museum, and the sight of this multitude of works, so great, so noble, or so graceful, soon makes one forget the wretched painting of the immortal stuary.

### CHAPTER XXX.

Maser.—Manini palace.—Chapel.—Stuccos of Vittoria.—Olympus of Paolo Veronese.

The pretty village of Maser, ten miles from Possagno, possesses one of the most complete and most finished wonders of art, which the good Lanzi, who might have described it, has compared to the

villa of Lucullus; this is the Manini Palace, built by Palladio, ornamented with stuccos by Vittoria, and painted by Paolo Veronese when in the flower of his age.

Palladio returned from Rome when he was employed at Maser by the illustrious Daniele Barbaro, patriarch of Aquileia, the learned commentator of Vitruvius, and the friend of the first literary men of his time. The elegant chapel, a small round temple, shows the inspiration of antiquity. The interior is delightfully overrun by statues, grotesque heads, and arabesques in stucco by Vittoria, which will bear comparison with the best works in marble, and which have left no room for painting. The latter art, banished to beneath the portico, does not there appear ill-placed; on the ceiling, the *Resurrection of Christ*, by Pellegrini, shows some very skilful foreshortening; *the Virgin and St. Joseph* has, fantastically, for a pendant, Fame showing the portraits of the noble founder of this chef-d'œuvre.

The palace, which is situated on a declivity, has in front a flight of steps extending the whole width of the front. The genius of Palladio and Paolo Veronese bursts forth in the great hall.

Amongst the personages placed in the brilliant balcony, painted on the ceiling, is one which excites general admiration; an old woman pointing out to a young female a fine child who holds back a spotted dog, which is ready to fly at another child who is reading; near this are a young man and a parrot; all these figures are life itself. The child with the dog, and the young woman, are said to be portraits of Paolo Veronese and his mistress. A singular optical illusion is here observed; when the spectator places himself under either of the children; the old woman and the young one instead of looking at the child, have their eyes directed towards himself. A lunette poetically unites *Ceres* and *Bacchus*, as the emblem and source of life; one of the nymphs of the goddess is gently placing a little child on a bed of wheat sheaves; Bacchus is pressing the juice from a bunch of grapes into a cup; his retinue of wanton nymphs forms a strong contrast to the group of modest nymphs, the attendants of Ceres. The lunette opposite shows *Venus* reclining indelicately enough by the side of her aged partner, with a long smiths' implement



in his hand, and *Flora* followed by a lovely train of nymphs and little children, wearing flowers in their dresses, or carrying little baskets. But the richest of all these compositions is the octagon in the centre of the ceiling, a sublime work, where are represented *Olympus* surrounded by the four elements, Plenty, Love, Fortune, and lastly, the figure of a female who appears a great admirer of Etruscan vases, as she is leaning on one and has another at her feet.

The four rooms adjoining the hall, are covered with numberless allegorical figures, of very ambiguous meaning. The eight elegant figures standing separate, which Algarotti took for the Muses, appear to be only simple musicians. The two closed doors opposite each other exhibit two charming figures, the one a young valet in a Spanish dress, cap in hand as if waiting to receive orders; the other a fair little girl, full of elegance and animation. It is impossible to conceive a more pleasing antechamber.

Maser was the dwelling place of the last of the hundred and twenty Doges of Venice, Manini,<sup>1</sup> who so miserably abdicated; the luxuries of his villa, the fear of losing it, or of seeing it laid waste, contributed perhaps to his want of character and resolution; for this weak man was not a traitor, and he loved his country.<sup>2</sup>

## CHAPTER XXXI.

Castelfranco.—Saint Liberal.—Picture by Giorgione.  
—Frescos by Paolo Veronese.—Academy of the Filloglotti.—Conegliano.—Duomo.—Saint Fiore.—Picture of Conegliano.

Castelfranco, a pretty town, is the country of the great painter, Giorgione, Titian's rival; he died at the age of thirty-four, in despair at having been betrayed by his mistress, whom his pupil Luzzo di Feltre had seduced.

The church Saint Liberal, with its noble, harmonious cupola, presents an humble imitation of Palladio's *Redentore* at Venice. The architect Preti was of Castelfranco, as well as the greater

number of the artists who have decorated this church, which is a real museum, the sacristy alone containing more than forty paintings. There is Giorgione's celebrated picture of the *Virgin*, called by Algarotti the magnificent painting of Castelfranco, the production of his youth, the bold first step of a career destined to be so steady and rapid. The fine, the superb Saint Liberal, armed as a knight and holding his banner unfolded, placed near the throne of the Virgin, passes for the portrait of Giorgione; it contrasts strongly with the pious and meditative air of the Saint Francis opposite, which is believed to be the portrait of his brother. The details even are exquisite, and the trees of the landscape in the background, where a fine castle and an elegant little temple may be distinguished, appear to be agitated by a gentle breeze. After the chef-d'œuvre of Giorgione, comes the *Presentation of the Virgin*, by the younger Palma, a pleasing picture, but of that bluish tint which he was so fond of giving his paintings; *Christ descending into purgatory*, to deliver the patriarchs and prophets, remarkable for the touching confusion of Adam, and particularly of Eve, a rich composition by Ponchino of Castelfranco, who took holy orders and afterwards became a canon. An *Assumption*, notwithstanding the difficulty of the subject for sculpture, is interesting from the fact of its author Torretti, who had his *studio* at Pagnano, a village of the Trevisan where he was born, being the first master of Canova, and because the little tower (monogram of Torretti) under Saint Liberal, passes for the work of the young Antonio. Such was the immense popularity of Canova in Italy, and the honour attached to the smallest trace of him, that on his passing through Pagnano afterwards, this public inscription was dedicated to him:

SALVETE. LOCA. NULLIS. BEATIORA  
QUAE

A. CANOVAM

PHIDIACAE. ARTIS. CLEMENTIA. DISCENTEM.  
VIDISTIS. SALVETE. ITERUM. ITERUMQUE.

poet of the sixteenth century, Louis Alamanni, who said in his second satire that the liberty of Venice would not last a thousand years:

Se non cangi pensier, l'un secol' solo  
Non conterà sopra il millesim' anno  
Tua libertà, che va fuggendo a volo.

<sup>1</sup> Some chronologists only reckon one hundred and nineteen Doges, because they exclude the usurper Pietro Barbolano of the Centranico family, who was, in 1026, the twenty-eighth doge.

<sup>2</sup> The election of the first Doge was in the year 797; Manini was deposed in 1796, so that we find fulfilled the prophecy of the excellent Florentine

The statues of *Faith* and *Charity* by S. Zandomenighi of Venice, recall to mind the *morbidezza* of Canova.

The sacristy has received the three superb frescos of Paul Veronese, *Time and Fame*, *Justice*, and *Temperance*, successfully transferred on canvas, formerly at the neighbouring palace of the Soranza, of the architecture of San Micheli, barbarously demolished, in spite of its massive strength, and which was cited by Vasari as one of the largest, finest, and most convenient country residences. The calm, healthy appearance of *Temperance*, whose attention is directed to a vase of water, well expresses the good effects of the virtue which she represents. Some other paintings in this sacristy are also remarkable. The *Marriage of St. Ann and St. Joachim*, by Beccarruzzi, a painter of the sixteenth century, well expresses the kind of tenderness felt by an old couple, who perhaps knew each other too late, and presents a fine landscape. The *St. Sebastian* of the younger Palma, is expressive and the foreshortening good. The two tall figures of *St. George* and *St. Liberal* clad in brown armour have a very martial air. The *Supper at Emmaüs* is by Paolo Piazza of Castelfranco, a pupil of Bassano, who became a Capuchin monk at Rome, and under the name of Padre Cosmo was a painter of great originality, as may be judged from the bustle which prevails in the kitchen where dinner is preparing. The *Amours of Cleopatra*, which Padre Cosmo painted at the Borghese palace, was a subject less befitting his pencil as a monk. The skilful painters of Castelfranco showed themselves subject to exalted passions; Giorgione died of amorous despair, Ponchino and Piazza embraced the conventual life.

Castelfranco has two other fine churches; *St. James the Apostle*, by the clever Venetian architect Massari, where is to be seen a good painting of the *Saint*, by Damini, of Castelfranco, of whom it has been said, doubtless with exaggeration, that if he had not died so young he would have equalled Titian; and the church of *Saint Mary*, which contains twelve exquisite little paintings by this same Damini.

The small and elegant theatre was so well arranged that it served in the morning for the annual sitting of the Academy

of Castelfranco, called the Academy of the Filoglotti, where are produced the local panegyrics, dissertations, and verses, which latter are said to be occasionally rather harsh.

Conegliano deserves a visit from the traveller for its charming environs, and for several of its paintings.

The Duomo presents a *Virgin* on an elevated throne, and *St. John the Baptist*, *St. Nicholas* the bishop, *Saint Catherine*, *St. Apollonia*, *St. Charles Borromeo*, and *St. Joseph*, and at the foot of the throne two little angels, by the excellent painter of the town, Cima, called Conegliano; the painting bears the date of 1492; though in a damaged state, the artist's gift of relief and perspective may be recognised; this patriotic painter only demanded 412 livres 12 sous for this chef-d'œuvre. *St. Mark*, *St. Leonard*, and *St. Catherine*, in a chapel of the church, doubtless belong to the best days of the art.

On the ceiling of *Saint Roch*, a lively and harmonious composition by M. De-min represents in two groups the *Saint*, and *St. Dominick*, carried to Paradise by Angels; the dog of *Saint Roch*, who wants to follow his master, is playfully stopped by two little angels; the dog of *St. Dominick*, with his accustomed flambeau in his mouth, also endeavours to follow his master, but two other angels execute the same task with him, and one of them takes away the torch.

The fine church of *Saint Martin* has a soft and rural *Nativity* by Beccaruzzi, a native of Conegliano.

San Fiore, the neighbouring hamlet to Conegliano, deserves a visit; its ancient and small parish church possesses the best preserved work of Conegliano, a valuable painting in eight compartments, the principal of which is occupied by a *St. John the Baptist*, dry, swarthy, standing on the trunk of a tree, an admirable expression of the austere repentance that he preached.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

Trevisa.—Duomo.—Procession of Dominici.—Mysteries of the Rosary of P. Bordonne.—Frescos of Pordenone.—Annunciation of Titian.—Saint Nicholas.—Architecture of the convents of Saint Dominick.—Fra Pensabene.—Portraits of Dominicans.—Saint Theonistes.—Saint Leonard.—Saint Gaetan.—San Giovanni del Battesimo.

Trevisa is ill-built and ill-paved, but

still of importance as regards the arts. The school of Trevisa forms a brilliant branch of the Venetian.

The Duomo, although modernised, is still of an imposing appearance. Three chapels are by the Lombardi, father and son, able Venetian sculptors and architects of the fifteenth century; their simplicity and purity render more conspicuous the false taste of the works of the last century. The contrast is still further shown by the beautiful tomb of Zanetti, bishop of Trevisa, by the Lombardi: the eagle with extended wings, surrounded by a wreath of flowers, greatly excited the admiration of Canova. The tomb of Pope Alexander VIII. (Ottononi), who was a canon of the cathedral, by the Trevisan Comino, is horribly heavy.

The *Virgin on a throne*, ornamented with beautiful crimson curtains, holding the infant Jesus, and beside her St. Sebastian and St. Roch, is by Geronimo Vecchio, of Trevisa, painted in 1487; it has all the languishing colouring and dignified grace of that painter. The *Assumption* by Penacchi, an artist of Trevisa of the sixteenth century, notwithstanding the stiffness of the draperies, produces a pleasing impression: a group of angels carrying up the Virgin is perfectly *Mantegnesque*. A long *Procession* by Dominici, another painter of Trevisa of the same century, who died young, is extremely curious: all the small figures are natural, true, and full of life, and exhibit the contemporary portraits of the authorities of the city. A whimsical inscription put at the bottom brings to our recollection the peculiar estimation made of this picture by Canova, *the rival of Phidias*. The vault of Saint Liberal, where his tomb stands, is an ancient, bold, and solid construction. The *St. Justine*, transparent, and well preserved, by Bissolo, a good Venetian artist of the sixteenth century but little known, has a sort of liveliness about it, notwithstanding the sword that pierces the bosom of the chaste martyr: the canon on his knees praying with such an earnest pious air, is said to be the portrait of the person who ordered the picture.

A *Virgin* sitting with the infant Jesus on one knee, supposed to be by Sansovino, is of the finest times of sculpture.

The able Trevisan painter, Paris Bordone, has decorated the Duomo with three masterpieces. The grand *St. Lau-*

*rence* strikes by the beauty and celestial expression of the saint's head, the flesh of St. Jerome, the foreshortening of St. Sebastian, and the excellent arrangement of the whole. The *Nativity* presents the most happy contrast: the Infant Jesus who is looking with an air so loving and so happy at his mother, represented in a chaste and noble attitude; a shepherdess full of grace and simplicity offering to Christ two doves, and the almost speaking figure with the ebony beard and hair, the portrait of Aloisa Rovero, who ordered the picture. The *Mysteries of the Rosary*, a small picture in six divisions, is exquisite and elegant, and may be considered a sort of miniature display of the author's peculiar qualities. *St. John the Baptist*, by Vittoria, expresses penitence: the effect is still increased by the statue being from the quarries of Istria, better adapted by its dark grey colour for a subject of this kind than the most brilliant marble. The *Cross carried by the angels*, by Amalteo, a good painter of the Venetian school, with the figures of St. James major, St. Diego, St. Anthony the abbot, and St. Bernardin, is a noble, graceful, and animated composition: the landscape is a view of Motta, a town of the Trevisan, where the artist resided: the colouring has not the ordinary vivacity of Amalteo, who was upwards of fifty-nine when he executed it. The *Holy winding Sheet*, held by three bishops followed by priests holding torches, and shown to the adoration of the faithful, by Francesco Bassano, is rich, broad, and true. Pordenone, a powerful artist, surnamed the Michael Angelo of the Venetian school, has painted two superb frescos; the *Epiphany*, which, notwithstanding some exaggeration, is bold and majestic; there is a foolish vain inscription indicating that it was ordered by the canon Brocardo Malchiostro, whom we shall hereafter have occasion to mention. The *Eternal Father* surrounded by a multitude of little angels entwined and descending to the earth, a fresco in the cupola, is wonderfully lively and airy.

But the finest of the pictures of the Duomo is the *Annunciation* by Titian when young, admirably expressive, true, and natural, both in the perspective and drapery; the only fault is, his having introduced the canon Malchiostro, who,



because he ordered it, had the whimsical pretension to figure in it.

The church of Saint Nicholas, the finest in Trevisa, dates from the year 1300, and has the Gothic grandeur of the monasteries of Saint Dominick. The architect belonged to the middle ages, but of his name we are ignorant, as we are of many others, builders of vast basilics, and immense monuments of that period, characterised by the strength and durability of its works.\* These singular and religious artists were more anxious about their salvation than their fame. Thus in architecture, the middle ages truly appear, as some one has observed, to be the epoch of great men now unknown. Saint Nicholas owes its foundation to the zeal and bounty of Pope Benedict XI., who was born in the Trevisan and belonged to the convent.

As at the Duomo, an altar by the Lombardi, notwithstanding its exiguity, shews strikingly the false taste of the last century, exhibited in an enormous altar by the celebrated P. Pozzi. The tomb of Count Agostino d'Onigo of Trevisa, a senator of Rome (which does not mean that he was a Roman senator), is another excellent work of the Lombardi.

The *Apparition of Christ*, by Giovanni Bellini, shows by its *morbidezza* that the old master had the good sense to approach the manner of his two great pupils, Giorgione and Titian. In the lower part of the picture are the contemporary portraits of the bishop, the podestà, and the prior of the convent, all members of the pious Monigo foundation, that charitably helped poor females, several of whom figure among the portraits and are full of life. The St. Christopher carrying the Infant Jesus on his shoulder is of the colossal size of thirty-four feet, independently of his legs which are in the water; it dates from the year 1410, is a most able fresco by Antonio, of Trevisa, and interesting as regards art. The *Virgin* on a throne with St. Thomas d'Aquin, St. Jerome, St. Liberal, St. Dominick, St. Nicholas the bishop, Benedict XI., and on the steps of the throne a little angel playing on the lyre, is an immense, elegant, and majestic composition, and was for a length of time supposed to be by Sebastiano del Piombo,

but was found from the registers of the convent to be by a monk, Fra Marco Pensabene, a Venetian, the great artist of the cloister, who must have been one of Giovanni Bellini's best pupils, though spoken of by none, notwithstanding his pretty interesting name of Fra Pensabene.

The hall of the chapter, painted in 1352 by Thomas of Modena, represents a gallery of celebrated Dominicans, each bending over his little desk, reading or meditating, some wearing spectacles; figures with little of the ideal, and totally destitute of variety, but natural and true.

The church of Saint Theonist, now appertaining to a girls' school, presents on the arched roof, a *Paradise*, in which the soul of the saint enters triumphantly, a fresco by the Venetian Fossati and the figures by Guarana; it is remarkable for the ornaments and perspective; an *Assumption* by Spineda, a noble and able artist of Trevisa, the imitator and almost the rival of Palma, for drawing and delicacy of colouring; and a *Magdalen* at the foot of the cross, with the *Virgin* and *St. John*, a work after the manner of Titian, by Jacopo Bassano, who afterwards adopted a style of his own and was also chief of a school.

The church of the *Scalzi* (or barefooted Carmelites), by its form and extreme cleanliness, invites the soul to devotion. Notwithstanding it has undergone a fatal restoration, we recognise the original touch of Paris Bordone in the *Virgin* with the Infant Jesus, St. John the Baptist, and St. Jerome; the latter, half-naked and covered only with the cardinal's purple, is presenting his hat to the Infant Jesus, who takes it as a plaything.

The church of Saint Augustine, of an elliptic shape and good architecture, has a *Virgin*, *St. Joseph*, and a saint, which brings to our mind the lively manner of Andrea Schiavone.

Saint Leonard contains the *Glory of the saint*, a fresco of fine colouring by Giambattista Canaletto, and an old *Virgin* with the Eternal Father, St. Bartholomew, and St. Prosdocus, perhaps by Jacopo Bellini, the worthy father of Giovanni and Gentile; the retouching has injured the *Virgin*, but as regards the

\* The architects of the churches Saint Anastasia of Verona, Saint Augustine of Padua, recently

destroyed, Saint John and Paul of Venice, are not known.

*Eternal Father*, the saints, and chiefly the little angels, it is a fine, noble, and graceful work. Another retouching has destroyed the figure of *St. Sebastian*, with *St. John the Baptist* and *St. Erasmus*, by Giovanni Bellini; but the *St. Erasmus* remains untouched, and has preserved all the charming characteristics of the artist.

The front of the church of Saint Giovanni del Tempio, or Saint Gaetan, is worthy, from its purity and chasteness, of its date, 1508, which is inscribed on it, and it shows the style of the Lombardi; but with the exception of a small gallery with a cupola, the interior, horribly modernised, is not at all in conformity with such an exterior.

The steeple of Saint Martin indicates that the building is of a very ancient date. An *Assumption* by Spineda is much esteemed; likewise *St. Martin* giving alms, and a *Trinity* by Orioli, a prolific painter and poet of the seventeenth century, born at Trevisa, to which he confined his natural but almost uncultivated talents.

At Saint Andrew, the *Virgin*, *St. John*, *Chrysostome*, *St. Lucy* and below a little angel playing on the harp, in spite of its dilapidated state, exhibits the simplicity and taste of Gentile Bellini.

The most ancient church of Trevisa is that of *San Giovanni del Battesimo*, which possesses a *Baptism of Christ*, by Spineda, and a *St. Apollonius*, by Francesco Bassano.

The small church of Saint Gregory has the picture of the *Saint* habited in his pontifical robes, one of the masterpieces of the younger Palma.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

Mont-de-Piété.—The *Dead Christ*, by Giorgione.

The Mont-de-Piété (where money is lent by the State on pledges) of Trevisa has still its celebrated *Dead Christ*, by Giorgione, painted for this establishment, a most magnificent proof of its antiquity and richness. Christ is supported in a sitting posture by angels on the long marble stone of the sepulchre. The paleness and sunken appearance of the dead body is wonderfully contrasted with the freshness, strength, and agility of the angel, who has started to the opening of the tomb to which he clings with one hand,

and with the other holds the corner of the crimson cloth, placed under the body of Christ. In spite of the injury of time, the retouchings, and the bad light it is placed in, it will ever be admired for boldness of foreshortening, the play of the light, and the terror blended with compassion that it inspires.

One of the rooms of the Mont-de-Piété displays a *Miracle of the loaves and fishes*, a small, curious, and unnoticed fresco full of life, with a charming landscape; this fresco, although much damaged, obtained the suffrages of two good judges, S. Missirini, and Count Cambray Digny, a Tuscan architect, originally from Picardy; they were both of them at Trevisa in 1831, and may be said to have in some manner found it out. An old clerk told these gentlemen that tradition attributed it to Ludovico Fiumicelli, a native of Trevisa, who too early abandoned the study of painting for that of architecture and fortification, but S. Missirini has no hesitation in believing it to be worthy of the able Venetian master Bonifacio. In the same room are also the *rich Epulon* and *Moses* striking the rock, presenting two animated landscapes, by Ludovico Pozzo, a Flemish artist, long resident at Trevisa, and rather posterior to Fiumicelli.

Such was the fecundity of art in Italy in the sixteenth century that it is to be found even in an establishment to aid the indigent, where it shines amid the pledged garments of the poor, making a Mont-de-Piété almost a museum.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.

Library.—Theatre.—Pola palace.—Ancient Doffini palace.—Hospital.—Bridge.

The chapter library was founded by a liberal and noble Trevisan, Count Azzani Rambaldo Avogaro, a celebrated antiquary, the friend of Muratori, a canon zealous for the literature and history of his country. He resuscitated the old academy of the *Solleciti*, which for a length of time had ceased to deserve its name. The correspondence of Avogaro with the learned of different countries is preserved in this library, and forms no less than 26 folio volumes.

The Onigo theatre, a good substantial building of stone both inside and out, harmonious in its construction, was ar-

ranged internally by one of the Galli Bibiena, who were famous in Europe during the last century for their taste and skill in decoration, and without whose aid it seemed hardly possible to celebrate a marriage, a victory, or a princely procession.

The Pola palace, built by the Lombardi, notwithstanding the ruined state of the staircase, is worth notice for its noble front and vestibule.

An honest shopkeeper occupies the ancient Dolfini palace, remarkable for the richness of its front, though the architect Pagnossini of Trevisa flourished when architecture was on the decline in Italy. In the arched roof of the principal saloon, now a warehouse, there is a *Triumph of Bacchus*, a fresco of a yellowish tint, with some fine foreshortening, by Dorigny, a Parisian artist, one of Lebrun's pupils, who came to Italy when young and established a school; he lived at Trevisa, and died at Verona, at the advanced age of eighty-eight,

having for many years infested the Venetian school to the utmost of his power.

The gate of Saint Thomas, which dates from 1518, has been held worthy, from the beauty of its front and its solid construction, to be attributed to Pietro Lombardi, as also the statue of St. Paul which surmounts it.

The civil hospital of Trevisa is worth a visit, on account of two pictures in the director's new apartment: the *Nativity*, full of grace and nature, by Caprioli, an artist of the Modena school of the fifteenth century; and the *Holy family*, a masterpiece combining the graceful, natural, and expressive, by the elder Palma.

A fine brick bridge in a good state of preservation, notwithstanding its three centuries, is thrown across the *Sile* of which the poet Dante has sung,

Dove Sile a Cagnano s' accompagna,

and which river waters the beautiful country of Trevisa.

## BOOK THE SIXTH.

### VENICE.

#### CHAPTER I.

Venice.—Its decline.—Venice on terra firma.

It would be difficult to describe the impression Venice produces on its first appearance; the multitude of domes, steeples, palaces, columns, rising out of the bosom of the waters, looks at a distance like a city under water and produces a feeling of surprise and fear. One can scarcely imagine that to be the end of his journey and the destined place of his sojourn. Rotterdam, it is said, is not less extraordinary; it may be so, but I cannot imagine that Holland ever resembled Venice: if commerce was the soul of the two states, in the one it was simple, grave, unassuming, austere, and economical; in the other brilliant, pompous, dissolute, the friend of pleasure and the arts. Liberty in Venice was the oppressive privilege of a

class of nobles; in Holland it extended to all classes. The paintings of Canaletto have so familiarised us with the harbour, the squares, and monuments of Venice, that when we penetrate into the city itself, it appears as if already known to us. Bonington, an English artist of a melancholy cast, has painted some new views of Venice, in which is most perfectly sketched its present state of desolation; these, compared with those of the Venetian painter, resemble the picture of a woman still beautiful, but worn down by age and misfortune. All those gondolas, hung with black, a species of floating sepulchres, look as if they were in mourning for the city; and the gondolier, instead of singing the verses of Ariosto and Tasso,<sup>1</sup> is neither more nor

<sup>1</sup> These verses were, it is well known, only a Venetian translation; the gondoliers did not understand the text.



less than a poor boatman with but little poetry in his composition, whose only song is a harsh screaming *ah eh* at the turning of each *calle*,<sup>1</sup> to avoid the danger of collision with other gondolas that are not immediately visible. This aspect of Venice has a something in it more gloomy than that of ordinary ruins: nature lives still in the latter, and sometimes adds to their beauty, and although they are the remains of by-gone centuries, we feel they will live for centuries to come, and probably witness not only the decay of their present master's power, but of succeeding empires too: here these new ruins will rapidly perish, and this Palmyra of the sea, retaken by the avenging element from which it was conquered, will leave no trace behind. No time ought to be lost in visiting Venice, to contemplate the works of Titian, the frescos of Tintoretto and Paolo Veronese, the statues, the palaces, the temples, the mausoleums of Sansovino and Palladio tottering on the very verge of destruction.

I visited Venice three different times, at intervals of about a year; and at each visit was forcibly struck with its rapid decline. A skilful observer who was living there then calculated that it might go on for sixty years more in this manner. I cannot avoid acknowledging that the description I gave of Venice on my first visit, to be accurate now, must be reduced in some of its features. The population formerly was one hundred and ninety thousand, at the end of the last century it was but one hundred and fifty, and is now not more than one hundred and three, out of which forty thousand are dependent on the charity of the rest. The number of gondolas, formerly six thousand five hundred, was in 1827 six hundred and seventy-eight. Comines pretended when he was there they amounted to thirty thousand (*il s'en finiroit trente mille*).

In the midst of its destruction Venice found a man full of zeal, taste, and knowledge, who has collected, and rendered imperishable in some degree the grandeur and magnificence of its monuments. In the work entitled *Fabbriche più cospicue di Venezia*, by Cigogna

and the members of the academy of fine arts of Venice, which is the first and only complete work on this fine city, is a faithful and precious inventory of all its masterpieces, some of which even since its publication are no longer in existence. Another excellent work, a collection of *Venetian inscriptions* by S. Cigogna, will also be the means of preserving recollections of what Venice was, and which the author has nobly dedicated to his country.

Some years ago a bold plan was proposed by a zealous Venetian in order to prevent the ruins of his native city; \* this was to join Venice to the continent, a project already formed by Marco Foscarini, an enlightened Doge of the last century, at the epoch which preceded the fall of the republic. A road of communication was proposed to be made on the narrowest point of the lagoon, the length of which does not exceed two miles and a half; the materials to make this road might be easily procured in the mud of the marshes and the gravel of the neighbouring rivers; it was suggested that it should be planted with trees, paved for foot passengers, and edged by two parallel canals, with drawbridges for the defence of the city: the expense would not exceed a million and a half of florins (156,000 pounds). Not contesting the material advantages that Venice might immediately gain by its being joined to terra firma, the more particularly since the permission granted for a railroad between Milan and this city, I do not know, if it were carried into effect, whether such a change would not be to the imagination at least a different species of destruction, since it would take from the queen of the Adriatic her peculiar character and wondrous aspect.

## CHAPTER II.

Piazza of Saint Mark.—Pigeons.—Coffee-houses.—Pill.

The Piazza of Saint Mark has not its like in the world, the East and West are there brought into each other's presence: on one side the Ducal palace with the in-

<sup>1</sup> The *calle* are the streets, the passages of Venice, of which there are two thousand one hundred and eight; the number of houses twenty seven thousand nine hundred and eighteen, and of bridges three hundred and six.

<sup>2</sup> See Memoria sul commercio di Venezia, e sul mezzi d'impedirla il decadimento, letta al veneto Ateneo dal socio ordinario Luigi Casarini, segretario dell' inclita congregazione centrale. Venezia, 1823, in-8°.

dented architecture, the balconies, and galleries of Arabian monuments, and the church of Saint Mark with its angular front and lead-covered cupolas, remind the beholder of a mosque at Constantinople or Cairo; on the other side regular arcades with shops similar to the Palais-Royal at Paris. The same contrast is to be found among the men: there are Turks, Greeks, and Armenians, some lying down, others taking coffee and sherbet, under large awnings of different brilliant colours, resembling tents; some smoking perfumes in their long amber-tipped pipes of rose-wood, a crowd of indolent and majestic automata, while European travellers, and others occupied with their business, are hurriedly passing to and fro.

The infinite number of pigeons that cover the piazza of Saint Mark, the cupola of the church, and the roofs of the Ducal palace, add also to the Oriental aspect of these monuments. In a country where the ruling power, though slow in action, is ever on the watch, one would prefer the conveyance of letters by these birds. These pigeons have been in Venice from its earliest days. It was the custom on Palm Sunday to let fly from above the principal gate of Saint Mark, a number of pigeons with small rolls of paper tied to their feet, which prevented them from continuing in the air, and as they fell they were caught by the crowd, who began fiercely to dispute the prizes the moment they were loosed. This was a species of distribution to the public rather less ignoble than ours. It sometimes happened that the pigeons got rid of their impediments and sought an asylum on the roofs of Saint Mark and the Ducal palace, near to those awful Piombi where human captives bemoaned a lot far more unhappy; here they rapidly increased, and such was the interest they excited that to comply with the wishes of the

public it was decreed that they should not only remain unmolested but be fed at the expence of the state. Venice has lost its liberty, but those light and graceful creatures appear to have escaped the German conquerors.\*

Venice still palpitates in the piazza of Saint Mark; this brilliant decoration costs a million annually in repairs; while other distant quarters, some of which possess magnificent palaces, are left to fall into ruins: this corpse of a city, to use the expression of Cicero's friend, is already cold at the extremities, the life and heat remaining are confined to the heart.

The Florian coffee-house, under the arcades *Procuratie Nuove*, in the old time of Venice was a species of institution; it has not survived the decline and fall of the city. This celebrated coffee-house, like the other great coffee-houses in the piazza of Saint Mark, Quadri, Leoni, Sutil, etc., is however open the whole night in all seasons, and, in fact, is never shut. Florian was formerly the confidant and universal agent of the Venetian nobility. The Venetian who alighted there, had news of his friends and acquaintances; was informed when they would be back and what they had done in his absence; there too he found his letters, cards,<sup>2</sup> and probably his bills; in short, every thing of moment had been done for him by Florian, with care, intelligence, and circumspection. Canova never forgot the more essential services he had received from Florian at the commencement of his career, when he wanted to become known; and he remained his friend through life. Florian was often tormented with the gout in his feet, and Canova modelled his leg and foot so that the shoemaker could take his measure without putting him to pain. This leg of a coffeehouse-keeper appears to me no less honourable to Canova

\* During the government of the Republic a person belonging to the city granaries fed the pigeons every morning on the piazza of Saint Mark and the Piazzetta. When Venice was taken in 1796, these state pensioners were no longer supplied, and have since been indebted to the compassion of the Venetians for their subsistence. Consult the work of Madame Justine Renier Michiel on the origin of Venetian fêtes, Venice, 1817, 5 vol. 8vo, an agreeable and learned work, one of the best books that has been published on the history of Venice. I met with the authoress, a very amiable woman, not-

withstanding the deafness which afflicted her when advanced in years. She died at the age of seventy-eight in the year 1832. Madame Michiel also translated Shakspeare, and defended Venice in the most patriotic manner against M. de Chateaubriand.

<sup>2</sup> The visiting cards in Italy are commonly ornamented with emblems and monuments: I received cards at Verona on which was an engraving of the amphitheatre; the Venetians have on theirs the bridge of the Rialto, the front of Saint Mark, the columns of the Piazzetta, etc.

nova than his Theseus, it is pleasing to esteem him as a man whom we have admired as an artist.

At the extremity of the piazza there are three *pili* or flag-masts which formerly bore the glorious standards of Saint Mark, now replaced by the Austrian flag. The pedestals of these masts are in bronze, by Leopardò, and possess the elegance and taste of the Grecian artists. Independently of the great pains taken by the artist, they are so beautifully polished that the figures have all the appearance of having just quitted the workshop; whereas they have been there upwards of three centuries, exposed to the injury of the air, the African siroccos, and to the misty saline spray of the raging Adriatic.

### CHAPTER III.

Church. — Baptistry. — Bronze gate. — The Virgin della Scarpa. — *Pala d'oro*. — Historical stones. — Horses. — Lion of Saint Mark. — Campanile. — *Loggia*. — Treasury.

The basilic of Saint Mark, begun about the end of the tenth century by the doge Orsòlo, is of chequered architecture, a mixture of Greek and Roman, but more especially Gothic. A description of the mosaics, sculptures, basso-relievos, and arabesques with which it is ornamented, would be endless. There are brilliantly blended Grecian elegance, Byzantine luxury, and the talents of the Venetian masters. On seeing these splendid compartments, the golden arched roofs, the pavement of jasper and porphyry, the five hundred columns of black, white, and veined marble, of bronze alabaster, vert antique, and serpentine, one would feel inclined to take this christian temple, except that it is somewhat too gloomily lighted, to be a palace of the Arabian Nights. Religion has preserved all these riches, which might have been dissipated in the speculations and enterprises of a commercial and navigating people. The wrecks of the magnificence of ancient Rome ornament the cathedrals of the modern city, its successor. Saint Mark has collected the costly spoils of Constantinople. Italy thus embraces the ruins of these two imperial cities.

The benitier, or holy-water vase, a work of the fifteenth century, of porphyry, is supported by an antique altar of Grecian sculpture, ornamented with

dolphins and tridents. One of the bronze doors of the baptistry, covered with the figures of saints and Greek inscriptions, appears to have been brought from the basilic of Saint Sophia. The mosaic, of the eleventh or twelfth century, on the wall, represents the *Baptism of Christ*, and is a warm animated composition. *St. John the Baptist*, in bronze, placed over the font, by Francesco Segala, is one of the good statues of the sixteenth century. I remarked in this chapel of the baptistry, against the wall, the tomb of the doge Andrea Dandolo, who died in 1354, an intrepid warrior and skilful politician, the friend of Petrarch and the oldest historian of Venice, as his ancestor was its greatest hero. The name of Dandolo is so noble and great that I loved to repeat it under the vaulted roofs of Saint Mark, and had not my respect for the solemnity of the place prevented me, I should have made it re-echo there, as an illustrious traveller did that of Leonidas on the ruins of Lacedemon; but the echo of Saint Mark would doubtless have died away as speedily as that of Sparta, although the heroic acts of the Venetian warrior are less ancient by fourteen centuries. I must confess that my feelings were very different when, as I looked at the bronze door of the vestry behind the altar, a work that occupied thirty years of Sansovino's existence, I saw there in relievo the almost living head of Aretino beside those of Titian and the author, both of them his friends. I could perceive in it all the presumption of his talent and disposition; a man who made a trade of calumny, who praised for a certain price, and who may be considered the representative of the licentious and ancient manners of Venice. The friendship between Titian, Sansovino, and Aretino, if it does but little honour to the two artists, must have contributed in an extraordinary degree to the good taste and splendour of Venice. These three men aided each other by mutual counsels, and the superb gate of Sansovino is a kind of monument of their close and constant union. Titian could not always escape the importunate pecuniary demands of the greedy author, nor his calumnies when the money was not forthcoming.<sup>1</sup> The *four Evange-*

<sup>1</sup> See the following passage from one of Aretino's letters to the duke of Florence, dated October, 1545:

“La non poca quantità di danari che M. Tiziano si



*lists* of bronze in the choir, are also by Sansovino, and are considered as some of his finest works, also an altar behind the high altar, ornamented with basso-relievos in marble and bronze gilt.

The Zeno chapel, the altar, and the monument of the Cardinal are the inestimable works of Pietro and Antonio Lombardo, and Leopardo. Here is also the celebrated statue of the Virgin cast by Alberghetti, with the cognomen of *della scarpa*, because the Virgin has shoes on. The altar, the statue of St. James, and other masterpieces of Leopardo, are both noble and graceful. The finest of the numerous columns of Saint Mark in white and black porphyry, is in the oratory of the Cross, nearest the altar on the epistle side. The twelve Apostles, the Virgin, and St. Mark, in marble, placed above the architrave which separates the body of the church from the choir, are by the brothers Jacobello and Pietro-Paolo dalle Massegne, excellent Venetian artists of the latter end of the fourteenth century, pupils of the Pisa school, who seem worthy of a more advanced epoch. The great chandelier of Saint Mark, notwithstanding the oddness of its base, is considered as one of the most remarkable works of its kind for the taste and nature of the figures, and the elegance of the ornaments.

The *Pala d'oro*, a species of mosaic in gold and silver on enamel, placed above the principal altar, is a curious monument of art belonging to the Greeks of the Lower-Empire, and of that prosperity—that military and commercial civilisation of the Venetians which preceded the poetical and literary civilisation of other Italian cities. Ordered at Constantinople by the republic towards the end of the tenth century, the *Pala d'oro* was augmented and enriched at Venice in the three following centuries: it exhibits, symmetrically enchased among its numerous ornaments, a series of pictures representing subjects from the Old and New Testaments, the life of Saint Mark, the Apostles, the angels, and the prophets, with Greek and Latin

inscriptions that are almost barbarous: the figures are stiff, plain, and singular, but the ensemble has something dignified in it: one might compare it to an old poem or some ancient chronicle, interesting as regards the period to which it belongs, but which it would be irrational to take as a model after the masterpieces of the great artists.<sup>1</sup>

If the fickle and conquered people of Venice appear to have forgotten their history, the stones and monuments are indelibly impressed with it, and nowhere perhaps is the historical aspect of a place less defaced than there. A red marble pavement without any inscription near to the sixteenth arcade, recalls the most ancient recollections of Venice. It was there that Narses when he succeeded Belisarius built the ancient church of Saint Geminian, destroyed in the twelfth century, when the canal on the edge of which it stood was filled up. Every year the doge and senate visited the new church of Saint Geminian, pulled down in 1809,<sup>2</sup> and they were reconducted with great pomp to this identical stone, the original limit of the piazza of Saint Mark. Not far from thence, in a retired street, there is a small white stone marking the spot where Boemondo Tiepolo, the Catiline of Venice, perished; he was killed by a pot of flowers that a too curious old woman accidentally threw down from her window, in leaning forward to see him as he was going, at the head of the conspirators, to seize the Ducal palace and overthrow the Great council, a flower-pot which has effectually saved Venetian liberty, as the *Catiline Orations* did Rome and the senate. Immediately after the defeat of Tiepolo's party, the council of Ten was created; a formidable institution, also due to the old woman's flower-pot. Independently of the mementos of glory and conquest which abound in Saint Mark, certain squares of red marble, under the vestibule, still mark the spot of the famous interview where a dissembled reconciliation was affected between Alexander III. and the emperor

ritrova, e la pure assai avidità che tiene di accrescerla, causa ch' egli non dando cura e obbligo che si abbia con amico, nè a dovere che si convenga a parenti, solo a quello con istrauna ansia attende che gli promette gran cose."

<sup>1</sup> Cicognara was the first who gave a detailed account of the *Pala d'oro* in the *Fabbriche di Vene-*

zia, although a work of that kind belongs less to the history of architecture than that of painting. The description is remarkable for its scrupulous accuracy.

<sup>2</sup> See *post*, chapters XIV. and XXIV. This elegant church occupied the present hall and staircase of the Royal palace.

Frederick Barbarossa, through the mediation of the victorious Venetians.

Saint Mark presents a collection of relics of the greatest antiquity, the various mementos of conquest and revolutions. Before the entrance of the church, on the right, near the *Piazzetta*, are two pillars covered with Coptic and hieroglyphic characters, said to have originally belonged to the temple of Saint Saba, at Saint Jean d'Acre. According to antiquaries, the porphyry group, at the angle near the door of the Ducal palace, represents Harmodius and Aristogiton, the furious assassins of Hipparchus, the Athenian tyrant. The four famous horses of Corinth, or of the Carrousel, have resumed their former position on the tribune, over the principal door. Never was a trophy of victory more modestly placed, or worse, for they are scarcely perceptible. Won at Constantinople, brought back from Paris, these Greek or Roman steeds are associated with the two grandest instances of taken towns that history record.

The lion of Saint Mark is replaced on his column, but mutilated. He ought never to have left it; though insignificant as a work of art, at Venice it was a public and national emblem of its ancient power. It is venerable on the piazza of Saint Mark, but on the esplanade of the Invalides it was only a superfluous mark of the bravery of our warriors, less noble than all those tattered flags taken on the battlefield and suspended in the nave of the church. It was, moreover, a singularly ill-judged and odious act of a rising republic to humiliate, and spoil of the vestiges of their past glory, such old republics as Venice and Genoa. The *Sacro Catino*,<sup>2</sup> and the Lion of Saint Mark, were there patriotic monuments worthy of respect; elsewhere they sunk into mere shop or cabinet curiosities, the prey of ruthless conquest.

The *Campanile* of Saint Mark is a bold structure, and one of the solidest and most elevated in Italy or even Europe; it was begun in the tenth century, but not finished till the sixteenth. The chief builder was the illustrious maestro Buono, a great Venetian architect, who is some-

times confounded with other artists of the same name; he died in 1529. The ascent to its summit is by path, a real foot-path of brick, smooth and without steps. The sea, Venice rising from its bosom, the resplendent verdure of the fields on *terra firma*, the hoary tops of the Frioul Alps, the crowd of islets gracefully grouped around this imposing city, present a point of view which may almost be called a prodigy.

The *Loggia*, at the foot of Saint Mark's steeple, is of rich and elegant architecture, by Sansovino; the four bronze statues of *Pallas*, *Apollo*, *Mercury*, and *Peace*, by the same artist, are held in estimation, as are also the ornaments by Titian Minio, his clever pupil, and those of Geronimo Lombardo of Ferrara, one of the first sculptors of the sixteenth century. The marble basso-relievos are exquisite, especially the *Fall of Hella from the ram of Phryxus*, and *Tethys aiding Leander*. In the interior is a *Nostra Signora*, another beautiful work of Sansovino.

My eagerness to examine Saint Mark's Gospel, which was not in the library, as I had been informed, induced me to solicit admission to the treasury,—an intrigue stimulated by the curiosity of a traveller and amateur for which I have no blush, and which was crowned with success. The Gospel, now almost mouldered to dust, is enclosed in a frame; the damp has so far destroyed it, that only a few straggling letters can be with difficulty perceived. The ecclesiastics who showed it to me pretended, however, in opposition to Montfaucon, that it was on parchment and not papyrus,—though which is correct cannot be easily decided now. This manuscript is in Latin, and was taken by the Venetians at Utina in 1420. Notwithstanding all the miracles attending its transfer to Venice, it is impossible to regard it as authentic, since, as before observed, the apostles wrote only in Hebrew and Greek.<sup>3</sup> The part of the treasure deposited in Saint Mark's (the other part, consisting of vases and pateras of hard Oriental stones mounted in gold and silver, is at the Mint) may be reckoned, I believe, one

<sup>1</sup> Cicognara regards these horses as a Roman work of Nero's time; the Cav. Mustoxidi pretends that they are Greek from the island of Chios, and that they were carried to Constantinople in the fifth century by order of Theodosius. The metal

was analysed at Paris, and ascertained to be pure copper, instead of Corinthian brass as generally stated, and as it was natural to suppose.

<sup>2</sup> See book XIX. ch. vii.

<sup>3</sup> See book II. ch. xi.

of the most extensive reliquaries in the world—a kind of glass-covered charnel-house, seen by the glare of candles and torches : there are exhibited some of the too numerous pieces of the true cross, with the nail, sponge, and reed used in our Saviour's passion; the knife he used at the last supper, with some Hebrew characters on the handle so nearly effaced that Montfaucon could not decipher them; some earth from the foot of the cross impregnated with the divine blood; the *humeral* of Saint John Baptist; numberless relics of Saint Mark; a superb silver cross, presented by the empress Irene, wife of Alexis Comnenes, to the church of Constantinople; and especially two admirable chandeliers, chefs-d'œuvre of the Byzantian goldsmiths, which alone would amply repay a visit to the treasury. All these spoils proceed from the taking of Constantinople; that vast pillage of the wrecks of antiquity, of saints' bones and modern jewels—a barbarous conquest, as it even tore from the people the objects of their faith and veneration.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Ducal palace.—Government of Venice.—Calendario's figures and capitals.—Allegorical paintings.—Rape of Europa, by Paolo Veronese.—Pregadi.—Titian's St. Christopher.—Ceiling by Paolo Veronese.—Council of Ten.—Lion's mouth.—State inquisitors.—Grand council.—Portraits of the doges.—Tintoretto's Glory of Paradise.

The Ducal palace, by its architecture and stern gloomy aspect, gives no bad representation of the ancient government of Venice : it is as the Capitol of aristocratic power; its origin even is surrounded with terrors; the doge who began it, Marino Faliero, lost his head, and the architect Filippo Calendario was hung as a conspirator.<sup>1</sup> The names, too, of some parts of it, are in unison with the impression it produces: the *Giants' Stairs*, a superb structure, witnessed the coronation of the doges, and the *Bridge of Sighs* has the shape of a large sarcophagus suspended over the sea. A palace, a prison, and a tribunal, one might say, if the word *centralisation* were not ridiculous applied under such circumstances, that the ducal palace had furnished the first and most terrible example.

It is impossible, however, not to perceive that a singular exaggeration prevails in all the narratives concerning the tyranny of the old Venetian government. For instance, we are told by a recent traveller that the reservoir of fresh water for the use of the city was placed within the limits of the ducal palace, and the nobles had thereby obtained the means of making their rebel subjects perish with thirst. It is a fact that there are two fine bronze cisterns, of the sixteenth century, in the centre of the palace court; but there are others in the various squares of the city, and every house has one to itself. The accusations against the Venetian government, which was admired by Commynes, were redoubled towards the close of its existence, at an epoch when, probably, they were least merited. It was long the fashion to extol its constitution, the wisdom of its laws, and the incorruptibility of its justice, which was even frequently invoked by foreigners, as it has since been to write on the constitution, finances, and commerce of England.

Notwithstanding the heavy forbidding appearance of the Ducal palace, it has some elegant details, and in some parts is remarkable in an artistic point of view. The capitals of the Tuscan columns in the front, ornamented with foliage, figures, and symbols, original masterpieces, of a taste at once bold and pure, and so interesting for the history of art, are chiefly by Calendario, the Michael Angelo of the middle ages, equally eminent as a sculptor and architect, whose foundations of the Ducal palace on the unstable soil of Venice are still a miracle for solidity. The *Loggiatta* is one of the most frequently mentioned works of Alessandro Vittoria; the principal door, called *della Carta*, and its statues, are excellent works of Maestro Bartolommeo; there are eight beautiful Grecian statues on the clock front; the *Adam and Eve*, on the inner front, are esteemed; the small front to the left of the Giants' Stairs, by Guglielmo Bergamasco, is of superior architecture; the two colossal statues of *Mars and Neptune* on the Giants' Stairs, are by Sansovino, but of his latter years; and the Golden Staircase, magnificently embellished by Sansovino, is ornamented with stuccos by Vittoria.

The by-gone glory and splendour of

<sup>1</sup> See the *Italian Miscellanies*.



Venice are conspicuous in every part of the Ducal palace : immense paintings by Titian, Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, and other able masters, recall the grand events of its history ; these beautiful paintings seem to breath a species of patriotism. Venice ever stands forth in them as the emblem of might, grandeur, and beauty ; she is a powerful goddess who breaks the chains of the bondsman, and receives the homage of subjugated cities ; she is seated in heaven amid the saints ; she is represented sitting between Justice and Peace ; she is encircled by the Virtues, crowned by Victory, or appears in the clouds amid a throng of deities : allegory there loses its ordinary coldness, as it serves to express a feeling of patriotic pride.

I observed in one of the first rooms (that of the stuccos) a portrait of Henry III. by Tintoretto ; he has not that exaggerated childish air generally, and improperly, given him : when he was called to reign in Poland, Montluc had caused his portrait to be exposed to the public view, that his mild and noble physiognomy and majestic stature might win him the affection and respect of his new subjects. It was on the occasion of his passing through Venice when returning from Poland, that Tintoretto sketched his portrait : on board the Bucentaur, where he had gone with the king's attendants. The curious narrative by the Parisian Claude Doron, revised by Pibrac, of the fêtes attending this passage, relates that "the people, at the sight of this king so young in years, calling to mind his noble deeds, thought him a second Alexander, and called him the wonder of the world." Henry III., in his youth a hero, may have been feeble, inconsistent, and ridiculous on the throne of France ; but, like all the princes of the Valois family, he was neither deficient in intellect nor courage ; he died at forty, when apparently recovering himself ; he had already regained his warlike ardour, as may be seen in Davila, and, had he reached the ordinary age of man, it is not unreasonable to believe he would have again displayed himself in reality a king.

The hall of Four Doors is by Palladio :

\* Tintoretto did the portrait in crayons at first, painted it in oil directly after, and obtained the king's permission to finish it from life.

over its superb doors, supported by elegant columns and adorned with Eastern marble, are four beautiful statues by Giulio dal Moro, Francesco Castelli, Campagna, and Alessandro Vittoria. The *Faith of the doge Marino Grimani* is a grand intellectual composition, full of warmth and energy, by Titian. The *Doge Grimani kneeling before the Virgin, St. Mark and other saints*, by the Cav. Contarini, had, as well as its neighbour, Titian's chef-d'œuvre, the honour of being taken to Paris. The *Doge Cicogna receiving the Persian ambassadors* ; the *Doge giving audience to some ambassadors*, are by Carletto Calviari, the eldest son and cherished pupil of Paolo Veronese, who publicly declared that he wished to be surpassed by him ; this young and talented master died at the age of twenty-five, a prey to his love of study. The *Arrival of Henry III. at the port of Lido*, a vast painting by Vicentiuo, is interesting from the circumstance of its preserving the triumphal arch erected on that occasion from a design by Palladio. The ceiling of this hall of Four Doors was also designed by him ; the stucco ornaments, executed by Vittoria and other able artists, are by Francesco Sansovino, and the frescos by Tintoretto.

The *Rape of Europa*, a masterpiece by Paolo Veronese, is in the room called *anti-collegio* : having been varnished and restored at Paris by a process totally unsuited to the works of this great painter, which only require a slight washing, it has lost its transparency and lustre ; but its grace and expression are still left : Europa is in the Venetian costume ; and but for the majesty of the god, which transpires even through his bull's head, one might think that she is flying through the lagoons like another Bianca Capello. This same room also contains other chefs-d'œuvre, four paintings by Tintoretto : *Mercury and the Graces* ; *Vulcan's Forge* ; *Pallas expelling Mars* ; and *Ariadne crowned by Venus* ; by Bassano, *Jacob's return to the land of Canaan* ; a fresco by Paolo Veronese, on the ceiling ; and over the splendid door, by Scammozzi, three statues by Vittoria.

The painting over the door of the room called *collegio*, and the three others to the right are by Tintoretto. Over the throne is the grand painting by Paolo Veronese, in which, amid so many admi-

rable details, the Venice in the shade is so beautiful. He also painted the ceiling, which is richly ornamented by Antonio da Ponte, and the fire-place adorned with pilasters of vert antique and statues by Campagna. A *Venice* is by his son, whose genius promised so much, and the tapestry representing the adventures of Jupiter is reckoned a very precious work of 1540.

The hall of the Pregadi remains as it was; the senators' stalls are very well preserved. The respect that such an ancient assembly ought to inspire is singularly diminished by the ignominy of its last sittings, when the powerless laws of Venice no longer obviated the evils arising from an hereditary aristocracy, and when, according to the prophetic remark of Montesquieu on this kind of government, "people had sunk into a spirit of carelessness, indolence, and neglect, which left the state powerless and inert." Is it not singular that this learned senate, which listened to and composed so many and such long harangues, never produced an orator, though Demosthenes and Cicero, painted in camaieu by Giambattista Tiepolo, are still in the place of its sittings, the former crowned, the second speaking? The liberty of modern republics does not seem to inspire eloquence; neither the aristocratic liberty of Venice, nor the democratic of Florence or Siena, has produced any of those men, numerous in the republics of antiquity, who aroused a whole people by their words. It is true that the Venetian orators had no public forum, and it is that which makes men eloquent.

The hall of the Pregadi has some remarkable paintings: the *Election of St. Lorenzo Giustiniani as patriarch of Venice*; on the ceiling, the *Mint*, by Marco Vecellio, the nephew and pupil of Titian, who has best maintained the honour of that name; the *Redeemer dead*, the *Doge Pietro Loredano before the Virgin*, the octagon of the ceiling, by Tintoretto; the *Doge Francesco Venieri before Venice*, the *Doge Pascal Cicogna kneeling*, the *League of Cambray*, by the younger Palma; likewise the *Doges Lorenzo and Geronimo Priuli adoring the Saviour*, one of his best works.

In the chamber near the chapel is the celebrated composition of the *Buyers and sellers driven out of the Temple*, by

Bonifazio, a clever imitator of Giorgione, Palma, and Titian, which, for effect, life, and colouring, would guarantee his immortality. Two paintings, *St. Louis*, *St. Gregory*, and *St. Margaret*, *St. Gregory and St. Andrew* are by Tintoretto. The statue of the Virgin, on the altar of the chapel, is a chef-d'œuvre by Sansovino. On a small staircase adjoining, the *St. Christopher* of Titian, admirable for character and expression, is the only fresco of that great master now in Venice, a solitary figure escaped from the ravages of time and the elements.

The hall of the council of Ten exhibits no trace of its former occupants; it is to be made the emperor's picture gallery. This ceiling, painted in camaieu by Paolo Veronese and other Venetian artists, is perhaps the most magnificent in Italy. One of the ovals of this ceiling represents an old man sitting near a handsome woman: a charming production of Paolo Veronese, which seems rather oddly placed in the council chamber of the Venetian decemvirs. These last did not pass away violently and abruptly like the decemvirs of Rome. We can neither imagine the attempt of Appius at Venice nor the revolution which ensued in consequence: the members of the council of Ten blended prudence with ambition and severity, and while we see the women of Rome mixed up in the principal events of its history, those of Venice, except the courtisans, had no influence, nor does there exist a single instance of their empire. Other fine paintings adorn the council chamber of the Ten. The *Return of the doge Sebastiano Ziani* is an esteemed work of Leandro Bassano. The *Congress held at Bologna by Pope Clement VII. and Charles V.*, a vast composition, remarkable for the lifelike and profound expression of the emperor's countenance, is by Marco Vecellio; and a large *Adoration of the Magi*, by Aliense, an artist born in Greece, in the island of Milo, full of imagination and ease, which qualities he sometimes abused, though in this instance he has shown more prudence and attention.

In the hall of the Bussola, the *Sur-render of Bergamo* is by the last mentioned master; the *Doge Leonardo Dona before the Virgin*, by Marco Vecellio; and the ceiling, by Paolo Veronese, who

<sup>1</sup> See *post*, chap. XXII.

has also painted an *Angel driving away the Vices*, on the ceiling of an adjoining apartment, formerly the saloon of the chiefs of the Ten.

The hole alone remains of the mouth of denunciations; it was not into the lion's mouth, as is commonly supposed, and as some drawings represent it, but under, that informers dropped their letters. The lion's head is gone; and it was scraped in 1797, like all the other lions of Saint Mark.

The hall of the tribunal of State Inquisitors, when I visited it in 1828, was converted into a pretty room fresh painted in the Italian style, which forms a contrast with the terrible reputation of the inquisitors. I have since had the extreme satisfaction of correcting my prejudices respecting them: it is sweet to find some oppressors the less in history. It is to be regretted that an enlightened and conscientious historian like Daru should have given credit to the pretended statutes of the State Inquisition, discovered by him in manuscript in the Bibliothèque du Roi, which are regarded as apocryphal at Venice by all men of education, and as fabricated by an ignorant enemy of the republic.<sup>1</sup> The State Inquisitors, guardians of the laws, silent tribunes beloved by the people, who, even to the close of last century, celebrated their triumph by fêtes, defended the multitude against the excesses of aristocratic power; this tribunal was the opposition of Venice; an opposition in conformity with that sort of mysterious government, and which, as Montesquieu had already said, *violently brought back the state to liberty*.

The wainscoting of the ancient hall of the great council presents a portion of the collection of the doges' portraits, painted by Tintoretto, Leandro Bassano, and the younger Palma. In the place where Marino Faliero should have been painted, is the famous inscription in a frame on a black ground: *Hic est locus Marini Falethri, decapitati pro criminibus*, a deadly menace held out to power in its very palace. The subsequent part of the collection is in the Balloting chamber; the portrait of Manini, the last

doge, who abdicated, is not there, for the portraits of the doges were not executed till after death. Notwithstanding the purpose entertained of placing Manini there, he does not deserve it: the chief of a state who suffers it to perish through his own weakness, if he is not so culpable, is often as fatal to his country as the ambitious aspirer who pants after sovereignty. It is true that in the general decay of Venice, the doge's authority had declined with every thing else; the first magistrate of the republic was then only a mere shadow, an obedient puppet charged to appear in public and hold levees in pompous robes, and I believe his principal function was the espousing of the Adriatic.

The doge Manini may, however, excite our compassion; he fainted away at the moment of taking the oath of allegiance to Austria, after the peace of Campo Formio; if he wanted strength of mind, he was at least sensible to the loss of his country's ancient liberty, and he became great in his grief.

The vast paintings which cover the walls and ceiling of the great council chamber, independently of their beauty, have also an historical interest, as a great number represent the religious, military, or political events which then had the most influence on the destinies of European nations. The immense painting of the *Glory of Paradise*, a work of Tintoretto's old age, so greatly admired and extolled by the Carracci, though it seems all confusion, would be still a chef-d'œuvre, if it had not suffered so much from time and its restorers. This great artist also painted the *Ambassadors presented to the emperor at Pavia*; and on the ceiling, the *Prince of Este routed by Vittorio Loranzo*; the *Victory of Stefano Contarini on lake Garda*; the *Venice among the deities*; the *Doge da Ponte receiving the deputations from the towns*; the *Victory of J. Marcello over the Aragonese*; the *Defence of Brescia*, by Francesco Barbato. His son and best pupil Domenico, who would be more known were it not for his father's glory, painted the *Naval Combat* in which Otho, the emperor's

<sup>1</sup> See on this subject the work of Count Dom. Tiepolo, entitled *Discorsi sulla storia veneta, cioè rettificazioni di alcuni equivoci riscontrati nella Storia di Venezia del signore Daru*; Udina, 1828, fourth rectification, p. 68 et seq.

<sup>2</sup> There are seventy-six portraits in the first room, thirty-eight in the second.



son, was taken prisoner by the Venetians, a vast composition, curious for the form of the arms and the naval manœuvres; and the *Second conquest of Constantinople*. The Pope giving Otho permission to return to the emperor his father; the *First conquest of Constantinople by Dandolo*; the *Venice seated*, on the ceiling, so remarkable for the undraped parts of the slaves; the fine *Naval victory won on the Po by Francesco Bembo*, are by the younger Palma. The *Emperor Frederick Barbarossa before Alexander III.*, by Federico Zuccari, is a celebrated work of this chief of a declining school, which he did in 1582, and retouched in 1663. The *Return of the doge Andrea Contarini after the victory gained over the Genoese*; on the ceiling, the *Apotheosis of Venice*, are admirable paintings by Paolo Veronese, as well as the *Defence of Scutari* and the *Taking of Smyrna*.

In the Balloting chamber is a triumphal arch dedicated to Francesco Morosini, the *Peloponesian*, which is embellished with six allegorical paintings, a magnificent work of Lazzarini, the best painter of Venice in the seventeenth century. The *Universal Judgment* is one of the masterpieces of the younger Palma. The *Battle of Zara*; the greater part of the doges' portraits, are by Tintoretto. The *Victory of the Dardanelles*, by Pietro Liberi, is remarkable for the naked slave, which shows the painter's skilful drawing and which has procured this battle picture the name of the *Slave of Liberi*.

The Gallery leading to the Giants' Stairs contains one of those fine dead Christs, by Giovanni Bellini.

## CHAPTER V.

Saint Mark's Library.—Petrarch's donation.—Bessarion's letter and donation.—Manuscripts.—Book of the Gospels.—Attavante's miniatures.—Amadio's Plants.—Manuscript of Fra Paolo's History of the council of Trent;—of Guarini's *Pastor fido*—Fra Mauro's map of the world.—Librarians of Saint Mark.—Museum.

The hall of the Great Council has received Saint Mark's Library: these books are, I believe, the most magnificently lodged of any in the world; but the grandeur and beauty of the paintings which surround them, and the antique statues placed in the middle of their apartment, throw them into the shade,

and they have only the appearance of accessories. The library of Saint Mark counts sixty-five thousand volumes, and about five thousand manuscripts. Petrarch really laid its first foundations, as he expresses himself in a letter respecting the donation of manuscripts that he sent to Venice; it was a noble acknowledgment for the hospitality he had found there during the plague. Only a very small number of the manuscripts proceeding from Petrarch's stock are now in Saint Mark's; it is said that they remained forgotten in a small room near the bronze horses, where they were spoiled. But the learned librarian of Saint Mark, Morelli, has demonstrated that the Venetians did not deserve Ginguene's reproach of having suffered Petrarch's library to perish; he had only given some few works; at his death, twelve years after the donation, Petrarch did in reality leave a very precious library, but it was dispersed, as is evident from the manuscripts preserved in the Vatican, the Laurentian, the Ambrosian, the Bibliothèque du Roi, and not one ever reached Venice. The man whose literary liberality still lives and shines at Saint Mark's among so many noble donors, such as the Grimani and Contarini, is Bessarion. Although inserted in some erudite collections, the letter in which he announces to the doge and the senate the present of his manuscripts to Saint Mark's, may not be devoid of interest here; it portrays at once this illustrious man and the epoch of the revival, when books, on appearing, were hailed with such a lively enthusiasm; it also contains a very fine panegyric of the Venetian government, without the *conceits* of Petrarch's letter, written on a like occasion; in which he said that if Venice were environed with waves *salsis*, it was defended by counsels *salsioribus*.

"To the most illustrious and invincible prince Cristoforo Mauro, doge of Venice, and the most august senate, Bessarion, cardinal and patriarch of Constantinople, sends greeting:

"From my earliest youth I have applied all my attention, efforts, and zeal, to the collecting of books on the different sciences. In my boyhood I transcribed many with my own hand, and the little money, that a thrifty frugal life afforded me,

I devoted to the purchase of others. It seemed to me that there did not exist in the world an article more useful, a treasure more precious : books, indeed, contain and present us with the words of the sages, the examples of antiquity, its manners, laws, and religions ; they live, converse, and speak with us ; they give us instruction and consolation, and lay before our eyes the remotest objects as if actually present. Such is their power, their dignity, their majesty, their divinity even, that if they did not exist we should all be ignorant barbarians ; there would remain no trace or memory of the past ; we should have no acquaintance with things human or divine, and men's names would be buried with their bodies in the tomb. Although I have ever been occupied in searching for Greek books, my zeal and ardour redoubled after the ruin of Greece and the ever-to-be-lamented taking of Constantinople, and I devoted all my powers to collect them ; I feared, I trembled that so many excellent works, so much of the labour and midnight toils of great men, so many lights of the world, might be exposed to imminent destruction. . . . .

To the utmost of my abilities, I have, in all cases, preferred merit to quantity, being satisfied with a single copy of each ; I have therefore obtained nearly all the books of the learned Greeks, especially those which were scarce and difficult to find. I nevertheless regarded all my exertions as insufficient, unless I provided that the books collected with so much difficulty were so disposed of in my lifetime, that at my death they could neither be sold nor dispersed, but that they might be established in a secure and convenient place, for the use of learned Greeks or Latins. Of all the Italian towns, your illustrious city appeared to me most suitable for the purpose. What country could offer a safer asylum than yours, ruled in equity, obedient to the laws, and governed by integrity and wisdom ; where virtue, moderation, gravity, justice, and loyalty, have fixed their abode ; where power, although very great and extensive, is also equitable and mild ;

where liberty is exempt from crime and licence ; where sages govern, and the good command the wicked ; where individual interests are unanimously and unreservedly sacrificed to the public welfare ; merits which give ground to hope (as I really do) that your state may increase from day to day in strength and renown ? I also felt that I could not chose a place more convenient or agreeable for my countrymen than Venice, whither flock nearly all the nations of the world, and particularly the Greeks, who resort thither from their provinces and land there, and for whom it is like another Byzantium. Could I, indeed, chose more appropriate objects for such a gift than those to whom I am attached by numerous benefits received ? what city could I prefer to that which I chose as my home after Greece had lost its liberty, and in which I have been so honourably received ? Knowing that I am mortal, feeling the advances of age, and afflicted with numerous diseases, to prevent all possibility of accident, I intend giving all my Greek and Latin books to the venerable library of Saint Mark, of your illustrious city, . . . . . that you, your children, and descendants may see how deeply I was penetrated with your virtue, wisdom, and kindness, that you may derive abundant and perpetual advantages from my books, and impart the enjoyment of them to those who delight in good studies. I therefore address to you the deed of gift, the catalogue of the books, and the bull of the sovereign pontiff, praying God to grant your republic all possible prosperity, and that it may be blessed with peace, tranquillity, repose, and perpetual concord. From the baths of Viterbo, the last day of April 1468."

Bessarion's present has not been fruitless ; for more than three centuries the learned of all Europe have gone to consult his manuscripts : the French literati have not neglected them, from Amyot to Villoison and M. Cousin.<sup>1</sup> The labours of the Aldi, the first printers of the Greek, and multiplicity of their editions, have extended Bessarion's boon. Thus

<sup>1</sup> Amyot translated five books of the history of Diodorus Siculus from a manuscript in Saint Mark ; a manuscript illud of the tenth century served D'Anse de Villoison to give his celebrated folio edition, Venice, 1788 ; the manuscripts of Proclus supplied M. Cousin with various readings for his

edition. So persevering and judicious have his researches been, that he brought to light several Greek manuscripts that even Morelli failed to discover, and it is desirable that the list of them should be published as a supplement to the catalogue of the latter. Henri Étienne, who had been honour-

has this great man contributed to the typographical glory of Venice, and the advantages she must have derived from that extensive trade. How deeply it is to be regretted, that the formality of depositing a copy of each work, very legitimate in such cases, was not then prescribed! Had it been so, Saint Mark would now possess an unique Aldine collection complete, which would be precisely where it ought.<sup>1</sup> The library of Saint Mark possesses many unpublished manuscripts of Bessarion, and his master Gemistus Plethon, the father of Platonism in Europe, a whimsical character, whose Greek, in the opinion of the learned, is dry, abrupt, and vulgar; nor did he speak so elegantly as in the *Lascaris* of M. Villemain. Gemistus Plethon, as well as his pupil, repaired to Italy for the council of Florence, the real epoch of the literary and philosophic emigration of the Greeks into Italy, and not, as generally supposed, the taking of Constantinople, which only sent thither grammarians and rhetoricians. The two beautiful Arabic manuscripts on silk paper presented by Bessarion, of which the Venetians were so proud, have not re-appeared at Saint Mark's, nor the precious Bible called *La Magontina*, now recognized as of 1456, and which is believed to have issued from the presses of Guttenberg. When retaken from France in 1815, they were not restored to their real owners. Such a fraud in the restitution appears still more odious than the pillage which follows victory and conquest.

The book of the Gospels, which is

ably received at Venice, gave his Diogenes Laertes of 4570 and his Xenophon of 1581, with corrections made from the manuscripts of Bessarion.

<sup>1</sup> The younger Aldus, who died at Rome, had intended to bequeath to the republic of Venice his extensive classical library, which he had inherited from his forefathers; but it was, as well as his other property, seized by the public authority (*la censura apostolica*) and his many creditors. The library was divided between the latter and his nephews, after having been previously examined and despoiled of a number of articles by order of the pope, who doubtless did not bear away the least valuable. See M. Renouard's *Annales de l'Imprimerie des Aldes*, t. iii. p. 208, and Morelli, *Della pubblica Libreria di San Marco*, p. 53-4. The deposit of a copy of all works printed in the Venetian state was not commanded by a decree of the senate till 1603. The most considerable library of Aldine editions ever collected, was that of M. Renouard, sold retail in London, in 1828.

nearly a thousand years old, according to Morelli, is one of those books which would suffice for the glory of any library less rich in ancient manuscripts.

The celebrated manuscript of the Lombard laws, called the laws of Previsa, is one of the most precious known.

A curious manuscript was discovered in 1826 by a learned Prussian professor, Charles Witte, and published by him in the *Anthology of Florence*; <sup>2</sup> it is the *canzone* of Dante on the death of the emperor Henry VII., and other unpublished pieces, which reveal new and touching details, relative to the sorrows of the poet's exile, his tender love for his country in the midst of its civil discords, the illusion of his hopes, and that passionate appeal, that kind of idolatry for the foreigner, <sup>3</sup> so extraordinary in a man possessing a genius so elevated and proud, but which showed him in the phantom of the Roman empire, and that of Charlemagne, a means of independence and of grandeur for Italy, far preferable to the republican and persecuting anarchy of which he was the victim. Perhaps also the chivalrous and feudal manners of the German warriors of the middle ages were less repugnant to the generous minds of that epoch, than the practices of Roman policy, and the vices and simony of certain popes.

A manuscript of the book of the ancient African author, Marcan Capella, whimsically entitled; *On the marriage of Philology and Mercury*, presents lively, brilliant, and poetic miniatures by Attavante, a Florentine artist of the fifteenth century, representing the assembly of

<sup>2</sup> See No. LXIX. We are also indebted to M. Witte for the publication of the interesting collection of the letters of Dante with notes, printed at Breslau, and which appeared in 1827, under the rubric of Padua, in 8vo, 107 pag.

<sup>3</sup> In one of the unpublished sonnets of the manuscript of Saint Mark, Dante goes so far as to compare the emperor to the Holy Sepulchre:

Tornato è 'l sol, che la mia mente alberga,  
E lo specchio degli occhi onde era ascoso,  
Tornato è 'l sacro tempio e prezioso  
Sepolcro, che 'l mio core e l'alma terga.

In the *canzone* he makes this fine eulogium on Henry VII.:

Nol vinse mai superbia nè avarizia,  
Anzi l'avversità 'l faceva possente,  
Che magnanimamente  
Ben contrastasse a chiunque il percosse.



the gods, and the different attributes of the arts and sciences.

The manuscripts of the fifteenth century of the work *de Simplicibus* by Doctor Benedetto Rini or Rinio, of Padua, is singularly remarkable. The four hundred and thirty-two plants drawn by Andrea Amadio, a Venetian painter, have all the striking beauty and grace of the flowers of Redouté. A collection of this kind, so well executed, shows the taste at that time, and also the progress of botany and natural sciences in Italy, further confirmed by the important works which were printed there, such as the primitive editions of Pliny and Aristotle published in the same century at Venice, and the curious *Herbarius Patavie*, printed at Mayence in 1484.

The council of Chalcedon, a folio manuscript of the fourteenth century, a gift of Bessarion, is doubtless very venerable; but I confess that I was more curious about the History of the Council of Trent, a manuscript corrected by the hand of its celebrated author. The copy is by his pupil and secretary Fra Fulgenzio Micanzio, who succeeded him as consulting theologian of the Republic. The corrections, which are very numerous, are interlineary and marginal. This manuscript is in perfect conformity with the first edition published in London in 1619, by Marcantonio de Dominis, with the exception of the title, and the preface added by this Dalmatian apostate, the unworthy countryman of St. Jerome; the true title is: *Istoria del Concilio di Trento di Pietro Soave Polano*, an anagram of *Paolo Sarpi Veneto*. Père Le Courayer, the French translator of the History of the Council of Trent, presents one of those extraordinary resemblances of character, talents, and destiny with its author, which are so rarely met with; both were worthy monks, good writers, and bold thinkers, and were persecuted for their opinions; but the monk of Sainte-Geneviève, condemned by Cardinal de Noailles, and twenty-two French bishops, had not to dread the *Catholic poniard* of which the Venetian Sarpi narrowly escaped being the victim, and never would he have been reduced, even if he had not retired peaceably into England, to wear, as Fra Paolo did, a coat of mail beneath his gown,

and to be escorted by another brother of his order armed with a musketoon. The portrait of Fra Paolo, believed to be by Leandro Bassano, is in the library; his look is full of expression and vivacity, and one may there observe the turbulent genius of this theologian of the republic, of this Bossuet of the liberties of the Venetian church, but who has not the calm and solemn judgment of the theologian of Louis XIV., or of the orator of the assembly of the clergy in 1682.

Twelve letters by Tasso (published at Venice in 1833 by S. Gamba), addressed to his friend Luca Scalabrino, are interesting, inasmuch as he speaks in some of them, of the composition of his *Gerusalemme*.

The autograph manuscript of the *Pastor Fido* of St. Mark's is anterior to that of the library of Ferrara, which appears almost a fair copy.<sup>a</sup> The manuscript of Saint Mark is much corrected, and full of additions, and passages suppressed; one may thus judge of the excessive labour which this poem must have cost its author.

The manuscript of the two treatises on goldsmith's work and sculpture, by Benvenuto Cellini, is most curious; it appears to have been the author's rough sketch, from which the printed text was compiled. Several fragments have been published by Morelli, and by Cicognara and Gamba. A new and complete edition of these treatises would probably be interesting for the history of the art.

Amongst the printed works, we admire the superb copy on vellum of the Florence Homer (1488), retaken in 1815 from our Royal Library and magnificently bound with the arms of the Empire; the fine copy, in vellum, of the Rhetoric of Guillaume Fichet, a Savoyard who became doctor of the Sorbonne, and rector of the university of Paris. This rare and choice edition, one of the first books printed at Paris, and, though without date, of the year 1471, is due to the three German partners, Ulric Gering, Martin Crantz, and Michael Friburger, who first practiced the art of printing there. The copy in vellum of the library of Venice was sent by the author to Cardinal Bessarion, who is there depicted sitting under a canopy, with Fichet before him presenting the work.

<sup>a</sup> See Book IV, ch. ix.

<sup>a</sup> See post, book VII., ch. xii.

The different books and manuscripts given or bequeathed to St. Mark, as has been already seen by the letter of Bes-sarion, show the esteem and reputation in which the Venetian government was then held. Venice was worthy of such gifts from the facility with which its literary treasures were constantly accessible; the mystery of its policy and archives did not extend to these learned communications.

The celebrated map of the world by Fra Mauro, a Camaldolite monk of St. Michael in Murano, formerly in this convent, drawn in 1460, and described and explained in our days by Cardinal Zurla, another learned Camaldolite of the same convent, is a most curious monument of cosmography. It is there seen that this cloistered d'Anville of the fifteenth century was acquainted with all that the ancient and modern authors had written before him on geography; the Cape of Good Hope is there pointed out, although it was not then discovered, and Africa itself in its general form, differs but little from the reality.<sup>1</sup>

The first historical names of Venice figure amongst the librarians of Saint Mark; several have attained the dignity of Doge; the library appears the road to the palace; a novel and imposing example of the union of letters with the knowledge of affairs, even under an aristocratic government.

The museum of antiquities annexed to the library of Saint Mark possesses some precious *morceaux*, works of the best times of Greece; the fair and lascivious *Leda*; the little group of the *Carrying off of Ganymede*, the eagle of which is so spirited; two *Muses*; the group of a *Faun and Bacchus*; the statues of *Ulysses*, *Love*, *Plenty*, *Diana*, and the *Dead Soldier*. A young female, in whose hand the restorer has placed a ridiculous pitcher, to convert her into an Hebe, is, in the antique part, of admirable proportions. There is also to be noticed the basso-relievo, called *Niobiade*; two others representing little children; a

very fine colossal foot, the almost colossal heads of a male and female faun of exquisite workmanship, and above all the superb cameo of Jupiter *Egiochus* (covered with the ægis), found at Ephesus in 1793, and brought back from Paris to Venice in 1815. Amongst the medals, there is a very fine one representing Cardinal Domenico Grimani; on the reverse are Philosophy and Theology; it is of 1493, and by the Venetian Vittorio Camelio, an adroit counterfeiter of antique medals,—an illustrious forger, whose clever imitations have tormented and mystified more than one antiquary.

## CHAPTER VI.

Piombi.—Pozzi.—Different ages of the prisons.

The loss of liberty is the oldest and worst of misfortunes; and the histories of prisoners are most replete with touching interest. The Venetian Casanova, the prisoner of the Piombi, is one of the first heroes of these tales; he who refused to read the *Consolation* of Boetius during his captivity, because it pointed out no means of evasion. I saw the window by which he escaped with such adventurous boldness; the chamber was then occupied by the graceful pigeons of Saint Mark of which mention has been made. The prisons of Venice, the subject of so much declamation, towards the end of the republic, had become antiquated like every thing else. Just as in France, where the Bastille was scarcely stronger than the monarchy. The Piombi, of much later date than the Pozzi, which had been long tenantless when the republic fell, were only the upper parts of the ducal palace just under the leads, and the prisoners passed the periods of their imprisonment there without injury to their health, even after a detention of ten years, there being a current of air sufficient to counteract any excess of heat. Howard, who must be allowed a competent judge, acknowledged the salubrity of the Venetian prisons. No prisoner there was ever load

<sup>1</sup> The author of the article Fra Mauro in the *Bio-graphie* has even remarked that in the interior of Africa, as represented in this map of the world, is the name of Dabar (Darfour), a country since unknown to Delisle, d'Anville, and all the other geographers of Europe, until Bruce, who was the first that heard of this country, discovered and explored by Browne. It is to be regretted however that

the map of Fra Mauro has been engraved so very inaccurately in the description by Cardinal Zurla. (See a curious letter relative to the chief deviations it presents, written from Warsaw, June 6, 1830, to M. de Hammer, by Count Joseph Sierakowsky, who had collated it with the original, but who was wrong in believing that the latter had been taken to Vienna.

with irons, a privilege perhaps unique in the history of prisoners: if many were confined there for life, it was owing to the punishment of death being more rarely inflicted in Venice than elsewhere.<sup>1</sup> These terrible Piombi are now delightful and much sought after apartments (in Italy apartments in the upper stories are generally preferred), and a president of the court of appeal in Venice, Count Hesenberg, an impartial man, who has occupied them, has stated in a journal that he wished many of his readers might not be worse lodged.

The Pozzi formerly consisted of several stories, two of which are still in existence. I have gone through these ancient dungeons (eight are on a level with the court of the Ducal palace, and nine on the story above), the majority are still boarded round with planks which had been put up in order to prevent humidity, and the ancient bedstead, similar to those used by the Trappists, is in the middle of some of them. The vulgar opinion that these cells are under the canal is erroneous, though asserted as fact by Nicolini in his tragedy of Foscari, when speaking of this prison; nor have boats ever passed over the heads of the guilty parties confined in them. It is very probable that the *Pozzi* of Venice were not more horrible than the other dungeons of the period; every age and regime have their peculiar prisons, in accordance with the various degrees of civilisation; but the impenetrable prisons of despotism are always cruel; the forts of the Empire were not inferior to the ancient donjons; at an era of reason, liberty, and industry, prisons are changed into a sort of workshops; subject to continual inspection and superintendence, they are merely the instrument of the impassive magistrate who enforces the law.

## CHAPTER VII.

The Royal Palace.—The Great Hall.—Exposition of the products of Venetian industry.—Zecca.

The celebrated *Procuratie Nuove*, the most important work of Scamozzi, are now the Royal Palace; and, certainly, there is hardly any building more noble, simple, or varied. The ancient library

forms part of it. This masterpiece of Sansovino, this edifice which, according to Palladio, was *the richest and most ornamented that had been constructed since the ancients*, which Aretino found *above envy* (this was, certainly, placing it very high), was erected by decree of the senate, in front of the Ducal palace, for the reception of books; so great and so splendid was the hospitality Venice ever accorded them.

The condition of artists was rude in the sixteenth century; they appear to have been subjected to a rigid responsibility, as is seen by numberless examples. Scarcely had Sansovino achieved his marvellous work, when, the arched roof falling in, he was cast into a dungeon, deprived of his employment as architect of the republic, and condemned to a fine of one thousand ducats. He was delivered, reinstated, and reimbursed by the exertions of Titian, and especially of Aretino; a trait which proves that the latter, in spite of his vices, was not incapable of aiding in a generous action, and of fulfilling the duties of friendship; the meanest minds have sometimes, in the events of life, a sort of readiness to oblige from which other virtues of a purer kind think themselves dispensed.

The two superb and colossal Cariatides at the entrance are by Vittoria, who also executed the stucco ornaments of the magnificent staircase. The first hall, decorated by Scamozzi, presents a ceiling by Cristoforo and Stefano Rosa, two skilful artists in this department: in the centre, a figure of *Wisdom*, crowned with laurel, although of the extreme old age of Titian, is full of grace and life.

The great hall has two remarkable paintings by Tintoretto: the first is the *Carrying away of the body of St. Mark from the Sepulchres of Alexandria*, by two Venetian dealers who concealed it beneath slices of fresh pork, in the hope that, at this abhorred sight, the Mussulman custom-house officers might let it pass without searching. The second represents *St. Mark saving a Saracen from shipwreck*; a beautiful painting, which displays the charity and noble spirit of the saint. The magnificent ceiling has seven compartments, each enclosing three ovals: it was painted in com-

<sup>1</sup> On the arrival of the French in 1797, the register of condemnations for state crimes having been

opened, their number amounted to fourteen since the beginning of the century.



petition by the first masters of the sixteenth century, and Paolo Veronese bore off the prize for his figures of *Honour deified, Music, Geometry, and Arithmetic*. The portraits of sages, placed between the windows and the angles of the hall, are by Schiavone and Tintoretto.

The exhibition of the products of Venetian industry, for 1827, was held in this superb hall. There was nothing there of much importance, and this industry, once so famous, appeared ordinary enough. Straw hats, in imitation of the Florence fabric, were the most remarkable article. This importation is said to be very useful and successful; these hats are as fine as those of Florence and cheaper, but somewhat whiter and more flimsy. They are manufactured by a house of Bassano. I remarked several bottles of a wine of very fine colour, but which appeared oddly placed amongst manufactured goods. During the four exhibitions which took place from 1823 to 1831, M. Berlan had obtained nine gold and silver medals, for his different mechanical instruments. In 1831, the silk from the fine agricultural establishment of M. Maupoil, at Dolo, between Padua and Venice, appeared of a superior quality; the worms there are fed on the mulberry-tree of the Philippine Islands, cultivated with success by the skilful director. Independently of the ancient and celebrated manufactures of glass, crystal, and pearls, Venetian industry has its spinning mills, sugar refineries, tan-pits, and manufactories of wax, drugs, silks, and gold-leaf. These establishments, including that for straw-hats at Bassano, occupy nine thousand work-people, and yield an annual profit of about six hundred thousand pounds sterling.

The third part of the Royal Palace also offers some admirable paintings: in the octagon room, the *Adoration of the Magi*, *St. Joachim driven out of the Temple*, by Tintoretto; in the chapel, the *Eternal Father, with the Saviour on his knees*, by Carletto Caliarì; the celebrated *Ecce homo*, by Albert Durer; the *Dead Christ*, and *two friends weeping*, by Paris Bordone. In three rooms of the governor's apartments, *Venice surrounded by Hercules, Ceres,*

*and some genii*, is one of the first masterpieces of Paolo Veronese, who, also, did the *Adam and Eve repentant*, the *Institution of the Rosary*, and the *Christ's agony in the Garden*. The *Christ's Descent into Purgatory*, is by Giorgione, and the *Passage of the Red Sea*, in the earlier style of Titian.

The *Zecca* (Mint), near the ancient library, is another chef-d'œuvre of Sansovino. Such is its skilful distribution, that, after nearly three centuries, it is still applicable to the purposes of the present coinage.

Over the cistern in the court is an Apollo, which enjoys a sort of popularity in Venice, although the sculptor, Danese Cattaneo, pupil of Sansovino, and a distinguished poet, is not much known. This Apollo is fantastically enough seated upon a globe placed above a little mountain of gold, and holds in his hand an ingot also of gold. But for the rays emanating from his head, the god of music and of song, who in other respects has not a very noble air, might be taken for the god of riches only. He ought to be accompanied by statues of the Moon and of Venus, the former silver, the latter copper, so as to indicate the three kinds of money. The celebrity of the first Venetian ducats or sequins, so esteemed for the purity of the gold, and which are still at this day the money preferred in the East, is as ancient as the year 1284: many of the pieces pretending to a greater antiquity are apocryphal; the genuine, which determine the commencement of a well authenticated series, bear the religious legend *Christus imperat*.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Grand canal.—Saint Martha.—Venetians.—Palace.—  
Venetian nobility.

The grand canal, bordered by magnificent marble palaces, erected in the course of ten centuries by the best architects, would be, if paved, the finest street in the world. These palaces of different ages exemplify the progress of Italian art, and form a vast, majestic, and instructive gallery of architecture. By a whimsical refinement of luxury and grandeur, the mud-buried pilework of some is composed of the precious wood of Fernambuca: so that the foundations

<sup>1</sup> See post, chap. xxlii.

were neither less splendid nor less costly than the marble and columns of the sumptuous superstructure.

The morrow of my first arrival at Venice, in July, was the festival of Saint Martha, a popular holyday. Some illuminated barks, full of musicians, passed along the grand canal during the night; and although few in number, they produced an effect truly enchanting, and gave an idea of the long-past pleasures of this fallen city. The feast of Saint Martha, which lasted till daylight, was celebrated at one extremity of the city, in a quarter bearing her name. Tables were set out, and jovial parties quaffed their wine in the boats and on shore; it was like a marine Vaugirard or Courtille. Notwithstanding the lively joyousness of that multitude, there was neither strife nor disorder. So generally well disposed are the people of Venice, that even in the time when Saint Martha was in all its glory, the Venetian government never made a display of police force there, and the safety of each individual was under the safeguard of the universal pleasure. All that is good in the Italian character is complete at Venice; gay, fickle, agitated, thoughtless, it appears yet more amiable from the grace, softness, and originality of the dialect.

The stillness of Venice has, I think, been singularly exaggerated; after Rome, there is no part of Italy where the sound of the bells is more astounding, and the cries of the people are exceeded by none but the Neapolitans. Madame de Staël, who has made so many ingenious and profound observations, pretends that *not even a fly is to be seen in this place*; the *cono-peum*<sup>1</sup> placed over the beds but too well proves the contrary.

There is a soft and melancholy pleasure in gliding along the grand canal, in wandering amid those superb palaces, those ancient aristocratic dwellings, which bear such fine names, and are the memorials of so much power and glory, but are now desolate, shattered, or in ruins. These Moorish windows, these balconies whence the fair Venetian, shut up like the Eastern dame, but volatile as the European, appeared to her lover, as he reluctantly retreated in his gondola, are

now dilapidated, without glass, or rudely boarded; some few of them which are in good condition only bear the inscription of certain administrative or financial authorities of Austria, or the national arms of some indolent consul. In the midst of this destruction, the gardens, (a singular circumstance!) supply the place of buildings at Venice; it is just the reverse of Paris, and I recollect that when seeking for the house of Titian, I only found in its place the wall of a garden, in a little blind alley ostentatiously called the Strait of Gallipoli.<sup>2</sup>

The desertion of the Venetian palaces began in the last century with the fall of the republic, when the degenerate patricians preferred lodging in a *casino* near the Piazza of St. Mark, to inhabiting the ancient palaces of their fathers, too great for their littleness. Gambling, celibacy, and the species of social selfishness which they produce, had enervated the manners of the Venetian nobility. What public morals could be expected from the senator, who, clothed with his toga and the pompous insignia of his dignity, had acted in person as the *croupier* at the pharao table; or from those patricians, one of whose privileges was to open gaming-houses, and who attended there in their magisterial robes? We are told that they unanimously renounced this lucrative privilege, when gaming was abolished, some time before the fall of the republic; but it is probable that the mischief was done, and it was too late for them to return to the exercise of more serious and elevated sentiments. The gaming of the Venetians, pretend the defenders of its ancient regime, aided the developement of moral courage; they were renowned for the almost stoic impassibility with which they lost or won the most enormous sums. That kind of daring which risks a fortune on a card may show firmness or energy in individuals, but it must be the ruin of society, and the habit of relying on chance is particularly injurious in a political point of view. As to celibacy, which was repressed and punished among the Romans, it was then at Venice as one of the privileges of the elder branch, of the talented or ambitious member of each

<sup>1</sup> A gauze curtain to keep off the flies and gnats, in the Venetian language *zenzaliera*.

<sup>2</sup> The French in 1810 formed a public garden,

which still exists; but it is neglected, and little frequented, the Venetians preferring their ancient and central promenade of the piazza of Saint Mark.

family, and marriage became one of the charges of a younger brother or of the least promising. It is just the reverse of the plan pursued by great families in monarchical states. But these different kinds of celibacy, which were neither the holy celibacy of religion, nor the philosophic celibacy of study, nearly approximated that which springs from libertinism.

The Venetian patriciate may be regarded as the most ancient and the most national in Europe, since it originated with the founders of the republic, and preceded by many centuries the ancestors of the oldest aristocracies.<sup>1</sup> But these haughty patricians, who allowed every body to assume what title he chose, did not in general take any themselves, and I know not what French author once upon a time composed a dissertation, to prove that in fact they were not gentlemen.<sup>2</sup> In the choir of the church of the Charterhouse at Florence is to be seen the tomb of a patrician of Venice, the inscription of which expresses the noble regret at having been compelled to change his title for one conferred by the grand duke of Tuscany.

## CHAPTER IX.

Trevisan palace.—Foscari.—Mocenigo.—Lord Byron.—Pisani palace.—Of poetic truth.—Paolo Veronese.—Barbarigo palace.—Death of Titian.—Grimani palace (at Saint Luke).—Bridge of the Rialto.—Micheli, Corner, Pesaro, Vendramini, and Manfrin palaces.

The Trevisan palace, covered with Grecian and Egyptian marble, although it has no object of curiosity in the interior, merits notice; its elegant architecture of the school of the Lombardi, marks the epoch of the revival of taste.

The Dario palace is in the same style and possesses the same kind of interest. On it may be read these words: *Genio*

<sup>1</sup> The Contarini, according to some authors, derive their name from the word *contadini*, peasants, or *villains*.

<sup>2</sup> See the justificative documents of the *Histoire de Venise* by M. Daru.

<sup>3</sup> These letters, which are sometimes more affectionate and tender than seems natural in Frederick, soon became those of a hard and severe master; he thus announced to him his accession to the throne, "My dear Algarotti, my lot has changed. I expect you with impatience, do not let me languish." Two years afterwards he reproached him for *his self sufficiency*, and dryly asked him, if it were conve-

*urbis*, *Joannes Darius*, a patriotic inscription which the present ruin of Venice renders more touching.

The Giustiniani-Lolin palace had a choice library, some fine paintings, a considerable number of valuable engravings, various collections formed with great taste by Doctor Aglietti, a celebrated physician of Italy, who published a fine edition of the complete works of Algarotti, in which are inserted the letters written by Frederick during twenty-five years to this Italian Fontenelle, the originals of which existed at the Giustiniani-Lolin palace.<sup>3</sup> Doctor Aglietti some years since by an act of great delicacy enriched these collections with a fresh curiosity. He and Doctor Z... had professionally attended Cicognara during his last illness, the latter bequeathed to the two doctors, his friends, whatever article of his effects they might prefer; Doctor L... chose a small antique head; Doctor Aglietti the pen of the historian of sculpture in Italy.<sup>4</sup>

The ancient Foscari palace is in ruins, but its majestic and melancholy aspect is in unison with the reflections it suggests: the observer feels that it must have been the residence of that unhappy family, fallen from power, punished by imprisonment, exile, and death, the Stuarts of aristocratic families.

The Mocenigo palace on the grand canal was occupied by Lord Byron. I have heard much of his several years' residence at Venice, and of the scenes which took place at this palace,<sup>5</sup> and I have seen with regret that esteem is not the inseparable companion of glory. Byron may however deserve some indulgence on account of his abundant charities, which were quite equal to his dissipation and shameful licentiousness. The life of Venice, that life of quietude, pleasures, night-studies, and reading, must, however, suit the taste of a poet. Few cities have been sung more frequently, or

nient to make an engagement with him. (Letter of the 10th September, 1742.) Never perhaps was the anger and contempt of Frederick against Voltaire vented with such sharpness as in these letters. See the letters of the 12th September 1749, 41th January, and 26th May 1754.

<sup>4</sup> Aglietti had an apoplectic fit on the 4th August 1829, and lingered till the 3rd May 1836; he was seventy-nine years of age. His collection of engravings is now the property of S. Giovanni Papadopoli of Venice.

<sup>5</sup> See, on this subject, his *Memoirs*, which, however, do not tell all, vol. III. ch. xvii.



better than Venice : Petrarch called it *la Città d'oro* : the classic verses of San-nazzaro, in which he sets forth its superiority over Rome, are well known :

.....  
*Illam homines dices, hanc posuisse Deos,*

the fine sonnet of Alfieri :

*Ecco, sorgere dall'acque io veggio altera  
 La canuta del mar saggia reina.....*

the romantic strophes of Childe Harold, and some pieces of several of our young poets. Amongst the fine paintings of the Mocenigo palace is the sketch of the celebrated *Glory of Paradise*, painted by Tintoretto, now preferable even to the picture, which is to be seen in the ancient hall of the Great Council, since it has not had the misfortune to be retouched.

The Pisani palace ( at Saint Paul ) contains the valuable painting of Paolo Veronese, the *Family of Darius at the feet of Alexander*; the females are dressed as Venetian ladies, the Hero of Macedon wears the costume of a general of the republic. In spite of the incorrectness of these costumes, this chef-d'œuvre is full of charms. Poetic truth, the only true, the only durable in works of art, the only truth which comes from the soul and responds to it, does not confine itself to chronology, and differs entirely from that external and common reality, to which every body may attain, and of which some people are much too proud. The picture by Lebrun on the same subject is, excepting the full bottomed wigs, more regular than that of Paolo Veronese ; but certainly it cannot bear comparison with it. On seeing the dwarf, the monkey, the burlesque scenes which this great painter generally introduces in his most important compositions, and which are seen in his *Family of Darius*, his admirable, his poetic picture appears like a comico-heroic painting : it is Ariosto on canvas.

The Barbarigo palace bears imprinted on it the traces of Titian, who lived in this family, preferring the residence in his dear Venice to the proposals made him by the popes Leo X. and Paul III., and to the honours pressingly offered him by Philip II., a strange suitor, rejected by the painter. At the Barbarigo

palace is to be seen his celebrated *Magdalen*, less ideal than true, found at his house at the moment of his death, and which perhaps may be regarded as the original of his several Magdalens ; a *Venus*, spoiled by the scarf which the scruples of a Barbarigo had thrown over her bosom, and which has since been scraped off ; a *St. Sebastian*, his last work, on which he was employed when the horrible plague of 1576, which afterwards ravaged Milan, carried him off, full of health, at the age of ninety-nine. It would appear that nothing less than such a catastrophe could destroy this immortal artist, and that otherwise he would never have died. The last moments of the honoured, opulent, and centenary life of Titian, were frightful ; he expired on the same couch as his cherished son and pupil Horace, who could not close his eyes ; a band of robbers, taking advantage of the dispersion of the magistrates, forced his house, pillaged it, and carried off from before the glazing eyes of the artist even his most treasured works, which he would not sell at any price. As soon as the communications were again open, his second son Pomponio, a priest of most disreputable character, came post from Milan, sold almost for nothing the furniture, jewels, and paintings which had escaped the robbers, or which had been recovered by the hands of justice ; and like a second pillager, dissipated his inheritance in a few months, and blushed not to dispose of the small patrimonial house of Cadore, leaving the last resting place of his glorious father tombless and unknown.

The Barbarigo palace possesses two other curious and remarkable works of the great masters. The *Susannah* is a prodigy of Tintoretto, it presents a park with poultry, rabbits, and other domestic animals which this mettlesome painter has executed and finished with exquisite taste ; it might be likened to Bossuet relating the dream of the princess Palatine. The group of *Dedalus and Icarus*, by Canova, in his most youthful days, a true and natural composition, indicates the return to a better taste, but has not yet the elevation which the talent of the artist was destined to attain, and which Rome was to impart.

The Grimani palace ( at Saint Luke ), one of the most extraordinary chefs-d'œuvre of San Micheli, who had to

<sup>1</sup> See Book XII. ch. iv.

remedy the irregularity of the ground : this palace, one of the most magnificent and elegant of Venice, remarkable for the pure and noble taste of its front, vestibule, and lower story, is now the Austrian post-office. The delegation resides at the Corner palace in the *Ca grande*, a superb edifice, one of Sansovino's finest works.

The ancient Farsetti palace, now the hotel *della Gran Bretagna*, has on one of the staircase landings, two small bas-reliefs of fruit in marble, executed by Canova at fourteen years of age for his first and constant protector, the patrician Falieri, a precocious attempt evincing a certain dexterity and delicacy of chisel acquired at his father's, who was engaged in the selling and cutting of the fine Possagno stone.

The celebrated mercantile bridge of the *Rialto*, by the Venetian architect of the sixteenth century, da Ponte, is showy and substantial, and carries back the mind to the origin of Venice, its festivals and prosperity. The wanderers who were the first inhabitants of the kind of islet with which it communicates, and the name of which it bears,—those men, compared by Cassiodorus to birds that build their nests on the waters, doubtless had no idea that they were founding a powerful republic which was one day to have dominion over Italy, to take Constantinople, to resist the league of kings and emperors, to monopolize the commerce of the world, and to last fourteen centuries.

The Micheli palace (*dalle Colonne*) offers some magnificent tapestries from designs by Raphael. A handsome armory contains the suits of armour worn by the illustrious doge Domenico Micheli and other crusaders his companions. In another room are the books and pontifical ornaments of Cardinal Barbarigo, holy and peaceful relics contrasting with the arms of those warriors.

The Corner della Regina palace was, for a most singular reason, unoccupied in 1828 : its last proprietor had bequeathed it to Pope Pius VII., as a token of his high estimation of that pontiff's virtues, and its usufruct had been ceded to some ecclesiastics engaged in education, who wanted to let it, but were too scrupulous to accept the offer of certain rich Jews who had proposed to become their tenants. These worthy priests did not,

like the Roman emperor and our own age, think it impossible for money to have an ill odour.

The Pesaro palace was forsaken by its master a short time after the republic was no more ; he has not since returned to it, wishing to avoid the sad spectacle of his conquered country. The owner of this marble palace, one of the largest and finest in Italy, occupies apartments in London ; from the ceiling in one of his rooms, he has simply suspended a drawing of his former dwelling, which makes those who behold it marvel at his constancy.

The palace of Vendramini-Calergi, by Pietro Lombardo, for taste, richness, and magnificence, is not inferior to the most exalted in Venice. There may be seen Tullius Lombardo's two fine statues of Adam and Eve, which were formerly a part of the doge Andrea Vendramini's mausoleum, at the church of Saint John and Paul, but have since been decently replaced by two female saints.

The Manfrini palace is noted for its rich gallery of the different schools, and its curiosities. The *Virgin and Infant Jesus*, and the *Christ at Emmaus* are by Giovanni Bellini ; a *Descent from the Cross*, the pearl of the gallery, and one of the finest and least injured copies of that masterpiece, is admirably pathetic and collected ; the corpse of the Saviour bears the imprint of his incorruptible and divine nature ; the *portrait of Ariosto*, lifelike and poetic ; that of *Queen Cornaro*, by Titian ; the latter differs from the portrait at Brescia : the expression of the physiognomy is vulgar in one and prudish in the other ; which last is probably the better likeness. A *Woman playing on the guitar* ; the celebrated painting called the *Three Portraits* are by Giorgione, who seems triumphant there. This last masterpiece drew from Byron several stanzas of admiration in his Venetian tale of *Beppo*, two verses of which are not, however, very accurate, as Giorgione was never married. ' *Moses striking the rock* is by Bassano ; *Ceres and Bacchus*, by Rubens ; the *Sacrifice of Iphigenia*, by Padovanino ; an *Ecce homo*, a *Flight into Egypt*, by Agostino Carracci ; two superb portraits, one by Rembrandt, the other by Paolo Vero-

<sup>1</sup> 'T is but a portrait of his son and wife,  
And self, but *such* a woman I love in life

(St. xii.)

nese; a *Shepherd*, by Murillo; the *Virgin presenting the Infant Jesus to Simeon*, by Giovannid'Udina. Pordenone's portrait of himself is perfect; *Petrarch's portrait*, by Jacopo Bellini, is any thing but pleasing; Laura's *portrait*, by Gentile Bellini, is very fine; a *Circumcision*, by Fra Sebastiano del Piombo; a *Lucetta*, by Guido. The works of the old painters, Cimabue, Giotto, and Mantegna, are very judiciously placed together in one room.

The Giustiniani palace (at the *Zattere*) has a library rich in national manuscripts, several pieces of Grecian sculpture, a cabinet of medals, and a gallery, which has Padovanino's *Ganymede* for its chief masterpiece.

## CHAPTER X.

Houses of Teotochi-Albrizzi and Cicognara.

The houses of Teotochi-Albrizzi and Cicognara, but a short distance from each other, equal palaces by their inhabitants. Like Aspasia, Signora Albrizzi was a Greek, and like her, too, the friend of illustrious men differing in genius and talent, whom she has succeeded in portraying, with faithfulness and ingenuity, in a style impregnated with all the grace of her sex.<sup>1</sup> In the centre of her drawing-room is a bust of her compatriot Helen, a figure full of charms and voluptuousness, presented to her by Canova, as an acknowledgement of his gratitude for the description of his sculptures given by Signora Albrizzi; this bust has been sung by Byron:—

In this beloved marble view,  
Above the works and thoughts of man,  
What nature *could*, but *would not*, do,  
And beauty and Canova *can*!  
Beyond imagination's power,  
Beyond the bard's defeated art,  
With immortality her dower,  
Behold the *Helen* of the heart!

The head-dress has the form of a truncated egg, a felicitous allusion to the birth of Leda's daughter.

Signora Albrizzi, whose amiable me-

<sup>1</sup> See her agreeable work entitled *Ritratti*.

<sup>2</sup> *Essais de Palingénésie sociale*, by M. Ballanche; Paris, Didot, 1827.

<sup>3</sup> Three busts of Beatrix by Canova are now in existence: Cicognara's; Madame R\*\*\*\*s, on which

memory I shall always cherish, died in 1836, aged sixty-six, after a long illness, which had neither impaired her lively imagination nor the attractions of her mind; during this illness the Memoirs of Madame Lebrun, her contemporary and friend, were read to her, and they brought to recollection her Venice of forty years past, with its joyous pleasures, its beautiful religious music, and its good society of French emigrants: in this manner did the authoress of the *Ritratti* find her pains alleviated by the narrative of our great portrait-painter.

Cicognara possessed Dante's *Beatrix*, another of Canova's chefs-d'œuvre, given by him to this amiable, learned, excellent man, his worthy and partial friend, as a friend ought always to be, whatever Plato's proverb may say to the contrary. A writer who unites elevated thought with delicacy of feeling, thus relates, in an important work, the origin of this figure: "An artist of pre-eminent renown, a statuary who not long since shed so great a lustre on the glorious country of Dante, and whose graceful fancy had been so often exalted by the masterpieces of antiquity, one day saw, for the first time, a woman, who seemed to him a living apparition of Beatrix. Full of that religious feeling which genius ever imparts, he immediately required the marble ever obedient to his chisel to express the sudden inspiration of that moment, and the Beatrix of Dante passed from the vague domain of poesy into the reality of art. The feeling which resides in this harmonious countenance is now become the new type of pure and virginal beauty, which, in its turn, gives inspiration to artists and poets." This woman is a French lady celebrated for the charms of her person and her noble character. It is some honour for France to have revealed to the first statuary of Italy the conception of that mysterious ideal beauty sung by her greatest poet. The calm enthusiasm of this admirable figure has often been reproduced, but most frequently in a very imperfect manner.<sup>3</sup> In Cicognara's house there were also two gigantic busts: the first, of Cicognara, by

he has put a crown of olive and inscribed with his own hand these verses of Dante:—

Sovra candido vel cinta d'oliva  
Donna m'appare. . . . .

The third is in England.



Canova, and his latest work ; the second, of Canova, by his clever pupil Rinaldo Rinaldi, after the original so admirably sculptured by Canova himself.<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER XI.

Grimani palace (at Santa Maria Formosa).—Corniani d'Algarotti.—Spirit of Venetian society.—Last Venetian lady.

The family portraits of the Grimani palace (at Santa Maria Formosa) compose a fine gallery of paintings by Titian, Paolo Veronese, and other able masters. This palace is worthy of Rome or Naples for its multitude of antique statues, inscriptions, and bronzes. The Venetian nobility, trading with Greece and the Levant, first began to make a display in antique collections. There are to be remarked at the Grimani palace an infant Hercules, a most beautiful Grecian bust, the colossal statue of Marcus Agrippa, transferred by a singular fate from the vestibule of the Pantheon amid the waves of the Adriatic; an obscene group of Socrates and Alcibiades, in which the former is not even the *very equivocal friend of the young Alcibiades*. A chamber decorated by Sansovino is magnificent. The *Institution of the Rosary*, a celebrated painting by Albert Durer, contains his portrait and his wife's. The *Story of Psyche*, on the octagonal ceiling, by Francesco Salviati, was regarded by Vasari as the finest work in Venice, the exaggerated eulogium of a friend, though the painting certainly has some good points. A *Cupid* is by Guido; a *Purification*, by Gentile Bellini; and the painting of the elegant chapel, *Christ crowned with thorns*, by the elder Palma.

Canova's *Hebe* is at the house of Heinzelmann. This charming though somewhat elaborate figure is one of the most famous and most popular masterpieces of its author; he has repeated it with slight variations as many as four times;<sup>2</sup> it has been worthily sung by Cesarotti and Pindemonte, and the follow-

ing pleasing verses of the latter are far superior to the sonnet of Cesarotti:—

O Canova immortal, che indietro lassi  
L'italico scarpello, e il greco arrivi:  
Sapea che i marmi tuoi son molli e vivi:  
Ma chi visto t'avea scolpire i passi?

The palace of Corniani d'Algarotti presents two curious collections, differing in kind, but both bearing some analogy to the scientific and literary name recalled by its appellation: the first is composed of more than six thousand specimens of stones and minerals of Lombardy and the ancient Venetian provinces; the second is a dramatic library, comprising all the pieces played at Venice from the establishment of the first theatre in 1636 to our own times. The house of Goldoni, who flourished seventy-one years after, was *calle de' Noboli*. A few weeks' sojourn at Venice is sufficient to produce the conviction that the real Italian comedy must have originated or rather been regenerated there (Machiavel and Ariosto still maintain the supremacy over the Italian dramatists); for the spirit of society survives there amid the decay of all beside. This famous and longlived society is still worthily represented by the heroine of the *Biondina*, the countess Benzoni, distinguished for the gracefulness, simplicity, and piquancy of her wit; it was this lady who, with the familiarity of the Venetian dialect, told Byron certain home truths to which he listened with delight, and perhaps never heard them save in that burlesque language: this lady, still so full of vivacity, so unaffected and cheerful, may be called the last of the Venetian dames.

The Contarini palace, replete with the ancient and glorious reminiscences of that family which became extinct at the beginning of this century, is decorated with frescos by Tiepolo, and four admirable paintings of Luca Giordano, one of which is *Eneas carrying his father Anchises*.

<sup>1</sup> The bust of Cicognara, since his death, on the 5th of March 1834, has been taken to Ferrara, his country, which also claimed the body of the illustrious deceased. The sale of the collection of engravings and *nielles* was announced for the month of February that year: the learned catalogue was

drawn up in French by two Venetians, SS. Alessandro Zanetti and Carlo Albrizzi.

<sup>2</sup> Of the three other Hebes of Canova one (Josephine's) belongs to the emperor of Russia, another to Lord Cawdor, and the third to the marchioness Guicciardini of Florence.

## CHAPTER XII.

Aldus.—Printing a manufacture.—Present state of printing in Venice.

I deeply regretted not being able to find any certain trace of one dwelling, I mean that of Aldus Manutius,<sup>1</sup> in which he assembled that veritable typographic academy, composed of the most learned characters,<sup>2</sup> who spoke nothing but Greek when engaged in the examination and discussion of the classics. The press of Aldus Manutius and his son would now be a real monument; it was the only treasure that the former of these great men left to the second, after devoting his fortune and profits to the discovery and purchase of old manuscripts in Greek and Latin, and occupying his whole life in deciphering, completing, correcting, and publishing them.<sup>3</sup> It is easy to conceive with what almost poetical enthusiasm the discovery of this all-powerful art must inspire a man so learned as the elder Aldus, and so passionately attached to that reviving antiquity, which he thus saw rendered indestructible and universal. The rather strange inscription over the door of his chamber shows the extraordinary ardour of his application: *Quisquis es, rogat te Aldus etiam atque etiam: ut, si quid est quod à se velis, perpaucis agas, deinde actutum abeas, nisi tanquam Hercules, defesso*

<sup>1</sup> In 1828 an honorary inscription was put on an old house, No. 2013 in the *Campo de San Agostino*; granting that the tradition be not very positive, there can be no doubt that the residence of Aldus Manutius was thereabout: some letters sent to the latter by Marco Musuro bear the address *appresso Sancto Augustin dove se stampa*.

<sup>2</sup> Marco Musuro, Bembo, Angelo Gabrielli, Andrea Navagero, Daniele Rinieri, Marino Sanuto, Benedetto Ramberti, Battista Eghezio, Fra Giocondo the architect.

<sup>3</sup> When Paul Manutius settled at Rome, in 1561, he transported his printing-office thither; part of it was, however, left at Venice, under the direction of his son Aldus; nor did it remain inactive, as may be inferred from the number of editions published every year during his absence, among which are several of his own works.—*Annales de l'Imprimerie des Aldes*, by M. Renouard, vol. III., p. 455, 456, 460.

<sup>4</sup> See Annibal Caro, *Lettere burlesche*; lett. xxxi., and on the life and labours of Paul Manutius, a letter of Bonfadio's, quoted *ante*, book V. chap. xxiii.

<sup>5</sup> The reader will recollect the excellent work of Count Daru, entitled, *Notions statistiques sur la librairie, pour servir à la discussion de la loi sur la presse* en 1827, which notions were founded on the *Bibliographie de la France*. It results from this

*Atlante, veneris suppositurus humeros. Semper enim erit quod et tu agas, et quotquot huc attulerint pedes.*—"Whosoever thou art, Aldus entertains thee again and again, if thou hast business with him, to conclude it briefly, and hasten thy departure; unless, like Hercules to the weary Atlas, thou come to put thy shoulder to the work. Then will there ever be sufficient occupation for thee, and all others who may come." Paul Manutius appears to have been no less indefatigable than his illustrious father, as we may learn from the reproaches of his friends.<sup>4</sup> Printing at that period, instead of being merely an honourable manufacture of great produce,<sup>5</sup> sold to curious and eager, rather than delicate consumers, was a liberal, an admirable art, which was discovered late,<sup>6</sup> but seems to have had no infancy. The clearness of the impression, and the beauty of the ink<sup>7</sup> and paper of the first printers have not been surpassed. Printing-offices now are merely book factories, and the same nicety and evenness of working cannot be expected from the pressman who prints a thousand sheets a day. The editions of Nicolas Jenson, Vindeline of Spire, of the Aldi, and others, were moreover printed in smaller numbers. Some of Cicero's works, such as the *Epistolæ familiares*, published by Paul Manutius, were reprinted almost every year. The elder

useful document that the number of volumes printed in France, in the year 1825, was between thirteen and fourteen millions (more than four hundred thousand issued from the presses of MM. Firmin Didot alone) which produced in trade a real value of 33,750,000 fr. and afforded employment and subsistence to thirty-three thousand seven hundred and fifty persons. A still more precise return of the productions of the French press has appeared in a valuable miscellany (*Revue des Deux-Mondes*, t. VI., p. 68); according to this table the number of sheets printed in 1835 was one hundred and twenty-five millions.

<sup>6</sup> When we consider the perfection attained by the ancients in the art of coining and their acquaintance with moveable characters, it is astonishing that printing escaped their observation. It was invented at the epoch of the emigration of Grecian learning into Italy, just at the time when most needed, and doubtless for that very reason.

<sup>7</sup> The excellent ink of Nicholas Jenson and other Italian printers of the fifteenth century was procured from Paris, as in these latter days that of Bodoni. This ink has a bright jet which our present ink has not; but it is pretended that age produces it, and that some centuries hence ours will be as fine.

Aldus states in the preface of his *Euripides* (1503) that he was commonly accustomed to work a thousand copies. This extraordinary man, for the beauty and usefulness of his editions, must be put in the first rank of those propagators of thought; he invented the octavo form, and printed the first *Virgil* (in 1501) with which one could ramble in the groves. Aldus united to his talents and vast acquirements a most estimable character, very different from his contemporary Tomas Junte of Florence, who, according to Varchi, "was only a dealer whose avarice was equal to his riches, and more interested in the profit than the honour of his printing-office."

If the glory of the olden days of Venetian printing be irrevocably past, the press, now chiefly devoted to religious works, translations of the classics, or literary publications, is by no means unproductive. I have now before me the *Elenco* (catalogue) of the volumes printed and published in Venice and the Venetian provinces during the year 1826; the number amounts to eight hundred and twenty-one, of which six hundred and ninety-six thousand seven hundred and ten copies were printed. Two hundred and twenty-four articles are marked *gratis*, equivalent to the *ne se vend pas* of the *Bibliographie*, and they amount to fifty-six thousand six hundred and fifty-four pieces and volumes. The copies given by the author are much more profusely distributed in Italy than in France, and this kind of presents is considered one of the chief social obligations of a writer. The five hundred and ninety-seven volumes with their six hundred and forty thousand and fifty-six copies for sale, represent a value of 1,354,470 Austrian livres (47,135*l.* 10*s.*). The printing-office known by the name of *Alvisopoli*, at Venice, under the management of S. Bartolomeo Gamba, has reprinted the *Universal Biography* in Italian, at twelve hundred copies; and the work of that learned bibliographer entitled *Serie dei testi di lingua italiana e di altri esemplari del bene scrivere*, published in 1828, is very satisfactory as regards the typographical execution.

<sup>1</sup> This office derives its name from the little village of *Alvisopoli*, in which the senator Alviso (Ludovico) Mocenigo, an eccentric character, had the fancy to establish a printing-office about thirty years ago. *Alvisopoli* was a fief of his illustrious

## CHAPTER XIII.

Academy of Fine Arts.—Venetian school.—Titian's *Assumption*. — Paintings. — Bronzes. — Models. — Vanity of a brother of the Confraternity of Charity.

The Academy of Fine Arts is an excellent institution, chiefly due to the zeal, information, and patriotism of Cicognara, who was named its president in 1808. This academy has become an inestimable asylum in the midst of the dispersion and decay of so many chefs-d'œuvre. It has already collected many works from the oppressed churches and convents, and will doubtless be still serviceable in the advancing ruin of Venice. This rich collection of more than four hundred paintings consists almost entirely of works by the great masters of the Venetian school—a school, admirable rather for its adherence to nature and truth than the ideal, for brilliancy of colouring, boldness, and the picturesque rather than purity of drawing, which our young school imitates, just as the new school of poetry, tired of contemplating the models of antiquity, turns to Shakspeare. These means of regenerating art appear very uncertain; talent would find in meditation a more productive and certain resource.

Amid the decay of Venice, the discovery of Titian's masterpiece, the *Assumption*, which he executed before the age of thirty, is a kind of compensation for so many losses. By some strange chance this blackened painting had been long thrust aside and almost hidden in the top of the church *Dei Frari*, when Cicognara had himself raised up to it, washed one corner with spittle, and, being sure of its author, offered a newer painting to the clergyman, who was delighted with the change. This painting is perhaps the most extraordinary for effect: the mystery of the head of the Father, the brilliancy and softness of the group of the Virgin, and thirty little angels near; her ethereal, heavenly grace; the marvellous contrast of light and shade, and the conception of the whole, are different merits that cannot be described.

Gentile Bellini's painting, representing the piazza of Saint Mark about the end of the fifteenth century, at the moment

family: the establishment was too expensive in such a place to support itself more than two years; Alviso Mocenigo was obliged to transfer it to Venice, but retained its primitive name, by which it is now called.



of a procession passing, is full of nature and life, and of great curiosity for the costumes of the time and the aspect of ancient Venice. The *Supper at Emmaus*, by Giovanni Bellini, of the natural size, with costumes of the time and a Turkish ambassador, is superb. The celebrated *Purification*, Carpaccio's masterpiece, had it more colouring in the flesh and greater softness of outline, would be worthy of the greatest masters for grace and pathos. The old Simeon figures between two priests in the costume of cardinals; the child in the centre tuning its lute is divine.

The *St. Lorenzo Gustiniani surrounded by saints* is a masterpiece of Pordenone: the figures of St. Augustine and St. John Baptist are admirable; the undraped parts of the latter exhibit the greatest chastity of design, and St. Augustine's arm seems to protrude from the canvas. The *Rich Epulon*, by Bonifazio, is of extraordinary beauty.

The *Slave delivered by St. Mark*, a masterpiece of Tintoretto, is one of the wonders of this grand Italian school. What life, what variety of expression in the physiognomy of those executioners who see the bonds break asunder from their captive extended on the ground! The saint crosses the heavens with his face turned towards the beholder, and he looks downwards to superintend his miracle; his immense beard allows only a small portion of his body to be seen, foreshortened, which seems really suspended in the air.

The *Marriage of Cana*, a rich, elegant, animated painting in the style of Paolo Veronese, is Padovanino's best work. The *Virgin on a throne with the Infant Jesus, St. Joseph and other saints*, by Paolo Veronese, was, with many of its neighbours, thought worthy of a journey to Paris. The *Ring of St. Mark*, Paris Bordone's masterpiece, presents an architecture and basso-reliefs perfectly true in the colouring and very cleverly composed. Three other of Titian's works are respectively admirable: the *Presentation of the Infant Jesus*, of his early youth, distinguished by the architectural richness of the temple front, and the marvellous perspective of the

edifices in the back-ground; the prodigious *St. John Baptist* in the desert, so full of sublimity and inspiration, that one feels he lived on locusts, with the deep, gloomy, and rugged landscape, and the *old woman's head*, that is supposed to be the portrait of his mother. He has also done some heads and emblematic figures, exquisite *morceaux*, which border the cornice of the chief room for the sittings of the Academy.

A basso-relievo of marble gilt, over the door, represents the *Virgin*, the *Infant Jesus*, and other figures. This astonishing work of 1345 is expressive, simple, and graceful, and bears witness to the antiquity and perfection of the art at Venice. A small tabernacle door in bronze, formerly at the church of the Servi, and believed to be by Donatello, is in the purest taste. The four basso-reliefs attributed to Andrea Riccio are works full of fire, activity, and imagination, particularly the basso-relievo representing Constantine's battle near the Tiber, and his triumphant entry into Rome. There are many other bronzes not less precious; such are the elegant basso-reliefs of the ancient mausoleums of the Barbarigo family, by an unknown author, and the superb basso-relievo of Briamonte's tomb, by the Venetian Vittorio Camello.

The model of Theseus vanquishing the Minotaur, a work of Canova's youth, is remarkable as a return to the antique; this chef-d'œuvre, so eloquently described by Signora Albrizzi,<sup>1</sup> and so well sung by Pindemonte,<sup>2</sup> is to be seen at the Academy of Fine Arts. The statue, executed for a public square at Milan, at the expence of the Italian government, is now, by right of conquest, in the garden of the People (Volksgarten) at Vienna, where a splendid building is devoted to it. Pindemonte's poem begins with the following touching complaint on Italy being despoiled of the Theseus:—

Cinque in me ferma lo sguardo, e questa  
Molle creta spirante, e queste mira  
Degne d'un semideo forme leggiadre,  
Non sì compiangi. se tai forme in duro  
Marmo intagliate. e lucide, e polite,  
Dato di vagheggiar non gli è squil' Istro.

<sup>1</sup> Opere di scultura e di plastica d'Antonio Canova descritte da Isabella Albrizzi nata Teotochi; Pisa, 1812-4, 4 vols. 8vo, pl.

<sup>2</sup> Tesco che uccide il centauro qual vedesti nell'Accademia di Belle Arti di Venezia; Pisa, 1826.

Canova's chisel is exposed below the porphyry urn containing his hand, and formerly his heart also, but that is now deposited in the church *dei Frari*.<sup>1</sup> Venice seems to multiply the traces and reminiscences of Canova, as if to supply that crowd of immortal artists who were once her glory.

The model rooms of this Academy, though not of more than thirty years' existence, are reckoned the finest in Europe : there are preserved the models of the Parthenon and Egina marbles, the generous gifts of Cicognara, who received them from the kings of England and Bavaria. The Academy also possesses the famous collection of original drawings of the old schools, formed by the Cav. Bossi, among which may be remarked seventy by Leonardo Vinci, several by Michael Angelo, and as many as a hundred by Raphael.

The Academy of Fine Arts is the old Confraternity of Charity. The ceiling of the grand hall is connected with a singular anecdote. The brother Cherubino Ottale, who had engaged to gild it at his own expence, being unable to obtain permission of the brotherhood to have an inscription stating that they were indebted to him for that magnificence, ordered a little angel with eight wings to be placed in the middle of every square, so that the name of Cherubino Ottale is repeated a thousand times in that way : a Frenchman could not have imagined a better expedient than this device of Venetian vanity.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Churches.—Clergy.—Saint Zacharias.—Saint George of the Greeks.—Greek service.—Saint Francis of the Vine.—Saint Peter.—Saint John in Bragora.

The number of churches was considerable at Venice; the ecclesiastical population was in greater proportion there than in the first catholic states;<sup>2</sup> it is thence evident that, notwithstanding the

quarrels of the government and clergy with the court of Rome, the devotion of the people was an insurmountable obstacle to a rupture. The clergy were wealthy and popular (the people elected the rectors), but excluded from the government and public offices of the republic; another proof of the beneficial effects of maintaining a separation between political and religious duties; and except in very few instances, the clergy always acted in unison with the civil power against the spiritual.

The liberties of the Venetian church approach much nearer to the Greek schism, which is ever submissive to authority, than to the seditious spirit of reform. It is very singular that divorce was one of these privileges; it was equally permitted in Poland, by means of preconcerted pretexes of nullity. I have been told that the princess C<sup>\*\*\*</sup>, now retired into a convent at Rome, at her daughter's marriage went up to the altar before the ceremony, and in the presence of the whole congregation gave her daughter two slaps, which she received with the utmost indifference; some persons but little acquainted with these customs ran up to the princess greatly excited, when she gave this simple explanation : " Those slaps are proofs which may aid in procuring my daughter's divorce in case she be unhappy with her husband; she will be able to say that I forced her." It is not easy to figure to one's self the countenance of the bridegroom during this strange scene of maternal tenderness and foresight.

The tolerance for which Venice has been commended, was doubtless owing to the exclusion of the clergy from the civil administration, but it seems to have diminished subsequently when the republic was declining : the virtuous Maffei was exiled for certain opinions in his book on usury, and the same penalty was inflicted on a patrician, who had visited Voltaire and Rousseau in his travels.

<sup>1</sup> This hand, according to a legally executed deed, is to be remitted to the archpriest of the temple of Posagno and placed with the rest of Canova's remains, in case the Venice Academy of Fine Arts should be suppressed or transferred to another city.

<sup>2</sup> According to the returns of the committee named by the Venetian government in 1768, for the purpose of repressing the excessive wealth of the clergy, which Daru has carefully copied, the number of ecclesiastics amounted to forty-five thou-

sand seven hundred and seventy-three, which gives one person of the clergy for every fifty-four inhabitants, while in France the proportion was one to a hundred and fifty, and in Spain one to seventy-three. By the statistical tables of the Venetian provinces published by S. Quadri in 1827, the clergy are now no more than one to two hundred and sixteen; and in France, there is now only one to eight hundred and thirty-three.

The churches of Venice possess the twofold interest of glorious reminiscences of distant periods, and wonders of art due to the great Venetian masters.

The old church and monastery of Saint Zacharias date from the beginning of the ninth century; they were founded by the emperor Leon, but the zealous Venetians pretend that, despite the imperial eagles he placed there, the Greeks never exercised authority over Venice. Saint Zacharias, until the latter days of the republic, was the spot of one of the oldest and most pompous Venetian fêtes. Pope Benedict III, after visiting the church and convent in 855, granted them a great number of relics and indulgences, and every year at Easter the doge attended the services and the procession. The abbess Morosini and the nuns of that rich monastery, flattered at receiving the chief of the state, made him a present of a kind of republican diadem, called *corno ducale*, of inestimable value; it was of gold surrounded with twenty-four large pearls; on the top glittered a superb eight-faced diamond; a brilliant ruby of enormous size was in front; the cross, composed of precious stones and twenty-four emeralds, surpassed all the rest. It was decreed that such a costly present should be used at the coronation of the doges; but that the nuns to whom they were indebted for it might not be deprived of the sight of these wonderful jewels, it was determined that every year on the day of the procession to Saint Zacharias, it should be withdrawn from the public treasury, carried on a salver and shown to all the sisters of the convent by the doge himself. Some years after, in 868, a catastrophe contributed to render this ceremony still more majestic; it was decreed that the procession should go no more on foot to Saint Zacharias, but in gilded barks; for the doge Gradenigo, who, amid the frenzy of parties, had recommended moderation and thereby set every body against him, was attacked and murdered on leaving the church.

The choir of the church of Saint Zacharias is rich, elegant, and magnificent. *Nostra Signora and some saints, St. Zacharias; the Virgin and some saints*, a painting which has been retouched clumsily and too much; the demilunes

representing the *Martyrdom of St. Procul*, the *Descent into purgatory*, and *Christ washing the Apostles' feet*; the *Angel speaking to Zacharias*; the four small paintings at the high-altar, are by Palma; the *Birth of John Baptist* is by Tintoretto. In one chapel three altars of wood, ornamented with gilded carvings, have some valuable and scarce paintings by Giovanni and Antonio Muranesi, of the year 1445; the *Circumcision* is by Giovanni Bellini; the *Virgin, the Infant Jesus and four saints*, by the same, a celebrated picture brought back from Paris, has been so renovated and spoiled, that it scarcely retains any original traits of that illustrious founder of the colouring of the Venetian school. The statue of *Saint John Baptist* is by Vittoria. He sculptured his own bust and monument: below, on the pavement, a black stone marks the burial place of this chaste and productive statuary, the cleverest of Sansovino's pupils and the last great artist of the sixteenth century.

The elegant church of Saint George of the Greeks is of Sansovino's architecture. The Greek service which I attended had a singularly mysterious character: the priests are concealed in the sanctuary, only appearing at intervals for certain prayers, when the curtains are undrawn. The effect of this pontiffless temple was extraordinary, there being only two young clerks singing monotonous hymns in the choir. Women are not admitted into the sanctuary of the Greek churches, nor are animals suffered to enter, except cats, which are necessarily tolerated for the purpose of destroying the mice.

The high-altar of Saint Laurence, decorated with marble, bronze, statues, and superb columns of Porto Venere, is a magnificent work of Campagna. The best painting is a *Crucifixion* by Balthazar d'Anna, a painter of the close of the sixteenth century, praised for *morbidness* and strength of clare-obscure.

The front of the Confraternity of Saint George of the Sclavonians is by Sansovino. An oratory has some good paintings by Carpaccio, representing certain incidents of the *Life of Jesus Christ*, of *St. George*, and *St. Jerome*, executed between 1502 and 1511. The *three saints* on a gilt ground, at the altar, are older, and seem of the fourteenth century.

Saint Francis of the Vine is a fine church, the architecture by Sansovino

<sup>1</sup> See Count Tiepolo's first rectification of the *History of Venice*, p. 46.



and the front by Palladio. Two great bronze statues of *Moses* and *Paul* by Titian Aspetti, before the church, have been justly censured, and their vast proportions render the defects still more striking: in particular, the Hebrew legislator's two rays of fire, covered over with a kind of hood, are extremely singular. On the holy-water vases, the *St. John Baptist* and *St. Francis d'Assise*; on the altar of a chapel, *St. Anthony*, *St. Roch*, and *St. Sebastian*, are by Vittoria; the *Saviour*, the *Virgin*, and *certain saints*; the *Virgin in an aureola*, the *Flagellation of Christ*, by Palma; the *Virgin adoring the Infant Jesus*, a good painting of the beginning of the fifteenth century, is by Fra Antonio of Negroponto; the *Virgin*, the *Infant Jesus*, and *some saints*, by Giovanni Bellini; the *Saviour* and the *Eternal Father*, by Geronimo Santa Croce, who flourished towards the close of the good century and adhered to its style; *Nostra Signora in the midst of angels*, and another very beautiful in the midst of saints, are by Paolo Veronese. A copy of his *Last Supper* arbitrarily given by the republic to Louis XIV. (who had requested it of the Servites but met with a refusal) has been well executed by Valentin Lefèvre. The Giustiniani or Prophets' chapel, covered with marble sculptures, is one of the most brilliant monuments of art of the fifteenth century, but its various authors are unknown. The altars of Saint Francis of the Vine were loaded with those dolls, common on the altars of Italy, which mask the view of so many chefs-d'œuvre.

The old spacious church of Saint Peter was the cathedral of Venice, from the first ages of the republic to the year 1807, when the patriarchal see passed to the basilic of Saint Mark. A very antique marble pulpit, in the form of a bench, is believed by the common people to have been used by Saint Peter in the church of Antioch; many learned persons are of opinion that it was once the seat of some African chief; it bears an inscription in Arabic characters, which have been supposed two verses of the Koran. Saint Peter contains some fine and curious paintings: the *Plague of the Serpents*, by Liberi; *St. Lorenzo Giustiniani distributing alms*, the masterpiece of Gregorio Lazzarini; *Nostra Signora and the souls in purgatory*, one of Luca Giordano's best works; a mosaic in the

shape of a picture, a fine performance of Arminio Zuccato, from a design by Tintoretto; *St. Peter* and *St. Paul*, by Paolo Veronese, and the *Martyrdom of St. John the Evangelist*, by Padovanino, too freely retouched by Michael Schiavone. The steeple, rebuilt in the fifteenth century, is magnificent.

The church of Saint Joseph has only a small number of paintings and monuments, but they are by the greatest masters: the *Archangel St. Michael* and the senator *Michael Bruno* is by Tintoretto; a *Nativity*, by Paolo Veronese; the mausoleum of the senator Geronimo Grimani, by Vittoria; and the superb one of Doge Marino Grimani and his wife, the architecture by Scamozzi, is decorated with bronzes, statues, and other sculptures by Campagna.

The church of Saint Martin is supposed to have been built by Sansovino. The elegant tabernacle of the grand chapel is embellished with paintings by Palma; a little old painting in good style represents the *Annunciation*; the baptismal fonts are a very delicate work of Tullius Lombardo; a *Last Supper*, by Santa Croce, is of extraordinary merit.

Saint John in Bragora has the *Saint Veronica*, the *Christ washing the Apostles' feet*, and the *Christ before Pilate*, by Palma; the *Saviour*, of Titian's school; the *Virgin*, *St. Andrew*, and *St. John Baptist*, on a gold ground; a *Resurrection* of the year 1498, one of the best paintings of that era, by Bartolommeo Vivarini; *St. Andrew*, *St. Jerome*, *St. Martin*, perhaps the first attempts of Carpaccio; a *Last Supper*, by Paris Bordone; *Constantine* and *St. Helene supporting the cross*, by Conegliano, and his superb *Baptism of Jesus Christ*, which has suffered from unskilful retouching.

The ceiling of the elegant church of *Santa Maria della Pietà* is an excellent work of Tiepolo.

## CHAPTER XV.

Saint George Major. — Domenico Michell. — The *Salute*. — Revolutions of taste. — Sansovino's mausoleum. — Saint Luke. — Aretino.

Saint George Major is one of Palladio's miracles, which would have been faultless had he lived to complete it. Beside the door are the four Evangelists in stucco by Vittoria. The chief paintings are: the

*Nativity*, by Bassano; the *Martyrdom of several saints*, the *Virgin crowned*, a *Last Supper*, the *Manna in the Desert*, the *Resurrection*, the *Martyrdom of St. Stephen*, by Tintoretto; the *Martyrdom of St. Lucy*, by Leandro Bassano. One of the treasures of this church is a wooden crucifix given by Cosmo, the father of his country, when he fled for refuge to Venice; it is the work of Michelozzo Michelozzi, his friend, and faithful companion in exile. He had employed this able artist to build him a library, which he filled with books, and left to the Benedictines of Saint George; such was the dying gift of a Medici.<sup>1</sup>

At the high altar, four bronze statues of the Evangelists, by Campagna, support an enormous globe on which the Redeemer stands, a beautiful harmonious composition, which nobly expresses the triumph of the Gospel—a masterpiece of art compared to the Jupiter Olympus of Phidias, and rightly placed over the pulpit of Saint Peter, by Bernini. On one of the pilasters is an inscription which seems to carry the doctrine of indulgences to an indefinite extent, as it says that *the absolute pardon of all his crimes is accorded to every person who shall visit that church*; <sup>2</sup> this eloquent inscription is of the period of the Saint Bartholomew massacre, and breathes but too strongly the pontifical spirit of that day. Pius VII., whose election was little acceptable to Austria, saw himself refused the basilic of Saint Mark, and was crowned at Saint George's, where his portrait may be seen; the reminiscences of this rising pontificate, mild, feeble, and persecuted, form a strong contrast with the vestiges of the formidable and violent papacy of the sixteenth century. Beside the church, in a small corridor but little worthy of such

a monument, is the tomb of Doge Domenico Micheli, both the Saint Bernard <sup>3</sup> and Godfrey of the Venetian crusades, the victor of Jaffa, the conqueror of Jerusalem, Tyre, and Ascalon, who compelled the emperors of the East to respect the flag of his country, transported from the Archipelago the two granite columns of the Piazzetta, ravaged the coast of Dalmatia, and had these words for his epitaph—*Terror Græcorum jacet hic*.

The sumptuousness of the *Salute*, which is destitute of neither majesty nor grandeur, and the multitude of ornaments with which this temple is overloaded, announce the decline of Venetian architecture. The revolutions of taste are apparently the same in all the arts. San Micheli precedes Palladio, as Lucretius precedes Virgil; Corneille, Racine; Bourdaloue, Massillon: energy comes before purity; bad taste, which deems itself good, succeeds, and produces Seneca, Claudian, Marini, Longhena, the architect of the *Salute*. This church, notwithstanding its richness, is especially interesting for the paintings by Titian at various periods of his life, an artist always productive, always new. These are: the eight small ovals of the choir, where are represented the *Evangelists* and the *Doctors*, one of whom is a portrait of Titian; the *Descent of the Holy Ghost*, painted in his sixty-fourth year; in the sacristy, the little *St. Mark in the midst of four saints*, one of the scarce works of his youth, remarkable for the softness of the light and the delicacy of the flesh of the St. Sebastian; and the *Death of Abel*, the *Sacrifice of Abraham*, *David killing Goliath*, the finest works in the *Salute*, admirable for the execution of the naked parts, and truly prodigious when we recollect that the study of anatomy was not tolerated in

<sup>1</sup> The first book in manuscript of the *History of Venice*, begun in Latin by Paolo Paruta, said by Ginguené (*Hist. litt. d'Italie*, viii. 320) to be still in the library of Saint George, is no longer there. When the convent was suppressed, this library was almost given up to pillage: a part went to Padua, where it was dispersed, and the rest was sold by auction; not a single work reached the library of Saint Mark.

<sup>2</sup> Quisquis criminibus expiatis  
Statas precans preces  
ad  
XII Kal. Aprilis  
Ædes hasce supplex

Inviserit  
Is  
Veniam scelerum  
Maximam consequuturum  
Se sciat  
Gregorius XIII.  
Pout. Max.  
Sacro eam diplomate  
Tribuit.

<sup>3</sup> The speech by which he persuaded the Venetians to undertake another crusade has been preserved by the historians and is given by Daru in his *History of Venice* (liv. ii. 40).

Italy at that epoch. The three last chefs-d'œuvre are stowed away near the ceiling of the sacristy in a bad light, and so high as to be lost. The *Presentation*, the *Assumption*, the *Birth of the Virgin*, are estimable works of Luca Giordano, who has not here given way to his fatal expedition. *Nostra Signora della Salute* is by Padovanino; the *Marriage of Cana*, new and varied, is by Tintoretto; a *Samson*, by Palma; *Venice before St. Anthony*, by Liberi.

The bronze chandelier of the high-altar, the work of Andrea d'Alessandro, more than six feet in height, is, after that of Padua, the finest in the Venetian state; but it is far inferior to the latter, notwithstanding the infinite grace of many portions, particularly of the upper part.

The mausoleum of Sansovino, with his bust by Vittoria, the most eminent of his pupils, was originally at the church of Saint Geminian, but at the unhappy demolition of the latter in 1807, it was first transferred to the church of Saint Maurice, and temporarily in 1822 into the chapel of the patriarchal seminary of the *Salute*, behind the deal benches of the scholars; it is to be taken back to Saint Maurice, a repetition or imitation of Sansovino's masterpiece, which can never equal its model. The ashes of this great artist, a wanderer while living and a fugitive from the sack of Rome, have had no settled resting-place for more than twenty years; and the builder of so many admirable churches, tombs, and monuments, the founder of a celebrated school, awaits their last asylum.

The library of the seminary, a splendid edifice, once the convent of the *Salute*, contains about twenty thousand volumes; I saw a letter there signed by Charles V., and addressed to Pope Julius II., on the reunion of the Greek and Latin churches.

Saint Luke has at the high altar the *Saint writing the Gospel*, by Paolo Veronese. Aretino was interred at Saint Luke's: one is in a manner surprised at feeling disgust near a tomb. On the wall is his portrait, by Alvise dal Friso, nephew and pupil of Paolo Veronese; but there is no trace of his sepulture, which very probably disappeared when the church was renovated, at the close of the sixteenth century. The priests of the

parish have transmitted from one to another that Aretino, when near his death, having received extreme unction, laughed as he pronounced this verse, which Italian buffoonery perhaps renders less impious than it appears:

Guardatemi da' topi, or che son unto.

This priestly anecdote, perhaps no truer than some philosophical anecdotes on the end of celebrated men, would contradict the tradition which makes Aretino to die on the spot, after falling headlong out of his chair, in a fit of laughing at the recital of the tricks and adventures of his worthy sisters, Venetian courtesans. Whichever may be true, the end of the cobbler of Arezzo's bastard is sufficiently in keeping with his birth and the disorders of his life.

The elegance of the church of Saint Lucy, by Palladio, is still more conspicuous after one has contemplated the tasteless splendour of the neighbouring church of the *Scalzi*. The *Saint going up to heaven*; several actions of her life; *St. Joachim*; *St. Anne and other saints*; the *Virgin beside the manger*; *St. Thomas Aquinas and angels*; some other paintings, one by Palma; a *St. Augustine* is by Leandro Bassano, and the marble bust of Bernardo Mocenigo, by Vittoria.

The church of Saint Andrew, at one extremity of Venice (too often shut), has a *St. Augustine and angels*, by Paris Bordone; and, above all, the *St. Jerome in the desert*, thought to contain the finest specimens of the naked that Paul Veronese ever executed, but the damp has unfortunately injured it.

## CHAPTER XVI.

The *Redentore*.—Italian plagues.—Titian's grave.—Monument to Canova.

It would be difficult to express the deep sensation produced by the sight of the church of the *Redentore*, the chef-d'œuvre of that immortal artist, Palladio, the Virgil, Racine, Fénelon, and Raphael of architecture. The elegance, lightness, and purity of the edifice are combined with solidity; and after more than two centuries, it stands immovable and still young amid the waves. The light of the *Redentore*, due to its beautiful architecture, has a wonderful effect,

\* See post, book VII. ch. iii.



especially in the evening; and the prayer of the Capuchins, to whom this magnificent temple has been restored, is, at that hour, one of the most religious church scenes, as well as the most poetic and picturesque that can be imagined.

The *Redentore* has some fine paintings: the *Flagellation*, the *Ascension*, by Tintoretto; *Nostra Signora and some saints*; a *Descent from the Cross*, by Palma; the *Baptism of Jesus Christ*, by Paolo Veronese.

In a closet of the sacristy is a small painting by Giovanni Bellini, the *Virgin with the Infant Jesus sleeping on her knees between two angels* playing on the mandoline, a painting of astonishing grace and expression. Bellini, Titian's master, explains his pupil, as the paintings of Perugino in the *Cambio* of Perugia explain Raphael. This church is also indebted to this great primitive painter for the *Virgin with St. John and St. Catherine*, and an admirable *Virgin with the Infant Jesus and two saints*. Although the high altar, loaded with ornaments, proves the decline of taste, it is remarkable for its crucifix and two statues of *St. Francis and St. Mark*, beautifully executed in bronze by Campagna.

The *Redentore*, as well as the *Salute*, is a monument erected after the cessation of a plague: it is difficult to account for so much splendour after such ravages; that *mal qui répand la terreur* seems at Venice and Florence to produce the most brilliant wonders of art. The plagues of Venice were caused by its extensive dealings with the East, in the then flourishing state of its commerce; those were the days of its glory. The other towns of Italy also celebrated the termination of a plague by the erection of temples and chapels; and while our dreadful cholera obscurely died away in the mendacious bulletins of the police, the men of those times of faith loved to show the evidence of their gratitude towards the Divinity by superb public monuments. It ought also to be remarked to the honour of Italian and Christian civilisation in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, although the princes and great men were so vicious and criminal, that none of the terrible plagues which then desolated Italy excited among the people those outrages and murders arising from fear or stupid credulity, of which our

great cities in the nineteenth century, with all their improvements and progress, were the theatre when the same cholera afflicted them.

The church belonging to the hospital of Incurables, attributed to Sansovino, was cleverly constructed for the use of an establishment intended for the teaching of music. *St. Ursula and her companions* is a fine painting by Tintoretto; a *Crucifix* is supposed to be by Paolo Veronese. The ceiling of the grand chapel is a good fresco by Angelo Rossi; on the church ceiling is the *Parable of the wise virgins*, an excellent work by Padovanino; a *Paradise*, by S. Peranda and Maffei; and the *Parable of the man without a wedding garment*, by Cappuccino.

The church of Saints Gervase and Protase (San Trovaso) is rich, elegant, and ornamented; it is like a Greek temple consecrated to the Christian Orestes and Pylades, as M. de Chateaubriand has surnamed them. The balustrade of an altar on the left, by an unknown artist, is a very highly finished work: the little angels are full of grace, but badly placed. In the wall on the Gospel side, are two precious antique basso-relievos brought from Ravenna, encased therein by the architect of the church, Pietro Lombardo, which some have even ventured to suppose the work of Praxiteles. An old painting on a gilt ground, by an unknown author, in the manner of the fourteenth century, represents *St. Grisogono on horseback*. The *Annunciation*, the *Birth of the Virgin*, the *Virgin*, *St. John Baptist*, and *other saints*, are by Palma; *St. John and Magdalen*, a fine *St. Anthony the abbot*, the *Last Supper* by Tintoretto, to whom is also attributed the *Christ washing the apostles' feet*; the *Crucifix with the three Marys* is by his nephew Domenico.

The church of Saint Sebastian, finished in 1548, from the plans of the clever Venetian architect Scarpagnino, saw the rise and growth of Paolo Veronese's glory. On his return from Rome, he was confined for some juvenile fault in the now almost demolished convent of Saint Sebastian; the superior foresaw his talents and employed the compulsory leisure of the captive. The first performances which attracted notice were the ceilings of the sacristy and church: the latter, the *History of Esther and Mor-*

*decai*, in three compartments, now much injured, excited such admiration that it procured him the most honourable orders from the senate. In order to preserve the work of Paolo Veronese, a decree of the council of Ten forbade those who might copy it to erect scaffolds, and ordered them to work on the ground. The great artist is interred in the church covered with his superb paintings, but which themselves are changed, nay, destroyed. The principal of these chefs-d'œuvre are : two *Martyrdoms of the saint* ; the *Martyrs Sts. Mark and Marcellin encouraged by St. Sebastian*. There are two simple and precise inscriptions to Paolo Veronese ; one beneath his bust, the other on his tomb,<sup>1</sup> a monument of the grief of his sons and brother, a family homage justified by the wrecks of the beautiful works before your eyes. The *St. Nicholas* is of the vigorous and productive old age of Titian, who executed it at the age of eighty-six ; Vasari thought this painting life itself : the rochet was light, the gown flowing, but it is nearly destroyed by its barbarous restorers. The *Virgin with St. John Baptist and St. Charles*, is by Palma ; the *Plague of the serpents*, by Tintoretto. The mausoleum of Livius Podacataro, archbishop of Cyprus, a great scholar, and the friend of Bembo, is a work full of simplicity, richness, majesty, and variety, by Sansovino. The statue of the *Virgin with the Infant Jesus and St. John Baptist*, by Tomaso Lombardo, his pupil, is superb ; *St. Mark, St. Anthony*, and the bust of Marcantonio Grimani, were sculptured by Vittoria.

At the church of *Nostra Signora dei Carmelitani* is a precious painting of the *Presentation of the Infant Jesus to old Simeon*, by Tintoretto, in Schiavone's style, and which Vasari, by mistake, supposed to be by the latter master. Like Bossuet,<sup>2</sup> Tintoretto was careless, bold, and fiery, but, like him, could be mild and pleasing : the women of this painting are admirable for grace and delicateness. An *Annunciation*, the *Miracle of the loaves and fishes*, the *Virgin in a glory*, are by Palma ; a *Nostra Signora della Pietà*, in the

good Venetian style, is perhaps by Corona ; a superb and imposing painting of *St. Liberal*, magnanimously causing the deliverance of two men condemned to death, is by Padovanino ; a *St. Nicholas* surrounded with angels and saints, fantastic and original, by Lotto ; *St. Albert giving the benediction with the cross*, *St. Theresa*, are by Liberi. The marble mausoleum of general Jacopo Foscari, over the great door, is magnificent.

The best paintings of Saint Barnabas are : the *Saint in pontifical robes surrounded by other saints*, a fine work by Darius Varottari (the father), Padovanino's master, which would be sufficient for his glory ; a *Holy Family*, by Paolo Veronese ; *St. James, St. Diego and St. Anthony the abbot*, excellent paintings by the elder Palma.

The church of Saint Pantaleon is adorned with fine paintings and good sculptures : *St. Pantaleon healing an infant* ; *St. Bernardin become a knight Hospitaller*, are by Paolo Veronese ; the latter is of his old age ; the *Martyrdom of the saint*, one of his miracles, are by Palma ; the ceiling of the high altar, and especially that of the church representing the *Life of the saint*, are vigorous paintings by Fumiani, a Venetian artist of the seventeenth century, praised for his composition and tasteful drawing. In the chapel of *Nostra Signora di Loretto*, the *Crowning of the Virgin* is the work of Vivarini, of the year 1444. An *Adulterous woman* is esteemed the best and most Giorgione-like work of Roch Marconi, a good pupil of Bellini, and the finely executed marble altar is of the middle of the fifteenth century.

The church of the Tolentini is interesting with respect to art : the architecture is by Scamozzi ; the grandeur of the front, by Andrea Tirali, an artist of the seventeenth century, has been impaired by some additions peculiar to the ill taste of that epoch. Among the paintings are : the model of the *St. Mark*, Tintoretto's chef-d'œuvre, at the Academy of the Fine Arts ; *Saint Andrew Avellino*, the *Adoration of the Magi*, *St. Gaetan surrounded by the Virtues*, by S. Peranda, a pupil of Palma, whose poetic style he

<sup>1</sup> Under the bust is written : " Paulo Callario Veronensi pictori, naturæ æmulo, artis miraculo, superstite satis fama victuro ; " the epitaph is : " Paulo Callario Veron. pictori celeberrimo filii, et Benefic.

frater plentiss. et sibi, posterique. Decessit XII Kalend. Maii MDLXXXVIII."

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, chap. ix.



has adopted; two paintings representing *certain incidents in the life of the saint*, by Padovanino; a *Beheading of John the Baptist*, by Bonifazio; the *Virgin in a glory*; another on the ceiling; the *Redeemer*, the *Virgin and St. Peter*; *St. Apollonia and St. Barbara*; the *Annunciation*, the *Visitation*, by Palma; *St. Lorenzo Giustiniani distributing the valuables of the church among the poor*; a fine work by Capuccino, who has also a *St. Anthony* over the pulpit; the *Martyrdom of St. Cecilia*, by Procaccini; an *Annunciation*, by Luca Giordano. There is one monument singularly curious for its whimsicality, the grand marble mausoleum of the patriarch Francesco Morosini, by Filippo Parodi, a famous sculptor of the end of the seventeenth century, a too highly lauded pupil of Bernini. The figure of Time chained, the naked parts of the skeleton, the ensemble and the details of the composition, have something of frenzy in them.

Saint James dall' Orio has some splendid paintings: *St. Sebastian*, *St. Roch*, and *St. Laurence*, by Marescalco; the ceiling, the *St. Laurence and other saints*, by Paolo Veronese; the *Miracle of the loaves and fishes*; the *Christ strengthened by an angel*, excellent; the *Christ in the sepulchre*, the *Christ ascending mount Calvary*, the ceiling and walls of the sacristy, by Palma; the *St. John Baptist preaching*, a remarkable painting by Bassano; the *Four Evangelists*, by Padovanino; the *Beautiful Madonna and some saints*, by Lorenzo Lotto; a *Last Supper*, a good work in the style of the elder Palma.

The church of Santa Maria Mater Domini, the architecture by the Lombardi, was finished by Sansovino. The statues of *St. Peter*, *St. Paul*, and *St. Andrew* are remarkable; the *Finding of the cross*, by Tintoretto, is superb; the *Last Supper*, by the elder Palma or Bonifazio, very fine.

One of the best executed basso-relievos in Venice is over one of the small doors of the *Frari*; it represents the *Virgin, the Infant Jesus* and two angels; the author of this masterpiece of taste, na-

ture, and harmony, is unknown; perhaps it is by Nicholas of Pisa or some of his pupils. Amid the multitude of elegant, magnificent tombs adorning this superb temple of the *Frari*, an inscription of two lines on the pavement points out the spot where Titian reposes, but the fact is somewhat uncertain; for if Titian, though a victim of the plague, were buried at the *Frari*, the senate having excepted his body from being destroyed with the other infected dead (a singular funereal honour done to the remains of this great painter), the place where he was buried is not positively known, and the inscription is long posterior to his death. For more than thirty years past, continual proposals have been made and much anxiety shown for the erection of a monument to Titian, but hitherto without effect; it seems that the present would be a very seasonable opportunity to realise this desirable object, since the discovery and resurrection of his masterpiece, the *Assumption*.<sup>1</sup>

Above the door of the sacristy is the mausoleum of general Benedetto Pesaro, one of the most remarkable of this church: a statue of Mars, by Boccio da Montelupo, coldly executed, is cited for the skill displayed in its sculpture. The monument of the Orsini, by an unknown author, of the end of the fifteenth century, is remarkable for its elegant simplicity. A statue of St. Jerome, on the fourth altar, a striking performance, by Vittoria, is said to present the head of Titian. The majestic choir of the *Frari* has some beautiful stalls in wood of the year 1468, which are a perfect specimen of wainscotting and carving. The *St. John Baptist*, placed over the holy-water vase, is one of Sansovino's masterpieces; he executed it when more than seventy-five years of age, at the same time as his two colossuses of Mars and Neptune, on the Giant's stairs, to which this little figure is far preferable. Some paintings are remarkable: a *Presentation of the Virgin in the temple*, by Giuseppe Salviati; the painting in three compartments representing the *Virgin and four saints*, by Giovanni Bellini; the *same and some saints*, *St. Mark surrounded*

<sup>1</sup> A subscription was first opened in 1794, and Canova gratuitously presented the plan of the monument; the fall of the republic prevented the execution. This very plan has since served, with

some trifling alterations, for the fine mausoleum of the archduchess Maria Christina; it is also the model of the monument erected to Canova in this same temple of the *Frari*.



by saints, by B. Vivarini; *St. Francis before the pope*, by Palma; *St. Ambrose on horseback dispersing the Arians*, by J. Contarini; and especially the *Virgin, St. Peter, other saints, and some personages of the Pesaro family*, a fine work by Titian, in which some negligences in the drapery are cleverly managed so as to give effect to the figures.

The monument sacred to Canova, a huge pyramid of Carrara marble containing his heart, is completed. Never did talent receive such exceeding homage: England supplied a fourth part of the expense, amounting to 8000 sequins (4080*l.*); France and Germany contributed another quarter; America (South, not the industrious and mercantile North) subscribed 40 sequins; Italy, and principally the Venetian towns, made up the rest; notwithstanding the hyperbole common to monumental inscriptions, the words on this tomb, *ex consolatione Europæ universæ*, fall short of the truth; it was really erected at the expense of the whole world.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Church and confraternity of Saint Roch.—Staircase.—Luxury of the confraternities.—Saint Paul.—Cormagnola.—Saint John Chrysostom.—Saint Saviour.—The Saints Sebastian.—Old age of Venetian artists.—Statues of writers or captains.—Saint Moses.—Law.—Venetian Athenæum.—Saint Stephen.—Morosini.

The church and confraternity of Saint Roch are other wonders of art due to the plagues of Venice, as we are informed by an inscription placed over the rich and elegant high-altar of the former. The *Annunciation*, a grand painting of the *Probatice piscina*, *St. Roch in the desert*, and other incidents in the *Life of St. Roch*, in the great chapel, remarkable paintings, *St. Roch before the pope*, are by Tintoretto; a fresco of *St. Sebastian*, a fine painting in two parts representing *St. Martin on horseback*, and *St. Christopher with the Infant Jesus*, by Pordenone. The *Eternal Father in the midst of the angels*, a demi-lunc, is by Andrea Schiavone. Above it is Titian's famous painting of *Christ*

*dragged along by an executioner*, which makes a profound impression by the approximation and sublime contrast of the two countenances. Vasari, though so prejudiced against Titian, avows that this Christ has produced more alms than the author gained in his whole life. A copy in basso-relievo is beside it, in which they have added a beard and mustachios to the executioner, without adding an iota to his formidable appearance. Just as in writing, high-sounding epithets, instead of strengthening the thought, enervate and weaken it. The statue of *St. Roch*, over the rich, elegant, and majestic high-altar, is a beautiful work of Maestro Buono, an excellent artist of the fifteenth century, who was also the architect of the grand chapel and two small ones near it. *St. Sebastian* and *St. Pantaleon* stand one on each side of *St. Roch*, two excellent little statues by Giovanni Maria Mosca.

The establishment of the Venetian confraternities and the splendour of their palaces, especially of the confraternity of Saint Roch, one of the richest buildings of modern architecture, give a favourable idea of the old government; as there can be no doubt of the easy circumstances and happiness of a people which spontaneously erects such monuments at its own cost. The staircase of these merchants of Venice, of these Antonios, a magnificent work completed by Scarpagnino, is superior to that of Versailles, and by a singular refinement, a strange excess of sumptuousness and profusion, the steps are sculptured on the under surface as well as the upper. On the landing halfway up the stairs are two paintings, the first Titian's *Annunciation*, in which the flight of the angel is so light and rapid, and the wings, drapery, and hair extremely fine; the second, Tintoretto's *Visitation*. One of the first chefs-d'œuvre of the latter, the immense, original, and sublime *Crucifixion*, is in the room called the *Albergo*, in which also, over the door, is his portrait painted by himself, with the compartments of the ceiling, representing the six great companies of Venice. The upper room is also entirely by him, and the worth of this great painter cannot be

<sup>1</sup> See the next chapter.

<sup>2</sup> The character and incident of the Jew Shylock in the *Merchant of Venice* are borrowed from the first novel (4th day) of the *Pecorone*; the harsh-

ness of Shylock, and his hatred of the Christians, are not expressed with less energy by Ser Giovanni of Florence than by the English poet.

appreciated elsewhere than at Venice. Three statues, *St. Roch* (over the altar of the lower room); *St. John Baptist*, and *St. Sebastian*, are by Campagna. Among the carvings in wood, an art now lost, which decorate this same room, are, some by Michael Angelo, who seems to have sculptured all nature, wood, stone, marble, brass, and even snow, as is proved by the ephemeral statues that he executed at the command of Pietro Medici, the unworthy successor of Lorenzo.\*

The steeple of Saint Paul has sculptured on its base a singular monument of Venetian history, consisting of two lions, one of which is threatened with strangulation, from being entwined in the coils of a serpent, and the other has a man's head in his paws. The performance, below mediocrity with respect to art, is little worthy of the fifteenth century. Notwithstanding the incredulity of some well-informed persons, I confess my inclination to discover in these figures an allusion to the conspiracy of Philip Visconti, duke of Milan, whose arms were a snake, and of Count Carmagnola, who was condemned to be decapitated for that crime. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the sight of this coarse basso-relievo in the midst of the market of Saint Paul was one of the means employed by the government to excite the people against the conspirators. The doubtful guilt of Count Carmagnola is the subject of Manzoni's tragedy of that name, a bold and distinguished work, ranked by Goethe among the chefs-d'œuvre of the modern drama, but in my opinion his *Adelchi* is before it.

In the church, *St. Peter receiving the keys*, *St. Peter in the midst of the apostles*; at the high-altar, the *Conversion of St. Paul*, are by Palma; the bronze statues of *St. Anthony the abbot*, and *St. Paul*, by Vittoria; the *Assumption*, the *Last Supper*, by Tintoretto; and the *Marriage of the Virgin*, by Paolo Veronese.

Saint Sylvester contains the *Baptism of Jesus Christ*, the *Christ in the garden*, by Tintoretto; a grand *Last Supper*, by the elder Palma; the *Adoration of the Magi*, by Paolo Veronese, and a *St.*

*Thomas of Canterbury in the midst of several saints*, a very fine work of Geronimo Santa Croce.

Saint John the Almoner is of Scarpagnino's architecture. The chief paintings are: the *Miracle of the manna*, of Corona's early years; the *Martyrdom of St. Catherine*, *Constantine carrying the cross*, by Palma; *St. Catherine and other saints*, by Pordenone; and Titian's celebrated *St. John giving alms*, a masterpiece lost in darkness, behind an enormous tabernacle, which only permits a glimpse of the saint's head. In this manner does Italy uselessly lavish and squander away her finest works without ever seeming impoverished.

The church of Saint James of Rialto has some fine sculptures: a colossal *St. Anthony abbot* in bronze, by Campagna; *St. James*, by Vittoria.

The Cornaro chapel, a remnant of the old church of the Holy Apostles, is of rich, elegant architecture. Two mausoleums of the Cornaro family are magnificent; the church has a *Last Supper*, a good work and the only one at Venice by Cesare of Conegliano; the *Miracle of the manna*, by Paolo Veronese; the *Guardian angel*, by Cappuccino.

Saint John Chrysostom, by the architect Tullius Lombardo, has some good works both in painting and sculpture: *St. Jerome*, *St. Charles*, and *St. Louis*, by Giovanni Bellini; *St. John Chrysostom and other saints*, a superb painting by Sebastian del Piombo, that some have even thought by his master Giorgione, who probably assisted him in the invention; *St. John Chrysostom*; *four small paintings*, attributed to the Vivarini, and the *Apostles in the Cænaculum*, a very fine basso-relievo by Tullius Lombardo.

The church of Saint Saviour encloses many noble tombs: such as the magnificent mausoleum of Andrea Dolfini and his wife, reputed to be by Giulio dal Moro, with two busts by Campagna; that of Doge Francesco Venieri, one of Sansovino's chefs-d'œuvre, and that of Queen Cornaro, which has a basso-relievo representing her in the act of offering her crown to the Venetians, a vast, naked, inscriptionless mausoleum, that

\* "Sculpture," remarks M. Quatremère de Quincy, "was then far from confining itself to the use of one substance only; it brought under contribution

wood, marble, clay, bronze, and the different metals." *Journal des Savants*, Dec. 1816.

seems to speak of abdication. On one of the altars erected by Vittoria, are two of his statues, *St. Roch* and *St. Sebastian*; the last very natural and graceful. By-the-by, I have been often singularly struck on calling to mind the multitude of Saints Sebastian that I saw in Italy, and with the merit and beauty of the greater number. It is probable that the contrast of the immobility and suffering of the body, with the ardour and sublime enthusiasm of the soul and its heavenly hope, is one of the most touching and poetical subjects that art can offer to the eye. Bernini himself could not escape its pathos, and his *St. Sebastian*, in the catacombs at Rome, is a very fine work. Despite its fatal retouching, the *Annunciation* shows the variety of Titian's talent: the angel stooping, with his arms crossed on his breast, differs totally from the aerial and almost haughty angel of *St. Roch*; the work of the artist's old age being regarded by his enemies as beneath him and attributed to another, in his indignation he has written the word *fecit* twice over after his name. The *Transfiguration*, energetic and full of imagination, is also of Titian's old age; he painted it rapidly, and it is evident that only his sight was weakened. He executed the famous *Last Supper* of the Escorial between the age of eighty and eighty-seven: one would say his talent had neither slackness nor decrepitude. Sansovino was also an octogenarian when he sculptured with his own hand the two beautiful statues placed one on each side of Francesco Venieri's monument. The great artists of Venice, like her first captains, Dandolo, who took Constantinople, and Carlo Zeno, who delivered Cyprus, both at eighty years of age, seem to have vanquished time, and Saint Saviour is, as it were, the theatre of this prodigious triumph. The celebrated organ of this church is the first to which a chromatic fingerboard was adopted, an important progress of modern music, due to Italy.

On the front of the church of Saint Julian, the architecture of which is by Sansovino and Vittoria, is a much es-

teemed bronze statue by Sansovino; it represents the celebrated physician Thomas Rangona of Ravenna, surnamed the philologue, for his erudition; he settled at Venice, and died there when above eighty,<sup>1</sup> after devoting a part of his immense wealth to the judicious reconstruction of the church. The monuments of Venice, like those of Florence, are chiefly sacred to writers and military chiefs; it is evident that the glorious days of these republics were an era of war and literature: this population of statues is composed of neither emperors nor kings, as at Rome or in the great states of modern times; they are all persons ennobled by their own deeds, and made famous by their books or their battles. The life of literary men of that age, often unsettled and necessitous, is not without a species of honour, importance, and lustre, which they no longer possess amid the popularity, ease, and prosperity they now enjoy.

Saint Julian has many paintings by Palma: the *Assumption of the Virgin*, *St. John the Evangelist* and other saints, *Jesus Christ in the garden*, the *Apotheosis of the saint*; *Jesus Christ strengthened by the angels*, a *Last Supper*, are by Paolo Veronese; several statues, basso-relievos, and excellent ornaments by Vittoria. A marble group of the *Dead Christ* supported by angels, by Campagna, has a soft natural expression, and is beautifully executed.

The churches of Venice unite the extremes of good and bad taste in architecture. The chasteness of the *Redentore* is a most perfect contrast with the excessive refinement of the front of Saint Moses. The paintings are: *the Virgin with the Infant Jesus*, and *Christ washing the apostles' feet*, by Tintoretto; the *Invention of the cross*, by Liberi; the *Last Supper*, by Palma. At the entrance of the church a small stone points out the place where Law is interred; his body was transported thither from Saint Geminian, in 1808, by a brave and loyal French general, his great nephew, born in India, who then commanded at Venice,<sup>2</sup> a circumstance that seems to add

<sup>1</sup> Rangone had composed, for Pope Julius III., a whimsical treatise on the means of living to more than one hundred and twenty years, from which circumstance it came to be reported that he died at that age.

<sup>2</sup> General Law de Lauriston, afterwards a peer, minister, and marshal of France.



to the adventurous destiny of the Scottish minister. Montesquieu met with Law at Venice. "He was," says he, "the same man; his mind always occupied with schemes, and his head full of calculations and values real or representative. He played often, and tolerably high, though his fortune was very small." It is a pity that we have no other guarantee for the following anecdote and high eulogium it passes on our parliaments, than d'Alembert and his copiers. Montesquieu having asked Law why he did not attempt to corrupt the parliament of Paris, as the English minister had that of London: "That's a very different case," replied Law: "the English senate makes liberty consist in doing what it pleases; the French in doing its duty: interest may, therefore, induce the one to wish what it ought not to do; but it is seldom that it impels the other to do what it ought not to wish." One of the advantages of publicity and constitutional government is that of rendering impossible the return of the *system* and the vast changes of fortune that it produced.

The elegant and simple church of Saint Fantin is of the Lombardi school; the choir by Sansovino. The paintings are: the *Dead Christ*, by Palma; a *Virgin with the Infant Jesus*, by Giovanni Bellini; the *Crucifixion*, reckoned one of Corona's best works.

The ancient Confraternity of Saint Jerome is converted into the Venetian Athenæum, a literary society distinguished by the science and labours of its members. This edifice, built by Vittoria, offers some beautiful and curious works: *Apollonius* and *Nicholas Massa*, busts by Vittoria; on the first floor, the ceiling in thirteen compartments, painted by Palma, as also the eight compartments of the ceiling on the second floor, representing divers incidents in the life of Saint Jerome, beginning with his election as cardinal. *St. Jerome receiving the offerings* is by Tintoretto; the *Triumph of the Virgin*, by Palma; with the portraits of the author, Titian, and other famous artists.

The high altar of Saint Stephen, the chandeliers and statues that adorn it, are magnificent; the small statue of Charity, over the holy-water vase, by Giovanni Maria Mosca, is of extraordinary elegance; the statues of *St. Jerome* and *St. Paul* are by Pietro Lombardo; a bronze

basso-relievo, the *Virgin and Infant Jesus*, and some figures, by an unknown author, is very fine; the mausoleum of the physician Jacopo Luriani, a work of the sixteenth century, is of excellent taste; the two small chandeliers of the grand chapel (especially that of the year 1577) are of the best in Venice. But I was still more struck with the tomb of Morosini, a large stone placed in the centre of the church, embellished with simple bronze ornaments, presenting the ducal cap and the trophies of his victories over the Ottomans, with this inscription alone: *Francisci Mauroceni Peloponesiaci Venetiarum Principis ossa*, 1694. Notwithstanding the victories of this great captain and his death from fatigue and exhaustion at Napoli di Romania, like Lord Byron, I could not forget that he blew up the Parthenon, and my profane regret was for the Greek temple and the statue of Minerva.

At the church of Saint Vidal, the *Saint on horseback* is a superb work by Carpaccio.

*Santa Maria Zobenigo* with its preposterous front, another monument of that Venetian bad taste already alluded to, which came after the good, and, as usual, was worse than the bad taste preceding it; this church has a *Visitation*, by Palma; the busts of Giulio and Giustini Contarini, by Vittoria; the *Saviour*, the *Conversion of St. Paul*, by Tintoretto; four small paintings by Vivarini; a *Last Supper*, by Giulio dal Moro, who also sculptured the statue of the *Redeemer* in the sacristy.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

*Santa Maria Formosa*.—Venetian marriages.—*Festival delle Marie*.—*Santa Maria dei Miracoli*.—*Saint John and Paul*.—*Tombs of Venice*.—*Bragadino*.—*Vendramini and Valeri mausoleums*.—*Titian's Martyrdom of Saint Peter*.—*Ancient library of Saint John and Paul*.—*Colleon monument*.—*Confraternity of Saint Mark*;—*of Mercy*.—*Santa Maria dell' Orto*.—*Marietta*.

The first Venetians, like the Romans, attached great political importance to the married state. Every year, on the feast of the Purification, nearly all the marriages of the city were celebrated together in the same church, that on the small island of Olivolo, now *Santa Maria Formosa*. When the constitution was settled, the dogeship instituted, and po-

pulation and wealth had increased, it was decreed that twelve young maidens, selected from the most virtuous and beautiful, should be portioned at the public expense and conducted to the altar by the doge in his state robes and followed by his retinue; the government carried their delicate attentions so far as to adorn them with gold, pearls, and diamonds, that the self-love of these *prosières* might not be wounded by the rich attire of the brides; but after the ceremony they laid aside *this borrowed splendour* and retained only the portion. A catastrophe that happened in 944 gave still greater solemnity to this fête in after years. During the previous night, certain pirates of Trieste succeeded in placing an ambuscade unperceived behind the island of Olivolo, and in the morning, hastily crossing the canal, they leaped ashore sword in hand, rushed into the church at the moment of the nuptial benediction, seized the intended brides in their brilliant dresses and carrying their *arcellas*,<sup>1</sup> dragged them to the boats, leaped on board with them, and fled with all speed. This rape, however, did not turn out like that of the Sabines, and the piratical Romulus of the Adriatic had not the same success as the founder of the Eternal City. The ravishers being pursued to the lagoons of Caorlo by the Venetian bridegrooms with the doge at their head, were attacked while in the act of sharing the women and the booty, totally defeated, and all thrown into the sea. The small port on the coast of Friuli where this action was fought, immediately took the name of *Porto delle Donzelle* (port of the Maids) which it still retains. The fête *delle Marie*,<sup>2</sup> to which the return of the betrothed and their eventful marriage gave rise, was celebrated annually at Santa Maria Formosa until the latter days of the republic, but the weddings were

discontinued: the doge merely went to the church accompanied by the nobles; the priest met them and presented them in the name of his parishioners, with gilded straw hats, flasks of malmsey, and oranges.<sup>3</sup> The twelve cuirasses of gold mounted with pearls, formerly worn by the dowered brides, are no longer in existence; they were sold in 1797, to meet the urgent necessities of that epoch; the pearls, carefully preserved in the treasury during the French administration, have since defrayed the expenses attendant on the repairs and conservation of Saint Mark. With these jewels disappeared the last traces of the national and poetic fête *delle Marie*, which, as well as the event that gave rise to it, would have been a subject worthy of the pencil of the great Venetian masters; such a painting would be very properly placed at Santa Maria Formosa, and I should have preferred finding it there instead of the *St. Barbara*, though a very fine work, and the chef-d'œuvre of the elder Palma. The saint is the portrait of his daughter Violante, whom Titian passionately loved, and whose likeness he inserted in many of his works, where it is known by the appellation of Titian's mistress. The *Virgin dei Setti dolori* is also by Palma: and he supplied the designs of the mosaics on one of the chapel ceilings.

*Santa Maria dei Miracoli* is truly worthy of its name for the purity, elegance, and grace of its architecture, by Pietro Lombardo; and its charming arabesques. The marble statue of the Virgin, over the principal door, seems scarcely worthy of the clever Venetian sculptor of the fifteenth century to whom it is attributed, who adopted the antique name of Pyrgoteles, a celebrated artist of Alexander's time. It appears from Morelli's researches, that Pyrgoteles was

<sup>1</sup> The portion of each bride, which she carried with her in a small box called *arcella*.

<sup>2</sup> The origin of the name *delle Marie* is unknown: it may probably be derived, as Signora Michiel conjectures, from the greater part of girls carried away being called *Maria*, a name still very common in Venice, but more so formerly; or, indeed, from their deliverance taking place on the day of the Purification of the Virgin and being celebrated at Santa Maria Formosa.

<sup>3</sup> The origin of these presents is an interesting incident of the middle ages: when the affianced damsels were carried off, the corporation of *cellari* (carpenters), who formed the principal po-

pulation of the parish of Santa Maria Formosa, having furnished the greatest number of boats, and especially contributed to the success of the pursuit, these brave men were offered any recompense they might desire. They only solicited the honour of receiving the doge in their parish church on the day of the festival just instituted. The doge, struck at such disinterestedness, and wishing to afford them an opportunity of asking more, pretended to raise some difficulties with respect to the possibility of his visit, and said to them:—"If it should rain?"—"We will give you hats to shelter you."—"And if I were thirsty?"—"We would give you something to drink."



of Greek extraction, and of the Lascari family of Venice. In the church are the statues of *St. Clair* and *St. Francis*, by Campagna.

Saint John and Paul is one of the vast basilics of the middle ages, with windows at once brilliant and sombre, a national monument full of the magnificent mausoleums of doges, generals, and great men of Venice, and the Saint Denis of a republican aristocracy. The immense size of these tombs almost startles one; it seems almost presumption for man to occupy so much space in the house of the Lord. The rival vanities of the patrician families explain the extravagance of such sepulchres, which is not, however, the useless profusion of the world of fashion, but has powerfully promoted the development and splendour of art.

The Mocenigo family, which has given as many as seven doges to the republic, three of whom repose in Saint John and Paul, stands in the highest rank of these illustrious patricians. The mausoleums of the doges Pietro and Giovanni are among the best works of Pietro Lombardo and his sons; Giovanni Mocenigo's has some statues, which from their grace and majesty seem imitations of the antique. One of the tombs in this church, that of Marcantonio Bragadino, who was flayed alive by the Turks, after his glorious defence of Famagosta, contains only his skin, which was purchased by his family of the vile pacha, his murderer rather than conqueror.<sup>1</sup> The end of Bragadino, like that of many other Venetian generals who fell into the power of the infidels, seems a kind of martyrdom; it is deeply moving to contemplate the martial relic of the Venetian hero, and the inscription showing his horrible fate.

Among many superb mausoleums collected in Saint John and Paul since the destruction of several churches, that of Doge Andrea Vendramini, a work of the Leopardi school, stands pre-eminent; it is the finest in Venice, and one of the most considerable structures of its kind. The election of Andrea Vendramini to the dogeship was a species of revolution: Vendramini was a new man; he was the descendant of a banker elevated to the

patriciate, after the war of Chiozza in 1381, as one of the thirty citizens who had shown the greatest devotion to the republic when surrounded with dangers: as Daru rightly says, this is the purest source from which nobility can descend.

The grand mausoleum of Valiero by Longhena, exhibits, by its tasteless splendour, a perfect contrast with the Vendramini mausoleum; the doge's caps are profusely scattered about it, and oddly surmount the two escutcheons; this aristocratic cap (*corno ducale*) bears however a pretty close resemblance to the cap of liberty on a man's head.

Another remarkable mausoleum is that of Alviso Micheli, a celebrated orator, who died in 1589 while addressing the senate, as the inscription states.

The Austrian general Chasteler, who died in 1825, while governor of Venice, directed his remains to be interred in Saint John and Paul, as if to impose the yoke of conquest even on the illustrious dead, its occupants. In 1827, a paltry monument was erected to him, on which his bust was placed; and singularly did his vulgar features and powdered hair contrast with the great figures and equestrian statues of the heroes of Venice; nor was the character of the monument much heightened by the general's pretended exploits against the French, engraved in Latin on all sides of its little pedestal.

The painting at Saint John and Paul is not inferior to the statuary. The *Virgin*, the *Infant Jesus* and *saints* was one of the fine works of Giovanni Bellini, but it is spoiled, almost destroyed by the restorers. The painting in nine compartments representing the *Dead Christ*, the *Annunciation*, *St. Christopher*, is a famous production of Ludovico or Bartolommeo Vivarini; the *St. Augustin seated* is a good painting by the latter, and his best in oil. *Jesus Christ on the Cross*, the *Magdalen* and *St. Thomas*, is in Liberi's first style. *St. John the Baptist*, the *Manna falling from heaven*, are by Lazzarini; one of the chapel ceilings in five compartments, the *Virgin crowned in Paradise*, very fine; the *Crucifix* and *some saints*; the *Resurrection of Jesus Christ*, by Palma;

<sup>1</sup> The defence of Famagosta cost the Turks fifty thousand men (more than seventy-five thousand, according to the abbé Mariti, in his *Voyage to*

*Cyprus*). See, in Daru's *History of Venice*, a relation of Bragadino's sufferings, and the perfidy of Mustapha, book xxvii. 44.



the Saviour in the midst of the apostles, excellent, is by Roch Marconi. The great *Crucifixion*, by Tintoretto, is superb; his *Virgin receiving the homage of Venetian senators*, is nobly expressive. There are also of his another *Crucifixion* and the *Virgin giving crowns to Sts. Dominick and Catherine*. A *Holy Alliance* of the princes of that epoch, by his nephew Domenico, a beautiful composition, contains Pope Pius V., Philip II., Doge Alvisio Mocenigo, and behind, their respective generals Marcantonio Colonna, John of Austria, and Sebastiano Venieri. The *Holy Trinity*, the *Virgin and some saints*, the *Pope Honorius III. confirming the Dominican order*, are distinguished works by Leandro Bassano, who also painted the *Virgin and St. Francis*, the immense *Exhumation of a corpse*, and an *Annunciation*. *Vittorio Capello kneeling before St. Helen*, esteemed, is by Dentone; *St. Dominick calming a tempest*, by Padovanino. The sacristy ceiling by Marco Vecellio is very remarkable, and a *Nativity* by Paolo Veronese. But the masterpiece surpassing all these paintings is Titian's *Martyrdom of St. Peter the Dominican*, a composition full of poetry, expression, and pathos; a scene of murder by a robber, in a lonely wood, but neither ghastly nor bloody; the trees have even a touch of ideal beauty. The contrast between the terror of Saint Peter's companion, and the heavenly hope which illumines the countenance of the latter, is admirable. In such a work there is a kind of intrinsic power which attains the object of the art without an effort; that is not the kind of painting that may be learned, rather correct and regular than vigorous and grand; Titian seems to create paintings, while others make them. A decree of the senate forbade the Dominicans of Saint John and Paul, under pain of death, to sell this marvellous painting; its surpassing excellence justifies and explains such an attack on the rights of property. This painting was among the works of art made booty of by our triumphant armies; at Paris it was transferred from the wood to canvas, and is the greatest operation of this clever new invention,

which has in a manner restored its colour and life.

Among the other pictures of Saint John and Paul, there is one by Giambattista del Moro, which represents St. Mark assisting at the maritime levy of Venice with the three inquisitors of state: the Venetians made a recruiting officer of Saint Mark, as the conscription law has since become an article of faith in the catechism of the Empire and that of Austria.

At the entrance of the sacristy are the busts of Titian, the elder Palma, and the younger, whose tomb is near. This little bust, over a sacristy door, is the only monument erected to Titian; 'it is due to his pupil the younger Palma, who had purposed consecrating a magnificent mausoleum to his memory in Saint John and Paul; and is at least fitly placed among the great men of Venice.

The chapel of the Rosary, notwithstanding its rich ornaments, shows the decline of taste; Voltaire's verses on the chapel of Versailles might very well be applied to its *showy defects* and their admirers. The four fine statues placed at the corners of the altar, *Sts. Justine and Dominick*, by Vittoria; *Sts. Rose and Thomas*, by Campagna, form a real contrast with the bad style of the sculpture of the succeeding age.

There has been no library at Saint John and Paul since the suppression of the monastery; whoever wishes to see the manuscript of the *De Viris illustribus* by Guglielmo Pastrengo, must go to Saint Mark, where it now is, as Ginguéné informs us.<sup>a</sup> The author, a great juriconsult, and a dear friend of Petrarch's, to whom he lent many a manuscript out of his rich library, may be regarded as the father of those innumerable biographies which have so prodigiously multiplied since, and, as long as the world and the love of that nothing called fame shall endure, will not cease to appear with their everlasting inevitable errors.

The Colleoni monument, on one side of Saint John and Paul, was erected with the money bequeathed for that purpose by that general. The ordering of his own statue does not appear very noble

<sup>a</sup> See ante, ch. xvi.

<sup>b</sup> *Hist. litt. d'Italie*, t. III., 459. The *De Viris illustribus* was printed in Venice, in 1517, under

the false title of *De originibus verum*. This book is scarce.

on the part of such an able captain, who might have merited it by his talents and services.<sup>1</sup> The inscription however dissembles this origin, as it simply states that the statue was erected *ob militare imperium optime gestum*. The Corinthian pedestal of this monument, the work of Leopardo, is the first in existence for the elegance and good taste of the ornaments; the statues of princes are inferior in this point to that of this *condottiere*. It is the work of Andrea da Verrocchio, a Florentine, one of the first artists of his time, a painter, sculptor, and architect, the master of Perugino and Leonardo Vinci. The history of his statue, related by Vasari, portrays the passion, jealousy, and self-love, the independence and activity of the artists of that epoch: when Verrocchio had finished the horse, he learned that the execution of the figure was about to be conceded through favour to Vellano of Padua, who was patronised by certain patricians. In his indignation he broke the head and legs of the horse, and privately fled to Florence. The Venetian senate immediately let him know, that if he ever dared to show himself there again, it would be at the peril of his head; he replied that he would take good care of that, since the *Signoria* could not replace his head if once cut off, so easily as he could repair that of the horse he had broken. This answer was favourably received, and Verrocchio obtained permission to return; he recommenced his work with such ardour that he was seized with an inflammation of the lungs, of which he died, and Leopardo was charged with the clearing and casting of the statue.

The rich front of the Confraternity of Saint Mark is worth notice: the architecture is by Pietro Lombardo; two lions, divers incidents of the Saint's life, excellent basso-relievos, are by Tullius; and the statues placed above the pedestals, the columns and the arch of the great door, by Maestro Bartolommeo, the author of the *Della Carta* door in the Ducal palace, are curious and expressive works of the fourteenth century.

Over the door of the ancient confraternity of Mercy, an edifice devoted to

the military service, of which Sansovino is the reputed architect, is a grand and noble figure of the Virgin welcoming the faithful, who are praying at her feet, a chef-d'œuvre of this same Maestro Bartolommeo.

The Jesuit's church is splendid. The principal paintings are: *St. Francis Xavier preaching*, by Liberi; the *Invention of the cross*, the *Virgin, infant Jesus and some saints*, the ceiling, by Palma; the *Circumcision*, the *Assumption*, by Tintoretto; the *Martyrdom of St. Laurence*, by Titian, returned from Paris, admirable for the triple effect of the light; the mausoleum of Doge Pascale Cicogna, by Campagna; and over the principal door, that of Giovanni, Priamo, and Andrea Lezze, which is magnificent.

The old and oft-renovated church of Saint Catherine has some good and curious paintings: the *Angel and Tobias*, perhaps by Titian, or his clever pupil Santo Zago; the six paintings of the grand chapel by Tintoretto; the *Espousals of St. Catherine*, a charming work by Paolo Veronese; the *Virgin in childbed*, in the first manner of the Venetian school; the *Miracle wrought by St. Anthony on a miser*; the *Body of the saint being carried to heaven*, the *Saint before the Virgin*, by Palma.

In the church of the Abbazia are: a *St. Christina crowned*, *St. Peter and St. Paul*, by Damiano Mazza, a great pupil of Titian's, who died in the flower of his age; his works are energetic and brilliant, but not very numerous; the *Angel Raphael*, *Tobias*, *St. James*, *St. Nicholas*, an excellent painting by Conegliano.

The spacious old church of *Santa Maria dell'Orto* is now almost in ruins; the grass begins to grow on the pavement, the damp has effaced the paintings, the ceiling is destroyed; to add to all these disasters, in 1828, the steeple, an elegant construction of the fifteenth century in the Oriental style, was struck by lightning, and broke down the roof in its fall. But what grandeur and magnificence survive amid these ravages! Over the middle door is an enormous block of porphyry; in a corner of the church,

<sup>1</sup> Lord Byron, in the preface to *Faliero*, speaks of the statue now in the square of Saint John and Paul as that of a forgotten warrior, without even giving his name; Colleoni, one of the founders of

the art of war in Europe, did not merit either the poet's neglect or contempt. See book v. ch. i. and above, ch. iv.

there hangs against the wall, without a frame, the celebrated *Presentation of the Virgin*, one of Tintoretto's principal chefs-d'œuvre: two immense paintings of his youth, the *Prodigies that will precede the last Judgment*, and the *Worshipping of the golden calf*, cover the sidewalls of the grand chapel, works distinguished by force, fire, and daring, though the first has been severely criticised by Vasari for exaggeration and picturesque extravagances. Beside this powerful painting, the wings of the angels in *St. Peter contemplating the cross* are admirable for lightness and transparency; and the *St. Agnes raising the son of Sempronius the Roman prefect*, another excellent painting by the same great master, which has been taken from our Gallery of the Louvre to be reinstalled in these ruins. It is in the chapel of the ancient and illustrious family of the Contarini, beside the busts of several of these noble personages; thus we find in this secluded church and almost under its wreck, signal vestiges of artistic glory and of the by-gone splendour of Venice.

I regretted not finding at Santa Maria dell' Orto any traces of the tombs of Tintoretto and his daughter and pupil Marietta Robusti, whom he had the misfortune to lose at an early age. Marietta was a great portrait painter, and moreover remarkable for her personal attractions and her accomplishments in music and singing, which she owed to the lessons of the Neapolitan Giulio Zaccchino, the Cimarosa of his time. Marietta was invited to the courts of Philip II, the emperor Maximilian, and the archduke Ferdinand, but her father could never consent to part with a daughter whom he idolized; he married her to a Venetian jeweller, a sensible disinterested man, who preferred his wife's painting the portraits of his fellow-tradesmen and friends rather than of the rich and great. The death of Marietta was a public loss at Venice, and Tintoretto wished her to repose at Santa Maria dell' Orto amid his own chefs-d'œuvre, which he seemed in a manner to consecrate to her memory.

Beside the grand and beautiful works of Tintoretto, there are also many remarkable paintings: the *Saint John Baptist and some saints*, by Conegliano, which it is not easy to quit, in spite

of some harshness, so much truth is there in the attitude of the heads, the colouring, and the perspective; *St. Vincent, St. Helen and other saints*, by the elder Palma, very much damaged; and the *Virgin with the Infant Jesus*, a valuable painting by Giovanni Bellini.

At the church of Saint Martial are: the *Saint with other saints* by Tintoretto; and Titian's celebrated painting of *Tobias guided by the angel*, the first work really worthy of him, which he did when about thirty; for his talent, which was, as we have seen, to endure for so long a period, does not seem, like that of many great masters, to have been very precocious. Some writers fancied the figure in the back ground praying in a wood to be John the Baptist, and they did not fail to animadvert on the anachronism; the abbé Moschini, like a zealous Venetian, defended his compatriot, and recognised therein young Tobias's father.

The church of Saint Felix, in the style of the Lombardi, with gates elegantly adorned with marble ornaments, has the *St. Demetrius*, by Tintoretto; the *Saviour, St. Felix, and some portraits*, by Passignano, and two allegorical statues of Giulio dal Moro.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Archives.—Council of Ten.—Inquisitors of State.—Autograph consultations by Fra Paolo.—Statistics originated at Venice.—Villegiard's correspondence.

Amid the partial destruction of Venice, asylums have been opened for its various monuments: such was the Academy of Fine Arts for a great number of its paintings, the archives, which are established in the old convent of the Frari and apparently confided to very good hands for classification, will also be a refuge for the deeds and documents of its history. These archives, consisting of eight millions six hundred sixty-four thousand seven hundred and nine volumes or portfolios, distributed into two hundred and ninety-eight rooms and corridors, may be regarded as the most voluminous in the world, and are assuredly one of the most enormous piles of written paper which have been hitherto collected.

A part of the archives of the Council of Ten was consumed in the fire of 1508; copies of the judgments exist, but the depositions were joined to the originals



only. I remarked a sentence of 1419, pronounced against four Minorite monks who had run naked through Venice, followed by the populace; they were merely requested to be more modest for the future. The fragments of the archives of the Inquisitors of state are very few in number. One part was destroyed long since through state policy, another when the republic fell; the rest nearly all disappeared in the confusion; this section of the archives has now a nominal rather than an actual existence.

The duty on salt, a subject so warmly discussed by economists, was appropriated at Venice to the payment of artists. In this part of the archives might be found some curious particulars respecting the price of the chefs-d'œuvre of the great Venetian masters. To prosecute this kind of research is not now very easy, and it is necessary to procure a previous permission from Vienna.

The autograph registers of Fra Paolo's consultations as theologian of the commonwealth, have but few erasures. This monk displays an almost parliamentary tact in his discussions with the court of Rome. But Fra Paolo, notwithstanding his information and piety, did not escape the spirit of the age in which he lived, and his policy sometimes too closely resembles that of Machiavel.<sup>1</sup>

The science of statistics appears to have originated in Venice, and at an early period. The speech of Doge Tomaso Mocenigo on the situation of the republic, pronounced in 1420, during the war with the duke of Milan, is regarded as a model by a very able modern writer on statistics, S. Quadri, of Venice. The expositions of the situation of the Empire under Napoleon were a good custom which might be advantageously continued. A passage of the historian Sanuto, quoted by Daru, proves that there existed at Venice from the year 1425 a kind of

domesday-book, and that the invention could not be attributed to the Florentines, as Sismondi supposed, who placed it in 1429. I saw in the archives a statistical account of the Venetian state for the year 1780, it was extensive, and the arrangement good. It is probable that such works were not as well executed at that epoch in other countries. The genius of statistics is not extinct at Venice; the *Statistics of the Venetian Provinces*, and the seventy-two synoptical tables accompanying it, by S. Quadri, are esteemed, and S. Adrian Balbi, one of the learned Europeans who have followed this kind of research with most zeal and success, is a Venetian.

I perused the correspondence of the French secretary of legation, named Villetard, who in 1797 was charged with effecting the change of government; an ingenuous negotiator and sincere friend of liberty, who hoped to serve her cause by his manœuvres, the candid Villetard said, in one of his despatches to the municipality of Venice: "The general will never yield on the *democratisation*," and it was to him that Bonaparte soon after addressed that terrible letter, an unheard-of compound of egotism, contempt, banter, and fury,—the death-warrant of Venice.<sup>3</sup>

## CHAPTER XX.

Arsenal.—Lions of Athens.—Bucentaur.—Armour of Henry IV.—Emo.

The arsenal of Venice was one of its wonders;<sup>4</sup> and its most glorious and useful monument; the fleets which it constructed, in combatting and repelling the continual invasions of the Turks, preserved the civilisation of Italy and the south of Europe. It is, at this day, only a magnificent testimony of the decline of Venice. How it differs in its solitude

<sup>1</sup> In particular, remarks Daru, when he says in his book entitled *Opinione in qual modo debba governarsi la repubblica veneziana*, "that poison ought to do the hangman's duty." *Hist. of Venice*, xxix. 14.

<sup>2</sup> *Storia della statistica, e prospetto statistico delle Provincie Venete*. Venice, 1824-1826, two vol.

<sup>3</sup> See the Histories of Daru and Botta, where this letter is inserted verbatim. Villetard, a cousin of the ancient senator of that name, has composed several tragedies since his fatal mission, among which is one entitled *Constantin et la primitive*

*église, ou le Fanatisme politique*, a very scarce piece, of which, through caprice, only two copies are said to have been printed. He died at the age of fifty-five on the 7th July, 1825, at Charenton: during his whole life he had only passed from one kind of madness to another.

<sup>4</sup> Begun in 1304. Anórea of Pisa was not the sole architect, as is affirmed in the *Encyclopédie*, t. i. p. 44; he at most but participated in it, as is proved by the learned authors *Delle fabbricche più cospicue di Venezia*.

from that arsenal so admirably painted by Dante, who in his description has introduced the naval technicalities and rendered them harmonious, poetic, and imitative; so great were the descriptive powers of this prodigious genius!

Quale nell' Arzanà de' Veneziani  
 Bolle l' inverno la tenace pece  
 A rimpalmar il legni lor non san!  
 Che navicar non pòno; e 'n quella vece,  
 Chì fa suo legno nuovo, e chi ristoppa  
 Le coste a quel che più viaggi fece;  
 Chi ribatte da proda, e chi dà poppa,  
 Altri fa rami, ed altri volge sarte,  
 Chi terzeruolo ed artimon rintoppa.

The population of the arsenal, which was once sixteen thousand workmen, did not amount in the seventeenth century, as appears from the voyage of the prince of Tuscany, afterwards Cosmo III., to more than three thousand; and towards the end of the republic but two thousand five hundred, reinforced on extraordinary occasions by the artisans and *facchini* of the town; under the French administration the number sometimes rose to three thousand five hundred; it is now scarcely twelve hundred.

At the entry are the two colossal marble lions, brought from Athens by Morosini; they are of Greek workmanship, praised by the learned, who cannot however determine their epoch. One of the lions is in a rampant posture, and has two serpentine inscriptions on his mane, apparently Runic, which, according to the Cav. Mustoxidi, were placed by the Varanghi, a mixture of the northern tribes, who, about the tenth century, formed the guard of the Byzantine emperors.

The statue of *St. Justina*, by Campagna, is over the superb gate, a kind of triumphal arch ornamented with sculpture by some pupils of Sansovino. Above the interior gate of the vestibule is a small statue of the *Virgin* by this great artist.

Many different mementos of Venice are to be found in the arsenal: there is the pretended leathern helmet of Attila, and the sort of clumsy harness for his horse; the veritable helmets of Venetian crusaders, the companions of Dandolo; the arms, and flowing standards of bril-

liant colour, taken from the Turks at the battle of Lepanto; and some frightful instruments of torture employed by the Inquisition. In one of the rooms was a small unfinished model of the Bucentaur, a kind of cabinet curiosity, exposed to the dust, or destined to be placed under glass, which was never intended to ride pompously on the sea covered with flowers like a recent bride, amid the roar of cannon, the flourishing of music, and the hymeneal hymn of the Adriatic, an ancient Venetian song, which ended in being understood by no one, though its fantastical sounds were religiously preserved. It is thus that the superstitious patriotism of Rome respected the verses of the Salians, which in the days of Horace had become unintelligible. In spite of its ornaments and gilding, the Bucentaur was but an indifferent vessel, since it had never witnessed a storm; and the commander of the arsenal, who was by right of office its captain, swore that the waves should be calm during the ceremony of which it was the inert and ostentatious theatre.

But there is one monument which to a Frenchman is worth all the monuments of Venice, the armour of Henry IV., given by him to the republic; the sword unhappily is wanting, that sword, said he in his letter to the senate, which he had carried at the battle of Ivry; it disappeared in 1797, at the fall of the republic, when the armour passed from the Ducal palace to the arsenal. Notwithstanding my persevering inquiries among persons the best acquainted with the contemporary history of Venice, it was impossible for me to discover any trace of this noble sword. The plain and solid armour of Henry IV. forcibly recalls the beautiful verse of the *Henriade* upon the arms of his soldiers:

Leur fer et leurs mousquets composaient leurs  
 parures.

Opposite the armour of Henry IV. is the cenotaph erected by the senate of Venice to the high-admiral Angelo Emo, who died at Malta in 1792, one of the first and best executed works of Ca-

<sup>1</sup> Neither of the two swords of Henry IV. which are in the cabinet of medals of the royal library can be this sword; they were deposited there 8 floréal, year V (April 27, 1797), and the entry of the French into Venice was on the 16th of May in

the same year; they belonged to the ancient *garde-meuble de la couronne*: the first is a dress sword with cameos; the other, described as a battle sword, is perhaps in reality but a hunting-knife.

nova.<sup>1</sup> In the midst of the universal degeneracy of Venetian morals, Emo proved himself a citizen. It was he who, after the dispersion of his fleet by a tempest at Eleos, and the loss of two vessels, a disaster in which Emo, having fallen into the sea, narrowly escaped drowning, came to the senate and said, "Allow my property to be employed in repairing the losses the republic has just experienced." This great man might probably have prevented the ignominy of the last moments of his country; courage and honour, extinct in the councils of the republic, still survived in the arsenal; and, as if the element which first afforded refuge to the founders of Venice, was ever to animate, excite, and reinvigorate their descendants, the last of the Venetians was a sailor.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Theatres.—Saint Benedict.—La Fenice.—S. Perucchini;—Buratti.—Carnival.

The theatres of Venice are neither destitute of charms nor splendour. I saw represented, in 1828, at the old St. Benedict theatre, a national and very lively comedy of the advocate Sografi, *le Donne avvocate*. A young man paid his addresses to three Italian girls, and promised to marry them: in order to support their claims, they went before the judge; the Venetian gained the cause, and espoused her lover, after having pleaded with eloquence and in the Venetian dialect. The piece was played with spirit and to nature.

La Fenice is one of the first theatres of Italy and the largest; it holds about three thousand persons. By means of a

drawbridge thrown over an adjoining court, the scene can be considerably lengthened, and on certain occasions a *jet d'eau* shoots up, raising its crest to the ceiling. I have not been present at this kind of prodigy, which must be more fantastic than effective. La Fenice, burnt down in 1836, is already tastefully rebuilt. Of the four grand operas which are represented here during the theatrical season (from the 26th of December to the 20th of March), two are generally new and composed by the best masters. Operas are occasionally performed in the spring and in autumn, and our most celebrated dancers have appeared upon this stage. It was at La Fenice that S. Locatelli made the first essays of his *astro-lamp*, and there this theatrical luminary arose for the first time. The experiment tried since at our *Grand Opéra* obtained some credit for the inventor, but it is probable that this mode of lighting will never be practised there. The new system throws a brighter light upon the scenery and the decorations, but leaves the audience in comparative darkness: the worthy S. Locatelli, accustomed to the negligence, the freedom, the absence of vanity in Italian women, did not doubt in his own mind that the ladies of Paris would resign themselves to the obscurity into which he plunged their beauty and their attire.

It is impossible to speak of the music of Venice without recalling to mind the Venetian airs of Perucchini, so lively, natural, and graceful, which accompany so well the poetry of Pietro Buratti, a popular Anacreon, author of more than seventy thousand verses, a poet admirable for fire and originality. These little pieces are truly chefs-d'œuvre.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Canova, always disinterested when there was question of patriotic monuments, put no price on his work. The senate decreed him an annuity of one hundred ducats; besides which he received a gold medal of the value of one hundred sequins, presenting the mausoleum of Emo, and on the reverse an inscription very honourable to the artist. The payment of the pension having experienced some interruption in 1797, at the fall of the republic, Bonaparte, who was by chance informed of it, wrote to Canova expressing his interest for him and assuring him of his protection. After the cession of Venice to Austria, the pension was restored to him when at Vienna, but under the strange condition of choosing that city for his residence: he nevertheless obtained a dispensation from it, having offered to direct gratuitously, while at Rome,

his favorite abode, some of the imperial pupils.

<sup>2</sup> Buratti, deceased Oct. 20, 1832, aged somewhat less than sixty years, had also translated Juvenal into the Venetian dialect. This smart passage from one of his letters, cited by his biographer S. Paravia, frankly explains the style that he had chosen: "Alleno della così detta bella società per quelle noie mortali che non ne vanno mai scompagnate, io viveva con tali uomini che non davan luogo a' versi che fra i bicchieri, e li volevan conditi di salli corrispondenti all' ottuso loro palato. Bisognava dunque di necessità rinforzar la dose per essere inteso e gustato. Ecco il vero motivo del genere prescelto a quello che più si confaceva alla tempra della mia anima, capacissima per intervalli delle più dolci emozioni. Che s' ella mi domanda la spiegazione di questo fenomeno, io non saprei da



The carnival of Venice, though still the longest in Italy (the amusements commence the day after Christmas, and the masked balls on twelfth-day), is barely the shadow of what it was formerly: this kind of institution misses the ancient rigorous government of Venice, which it seemed to mitigate. At the present day this brilliant carnival is only composed of the people, the higher class scarcely joining in it, and there are not six hundred masqueraders wandering in gondolas, or in the square of St. Mark and the *Piazza*.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### Courtesans.

The celebrated beauties, noticed by Montaigne and Rousseau, philosophers of the same school, which it is not surprising to find there, are one of the by-gone peculiarities of Venice. The French police had already extinguished the two lights that formerly shone at the windows of these courtesans, who were entirely suppressed by Austria in 1815, at the very moment of the restitution of the four famous bronze horses, and when they remounted their original place: so that the Venetians said, in a murmuring tone, that the emperor, who gave them back their horses, might as well have left them their *vacche*: an Italian jest, difficult to translate. Morals have gained nothing by this rigour; the courtesan is replaced by the needy man's daughter, or by the citizen's wife inclined to indulge her passions; and corruption, instead of flowing in a separate channel, infects the bosom of families. The ancient courtesans of Venice formed an institution which really served the cause of liberty, either by detecting sometimes important secrets, or ruining men whose fortunes might have rendered them dangerous. Therefore, the senate, who towards the end of the last century had endeavoured to disperse them, was obliged to recall them by a decree; they described them in this document under the name of *nostre benemerite meretrici*: they were inviolate and sacred,

and had their indemnity and endowment.<sup>1</sup> The senate, in order to divert the young men also from politics, and to maintain its power, took on itself the care of supplying the houses of the courtesans with the most beautiful women, whom it recruited in Epirus and the islands of the Archipelago. "At Venice," says Montesquieu, "the laws force the nobles to be moderate. So accustomed are they to parsimony, that none but the courtesans can make them part with their money. Advantage is taken of this medium for the support of industry; the most contemptible women expend without danger, whilst their tributaries lead a life of the greatest obscurity." The most cunning Venetian courtesans would, I believe, have had some trouble to extract any thing from the new masters of Venice, who are much more niggardly than the ancient Venetian nobles. Perhaps the suppression of these creatures has been less a measure of morals than of finance, another kind of reduction altogether in the spirit of the economical government of Austria.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Environs.—Islands.—Isle of Murano.—Saint Michael.  
—Exhumation of Fra Paolo.—The monk Eusebius.  
—Morelli.—Emiliana chapel.—Saint Peter and Paul.—Dome.—Looking-glasses, crystal, and pearls of Venice.

I visited, in September 1828, the church of St. Michael in Murano, where I expected to find the body of Fra Paolo, which was to have been transferred there. It had been discovered in the month of July, in the demolition of an altar of the ancient church of the Servites. At the death of Fra Paolo, the senate, owing to the threats of Urban VIII., had not dared to erect the monument which had been decreed, on account of his immense popularity, to this extraordinary man, theologian, historian, mathematician, and anatomist,<sup>2</sup> and the marble was withdrawn from the studio of the sculptor. Grosley, in 1764, was struck with the nudity of this tomb, without epitaph or any kind of inscription; we see by this

altro ripeterlo che dell' infinita debolezza del mio carattere che prendeva in gioventù le abitudini di chi mi attornia.

<sup>1</sup> Funds were assigned them; ever since the year 1400, the courtesans have inhabited the *calle*

called *Cà Rampana*, from the neighbouring palace of the illustrious family of that name, from whence proceeds the injurious denomination of *carampana*.

<sup>2</sup> See post, book VII, chap. II.

how it came to be forgotten. The existing monument was erected at the expense of the city, by no means a rare occurrence.<sup>1</sup> The sort of resurrection of Fra Paolo may be likened to the exhumation of other celebrated dead of whom we have previously spoken: <sup>2</sup> in default of men, our age produces at least some illustrious remains.

The inscription on the sepulchre of the monk Eusebius, by Aldus Manutius, encrusted on a slab of marble ornamented by pretty sculptures, is curious and characteristic.<sup>3</sup> Such is the merit of the arabesques and ornaments which decorate the front, the doors, the choir of Saint Michael in Murano and the grand chapel, that the Venice Drawing Academy has not judged them less fit than the antique to form the taste of its pupils, and has consequently taken a great number of models.

A simple stone, upon the pavement, indicates the spot where reposes Morelli, the late learned librarian of Saint Mark. The epitaph, composed by his pupil, his friend and worthy successor, the abbé Bettio, simply recapitulates the labours, the services, the renown, the dignities of this great bibliographer, and that readiness to oblige, the duty and first quality of men placed at the head of great literary treasures.

The *Emiliana* chapel adjoining the church, is a small temple of the commencement of the sixteenth century, abounding with taste and elegance.

The church of Saint Peter and Paul offers some remarkable paintings: *St. Blaise seated, surrounded by saints*, by Palma; a fine *Annunciation*, by Pordecone; *St. Jerome in the Desert*, by Paolo Veronese; a *Descent from the Cross*, of a character at once grand, expressive, and original, by Giuseppe Salviati; the *Virgin upon her throne, with the infant Jesus and saints*, a curious work of the Vivarini; the *Virgin,*

*two angels, and the doge Barbarigo kneeling*, a large celebrated painting by Giovanni Bellini; *St. Agatha in prison, visited by St. Peter*, a correct and sublime composition, by Benedetto Caliari, the brother, the assistant and the friend of Paolo Veronese; the *Martyrdom of St. Stephen*, by Leandro Bassano; an *Assumption*, by Marco Basaiti, a brilliant artist, of Greek origin, of the commencement of the sixteenth century; the *Virgin, some saints, and the senator Lorenzo Pasqualigo*, by the elder Palma; and the *Baptism of Jesus Christ*, by Tintoretto.

The ceiling of the church of the Angels, by Pennachi, enjoys some reputation: in the centre is the *Crowning of the Virgin*; around, thirty-four compartments present figures of apostles, prophets, and angels; the colouring of this ceiling is much better than the design.

The church of Saint Donatus, called the *Duomo* of Murano, is of a Greco-Arabian architecture of the twelfth century: the pavement of the temple is inlaid with elegant mosaic-work of the same epoch, and ten columns of Greek marble support the nave. The paintings are interesting: a demilune representing the *Virgin with the infant Jesus, and some figures*, is a good performance by Lazaro Sebastiani, of the year 1484; the ancon of carved wood painted, of 1310, representing *Bishop St. Donatus*, with the two small figures of the podestà Memmo and his wife, is curious for the costumes. A mosaic of the *Virgin* appears to be nearly as ancient as the temple. The *Descent of the Holy Ghost in the Cenaculum*, by Marco Vecellio, is fine.

The island of Murano still contains the manufactures of looking-glass, crystal, and pearls, for which Venetian industry was formerly renowned; but the two first cannot, at the present day, compete

<sup>1</sup> The body of Fra Paolo is now at Saint Michael in Murano; upon the slab of white marble bordered with *bardiglio* (sky-coloured marble of Carrara), is this inscription, by S. Emmanuel Cigogna:

Ossa  
Pauli Sarpil  
Theol. Reip. venetæ  
Ex ædæ Servorum  
huc translata  
A. MDCCCXVIII.  
Decreto publico.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, book v. chap. xxi.

<sup>3</sup> Lector, parumper siste. rem miram leges.  
Hic Eusebi hispani monachi corpus situm est,  
Vir undecumque qui fuit doctissimus,  
Nostræque vitæ exemplar admirabile.  
Morbo laborans sexdecim totos dies,  
Edens, bibens nil prorsus et usque suos monens  
Deum adlit. Hoc scires volebam. Abi et vale.  
Ann. D. MDIX. feb. ætat. suæ LI sacræ militiæ XVII.

with the fabrics of France and England. The Venetians learnt the art of glass-making from the Greeks, who were very jealous of their secret, which they had preserved from antique tradition. The sand of Tyre, which gave the transparency to the glass of the ancients, might also have been employed by the Venetians when they made the conquest of the same shores. The manufactories of large varnished pearls, to the number of three, have closely preserved the secret of this cheap and showy fabrication, which allows to the moderately rich the splendour and luxury of the wealthy. But this frivolous industry, like that of works of fashion, cannot prove a sure resource for a state, since it does not provide for real and durable wants. The exportations of these articles are trifling, and uncertain; nor has the trade been sufficient to prevent the ruin of Venetian commerce.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Isle of Torcello.—Saint Fosca.—Lido.

The charming isle of Torcello is still remarkable for its monuments. The Duomo bears the impress of the East and of the middle ages: the front, the roof, and the pavement are inlaid with precious mosaics representing symbols and circumstances of sacred history; marble columns support the nave; the holy water vase appears to have been a heathen altar, and a marble pulpit rises behind the choir, in the midst of semi-circular steps. The magnificence of this temple, founded in the year 1008, by bishop Orso Orseolo, bears testimony to the ancient wealth of Venice and the splendour of its monuments even before the achievement of its superb old basilic.

<sup>1</sup> The churches of Saint Geminian and of Saint John the Almoner, by Sansovino and Scarpagnino, were, according to the opinion of Cicognara, only imitations of the small temple of Saint Fosca. The useful and curious work published in 1825 by Mr. Robert, superintendent of the Saint-Genève library, under the title of *Fables inédites des XII<sup>e</sup>, XIII<sup>e</sup> et XIV<sup>e</sup> siècles, et Fables de La Fontaine, rapprochées de celles de tous les auteurs qui avaient, avant lui, traité les mêmes sujets*, without diminishing the glory of La Fontaine, indicates the obscure models of the *Fables choisies, mises en vers*, as he has himself entitled his immortal collection. The pretty piece of Brueys is only a feeble imitation of the ancient popular farce of *Patelin*, by Pierre Blanchet.

The neighbouring small temple of Saint Fosca, a work of the ninth century, whose materials were taken from the ruins of Roman edifices, is one of those primitive monuments of barbarous times, imitated, renovated, and restored with elegance, like certain literary masterpieces of the epochs of civilisation.<sup>1</sup> At Saint Fosca is interred the skilful painter *Cappuccino*, who, having escaped from his convent, found an asylum at Venice against the pursuits of his order. The tomb has for inscription these words: *Bernardus Strozzius, pictorum splendor, Liguriæ decus*, a flattering eulogium in the vicinity of the great Venetian masters.

A writer of a lively imagination has given a poetical description of the *Lido*,<sup>2</sup> it would be hazardous to risk another description after his, that all the world has read. It is, however, to be regretted that it contains nothing on the castle of Saint Andrew, a masterpiece of military architecture, by San Micheli, monument of a victory, which, in its desolation, breathes still the strength and ancient warlike magnificence of Venice.<sup>3</sup>

It was upon the firm and solitary bank of the *Lido*, that Byron took his daily ride. Had he died at Venice, it was his wish to have reposed there near a certain stone, the limit of some field, not far from the little fort, so as to escape, by a wild caprice, his native land, too heavy for his bones, and the abhorred funeral obsequies of his relatives.

## CHAPTER XXV.

The isle of Saint Lazaro.—Armenian Convent.—Mechitar.—Kover.—Moonlight at Venice.

The little island of St. Lazaro, the most graceful of those that rise out of

<sup>2</sup> M. Charles Nodier, *Jean Sbagar*.

<sup>3</sup> The most remarkable monument of San Micheli's science, says M. Quatremère de Quincy, is the fortress of Lido. It had been reckoned impossible for him to give a firm foundation to such an enormous mass in a marshy soil, continually assailed by the waves of the sea and the ebb and flow. He effected his purpose, however, and with great success. In constructing it, he made use of the stone of Istria, so well adapted to resist the weather. The mass is so well fixed that it might be taken for a hewn rock. *Histoire de la vie et des ouvrages des plus célèbres architectes*, t. 1. 161.



the bosom of the lagoon, is inhabited by the Armenian monks, an affable and laborious sect, who publish, in the Armenian tongue, good editions of the most useful and esteemed books, and devote themselves to the education of their youthful compatriots.<sup>1</sup> With its convent, lyceum, and printing-office, this house might reclaim the most passionate enemy of monastic institutions. The abbot-general and archbishop, Placidus Sukias Somel, of Constantinople, is an accomplished prelate whose manners possess a kind of oriental dignity not destitute of grace or mildness. The library, to which has been added a cabinet of natural philosophy, counts about ten thousand volumes and four hundred oriental manuscripts, principally Armenian; like every thing else, it is in perfect order. Lord Byron, during the winter, went there for some hours every morning, in order to take Armenian lessons of Dom Pasquale the librarian; Byron, dissatisfied, tired of the world, and satiated with most things of this life, sought to penetrate the difficulties of an Eastern idiom; he found no interest but in difficulties, and this impetuous poet studied a grave, cold, and historical literature of translations and polemics.<sup>2</sup>

The Armenian monks called Mechitarists take this name from their founder, the abbot Mechitar of Petro, born at Sebaste in Armenia, who, in the year 1700, assembled at Constantinople several monks his compatriots, after which he established himself at Modon, whence he passed with his congregation to Venice after the loss of the Morea by the republic, which generously accorded to him

for ever the isle of St. Lazaro for a retreat.

In the sacristy is the tomb of Count Stephen Aconz Kover, a noble Hungarian, archbishop of Sinnia, and the third *abbot-general*, who resided sixty-seven years at the monastery and died in 1824, after having enlarged and perfected the Armenian institution, at this day a tribunal of language. This illustrious abbot, poet, and scholar, author of a good universal geography of which eleven volumes have appeared, the two others having perished in a fire at Constantinople, taught his dialect to the French orientalist Lourdret, who died in 1785, whilst on his return from Venice to Paris where Kover was also called, and where he would have professed but for the troubles of the revolution.

It is through error that an esteemed historian and a celebrated traveller<sup>3</sup> have regarded the Armenian monks as heretics; they have always been good catholics, and only deviated from the Roman church in a small number of rites. Despite its religious liberties and its commercial spirit, Venice never admitted toleration, and Comines had already remarked and praised, *the reverence which the Venetians bore to the service of the Church.*

The return to Venice at night, by moonlight, is one of the finest scenes of Italy. The silence of the city and the oriental aspect of Saint Mark and the Ducal palace, have at this hour something enchanting and mysterious, and the pale splendour reflected on the sea and the marble palaces contrast with the black gondola gliding solitarily over the

<sup>1</sup> Two first-rate editions of the Chronicle of Eusebius have been given after the Armenian manuscript in the library of the convent of the isle of Saint Lazaro; one at Milan, in 1818, a quarto volume, by S. Mai, and P. Zohrab, an Armenian who treacherously separated himself from the other monks: the edition printed the same year at the convent, two volumes folio, and published by P. J. B. Aucher, is infinitely preferable; the monks had sent one of their body as far as Constantinople, in order to compare afresh their Eusebius with the manuscript of which it was a copy. The Armenian monks have also conceived the project of giving a complete collection and critical editions of the writers of their nation from the fourth century, the most brilliant epoch and Augustan age of Armenian literature, to the fifteenth century. Since this time there appears to have been no original productions. These monks have already prepared for the press all that remains of the authors who

have written from the fourth century to the commencement of the eleventh. But such an undertaking still requires much time, labour, research, and outlay, which do not permit the hope that the publication will soon take place. Three volumes of a small portable collection of the *selected works*, executed with much care, appeared in 1826, 1827, and 1828, as if to give, remarked M. Saint-Martin (*Journal des Savants*, July 1829), a foretaste of the grand collection. P. Clakelak has recently published a second edition of his *Armenian and Italian Dictionary*, which has been highly spoken of by orientalisists.

<sup>2</sup> For want, said he, of something flinty to break his thoughts against, he tortured himself with Armenian. Byron laboured at the English part of an English-Armenian grammar published at the convent of Saint Lazaro. *Mem.*, vol. III. chap. VIII and IX, and vol. IV., chap. VII.

<sup>3</sup> M. Daru, Lady Morgan.

waters. These palaces are no longer brilliantly illumined, as heretofore, in the days of pleasure, sports, and dissipations of this brilliant city, and the moon, called by artists the sun of ruins, is particularly suited to the grand ruin of Venice.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Isle of Saint Clement.—Malamocco.—Republican hatreds.—Murazzi.—Chioggia.—Origin and end of Venice.

It requires a day to see the *Murazzi*, situated about eighteen miles from Venice. At the isle of St. Clement there was formerly a convent of Camaldules, whose small detached houses, with a garden, are yet to be seen. These pious men, surrounded by the waves, were doubly anchorites. A Madonna, with her lighted lamp, as in the cross-road of a town, was fixed upon one of the posts that marked the route across the canals, and her pious glimmering light almost touched the sea, in the midst of which it was thrown. We pass before the isle of Malamocco, that illustrious shore which witnessed the heroic efforts of the Venetians in the war of Chiozza, when, in one of those fits of hatred peculiar to republics, more implacable and more violent than the enmity of kings, as being the mutual abhorrence of one people for another, Genoa thought it possible to annihilate her rival. Venice, like Rome when Hannibal was at its gates, displayed that aristocratic patriotism, the most constant and firmest of all, which will never suffer a country to be degraded by shameful treaties, and whose proud bearing is noble and glorious, as it is displayed in the midst of dangers and sacrifices.

The *Murazzi* are not a simple military causeway, like the jetty of Alexander or of Richelieu, much more celebrated, as are the works of conquerors or of despots; they form the rampart of a great city, for centuries the seat of freedom. Neither is this marble bank the *polders*, of wood, fascines, and clay, of Holland, which must rather resemble the palisade of beavers, than the magnificent work of the Venetians. The so much admired inscription *ausu romano, ære veneto*, did not appear to me deserving its reputation; independently of the vicious mixture of the plain and the figurative, this vain-glorious allu-

sion to money, like that of the Simplon, is not very noble. After all, the famous inscription was perhaps only proposed, for it is impossible to discover it. The most ancient of the thirty-eight inscriptions indicating the epoch when the different parts were successively executed, though simple, is not the less imposing, since it proves the fourteen centuries of free existence enjoyed by the republic: *Ut sacra æstuaris urbis et libertatis sedes perpetuum conserventur colosseas moles ex solido marmore contra mare posuere curatores aquarum. An. Sal. MDCCCL. ab urbe con. MCCCXXX.* The *Murazzi*, formed of enormous blocks and supported on piles, rise ten feet above high-water mark, for the length of 5,267 metres; the construction occupied thirty-nine years, and the outlay was 6,952,440 fr. In some places the marble, polished, worn, and wasted by the waves, becomes somewhat spongy, and its brilliant whiteness gives it the appearance of petrified froth. Never was there an example of restraint more striking for meditation: on this side of the *Murazzi* is a tranquil lake; on the other, is the sea, whose long reiterated billows roll up and break themselves against the foot of their steps. The *Murazzi* are only of the middle and end of the last century; it is difficult to believe that a State capable of such gigantic works could so soon be annihilated: it is easier to curb the fury of the waves than to arrest the machinations of the wicked.

The smiling coast of Chioggia deserves to be visited for the character of its lively, original, laborious, and numerous population, whence Titian derived his expressive but not too ideal heads; Goldoni, the sallies of the wrangling and noisy personages of his *Gare chiozzotte*; and the unfortunate Leopold Robert, the melancholy scene of his Fishermen of the Adriatic.

When I returned from the *Murazzi* to Venice, in the autumn of 1827, there was not a single vessel in quarantine at the lazaretto. This vast deserted enclosure, no longer animated by commerce or war as in the time of the republic, recalled the menaces of the prophets against Tyre: "How art thou destroyed that wast inhabited of sea-faring men, the renowned city, which was strong in

<sup>1</sup> See book I., chap. xxv.

the sea?.... The isles that are in the sea shall be troubled at thy departure." Venice began with Attila and ended with Bonaparte; this queen of the Adriatic, whose empire flourished fourteen

centuries, was born and expired in the midst of storms more violent than those of the sea which encompassed her, and the terror of the two conquerors respectively produced her origin and her fall.<sup>1</sup>

## BOOK THE SEVENTH.

### PADUA.—FERRARA.

#### CHAPTER I.

Banks of the Brenta.—Foscari palace.—Padua.—  
Its extension.

I will confess that the banks of the Brenta, before reaching Padua, seemed to me far from deserving the praise lavished on them. Near the viceroy's palace they are disfigured by a long embankment or towing path supported by a great wall of brick; in other parts the gardens which border them, with their yoke-elm hedges, well-trimmed trees, and symmetrical alleys, are real parsonage gardens. It is true that many fine palaces have already disappeared, and the destruction now prevailing at Venice, began long since on the borders of the Brenta. In their actual state, I think them altogether inferior to the banks of the Seine near Suresne, or on the Saint-Germain road.

The Foscari palace, near the little insalubrious village of Malcontenta, has hitherto escaped the ravages of time and man; it is one of Palladio's most elegant chefs-d'œuvre.

Padua appeared to me a great, long, melancholy-looking town, although I arrived first there in June, during the celebration of a kind of Olympic games in honour of Saint Anthony, and even met the bronzed triumphal car of the victorious jockey, who was parading the streets amid the shouts of all the raga-

muffins that surrounded him. This town, however, is every day gaining what Venice loses; the population amounts to forty-four thousand; but, with the single exception of the Pedrocchi coffeehouse,<sup>3</sup> its prosperity is plain and without display.

#### CHAPTER II.

University.—Vertebra of Galileo.—Library.—Chapter library.—Botanical garden.—Academy of Sciences, Letters, and Arts.—Ladies of the Academy.

The organisation of the university of Padua is the same as that of the university of Pavia (except that the latter has no faculty of theology), and the professorships are: theology for the use of parish priests (*pastorale*); ecclesiastical history; moral theology; biblical archeology; introduction to the books of the Old Testament; Hebrew exegesis and language, and oriental tongues; biblical hermeneutics; introduction to the books of the New Testament; Greek language; exegesis of the New Testament; doctrinal theology. This ancient university, which arose in the beginning of the thirteenth century, and had as many as six thousand students in the sixteenth and seventeenth, numbered no more than fourteen hundred and thirty-seven in 1832; it is still distinguished, however, by able professors. For instance, Rachetti, professor of law; Santini (like Michael Angelo, born at Capresa, a village near Arezzo),

<sup>1</sup> Ezekiel, cap. xxvi., 47, 48.

<sup>2</sup> The free port, decreed the 20th of February, 1829, and opened the 1st of February, 1830, has somewhat reanimated the languishing remains of Venetian commerce, which attained its greatest development in the fourteenth and fifteenth cen-

turies, and began to decline with the seventeenth; this free port, without arresting the destiny of Venice, has nevertheless had the advantage of preserving to the people of the lagoons their ancient maritime and manufacturing character.

<sup>3</sup> See *post*, chap. vii.



professor of astronomy, and his very able deputy Conti; Catullo, professor of natural history. Under the marble peristyle, now dreadfully damaged, are the armorial bearings of many professors and students; this elegant peristyle has been included in Palladio's unpublished works, but incorrectly; it may more safely be attributed to Sansovino; to judge from the exterior, this university would appear the most aristocratic in the world. In the vestibule is a good marble statue of the celebrated Helena Lucrezia Cornaro-Piscopia, who died in 1684 aged thirty-eight; an illustrious lady learned in the Spanish, French, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic languages, who sang her own verses with an accompaniment by herself, lectured on theology, astronomy, mathematics, and received the degree of doctor in philosophy from the university. Helena Piscopia was very handsome; she wore the habit of the Benedictine order, the severe rules of which she always followed, although her parents had, without her knowledge, procured a dispensation from a vow of virginity which she had rashly made at the age of eleven, and notwithstanding the offers of marriage from several of the highest nobles.

In the cabinet of natural history is a vertebra of Galileo enclosed in a mean-looking little pedestal of varnished wood, executed at the expense of the abbé Meneghelli, under whose rectorship its installation took place; in the account published concerning it by the worthy rector, he ingenuously flatters himself with not having been able to find a better model for his pedestal, surmounted with the bust of the immortal astronomer, than that on which the divine Canova placed the lyre of Terpsichore. The vertebra is the fifth lumbar; it was purloined by the Florentine physician Cocchi, who in 1737 was charged with the translation of Galileo's bones to the church of Santa Croce in Florence; after becoming by inheritance the property of Cocchi's son, it belonged to the patrician Angelo Qui-

rini, the mathematician Vivorio of Vicenza, and lastly to doctor Thiene, his physician, who presented it to the university of Padua. The finger of Galileo, obtained in a similar fraudulent manner, is exhibited at the Laurentian.—How singular was the destiny of this great man's body! imprisoned by envy while living, and torn in pieces through admiration when dead. The Italians from enthusiasm practise a kind of burglary towards the remains of the illustrious; and at Arquà, near Padua, the place of Petrarch's burial, may still be seen the rent in his tomb made by the Florentine who succeeded in tearing off one arm. The vertebra of Galileo is not however ill placed at the university of Padua. For eighteen years he held the professorship of philosophy there, and to retain his services the Venetian senate had tripled his salary; it was in presence of the doge and the chiefs of the state that, in 1609, he made his first experiments with the telescope and pendulum. How much, rightly remarks Mr. Daru, must he not have regretted that hospitable land where the inquisition would not have extorted a disavowal of the new truths of which he was the declared advocate!<sup>2</sup>

The theatre of anatomy was erected in 1594, when Fabricius d'Acquapendente occupied that chair. The first idea of it seems to belong to the celebrated Fra Paolo, who was both architect and anatomist, and made the important discovery of the venal valvules. In the vestibule is the bust of Morgagni, consecrated to him while living by the German nation. There is a collection of extraordinary fœtus, which were prepared and classed by this great anatomist.

The cabinet of natural history is a fine creation of great utility due to the French administration.

Among the presents made to this cabinet by the learned Acerbi, formerly Austrian consul in Egypt, is a fine mummy unwrapped, with a hieroglyphical inscription, proceeding from the necro-

<sup>1</sup> The rectors of the university, chosen from among the professors, are only appointed for a year. This custom was established during the republic, and has never been interrupted.

<sup>2</sup> *Hist. of Venice*, book xi. Daru, who had applied himself during the last year of his life to laborious researches respecting Galileo and his condemnation, states in a note to his poem entitled *Astronomy* (the 14th of canto iv.) that the jesuits,

who were great sticklers for the doctrine of Aristotle and the Peripatetics, were opposed to Galileo, at the university of Padua, respecting the spots in the sun; "so that," he adds, "to the shame of feeble humanity, it is not impossible that a philosophical party spirit might contribute as much as religious intolerance to the persecution the philosopher experienced at their hands." See book x.

polis of Thebes; it is supposed to be four thousand years old; the skull presents a remarkable prolongation beyond the occipital cavity, which is much deeper than in the skulls previously seen. I am indebted for the following conjecture to my ingenious friend Doctor Edwards, of the Institute, known by his important work on the physiological characters of the various races of man as connected with history: "This great prolongation of the hinder part of the head is not found in the races of Europe, eastern Asia, or those of America in general, nor even in the negro race, in which however this part is more developed: the Carribean race, nevertheless, exhibits it in a high degree. This shape is the farthest removed from the ordinary form, except that of some heads found in the Cordillera mountains. It may then be regarded as of the lowest order. It would be very interesting to discover such heads in the tombs of Egypt; such a fact would prove that this shape indicates an epoch when civilisation had but just commenced."

In the room of the medical section are three good paintings, the *Marys at the sepulchre*, by Darius Varotari; a well preserved fresco; the *Virgin and infant Jesus*; the two latter by unknown authors of the sixteenth century.

The observatory, supplied with good instruments, has obtained renown through Galileo's discoveries; it is erected on the top of a high tower, which, in the days of the brave and cruel tyrant Eccelino, was a dreadful prison. A Latin distich, over the door, felicitously expresses this fact and its new scientific appropriation.<sup>1</sup>

The University library contains seventy thousand volumes; and, as it is solely devoted to educational purposes, the manuscripts have been sent to Saint Mark. The library is placed in the very spacious ancient hall of the Giants and Emperors; the walls are covered with portraits of great Romans from Romulus to Cæsar, who is immediately followed by Charlemagne. It is said that some of these bad figures were executed on Titian's designs, a part of the art in which he did not excel. Above these extremely well preserved figures, are the principal exploits of the personages, fine paintings

by Domenico Campagnola, a pupil of Titian, who, with Tintoretto, Paris Bordone, and others of his clever disciples, had the honour of making him jealous; by his assiduous companion Gualtieri, Stefano dell'Arzere, a good fresco painter of Padua in the sixteenth century, and perhaps even by Titian, to whom is attributed the portrait of Cardinal Zabarella, among the illustrious Paduans. A full length fresco portrait of Petrarch, of the same epoch, is more suitably placed in a library, as this great poet was certainly one of the first and most intrepid readers known, and even died sitting in his library with his head bent over a book.

A small miniature of the Virgin, full of grace and elegance, is preserved in this library: it was painted by the abbot of Latran, Felice Ramelli, and is greatly extolled by Della Vale, Vasari's commentator.

A copy, without either frontispiece or preface, of the scarce *Quadragesimale* of the famous Fra Paolo, printed at Milan in 1479, has furnished S. Federici, the under-librarian, with various readings which had till then escaped the numerous commentators of Dante. It is seen by these sermons of Fra Paolo that the *Divina Commedia* was quoted in the pulpit, and that its verses were at times piously parodied to amalgamate with the sermon.

The chapter library has only about four thousand volumes, but it contains some fine old manuscripts and scarce editions of the fifteenth century. The most ancient manuscript is a *Sacramentarium* of the eleventh century, in good preservation, and the most ancient printed book is the *Rationale*, by Guillaume Durand (Mayence, 1459). The manuscripts of Petrarch's library, who was a canon of the chapter, were the beginning of this library, which was increased by the books of Sperone Speroni. In an adjoining room, six paintings, two of them, a *Madonna*, and a *Trinity*, and the other four certain incidents of the *Life of St. Sebastian*, are remarkable specimens of ancient painting; they were executed in 1367 by the Venetian Nicaletto Semitecolo; the proportions of the figures are elegant, the naked is well executed; the style is different from Giotto's, and if the drawing be inferior, the colouring is equal to him.

The Botanical garden of Padua, founded by the Venetian senate in 1545, is

<sup>1</sup> MCCXLIII.

Quæ quondam infernas turris ducebat ad umbras,  
Nunc Venetum auspiciis pandit ad astra viam.

probably the oldest in Europe.<sup>1</sup> It still occupies the same spot; and an old Eastern planetree with a knotted trunk and short but still verdant boughs, has stood there ever since its creation. I could not contemplate it without a sort of veneration; I fancied there was something learned in this contemporary of so many illustrious professors, whose stone statues were only a few paces distant, whom it had received under its shade, and it seemed to me a kind of patriarch among the scientific trees of botanical gardens. The garden of Padua, without having the splendour of our fashionable greenhouses, is sufficient for the purposes of instruction; I was informed in 1827 that it contained from five to six thousand species, and the number is increasing every year. The warmth of Italy begins at Padua to show itself in a very perceptible way: the magnolias have no occasion for shelter nor mats during winter; they seem to flourish as well there as those I have since seen in the open air in the English garden of Caserte, and many were as high as great lime-trees.

The pursuit of the sciences, letters, and arts was always eagerly followed at Padua. Its celebrated old academy of the *Ricovrati* received women, a custom which the French Academy has been often inclined to imitate: under Louis XIV. Charpentier supported the admission of mesdames Scudéry, Deshoulières, and Dacier; in the last century, the candidates of d'Alembert were, it is said, mesdames Necker, d'Épinay, and de Genlis; in our days, the same proposition would be nothing strange, and the poetical talents of certain ladies would make them very worthy and agreeable academicians.

I had the honour of attending the

yearly meeting of the Academy of Padua in 1826. I observed in the immediate vicinity of its members several amiable ladies, some of whom in other times might have joined the academy of the *Ricovrati*, and some young people. A very well written report, perhaps rather too long, was made by the secretary respecting the labours of the academicians, who do not seem idle; <sup>a</sup> in short, except the competition, the prizes for virtue and works beneficial to morals, it was almost the Institute.

### CHAPTER III.

Cathedral.—Charles Guy Patin.—Sperone Speroni. — Manuscripts. — Baptistry. — D'Hancarville. — Santo. — Dogs. — Chandeller. — Cesarotti. — Treasury. — Messone. — Cloister. — *Scuola*. — Statue of Gattamelata. — Condottieri.

The different churches of Padua are its first and most interesting monuments. The Duomo, finished last century, is of indifferent architecture. The primitive plan was sent by Michael Angelo; but during the two centuries occupied in the building, it must have been strangely altered by the divers generations of architects. On the right of the entrance stands the tomb of Charles Patin, a French physician, who, being suspected of having dispersed a scandalous paper, and being obliged to fly on account of his bad notions, went to Padua and professed surgery there; he was the last son of the witty and impassioned Guy Patin, whose correspondence is such a gay, amusing, and true commentary on Molière. Charles maintained the honour of his medical name by his science and talents. Sperone Speroni is also interred in this church; he was a great orator, philosopher, and poet in his day,

<sup>1</sup> Doctor Smith is mistaken in making it begin in 1533 (Doctor Smith's *Introd. Discourse to the transactions of the Linn. soc.*, p. 8.); he probably confounded its foundation with that of a botanical professorship at the university, which took place precisely in the year 1533. See also Book xi., chap. xiii. on the date of the foundation of the botanical garden at Pisa.

<sup>a</sup> The Academy of Sciences, Letters, and Arts of Padua, formed in 1779 by the junction of the *Ricovrati* academy and an Academy of agriculture, publishes certain *Memoirs* or notices, the collection of which, from 1788 to 1825, forms seven quarto volumes, and contains many excellent papers: such are the Medico-chirurgical memoirs of Leopoldo

Caldani, Ludovico Brera, Fanzago, Gallini, and Montesanto; those of Marco Carburì on Chemistry; a Memoir on the Metaphysics of equations by Pietro Cossali, on the Vibrations of the drum by Jordano Riccati; the Memoirs of Simon Stratico on the course of rivers, on the diffraction of light; one by Assemani on Arab coins; by Cesarotti on academical duties; by Ippolito Pindemonte, on English gardens, and by Geronimo Polcastro, on extempore poetry. The volumes of the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences, Letters, and Arts, have not hitherto appeared at any determined interval; but after 1830 a volume was to appear every two years.



the friend of Ronsard and master of Tasso, and was honoured with a statue at his death; his masterpiece, however, the tragedy of Canace, once so applauded and admired, is barely readable now. The inscription on Speroni's tomb was composed by himself; it is remarkable for a certain mixture of complacency, self-love, and vanity, pretty characteristic of his kind of glory and the manners of the age. He speaks therein very plainly of his three daughters and the generations they gave him, although I believe he was never married. The monument was erected by one of them, Giulia Sperona, who is buried near him.<sup>1</sup>

There is an elegant monument, of the beginning of the sixteenth century, which was erected by the Venetian senate in honour of Pietro Barrochi, bishop of Padua. It is in such good taste that it seems by Tullius Lombardo.

The bust of Petrarch, as canon of the cathedral, placed opposite one of the side doors, is very fine, though not by Canova, as some have pretended, but by his pupil Rinaldo Rinaldi of Padua.

The sacristy of the canons presents some fine and curious paintings; a half figure of the *Saviour with Aaron and Melchizedech beside him*; the *Four protectors of Padua*, and *Cherubim*, in two triangles, by the clever Domenico Campagnola; a very fine *Virgin with the infant Jesus on her knees*, an excellent copy of Titian by Padovanino, if it be not original; *St. Jerome* and *St. Francis*, by Palma; the *Journey into Egypt*, the *Adoration of the Magi*, by Francesco Bassano, so perfect as to have been thought worthy of his father; the *Christ carrying his cross*, by Padovanino; a *Virgin*, charming, by Sassoferrato, the painter of the little Madonnas (*madonnine*); a *St. Anthony*, lifelike, by Fo-

raboseo; the large *Cavalcade of a pope*, attributed to Domenico Brusasorci; a *Group of Angels*, by Liberi, and a very remarkable old portrait of Petrarch. The gilt silver vase of the sacristy, used in the ceremony of confirmation, is covered with figures in rather profane attitudes; it has been explained by Lanzi, as also the Greek inscription, from which it appears to be one of the vases in which artists' colours were prepared and kept. This sacristy possesses two antique manuscripts very well preserved; one is a book of the *Gospels* of 1170, the other of the *Epistles* of 1259. The *Missal* on vellum paper, printed at Venice, in 1491, with rich miniatures, is also a very fine book.

The little church under the choir has the tomb of St. Daniel, remarkable for its beautiful bronze basso-relievos by Titian Aspetti.

The baptistry, a structure of the twelfth century, near but not joining the cathedral, is much more curious and characteristic. It was built by Fina Buzzacarina, wife of Francesco Carrara the elder, and contains some admirable paintings by Giotto's pupils, worthy of himself, and skilfully retouched; they represent various subjects out of the Old and New Testaments, with some historical portraits, such as that of the pious founder praying to the Virgin, several of the Carrara family and of Petrarch. Near the door is an excellent bronze basso-relievo of the *Beheading of John the Baptist*, by Guido Lizzaro, a clever founder of the beginning of the sixteenth century. The old diptych of the altar, of the fourteenth century, representing several incidents of the saint's life, is a beautiful and curious monument of its kind.

The episcopal palace, near the Duomo,

Sperone Speroni  
nacque  
nel MD di XII d' aprile  
mori  
nel MDLXXXVIII di II di Giugno.

Vivendo si fece l' infrascritto epitaffio :

A Messere Sperone Speroni delli Alvarotti, filosofo et cavalier padovano, il quale, amando con ogni cura, che dopo se del suo nome fusse memoria, che almen nelli animi de' vicini, se non più oltre, cortesemente per alcun tempo si conservasse, in vulgar nostro idioma con vario stile sino all' estremo parlò, et scrisse non vulgarmente sue proprie cose, et era letto ed udito.

Vivette anni LXXXIX, mese I, giorni XIII. Morì padre di una figliola, che li rimase di tre che n' hebbe, et per lei avo di assai nepoti; ma avo, proavo, et attavo a descendentì delle altre due, tutti nobili, et bene stanti femine et maschi, nelle lor patrie honorate.

The following inscription, formerly on the pavement of the church, is now on the base of the monument :

Al gran Sperone Speroni  
suo padre  
Giulia Sperona de' Conti  
MDLXXXVIII.

is interesting with respect to art: the very elegant frescos of the old chapel are by Jacopo Montagnana, an excellent Paduan artist, supposed to have been a pupil of Giovanni Bellini; his altar-piece in three compartments is admirable. The prelate's apartments evince the liberality of his taste: his library is rich; there are many paintings by the great masters of various epochs. Over the library door is a portrait of Petrarch praying to the Virgin, reckoned the most authentic likeness of this great poet; for if the various portraits of Dante resemble each other, his are all different. This portrait was painted on the wall of the poet's house at Padua, which was pulled down in 1581 when the cathedral was enlarged; the Cav. Giambattista Selvatico, professor of canon law at the university, had it cut out of the wall and carried to his house, to insure its preservation; in 1816 it was put up in the archbishop's palace by the marquis Pietro Selvatico, under the advice of his friend Giovanni de Lazara. This portrait has been engraved and is prefixed to Marsand's edition of the *Rime*, which we have already mentioned several times. The *Virgin on a throne, holding the infant Jesus by the hand, and two angels*, by Gregorio Schiavone, a good pupil of Squarcione,<sup>2</sup> has been praised by Lanzi. The great painting of the *Plague of 1631*, a masterpiece of Luca of Reggio, which recalls the sweetness of his master Guido, is less animated and pathetic than the description of the author of the *Promessi Sposi*. The *Christ appearing to St. Margaret*, by Damini, is touching. A good painting represents the young Napoleone, cardinal Stefano's nephew, killed by falling off his horse and resuscitated by St. Dominick. A gold patine, on which is an engraving of *Christ in the midst of the Apostles*, is an exquisite work by Valerio Belli, a very clever artist of Vicenza in the sixteenth century.

At Saint Nicholas, a small parochial church near the Duomo, is the tomb of d'Hancarville, the author of the *Recherches* respecting the origin, spirit, and progress of the arts of Greece, and also respecting the Hamilton vases, a Frenchman of great parts and systematical erudition, who died at Padua on the 9th Oc-

tober 1805, and not at Rome in 1799 or 1800, as stated in several historical dictionaries. The epoch of his birth is probably given with equal inaccuracy. The parish register of deaths, of the 10th October 1805, imports that the baron d'Hancarville died on the previous day, of a fever, at one o'clock in the morning, after an illness of two months, and having received all the sacraments, at the age of about (*circa*) eighty-six years; his birth must consequently have occurred in 1719, instead of 1729 as the dictionaries assert. There are some persons of Padua, intimate friends of d'Hancarville, who affirm that so far back did his memory extend that he must have attained that advanced age. Cicognara has given fragments of his unpublished dissertations on Raphael's paintings at the end of chapter II., book vii. of his *History of Sculpture*. The titles of several others of these same unpublished dissertations are enumerated in the notes of the Italian translation already mentioned of Quatremère de Quincy's *History of the life and works of Raphael*, by Francesco Longhena. I cannot here pass over unnoticed a charming portrait of d'Hancarville by Signora Albrizzi in her *Ritratti*.

Saint Anthony, *il Santo*, as from his popularity this thaumaturgus has been surnamed for six centuries, is the chief and most ancient wonder of Padua. The architecture, by Niccolò Pisano, has something imposing. Over the principal door are, one on each side of the name of Jesus, the two fine and celebrated figures of St. Bernardin and St. Anthony, painted by Mantegna, as he himself informs us in an inscription.<sup>2</sup>

The guardianship of the interior of this temple has been for some years past somewhat singularly entrusted to some Dalmatian dogs, of the shepherd species, which have well fulfilled their charge against all but the despoilers of 1797. The two present guardians of the *Santo*, some years ago, surprised a domestic of the Sografi family who had remained at his devotions one night after the doors were closed; they took up their positions one on each side, ready to seize him if he made the least movement, and kept him thus in custody till the morning.

The chapel of the saint, one of the richest in the world, by the architects

<sup>1</sup> See post.

<sup>2</sup> Andreas Mantegna optumo favente numine perfecit. MCCCCLII. XI Kal. sextil.

Jacopo Sansovino and Giovanni Maria Falconetto, is ornamented with pleasing arabesques by Matteo Allio and Geronimo Pironi, and with exquisite basso-relievos by Campagna, Tullius and Antonio Lombardo, and Sansovino. Among the last is a very fine one of a republican subject, which seems rather strangely placed on the tomb and among the divers incidents of Saint Anthony's life: it is Mutius Scævola haughtily burning his hand for having missed Porsenna.<sup>1</sup> A different and less noble subject, but still better executed, is the miracle of the young girl who fell into a slough and was resuscitated by Saint Anthony, a basso-relievo by Sansovino. The stucco ornaments of the ceiling are extremely elegant, by the clever artist, Titian Minio, of Padua, who was also the author of the Redeemer and the twelve Apostles; the majestic altar, the doors, the four angels holding the chandeliers, and the superb statues of St. Bonaventure, St. Louis, and St. Anthony, are by Titian Aspetti, who must not be confounded with the preceding artist. One of the three lamps of massive gold melted down in 1797 to pay the war assessment, was a present from the Grand Turk to Saint Anthony.

In the chapel of the Holy Sacrament, the basso-relievos and the four angels sculptured by Donatello are valuable works. A *Crucifixion*, of extraordinary beauty and in perfect keeping, is by Damini. The frescos of the chapel of Saint Felix, by Jacopo Avanzi and Aldighieri, great painters of the fourteenth century, but almost unknown, and five antique statues of the altar, are very remarkable. The *Martyrdom of St. Agatha*, by Tiepolo, in one of the chapels, has been praised by Algarotti for its fine spirited expression, although the drawing be not irreproachable. The *St. Louis giving alms*, in another chapel, by Rotari, is harmonious and pleasing. I observed in the chapel of Saint Prosdocius, the sepulture of the Capodilista family, a noble and pleasing chivalrous motto in French, *Léal Desir*. This ancient Paduan family derives lustre from Gabriele Capo-

dilista, a pilgrim to the Holy Land in 1458, who also wrote his *Itinerary*, now a scarce book. The *Beheading of John the Baptist*, in his chapel, by Piazzetta, a bold imitator of Guercino, extolled for the effect of light and shade, is horrible to behold, as also the *Flaying of St. Bartholomew*, at the next chapel, by Pittoni, one of the octogenarian painters of the Venetian school.<sup>2</sup> At the Orsato chapel is Libéri's *St. Francis receiving the stigmata*, the very expressive head of which is said to have been done in one night. The antique chapel of the *Madonna Mora* is curious: the marble figure is a Greek work, but its beauties cannot be perceived on account of the enormous vestments in which it is muffled. Some other paintings and sculptures of Saint Anthony are worthy of remark: the *Descent from the Cross*, by Luca of Reggio, is natural and of good colouring. The *Redeemer*, a fresco of Mantegna's school, under a glass, is in pretty good condition. Another fresco of the *Virgin and the infant Jesus*, larger than nature, with St. Jerome and St. John Baptist, a work of the beginning of the fifteenth century, recalls Giotto's manner. The *Virgin* on a pedestal, and below Sts. Peter, Paul, Bernardino, and Anthony, is a fine composition by Antonio Boselli, an able Bergamese painter of the sixteenth century. The *Crucifix surrounded by prophets, and Sts. Sebastian, Gregory, Bonaventure and Ursula*, by Montagnana, is elegant and true. A saint in marble, over the holy-water vase, is by Pyrgoteles. The *Burial of Christ*, on a door of the chapel of Relics, by Donatello, a famous basso-relievo of clay gilt, which was worthy of being cast in bronze, notwithstanding its beauties, is somewhat exaggerated.

The choir and the high-altar are an assemblage of chefs-d'œuvre of the greatest masters. The great bronze chandelier, by Andrea Riccio, the Venetian Lysippus, is the most beautiful in the world. It cost the artist ten years' labour; and every part will bear a comparison with the antique chandeliers, but the ensemble

<sup>1</sup> This act of Mutius Scævola seems to have suited the taste of Italian artists of the sixteenth century: it may be seen on the triumphal arch erected at Rome on occasion of the coronation of Leo X.; it is near the pope's arms and a sacrifice offered by shepherds. See the Chronicle of the Florentine

physician Giovanni Jacopo Penni, quoted in the appendix to the *Life and Pontificate of Leo X.*, by Roscoe, chap. vii. See *post*, another painting on the same subject at Saint Laurence of Cremona, book ix., chap. xiv.

<sup>2</sup> See *post*, book vi., chap. xvii.



is inferior ; the richness and multiplicity of so many elegant particulars are injurious to the real beauty of the work. The four statues of the protectors of Padua, the *Virgin and the infant Jesus*, and the great bronze crucifix, are admirable works of Donatello, and the stone statues are by Campagna.

*Il Santo* contains some illustrious mausoleums of patricians, generals, distinguished foreigners, and professors. The monument consecrated by the patrician Querini to Bembo is associated with the first names in letters and the arts. The bust of Danese Cataneo obtained the elogium of Aretino ; it is pretended that Titian and Sansovino contributed to its perfection by favouring the artist with their counsels ; the architecture of the monument, by San Micheli, has a noble simplicity ; the inscription is by Paolo Giovio. The marble mausoleum of Alessandro Contarini, procurator of Saint Mark, executed under the direction of San Micheli, is full of grandeur ; the figures of the chained slaves, by Vittoria, placed as cariatides and excellently disposed, are vigorous ; and the little winged figure on the top of the monument, by the same great artist, extremely graceful. Another splendid tomb is that of the professor of elocution Octavio Ferrari, a copious and fluent rhetorician, whose digressions were said to be more esteemed than the subject of his lectures ; and such was the amenity of his manners and speech as to procure him the fine title of *peace-maker*. We are informed by the inscription that this professor of Padua had a pension from Louis XIV., and was a knight of the equestrian order of Christina ; the more illustrious Cesarotti, who was pensioned and knighted by Napoleon, has for his monument only a small red stone with the half-effaced inscription :—*Ossa Melchioris Cesarotti Patavini anno 1808*. Notwithstanding the poetical talent of Cesarotti, his translation of the *Iliad* is inferior to Monti's

and impregnated with the false taste and frivolity peculiar to the French and Voltairian imitation of the Italian authors of the last century ; the simplicity and antique colouring are still farther departed from than in Pope's translation : for instance, he fancied he was making the girdle of Venus more agreeable and becoming by transforming it into a necklace. The translation of Ossian, Cesarotti's best work, is very superior to his *Iliad* ; as a critic, Cesarotti has been justly praised ; but it is surprising that a lover of truth, like Sismondi, could proclaim him the first poet of his time. Another celebrated Italian writer, philosopher, poet, and critic, Count Gaspardo Gozzi, eldest brother of the eccentric and merry Carlo Gozzi, is interred at Saint Anthony : neglected by the declining government of Venice, he died indigent, and has not even an inscription. It is difficult to explain such literary indifference in a town like Padua, and beside the sumptuousness of some of its mausoleums.\*

The treasury of Saint Anthony, an immense heap of relics, was despoiled of a portion of its riches at the time of the French invasion in 1797. There are exhibited the saint's tongue still unchanged in colour, which, though less eloquent, has moved more men than that of the Roman orator ; and the collection of his sermons corrected by himself, written in a legible and even elegant hand.

Casanova relates that at Padua it is believed that Anthony does thirty miracles a day : the number of his masses need not cause any surprise ; it is so great that there are neither sufficient altars nor priests to celebrate them, and there is a papal bull authorising the chapter to say, towards the close of the year, certain masses (*messone* in Venetian) which count for a thousand, as the only means to sweep off the arrear. The price of these masses shows the variations in the value of money. A lady, la Speronella, the richest and most capricious woman,

\* At last a monument was erected in 1835 to Gaspardo Gozzi through the exertions of Professor Meneghelli ; the sculptor, S. Giuseppe Petrelli, has represented the genius of literature overwhelmed with sorrow, seated before the bust of Gozzi, with this inscription beneath :—

Honori  
Gaspardi. Gozzii. Viri. Litteratissimi  
Cujus. Cineres. In. Hoc. Sacello

Antonivs. Meneghellvs  
Voti. Pvblici. Interpres  
M. P.  
Ann. MDCCCXXXV.

Gozzi died in the house of Count Leopoldo Ferro, in the faubourg of the Viguani ; S. Meneghelli obtained permission from the present proprietor to place on the outside wall another inscription, alluding to the residence and end of Gozzi.

it is said, in the whole district of Trevisa in the twelfth century, who had been six times a widow, left by will, in 1192, fifty livres, to have a thousand masses said for the repose of her soul. These halfpenny masses in 1292, exactly a century later, had already risen to a penny.

The ceiling of the sacristy, representing *St. Anthony's entry into heaven*, is a fine fresco by Liberio, unfortunately too distant; the wood work of the cupboards is by the brothers Cristoforo and Lorenzo Canozzi; the latter both painter and sculptor, a fellow disciple and rival of Mantegna, famous for this kind of work; a *Crucifix*, and other ornaments in steel wrought with singular ingenuity by an artisan of Padua, were superintended by the painter Antonio Pellegrini.

Among the numerous tombs of the cloister of Saint Anthony, I remarked that of a great nephew of Ariosto, a boy of thirteen years, illustrious, says the inscription, by the name of his ancestor (*Adolescentulo nomine avito claro*); that of a Frenchman, Arminius d'Orbesan, baron of La Bastide, a young warrior deceased in 1595, at the age of twenty: after a touching Latin inscription,<sup>1</sup> comes this quatrain, which is destitute of neither harmony nor poetry:

N'arrose de tes pleurs ma sépulture cendre,  
Puisque un jour éternel d'un plus beau ray me luit,  
Mais bénis le cercueil, où tu as à descendre;  
Car il n'est si beau jour qui ne meîne sa nuit.

In the cloister of the Presidence is a great sarcophagus surmounted by the recumbent statue of a warrior, with a fine Latin inscription composed by Petrarch.<sup>2</sup>

The *Scuola del Santo* (the confraternity of Saint Anthony), near the church, presents, on the first floor, some fine and curious frescos by Titian, or of his school; the subjects are taken from the history of the saint, and these are esteemed the best preserved works of that great painter. Two, especially, are admirable; they equally remind us of the jealous violence of husbands at that period, and

Saint Anthony's singular compassion for their wives: one represents a woman poniarded by her husband and brought to life again by the saint; in the other, a wife very much suspected by her husband has her honour vindicated by the child to which she has just given birth recognising its true father, who is greatly moved thereby, a miracle for which he returns thanks to Saint Anthony. Two frescos by an unknown author also exhibit him, the first, fearlessly remonstrating with the tyrant Eccelino, who falls at his feet, swears that he will retire, and immediately quits Padua, which he did not venture to revisit till after the saint's death: in the second he appears to the blessed Lucas Belludi, to whom he announces the delivery of his country from the same Eccelino: as the protector of women and the redoubted enemy of a tyrant, Saint Anthony is set off to the best advantage in this *Scuola*.

Some other paintings, many of which represent the saint's odd miracles, are to be remarked: the *Saint setting the foot of a young man*, by Titian; *Saint Anthony dead and recognised a saint by the joyful shouts of children*; the *Miracle of the glass thrown on the pavement from a window without breaking*, which converted the heretic Aleard; the *Child thrown into a copper of boiling water and resuscitated by the saint*; the *Bashful child not daring to ask for cakes*, of Titian's school; the *Opening of the saint's tomb*, which offers near the body the portraits of Jacopo Carrara and his wife Costanza, a good painting by Contarini; *St. Francis and St. Anthony in clare-obscure*, one on each side the altar; the *Child brought to life by the saint*, very fine, by Domenico Campagnola. A painter of the last century, named Antonio Buttafogo, has not feared to represent the *Death of the saint* beside such works; the painting is of 1777; but the temerarious artist might have spared himself the trouble of dating it. In the small under-ground chapel, the *Virgin*, the *Infant Jesus*, *St. Benedict*,

<sup>1</sup> Gallus eram, Patavi morior, spes una parentum,  
Flectere ludus, equos, armaque cura fuit;  
Nec quarto in lustrum mihi prævia Parca pepercit.  
Hic tumulus, sors hæc, pax sit utrique: vale.

<sup>2</sup> Miles eram magnus factis, et nomine Maunus,  
Donatos, quos fama vocat, celebratque velusti  
Sanguinis auctores habui, manus inclaya bello  
Dexterilasque immensa fuit, nec gratia claræ

Defuerat formæ, dubique peritula Martis;  
Dum pia justitie fervens amor induit arma,  
Nil metuens multis late victricia campis  
Signa tuli, multos potui meruisse triumphos:  
Florentina mihi generosæ stirpis origo,  
Cara domus Patavum, sedesque novissima busti  
Contigit exiligo fessum sub marmore corpus,  
Reddita mens cælo, nomen servate sequentes.

and *St. Jerome*, a work in Titian's style, by Padovanino, has been clumsily retouched and is lost through neglect.

The fine bronze equestrian statue, by Donatello, representing the *Condottiere* Gattamelata, in the square before the church of Saint Anthony, is the first founded in Italy and by the moderns. However able this general may have shown himself, the chief of a mercenary band of soldiers does not seem to deserve the honour of such a monument. With combatants of his description war loses a portion of its heroism, and is only another species of speculation and traffic. These *Condottieri*, in the pay of different states, are well known to have taken care of themselves and prolonged the hostilities; their manœuvres on the field of battle were very often only simple evolutions, and their campaigns grand parades. The fact related by Machiavel, respecting the battle of Anghieri, which was won by the bands in the Florentine service over those in the pay of Milan,<sup>1</sup> although denied by Scipio Ammirato and other writers, does not destroy the reasoning of the Florentine publicist on the inferiority of such troops and their inability to defend their country. The French soldiers, who knew nothing of this kind of exercise and arrangement, could easily outdo such enemies and conquer Italy *col gesso*.<sup>2</sup> Perhaps the origin of the phrase *furia francese* ought to be ascribed to the terrible surprise that they excited among such prudent men? Is it not singular that these stormy republics, so jealous of their liberties, Athens, Carthage, Venice, and Florence, ended by entrusting foreigners and barbarians to defend them! to such an extent is that sort of social egotism, produced by false civilisation and the craving after pleasure, fatal to true patriotism! So much are wealthy, commercial, reasoning nations less capable of great sacrifices than those which are poor and insulated, religious, and of primitive manners.

## CHAPTER IV.

The Annunziata. — Hermits. — Servi. — Ruzzante. — Saint Francis. — Squarcione. — Saint Benedict. — The countess of Rosemberg. — Carmelites. — Stellini.

The church of Saint Gaetan, of noble and simple architecture, by Scamozzi, injured by the affectation of certain ornaments of the last century, has three paintings by Palma, the *Annunciation*, the *Purification*, the *Resurrection of Christ*, and an admirable figure of the *Virgin addolorata*, attributed to Titian, and worthily.

The church of Saint Andrew contains the tomb of a learned scholar of the last century, Domenico Lazzarini da Murro; the Greek inscription is affecting:—"Here reposes Domenico da Murro. Alas! how far is he from Ancona, his country!" At the high-altar, the *Virgin*, the *Infant Jesus*, *St. Andrew*, *St. Thomas de Villeneuve*, and other figures, is by Possenti, a clever Bolognese painter of the middle of the seventeenth century, a pupil of Ludovico Carracci, who died at Padua of a musket shot fired by a rival lover. In the sacristy are three remarkable paintings: the *Holy Trinity*, *St. James*, and *St. Jerome*, by Santa Croce; the *Virgin*, the *Infant Jesus*, and the *Apostles*, by Giuseppe Salviati, and a very good *Resurrection of Christ*, by an unknown author.

The architecture of the church of Saint Lucy is simple and well-conceived, altogether free from the bad taste of the last century. A little painting of the *Virgin*, half-length, is a precious work by an unknown author; it is placed over a wooden crucifix, by Bonazza, a Paduan artist of the last century, clever in that kind of work; in the sacristy, the *St. Joseph holding the infant Jesus in his arms*, who is turned with an affectionate air towards St. Anthony of Padua and St. Francis d'Assise, is by Nicholas Renieri, a Flemish painter, of the earlier half of the sixteenth century, who settled at Venice; his style is at once soft and vigorous, and unites the manner of his country with that of Italy.

<sup>1</sup> *Ist. florent. lib. v.* After four hours of close combat, there was only one man killed, and he lost his life through falling from his horse and being trod underfoot by the horses of the pretended antagonists.

<sup>2</sup> *With chalk*: the words used by Alexander VI. to express the rapidity of the invasion of Charles VIII., who seemed to have only to mark his lodgings like a quartermaster.



The little church of the *Annunziata nell' Arena*,<sup>1</sup> of the beginning of the fourteenth century, is singularly characteristic. Beside it stood the old palace of the Foscari, which was demolished between my visit of the year 1827 and that of 1828, and a mean looking house was being built on its site. This solitary spot consequently combined, on my first visit, the ruins of antiquity, the middle ages, and the revival. The walls of the *Annunziata* are covered with vast frescos, consisting of the strange figures of the Virtues and Vices by Giotto,<sup>2</sup> and particularly the celebrated *Last Judgment*, which is said to have been executed from the inspirations of Dante, his friend.<sup>3</sup> Though oppressed by five centuries, this grand composition is perhaps the best preserved of his works, and the upper part has some details full of taste, gracefulness, elegance, and truth. The paintings of the choir representing the *Life of the Virgin*, by Taddeo Bartolo, one of Giotto's pupils, much praised by Vasari, prove, notwithstanding their inferiority, that he was not unworthy his illustrious master.

The magnificent marble tomb of Enrico Scrovigno, founder of the *Annunziata*, with his statue recumbent, is behind the altar; his statue erect stands near the sacristy; beneath is this inscription: *Propria figura domini Henrici Scro-*

*vigni militis de Harena*. Scrovigno was a wealthy citizen of Padua who had been admitted into the Venetian nobility in 1301, two years previous to his founding the *Annunziata*. Vanity would be beneficial and almost worthy of respect, if it always produced such monuments.

The church of the Hermits is one of the most curious in Padua. The plan was by a monk of that order, Fra Giovanni, a great architect of the thirteenth century, public engineer of Padua. It presents two elegant antique tombs of princes of the Carrara family, the ancient sovereigns of Padua, with an inscription by Petrarch;<sup>4</sup> another tomb near them is that of the learned professor of law Benavides, inferior in neither grandeur nor magnificence, which, in his passion for monuments, this Paduan Mæcenas had erected during his life, by the Florentine sculptor Ammanato;<sup>5</sup> some great frescos by Mantegna or of his school, half destroyed; a well preserved fresco, one of his masterpieces; his *Martyrdom of St. Christopher*, full of life and expression, in which he has painted himself and his master Francesco Squarcione, under the guise of two soldiers standing near the saint; other singular frescos by Guariento, a celebrated painter of the fourteenth century, clumsily retouched, which cover the choir, and are said to repre-

<sup>1</sup> Notwithstanding the jealous pretence of Maffei that Padua had not an amphitheatre, it seems certain that it possessed one (and even two, if we may believe Count Stratico, the editor of Vitruvius, who discovered another in the *Prato della valle*) and that its ruins are still visible in front of the *Annunziata*. D'Hancarville had composed a Dissertation on this subject, which remained unpublished, as also a considerable number of his researches now in the hands of an Englishman, Mr. Wolstenholme Parr, who purposed publishing them in England, but who was still at Padua in 1830.

<sup>2</sup> D'Hancarville had commenced a Dissertation on these figures which was left a mere sketch at his death; his ingenious explanation of the Prudence was unpublished until given by Cicognara, book III., chap. vii. of his *History of Sculpture*.

<sup>3</sup> Benvenuto d' Imola, an early commentator of Dante, relates a witty reply made by Giotto to Dante, who was his guest at Padua, very much like that of the Roman painter Mællius, told by Macrobius: Dante, when examining the frescos of the *Annunziata*, asked Giotto why his children, who closely resembled himself in being ill-favoured, were so little like his paintings, the latter being beautiful, the former ugly: *Quia pingo de die, sed fingo de nocte*, replied Giotto. The bad looks of Giotto are the subject of one of Boccaccio's novels (*Giorn. vi.*,

*nov. 5*), in which he is thus magnificently eulogised: "Ebbe uno ingegno di tanta eccellenzia, che niuna cosa dalla natura, madre di tutte le cose, e operatrice col continuo girar de' cieli, fu che egli con lo stile, e con la penna, o col pennello non dipignesse sì simile a quella, che non simile, anzi più tosto dessa paresse, in tanto, che molte volte nelle cose da lui fatte si truova, che il visivo senso degli uomini vi prese errore." He moreover says that Giotto was a fine talker (bellissimo favellatore). The novels of Sacchetti justify this last qualification; they contain several anecdotes and repartees of Giotto, which show his satirical, independent temper, and even the singular licence of his opinions. See *Nov. LXIII. and LXXV.*

<sup>4</sup> It is inserted in Scardeone's work, *De antiquitate urbis Patavii*, Basil., 1560, folio, p. 282; but, instead of *cum foret horrendus hostibus ille suis*, there is the egregious blunder of *cum floret*.

<sup>5</sup> Such was Benavides' love for the arts and sciences and their professors, that on the reverse of a medal to his honour, which he had ordered the noted Cavino to engrave, he put the portrait of the latter and that of Alessandro Bassano, a celebrated antiquarian, his accomplice in the fabrication of antique medals, of such exact imitation, that they were long the despair of other antiquarians, and procured Cavino the title of *Prince of forgers*.

sent the planets, among which Mercury is seen dressed as a monk, and holding a book in his hand, as the god of eloquence; *St. Peter, St. Paul, Moses, and Joshua*, in fresco, larger than life, reckoned the best works of the vigorous pencil of Stefano dell' Arzere; on the altar of the chapel painted by Mantegna, seven figures of burnt clay, full of grace, nature, and simplicity, surmounted by an elegant frieze, by Giovanni of Pisa, or perhaps his master and companion Donatello; the *Virgin* on an elevated throne, with the infant Jesus in her arms, and at her feet St. James, St. Augustine, St. Philip, and the doge Gritti holding the city of Padua in his hand, a grand composition, excellent in design and colouring, by Fiumicelli; the *St. John Baptist in the desert*, by Guido, full of the noble expression peculiar to him; *Jesus Christ showing his wound to St. Thomas*, one of Padovanino's chefs-d'œuvre. In the sacristy, is one of Canova's funerary cippi, so much distinguished for elegance and variety, that of Prince William George Frederick of Orange, remarkable for the pathos of the figure and the merit of the drapery.

There is a small cemetery belonging to the church of the Hermits; it contains the marble tombs of a German lady, the baroness Louisa Deede, by Canova, and of another person of the reformed faith; these protestant tombs are perhaps nearer a church than any other, and the latter, through a laudable toleration, is built in the very wall of the Hermits, and I believe has a front in the church.

At Saint Canziano, the *Miracle of the miser by St. Anthony*, a work of Damini, contains the portraits of the famous anatomist Geronimo Fabricius d'Acquapendente and that of the author. The *Death of the Redeemer* and the *Marys weeping*, excellent figures in clay, by Andrea Riccio, have most unluckily been coloured: one feels, on seeing them, to what an extent reality is inferior to the true.

The church of the *Servi* of Santa Maria is as old as the fourteenth century; it was founded by Fina Buzzacarina, wife of Francesco Carrara the Elder, on the site of the demolished house of the conspirator Nicolao Carrara, who wanted to betray Padua to Can della Scala. Many of its paintings and mausoleums are remarkable; the *Virgin in the midst of*

*angels*, and at her feet St. Jerome, St. Christopher and other saints, is a natural and sublime composition of the fifteenth century, author unknown. It is uncertain on what grounds the miraculous statue of the Virgin has been attributed to Donatello. In the sacristy, the painting of the *Virgin holding the dead Christ*, is by Andrea Mantova, a noble and clever amateur, pupil of Luca of Reggio. The *Virgin, St. Paul, St. Augustine, St. Mary Magdalen, St. Catherine*, is a good work by Stefano dall' Azzere; the *Virgin appearing to the founder of the Servi order*; the *Ardingo Bishop of Florence investing him with the black gown*, are by Luca of Reggio. The bronze basso-relievos of the mausoleum of Paolo of Castro and his son Angelo, jurisconsults and professors, are perhaps by Vellano, a pupil little worthy of Donatello and much too highly spoken of by Vasari. In one place an angel is seen taking a book to these doctors, to whom the inscription gives the ridiculously lofty title of *monarchis sapientiæ*. The tomb of Heraclius Campolongo, a celebrated physician in his day, who died in 1606, is at once grand and elegant.

The small church of Saint Daniel is of the eleventh century, but it has been modernised. It is a matter of regret that no traces remain of the tomb and honorary inscription decreed to Angelo Ruzzante surnamed Beolco, from his taste for agriculture and the rearing of cattle. Beolco, celebrated for his comedies in the rustic dialect of Padua, played them with such talent as to be compared to Roscius by Sperone Speroni. Notwithstanding his success, Beolco was poor when he died, in 1542, at the age of forty, and was honoured with a magnificent funeral at Saint Daniel at which his admirer, the canon Scardeone, the historian of the illustrious Paduans, seems to have assisted. If the monument of the Paduan poet and actor still existed, it would do credit to Italy, for having granted honours to Beolco and a burial, which were refused to Molière's ashes in France more than two centuries after.

The spacious church of Saint Francis is not destitute of interest with respect to art and literary associations. The tomb of the illustrious Florentine scholar, orator, politician, and warrior, Bartolommeo Cavalcanti, who went into vo-

luntary exile after the loss of his country's liberty, and died at Padua in 1562, is in excellent taste, and the sarcophagus recalls the boldness of Michael Angelo. The mausoleum of Pietro Roccabonella, a celebrated Venetian professor and physician, surmounted by a bronze statue of him writing, is by Vellano, completed by Andrea Riccio. Over the elegant altar of the chapel *della Crociera*, is the *Ascension*, by Paolo Veronese; the apostles are by Damini, and were painted in 1625, those by Paolo Veronese having been cut out and stolen, as we are informed by an inscription commemorating that strange robbery. An admirable *St. Francis receiving the stigmata*, is by Luca of Reggio. In the chapel of Saint Gregory, the *Saint interceding for some souls in purgatory*, a fine painting by Palma, is unfortunately concealed by an image of the Virgin, an object of popular veneration. The basso-relievos of the altar, erected at the expense of the archpriest Bartolommeo Sanvito, with his statue kneeling, are good works of the sixteenth century. The *Virgin* on a throne, with St. Peter and St. Francis beside her, a valuable basso-relievo in bronze, is a work of Vellano, finished by Riccio. The portico of Saint Francis was formerly famous for its paintings in clare-obscure representing the *Life of the Saint*, by Francesco Squarcione; being faded, they were white-washed over in the last century, and Algarotti has even humorously pretended in one of his letters that this was subsequent to a chapter held on the subject by the monks. A lay-brother of the convent, of good education and a lover of the arts, discovered the continuation of these paintings in a small cloister adjoining, then used as a woodhouse. They are now nearly lost; but the compartment least injured, representing St. Francis kneeling before the pope on his throne, surrounded by a crowd of cardinals, still bears witness to the skill of the old Venetian master, chief of a celebrated school at Padua, which numbered as many as one hundred and thirty-seven pupils, among whom it had the honour of forming Mantegna; a strict master as to the principles, and who already treated the school of Giovanni Bellini as corrupt.

Saint Clement has one of Luca of Reggio's best works: the pope of that name surrounded by angels. The *Christ*

*giving the keys to Peter in presence of the angels*, by Damini, suggests the imitation of Padovanino.

The grand church of Saint Benedict the Elder has some fine paintings: *St. Benedict and some monks*, by Damini; the *Christ in the air*, *St. Peter dictating the gospel to St. Mark*, *St. Jerome*, *St. Dominick* and *St. Thecles*, by Domenico Tintoretto; the grand painting of *Moses striking the rock*; the *Blessed Giordano Forzate tracing the plan of the neighbouring monastery with his stick*, by Padovanino; *Nostra Signora di Loretto*, the *Empress Helen* and *Ludovico Gonzaga*, by Luca of Reggio. Saint Benedict contains the tomb of a literary Englishwoman of some celebrity in the last century, Justine Wynne, countess of Ursins and of Rosenberg, a monumental tribute of affection from her brother Richard Wynne, who consecrated it to her on the 9th of September 1791, the year of her death. The countess of Rosenberg has written a description in French of the senator Angelo Quirini's villa of Altichiero, then rich in statues and antiquities, and the very scarce book entitled *les Morlaques*, a picture in poetical prose of the almost unknown manners of those inhabitants of Dalmatia. The frivolous count Benincasa has been often mentioned as the *teinturier* of this erudite lady, an impossible partnership which M. Nodier has very well refuted.

The vast church of the Carmelites possesses a charming painting by Padovanino, the *Mother of Sts. James and John praying to the Saviour*; some good paintings by his father Darius Varotari, near the organ and high-altar; *St. Prosdocus*, *St. Daniel* and *St. Anthony of Padua*, a *Virgin* in fresco by Stefano dall' Arzere; a little elegant picture by Bissoni, a Paduan painter of the seventeenth century; the *Virgin*, the *infant Jesus*, and the *blessed Simon Stoch*, and another great and good painting, by the same, the *Virgin presenting the Carmelite habit to the founder of the order*. The Scuola del Carmine, near the church, has some frescos by Domenico Campagnola, the *Adoration of the Shepherds*, of the *Magi*, the *Circumcision*, which are of this artist's best; an admirable *St. Joseph visiting St. Anne*, by Titian, and a small painting of the *Virgin with the infant Jesus*, by him or the elder Palma.



Santa Croce has some esteemed paintings and two pretty good figures of angels, by Antonio Bonazza, a tolerable sculptor of the last century; this derives an especial interest from being the burial-place of P. Jacopo Stellini, a monk of immense information and capacity; poet, orator, geometrician, theologian, physician, chemist, scholar, and especially philosopher, who, to use Algarotti's expression, could have undertaken to give instruction during the same day in all human sciences; he was a kind of Paduan Socrates, but his opinions are now nearly forgotten in Italy, a fact which proves that the creations of thought and reason will always have a more limited existence than the works of art or poesy.

The little church of the *Dimesse*, of elegant and harmonious architecture, is reputed to be from the plans of Algarotti. The *Magdalen*, *St. Anthony*, *St. John Baptist* and *St. Prosdocus*, is a fine painting in Liberi's first style.

## CHAPTER V.

Saint Justine.—San Giovanni di Verdara.—Buonamico.—Professors of the sixteenth century.—Morgagni.—Seminary.—Forcellini.

Saint Justine, with its eight open-work cupolas, the highest of which is surmounted by the saint's statue, is a superb monument; though more than three centuries have passed since its erection, this church still appears quite new. The architect was a Benedictine, Geronimo of Brescia. In the principal chapel is an excellent painting by Paolo Veronese, the *Martyrdom of St. Justine*; but Jesus Christ, the Virgin, St. John and the angels above have much less the appearance of descending from heaven than falling down heavily: a fault of this kind, so opposed to the aerial manner of that great painter, cannot certainly be attributed to him; it must be thrown on the prior of the convent, who had the presumption to correct the drawing of Paolo Veronese and teach him perspective.<sup>1</sup>

The various chapels have also some

fine paintings: the *Conversion of St. Paul*, the *Martyrdom of James the Less*, superb compositions by the heirs of Paolo Veronese; <sup>2</sup> an agreeable and touching *Ecstasy of St. Gertrude*, by Liberi; a vigorous *Martyrdom of St. Gherardo Lagredo*, by Loth; the *Death of St. Scholastica*, perhaps too graceful; the *Martyrdom of St. Placidus*, noble and elegant, by Luca Giordano; *St. Benedict receiving St. Placidus* and *St. Maur at the gate of his monastery*, one of Palma's best works; the same saint showing his rules to several princes and princesses, by Claudio Ridolfi, highly spoken of, and with justice as regards its invention, grace, richness, and careful execution; *St. Cosmo and St. Damian withdrawn from the sea*; their *Martyrdom*, good works by Balestra; a grand and pathetic painting of the *Mission of the Apostles*, by Bissoni; the *Miracle of the holy Innocents*, very elegant, by Damini; the *Martyrdom of St. Daniel*, by Antonio Zanchi, a contemporary of the two last painters; it is one of his best performances, and remarkable for the composition, drawing, and truth of the flesh. The statue of *Rachel* with one son in her arms and another dead at her feet, by Giuseppe Comino, is held in considerable estimation; the figures, larger than life, of the *Dead Christ*, the *Virgin*, and *St. John*, by Filippo Parodi, notwithstanding their cleverness and pathos, announce the pupil of Bernini. The figures and symbols taken from the New Testament which adorn the stalls of the choir are the excellent work of a Frenchman of Rouen, Richard Taurigny, who also did the fine stalls of the choir in the Duomo of Milan, an extraordinary character, whose life at Padua was a continued scene of strife and madness; of the abbé Euthichius Cordes of Antwerp, one of the fathers of the council of Trent, a theologian and friend of the arts, who directed the labours of our fiery countryman; and of Andrea Campagnola, a good sculptor, but little known, who has executed burnt clay models of these fine wood re-

<sup>1</sup> This prior of Saint Justine was P. Giuliano de Carenì, of Placentia; Algarotti, in his Letters, gives a humorous imaginary dialogue between him and the artist on the subject of this correction. It has however been since ascertained that the change of the colours into a deeper shade has much increased the fault of perspective.

<sup>2</sup> Many paintings executed by his relations after his death are signed the heirs of Paolo Veronese; who were his son Carletto and his brothers Benedetto and Gabriele. The whole family occasionally worked together at the same painting.

lievos. At Saint Justine is the tomb of the learned Piscopia Cornaro, who has a statue at the University,<sup>1</sup> a bust at Saint Anthony, and appears like the muse of Padua.

The celebrated old library of Saint Justine is no longer in existence; in 1810 it was sold and frittered away by the administration, and is now dispersed; the chief part of the more precious articles has passed from the library of S. Melzi into England; its shining shelves of wood from Norway and India are at the University library, and the cloister is converted into a fine large hospital for invalids. Our writers of literary history must in consequence henceforth renounce their continual references to the manuscripts in the library of Saint Justine.

The church *delle Grazie* has a fine expressive painting by Damini, *St. Dominick bringing to life a drowned girl*; the Dominican convent, to which this church formerly belonged, is now an asylum for orphans and mendicants.

The church of Saint Sophia, which has been supposed the ancient cathedral, encloses various remains of antiquity: such as the fantastical figures painted on the great door, and especially the apsis, anterior to 1000, constructed of materials proceeding from Roman edifices. The *Christ put in the tomb* is one of the best paintings of Stefano dall' Arzere; a Madonna, in fresco, of the fourteenth century, is a curious work; the old seats which were formerly used by the priests during the service merit the attention of the learned. Saint Sophia contains the tomb of one distinguished man, the Cav. Mabil, a native of Paris, professor for nearly thirty years at the university of Padua, translator of Titus Livius, all Cicero's Letters, Scipio's Dream, the Life of Agricola, Horace, Phædrus, and of Quillet's strange poem of the *Callipédie*, in blank verse, with learned notes. In conversation Mabil was excellent and full of wit; he was the friend of Foscolo and Cardinal Maury; he held office under the French administration, and died more than octogenarian on the 23th Fe-

bruary 1836; his epitaph, composed by himself, happily paints his active and agitated life.<sup>2</sup>

The *Ognissanti* church, of a naked architecture, has an *Assumption* by Palma; the ancon in three compartments at the entrance of the sacristy, representing the *Virgin*, the *Infant Jesus*, and beside him St. Sebastian and another saint, is a precious wreck of painting in Squarcione's style.<sup>3</sup> A painting full of life and expression, the most remarkable in the church, is the *Virgin* in a glory, with St. Maur and St. Agnes below: Morelli attributes it to Bassano, but it seems rather by his pupil Bonifazio. The following epitaph, a sort of political epigram on a tomb, probably by one of our refugee compatriots, is not void of originality: *Cajetanus Molinus N. V. olim aristocraticus, nunc realista, unquam democraticus, civis semper optimus, obiit tertio Id. Dec. MDCCXCVII.*

Saint Thomas, or the Philippines, is remarkable for its paintings: the *Virgin in the midst of the Magi*, in which the child leans gracefully towards St. Joseph, St. Anthony of Padua and the little St. John; *St. Philip of Neri* and *St. Charles Borromeo*, in a demilune near the organ; the *Visit of St. Elizabeth*, the *Birth of Jesus Christ*, the *Presentation at the Temple*, the *Crowning with thorns*, the *Ascension*, the *Descent of the Holy Ghost*, and the *Assumption of the Virgin*, are fine works by Luca of Reggio, rather difficult to discover on the ceiling. A *Piety*, by the priest Stroiff, bears a happy resemblance to the manner of Cappuccino, his master. *Saint Theresa*, *St. Justine*, are by Francesco Minorello, the ablest pupil of Luca of Reggio, and almost his rival; *St. Prosdocimus*, *St. Daniel*, *St. Agnes*, a *Nun*; the *Virgin appearing to St. Philip*; the *same saint carried to heaven by angels*, in the refectory, by Liberti. In the adjoining oratory, the *Virgin on a throne with the infant Jesus*, is a good painting by an author unknown.

San Giovanni di Verdara contains some tombs of artists and celebrated writers, with some fine paintings. The

<sup>1</sup> See above, chap. II.

<sup>2</sup> Petrus Aloy. Mabil Eqv. Cor. Ferreæ Origine Gallus Sexennis Italiam Parentib. Deductus Ibiq. Sede Apud Venetos Faustis Ominib. Firmata Post Varios Rerum Casus Fato Modo Ducente Modo Tra-

hente Tandem Sub Extremo Vitæ Limine Non Per Ignaviam Transactæ Conditorum Hocce Mihi Moriuro Parandum Curavi Anno MDCCCXXXVI. Ætatis Meæ LXXXIV.

<sup>3</sup> See the preceding chapter.

mausoleum of Andrea Riccio, who made the famous chandelier of the *Santo*, was surmounted by his portrait in bronze, said to have been lifelike, but it was barbarously torn away : bronze, a metal which that artist had so cleverly wrought, was a fitting and sacred ornament on his tomb. Another great artist, Luca of Reggio, one of Guido's best pupils, a noble, graceful, and expressive painter, who passed the greater part of his life at Padua, is interred in this church.\* An elegant monument, though only an inferior imitation of Bembo's mausoleum at the *Santo*, has been consecrated to Lazzaro Buonamico, one of those great professors of the sixteenth century, one of those renowned and influential men that were eagerly sought after and courted by princes and cities, whose life, widely differing from the peaceful existence of their successors in France and Germany, was full of adventures and catastrophes,† and who by their lessons more than their works contributed so much to the glory of modern letters. The monument erected in 1544 to the professor of law Antonio Rossi is of capricious taste ; but the bust, by an unknown author, is a precious work. The paintings are : a very graceful *Nativity*, by Rotari; the *Virgin*, the *Infant Jesus*, *St. Anthony* and *St. Bernardin*; a great and noble *Crucifixion*, by Stefano dell' Arzere; the two former with *St. John Baptist* and *St. Augustine* in an agreeable landscape; in the sacristy a *Madonna*, very fine, in a smiling rural scene, with *St. John Baptist* and *St. Anne*, by Don Pietro Bagnara, a canon of Saint John de Latran, a feeble but graceful imitator of his master Raphael. On the last painting the pious artist has inscribed these words, which are also found on several of his works : *Orate Deum pro anima hujus pictoris. Saint Augustine giving the book of his Constitutions to the monks of his order*, is by Luca of Reggio.

In the small church of Saint Maximus there are only three paintings, by Tiepolo, which are excellent; the recumbent statue of Giuseppe Pino, who died in the flower of his age, in 1560, is a work worthy

of that epoch. Saint Maximus has one illustrious tomb, that of Morgagni, a pious and learned man, who, in an ecstasy of admiration for the author of nature, one day, while dissecting, threw down his knife and cried out : " Oh ! that I could but love God as I know him ! "

The small church of Saint Matthew is justly proud of two chefs-d'œuvre of Padovanino : the *Saint stabbed by a Gentile* and an *Annunciation*.

Saint Joseph has preserved some curious frescos, executed in 1397, as we are informed by an inscription in Latin verse, by Jacopo of Verona, a great artist of the fourteenth century : the *Adoration of the Magi* presents the portraits of several princes of Carrara ; some men of greater fame in the present day are represented among the spectators of the *Funeral of the Virgin*, known by the names of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio ; there too is seen the celebrated physician, philosopher, and heretic, Pietro d' Abano, called in his time the *Great Lombard*, and perhaps the figure holding a cap in his hand may be the painter himself.

In Saint Fermo is the great and superb *Crucifix* of wood, by an unknown artist, highly spoken of by Padre della Valle, Vasari's commentator, as one of the finest things in Padua, but the violent agony of Christ as there represented seems rather the suffering of a man than a God. The picture of the *Virgin with John the Evangelist*, *St. Francis d'Assise* and *Giovanni Bagnara*, called the *Long*, who built the elegant altar where the painting is placed, is by Minorello, and worthy of his master Luca of Reggio. A small painting of *St. Peter* and *St. John Baptist* is curious from its antiquity.

The college of Padua, called the Seminary, is justly celebrated for its printing-office, its Latin, and its library. The presses are eight in number and seem to have work enough. The library has about fifty-five thousand volumes, eight hundred manuscripts, and the valuable collection of prints, a legacy to the Seminary in 1829 from general marquis Federico Manfredini, a man of ex-

\* The inscription, which says that he died in 1652 at the age of forty-nine years, is erroneous ; his will, lodged in the archives of Padua, was made at Borghoschiavino in the presence of Francesco Minorello, his pupil, and is dated February 5, 1654.

† Buonamico was at Rome when the troops of the constable of Bourbon sacked that city ; he narrowly escaped with his life, and lost all his books and manuscripts.



tensive knowledge, formerly the governor of Leopold's sons, and a great friend of Morghen. This collection, improperly classed by nations instead of epochs, is difficult of access, or rather almost buried, on account of some engravings of a licentious character. The library of the seminary contains some rare first editions of the Florence Homer, and the Venice Pliny; a copy of the third edition of the same, on vellum paper (Venice, 1472); another Pliny with marginal notes by an unknown person (Venice, Bernardino Benalio, 1497); Cicero's Letters, the first book printed at Venice; some fine manuscripts of Petrarch and Dante. An autograph Letter from Petrarch to his physician and friend Giovanni Dondi,<sup>1</sup> *De quibusdam consiliis medicinæ*, is curious; <sup>2</sup> it is dated from Arquà, and may be regarded as a very sensible little treatise on hygiene; Petrarch was seventy years old when he wrote it. After the common places on the necessity of yielding to time, as every thing in nature does, Petrarch consents to abandon the use of fish and salt meat; but he defends his regime of fruits and vegetables, the habit contracted in his boyhood of drinking nothing but pure water, and that only once a day, and of strictly fasting one day a week on bread and water. Dondi, on the contrary, wanted him to take wine, and spirits; to eat partridge and pheasant, and opposed his fasts, notwithstanding the example of the hermits of the Thebaid cited by Petrarch.<sup>3</sup> There is also in the library a copy of the *Dialogues* of Galileo, with notes by himself: the alterations were given in an edition of his works printed

at the Seminary (1744, in four volumes quarto).

I could not contemplate without a feeling of respect the manuscript in ten folio volumes of Forcellini's great Latin Dictionary, a monument of the learning, perseverance, and modesty of that holy and erudite priest.<sup>4</sup> It is true that we can scarcely expect to find the sentimental and pathetic prefatory to a folio Latin lexicon; nevertheless I know nothing more affecting than the words of Forcellini, addressed to the pupils of the Seminary at Padua, in which he reminds them, with great simplicity, of the time, application, and efforts that he devoted to his work for nearly forty years; *Adolescens manum admovi; senex, dum perficerem, factus sum, ut videtis.*<sup>5</sup> I asked to see the authors he had used in his researches; they were worn almost to destruction, so many times had he turned their leaves over and over again.

The church of the Seminary, a good building of the early part of the sixteenth century, has some fine paintings: the celebrated painting by Bassano representing *Christ dead*, and carried to the tomb by torchlight by Joseph and Nicodemus; the expression of grief in the Virgin and the other women is admirable; the painter has made this masterpiece almost a family picture: the old Joseph is himself, the Virgin his wife, one of the Marys his daughter; the *Virgin on a throne with the infant Jesus*, and below the Sts. Peter, Paul, John the Baptist, Catherine, and two angels, one of Bartolommeo Montagna's best works; the *Adoration of the shepherds*, by Francesco Bassano, or his brother Lean-

<sup>1</sup> Son of Jacopo, a physician and astronomer, and maker of the famous clock placed in the palace tower at Padua, in 1344. Giovanni was also at the same time an astronomer and physician. He invented and executed with his own hands another clock put up in the library of Giovanni Galeas Visconti at Pavia. Hence did the Dondi family derive the name of *degli Orologi*.

<sup>2</sup> It was published in 1808 by the professors of the Seminary at Padua, but a hundred copies only were printed. This letter, the first of book XII. of the *Seniles*, as printed in the different editions of Petrarch, is full of egregious errors, which are pointed out and corrected at the end of the volume in the Seminary edition.

<sup>3</sup> Petrarch was not less prejudiced against medicine and its professors than Montaigne, Molière, and Rousseau. See in the *Senil. lib. XII.* the Epistles 1 and 2, addressed to Giovanni of Padua, a

celebrated physician. An inhabitant of that town offered to raise a statue to Petrarch at his own expense in the *Prato della Valle* (See the next chapter), but on the condition of inscribing thereon these words:

Francisco Petrarchæ  
Medicorum hosti infensissimo.

This strange proposal was not accepted.

<sup>4</sup> The third edition of Forcellini's Dictionary, begun in 1827 and finished in 1834, was superintended by the abbé Giuseppe Furlanetto, of the Seminary of Padua, whom I have had the honour of visiting, a gentleman every way worthy, from his learning and diligence, of completing that important work. The new edition, in four large 4to volumes, presents more than ten thousand corrections and about five thousand new words.

<sup>5</sup> *Totius latinitatis Lexicon*, t. I. XLVI.

dro, is excellent; the *Virgin*, the *Infant Jesus*, *St. Jerome*, and other saints, a painting unfinished, but very much esteemed; the author was Lamberto Lombardo, a painter of Liège, for some time resident at Venice, who did several of the landscapes in the paintings of Titian, his master and model, and likewise in those of Tintoretto; a great *Crucifixion*, which, despite the injuries of time, from its pathos and abridged inscription, may possibly be by Paolo Veronese.

## CHAPTER VI.

Palace *del Capitano*.—Palace of the Podestà.—Saloon.—*Laps vituperii*.—Prisoners for debt.—Belzoni.—Italian travellers.—*Prato della valle*.—Gates.

The architecture of the palace *del Capitano*, by Falconetto, is majestic. Under the portal are some colossal frescos by Sebastiano Florigerio, a clever painter of the beginning of the sixteenth century, and pupil of Martino di Udina. So noble and elegant are the staircase and its cupolas, that it has been erroneously included among the unpublished works of Palladio; it appears to be by Vincenzo Dotto, a good Paduan architect of the end of the sixteenth century, whose edifices sometimes recall the grace of that great master.

Some parts of the exterior of the Podestà palace have been thought worthy of Palladio. The statue of *Justice* holding a naked sword, at the entrance, by Titian Minio, is inferior to the elegant and aerial winged figures of the front, also attributed to him. The rooms of the Podestà palace contain some good paintings of the Venetian school, some of which relating to the history of Padua, are particularly flattering to municipal authority; the *Rector of the town*, *Cavalli*, accompanied by *St. Mark*, and the four *Protectors of Padua*, presenting himself before the Saviour, a chef-d'œuvre of Domenico Campagnola; another great painting of the *Virgin* with *St. Mark* and *St. Luke*, by the same; the *Rector Maximus Valieri* giving up the keys of the town to his brother *Sigismund*, by Damini; the *League concluded*

between *Pius V.*, the king of Spain, and *Doge Ludovico Mocenigo*, by Darius Varotari; a great painting of *Jesus Christ* between *Justice* and *Plenty* with *Sts. Prodocimus* and *Anthony*, who present to him the rectors *Soranzo*, by Palma; a small *Flagellation of Jesus Christ*, by Orbetto; a *Bacchanal*, by Francesco Cassano, a vigorous artist of the seventeenth century; *Two cocks fighting*, by his son Agostino Cassano, who excelled in animals; *Lot and his daughters*, by Liberi; an *Adulterous woman*, very fine, by Padovanino; his portrait by himself, the attitude of which combined with various objects there represented show that this charming painter was also a lover of letters and the sciences; a *Last Supper*, one of Piazzetta's best works. The bronze medallions of *Fracastor* and *Andrea Navagero* are highly finished performances of the clever and perfidious Cavino.

The saloon, formerly the audience court of the palace of Justice (*palazzo della Ragione*), is only used when the lottery is drawn; it is certainly the most spacious temple that Fortune ever had, and it is far from being surpassed by the Bourse of Paris. Neither Westminster nor the hall of the old palace at Florence are even so large as this immense room, the greatest construction of the kind in Europe; its famous roof is another proof of the daring genius of Fra Giovanni, the architect of the church of the Hermits.

The frescos of the upper part, divided into thirty-nine compartments offering many subjects taken from the life of the Virgin and Scripture history, with many astrological figures, were imagined by the famous Pietro d'Abano, and executed by Giotto, and perhaps by other painters still older; they have been retouched several times, in the last instance in 1762 by Francesco Zannoni, an incomparable artist for this kind of work, and capable of disarming the most inveterate enemies of restorations. A very well executed monument has been erected to Titus Livius; it contains his supposed coffin: on either side are the two small bronze statues of *Minerva* and *Eternity* with the *Tiber* and *Brenta* under them, while the bones of the Latin historian are over a

<sup>1</sup> Ginguené has erroneously stated (article on Pietro d'Abano, in the *Biographie universelle*) that the figures of Pietro d'Abano, destroyed by the

burning of the saloon in 1420, were repainted by Giotto; he died nearly a century before, in 1336.

door not far distant. There may be blended with love of country such a spirit of exaggeration and superstition that we are no longer touched thereby, because it closely approaches charlatanism and is at variance with both good sense and truth. The monument of Sperone Speroni, with his bust, is of 1594. There is another monument, which differs from these two literary ones; it is sacred to the memory of the marchioness Lucrezia Dondi dall' Orologio, a lady worthy of her baptismal name, who because she would not yield to the passion of a lover, was assassinated in her chamber in the night of November 16, 1654.

In the saloon is now kept the stone (*lapis vituperii*) seen by Addison at the town hall, by which any debtor was delivered from the pursuits of his creditors, on swearing, after having been seated on it bare-breeched three times by the officers, before the assembled crowd, that he had not the value of five francs. It is a kind of stool of black granite, not in the least worn; this usage had not been followed for twenty-four years when Addison was there in 1700. From the intrepidity with which certain debtors of our times show their faces, one might very well believe, that they would hardly blush to show the rest, and the stone would be much more in request. Such stones existed in the middle ages in several Italian towns, such as Verona, Florence,<sup>1</sup> Siena; the only difference was in the ceremonial.<sup>2</sup> The debtors' stone of Lyons was also often cited. This practice gave the French tongue a familiar expression, which continued in use even after the reign of Louis XIV., as may be seen by this phrase of Saint Simon on the decree of the council of state, which definitively diminished one half per annum the shares and bills of the Mississippi company: "*Cela fit, ce qu'on appelle en matière de finance et de banqueroute, montrer le cul.*" Notwith-

standing the oddity of this proceeding, it was not so very unreasonable, as it supplied a means of escaping those eternal prisoners for debt, one of the embarrassment of our civilisation and jurisprudence; and such an exposure to ridicule and shame was perhaps more beneficial than some of our decrees for declaring people insolvent.

Over two fine Egyptian statues in granite, with lions' heads, given by Belzoni to his native town, is the medallion in Carrara marble of this courageous but unfortunate traveller, by Rinaldo Rinaldi. If the Italians, owing to the political weakness produced by the division of their country, can no longer conquer the world, they discover it; the first navigators were Italians, Marco Polo, Columbus, Vesputio, Giovanni and Sebastiano Gabotto, Verazani, Pietro della Valle, Gemello Carreri; in our day, Belzoni ascended the Niger, and Beltrami, going toward Hudson's Bay, discovered the sources of the Mississippi and the communication between the Frozen Sea and the Gulf of Mexico. Italian genius, ever adventurous and intrepid, has only changed its element and direction.

So vast are the dimensions of the saloon that a charming fête was given in it in December 1815, to the emperor Francis and his daughter Maria-Louisa, under the skilful superintendence of Japelli, architect, of Padua: the saloon was metamorphosed into a garden, with a ball room and a receiving room for their majesties: the trees were planted in the ground and formed thick illuminated masses; a small opera was performed, and there were even undulations of surface in this within-doors garden.

The *Prato della valle*, a celebrated square and promenade, is a kind of Pantheon in the open air, where are exposed the statues of the Paduan great, from that of Antenor the Trojan, reckoned its founder by Virgil, down to Canova.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In the burlesque hell of his *Malmantile* Lippi has introduced the Florentine ladies who, by their extravagance in dress, had brought their husbands to the debtors' stone:

Donne, che fero già per ambizione  
D'apparir gioiellate e luccicanti,  
Dere il cul al marito in sul lastrone.

*Cant.* vi, 73.

<sup>2</sup> At Siena, these debtors paraded round the

square for three mornings while the palace bell was ringing; they were attended by sbirri, and very nearly naked; the last day, they struck the stone like the debtors of Padua, and pronounced the following formula required by law: "I have consumed and dissipated all my goods; and now I pay my creditors in the way you behold."

<sup>3</sup> Canova's statue was erected to him during his life, in 1796, by the procurator of Saint Mark, Antonio Capello. To avoid an infringement of the established rule, which did not allow the statues



There are two statues by this great artist; one of Giovanni Poleni, the work of his youth: he began it when twenty-two, and returned expressly from Rome to finish it somewhat too hastily, so great was his longing to revisit that capital of the arts which he had only caught a glimpse of, but enough for its masterpieces to show him what true sculpture was; the other statue is that of Antonio Capello. It was originally intended to put statues of Paduans only in the *Prato della Valle*; but it was found necessary to have recourse to other illustrious Italians, and even foreigners, as Padua, with all its merits, could not supply enough great men to furnish this vast enclosure; the trees therein are low and too few in number, and the canal round it seemed to me almost dry in summer.

Two of the gates of Padua, those of Saint John and Savonarola, are by the great old architect Falconetto. The former, which proves the popularity that the celebrated Dominican of Florence enjoyed even at Padua, from which he originally sprung, has been justly praised by Vasari, Maffei, Temanza; and the erudite commentator of Vitruvius, the marquis Poleni, who has given the plan of it, esteems it one of the most perfect models of city gates. The more ornamented gate *del Portello*, attributed to Guglielmo Bergamasco, is almost a triumphal arch.

## CHAPTER VII.

Pappafava house.—Fall of angels.—Capodilista, Giustiniani, and Falconetto houses.—L. Cornaro.—Lazzara and Venezzè houses.—Colossus of Ammanato.—Statues.—Pedrocchi coffeehouse.

The palaces of Padua, after Venice, appear but little curious or magnificent. The house of the honourable counts Trento Pappafava, the finest in Padua, presents a horrible group of sixty demons interlaced together in the form of a pyramid. This fall of the angels, a work of the last century, by Agostino Fasolato, whimsically imagined and composed, is admirable for its mechanism and workmanship. A *Last Supper*, an

old fresco by Stefano dall' Arzere, is remarkable for the beauty of some heads and their closeness to nature. The new frescos of mythological subjects which cover the walls of a room in the countess Alessandra's apartment, together with an Aspasia, are pleasing performances by Signor Demin, one of the best living painters of Italy, especially in fresco, who for a long time remained unknown at Padua, and was called to Rome by his fellow-countryman of Bellona, Pope Gregory XVI. In the garden is the remnant of an antique column, proceeding from the ruins of a basilic discovered when the foundations of the Pedrocchi coffeehouse were laid.

The Capodilista house possesses the huge fragments of a wooden horse by Donatello, the most stupendous in existence, and which might be taken for the remains of that of Troy, brought thither perhaps by the Trojan Antenor, whom we mentioned above as the founder of Padua. There were many of Donatello's works in this town; and he was so much beloved that the inhabitants wished him to settle there and become their fellow-citizen; but the artist, with rather more than ordinary prudence, feared the effect that such excessive partiality might have on his talent.

The house of Giustiniani *al Santo* is a celebrated edifice constructed in 1524, as the inscription informs us, by the Veronese architect Giovanni Maria Falconetto, a great artist, formed by the study of Vitruvius and ancient monuments; he was the first that introduced into this country a good architectural taste, previous to the school of Sansovino and Palladio. Falconetto died ten years after in this very house, the guest of his patron Count Ludovico Cornaro, a distinguished writer, and author of the famous *Discorsi della vita sobria*, for whom he built it. The discourses of Cornaro, begun when more than eighty, and finished in his ninety-fifth year, were practised by him from the age of forty-six; till then he had always been sickly, and his adhering to this system prolonged his existence to ninety-nine years. The severe ascetic regime he prescribes, is now nothing but

of living men to be placed in the *Prato*, Canova was represented in the act of making the statue of another Antonio Capello, an able negotiator and general of the sixteenth century, likewise procu-

rator of Saint Mark, and ancestor of the one who erected the statue; the inscription praises and adroitly designates Canova without naming him.

a kind of hygeian Utopia, but it had many followers so late as Louis XIV., and Saint-Simon states that it was followed by two worthy friends of Fénelon, the dukes of Chevreuse and Beauvilliers; it had, however, killed many others, and among them the celebrated minister of state Lyonne. Such is the elegance and harmonious construction of Falconetto's work, and its beautiful *loggia* that, according to Maffei, it served as model to Palladio for the Capra casino. The excellent stucco basso-relievs of the small saloon and other rooms, are probably by Falconetto, and there are some charming frescos painted from Raphael's cartoons, by Domenico Campagnola.

A distinguished Paduan lawyer, Doctor Piazza, has thirteen precious basso-relievs by Canova in the rich collection he has formed, and which he patriotically intends leaving to the town: the *Offering of the Trojan women*, *Socrates parting from his family*, *Socrates drinking the hemlock*, *Socrates dying*, *Justice*, *Good Works*, *the Good Mother*, *Death of Priam*, *Briseis delivered to the heralds by Patroclus*, *the Return of Telemachus*, *the Dance of the sons of Alcinous*, *Hope*, and *Charity*; sculptures very well described by the Abbé Meneghelli, who has been equally successful in explaining their artistic merits and rendering their respective expression and effect.

Some ingenious and original constructions by Japelli embellish the not very extensive garden of the Baron Trèves, an opulent and magnificent Jew; they consist of a summer-house, a pagoda on the top of a rock, a rich aviary, an alchemist's laboratory with all the emblems and implements of the cabalistic art, a superb hot-house in the form of a tent, and a gothic hall of a chapter of knights.

The house of the late Count Giovanni de Lazara (at San Francesco), a man of distinguished taste in letters and the arts, is almost a museum of painting, sculpture, and antiquities. It contains Etruscan and Roman inscriptions, discussed by the learned; a precious papyrus mentioned by Gaetano Marini; the armorial bearings of Eccelino, the old tyrant of Padua, with a fine inscription by Lanzi. The gallery presents paintings by Carletto Caliarì, Tintoretto, Padova-

nino, Marconi, the younger Palma; some works of the ancient masters of the Venetian school; an *Angel*, a small painting by Guariento, with a *St. Jerome* and *Madonna* by Squarcione. The collection of Italian copperplate engravings of the fifteenth century and of the beginning of the sixteenth is very valuable. Four bronzed figures of burnt clay are models of busts of Giovanni Mazza, founded by the Alberghetti for general Schulemburg; and a too much extolled sculptor of the last century, Francesco Bertozzi, has executed the two basso-relievs of the four elements.

The Venetian house, built by the illustrious professor Benavides and now occupied by the prince of AreMBERG, has some remnants of frescos by Gualtieri and Domenico Campagnola. There are two remarkable works by Ammanato: the immense colossus of *Hercules*, composed of eight parts skilfully joined together, a naked and bold performance of his youth; and the superb garden gate, resembling a triumphal arch, and decorated with statues of Jupiter and Apollo.

Although I pay more attention to the monuments of the past than of the present moment, I cannot possibly pass over in silence a structure which was in active progress the last time I was at Padua. This elegant and spacious edifice, the work of Japelli, to whom the town is indebted for its new slaughter-houses, another excellent building differing in kind, was executed for the owner of the Pedrocchi coffeehouse, who purposed transferring his business thither. It is also intended to serve as an assembly-room and casino, and will certainly be one of the most magnificent in the world: all the columns, the walls, and pavement are marble; there is not even a bit of stucco, and unless a person were apprised of the reality, such a building would appear to him much more like a palace or temple than a coffeehouse. The cost will be 6000 pounds sterling; but a Parisian architect would not get through it with 40,000*l.* It is a fact that the works are singularly managed; there is neither master-mason, contractor for joiners' or smiths' work, nor other powers; there are only the architect who gives orders in the morning, and the master who pays at night. This beautiful construction, with its capitals and

<sup>2</sup> Died the 11th of February, 1833.

every individual part executed and finished off with the utmost nicety, will, I believe, be finished without leaving a single account to settle, a prodigy which probably has not been seen since the time

Qu'aux accords d'Amphion les pierres se mouvaient,  
Et sur les murs thébains en ordre s'élevaient.

An antique basilic was found while digging the foundations; part of its marble was used in paving this lemonade shop, so frequently may the vestiges of Italy's olden glory be found where least expected.<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER VIII.

Cataio.—Euganean hills.—Arquà.—Petrarch's house and tomb.

Arquà, four leagues from Padua, is celebrated as the burial-place of Petrarch. On the road is a great picturesque manor-house called *Cataio*, formerly noted for the paintings of Zelotti and its museum of antiquities. The *Cataio* now belongs to the duke of Modena, to whom the last marquis Obizzi bequeathed it with his other property, a vainglorious legacy, which the marquis thought would make him seem a relative of the house of Este. A rare book by Giuseppe Betussi of Bassano, entitled: *Ragionamento sopra il Catajo luogo del Sig. Gio. Enea Obizzi; in Padova, per Lorenzo Pasquati*, 1573, in 8vo, was singularly mistaken by Lenglet-Dufresnoy, in his *Supplement to the method of studying History*, for a work on Cathay or China, and classed accordingly.

The situation of Arquà amid the Euganean hills, so often sung, but little known, is delicious.<sup>2</sup> Childe Harold and its notes contain a poetical and minute description of the site; but, while describing the beauty of the orchards of Arquà, and of its little groves of mulberry-trees and willows, interlaced with festoons of

vines, it would perhaps have been just to mention (in the notes at least) its excellent figs, which enjoy a well merited reputation in that country.

Petrarch's house is at the end of the village; that house, in which he received the frequent and familiar visits of Francesco Carrara, sovereign of Padua, is now inhabited by peasants and much damaged:

O di pensiero soavemente mesti  
Solitario ricovero giocondo;  
Di qual lagrime amare il petto inondo,  
Nel veder ch'oggi inonorata resti.<sup>3</sup>

On the walls of the chambers are some coarse paintings relating to his love, taken from the first *canzone*; he is seen lying under a tree, and making a brook with his tears; the adventure of Laura, who, being surprised by Petrarch when bathing in a fountain, splashed the water about with her hands to conceal herself from his view, is so oddly represented that one would think she was, without much regard to modesty, throwing water in his face, though he continues to approach her with imperturbable gravity; he appears, too, almost metamorphosed into a stag; it is Acteon in archdeacon's robes. The little white cat loved and sung by Petrarch may be seen, stuffed, in a niche; but I do not believe it the real one; it looks quite new, and I have learned that, as sentimental strangers were always eager to possess some portion of this illustrious cat, it was renewed every year, like the laurel at Virgil's tomb, when the season for travellers drew near. Some enthusiastic admirers of Petrarch maintain the authenticity of the cat, and Tassoni, who so severely handled Petrarch in his commentaries, wrote the following pretty verses on Arquà and this animal:

E 'l bel colle d' Arquà poco in disparte,  
Che quindi il monte e quindi il pian vagheggia;  
Dove giace colui, nelle cui carte  
L' alma fronda del sol lieta verdeggia;

<sup>1</sup> The Pedrocchi coffeehouse was finished in 1831. S. Japelli made an Artesian well there in 1832, a discovery which, according to the editor of the *Udina Vitruvius* (1830-32), S. Quirico Viviani, and the researches of M. Arago, was well known to the ancients. M. de Lamarine was inclined to think that the three famous *Wells of Solomon* in the plain of Tyre were of this description.

<sup>2</sup> The Euganean hills, celebrated by all poets from Petrarch to Cesarotti, Foscolo, and Cesare

Arrici, abound with excellent hot springs, varying in heat from twenty-four to eighty degrees (Réaumur). Bathing-houses have been established at Abano and at the springs of Monte Orione, San Pietro Montagnone, Montegrotto, San Bartolommeo, Santa Elena, near Battaglia. These hills are moreover a very interesting geological study. Count da Rio's mineralogical cabinet, at Padua, is curious as far as concerns the Euganean hills.

<sup>3</sup> Allieri, Son. LVIII. on Arquà.



E dove la sua gatta in secca spoglia  
 Guarda dai topi ancor la dotta soglia.  
 A questa Apollo già fe' privilegi,  
 Che rimanesse incontro al tempo intatta,  
 E che la fama sua con varj fregi  
 Eterna fosse in mille carni fatta :  
 Onde i sepolcri de' superbi regl  
 Vince di gloria un' insepolta gatta.

A register (*codice*) is kept in the house to receive the names of visitors, and their thoughts, if they happen to have any. This volume has even been printed; but I doubt whether the desire of creating enthusiasm ever prompted a less felicitous expedient. Our grenadiers and voltigeurs have also been to write their names in this book, but they are neither fools nor ridiculous. Granting that they did not exactly know what Petrarch was, it is evident that they were impelled by a kind of instinctive passion for glory, though their comprehension of it was not very complete : this sentiment is touching because it is true, and in it lies the secret of their victories.

I confess, however, that I am no great partisan of those eternal inscriptions which so many travellers seem to think almost obligatory. It appears to me that the multitude of vulgar names, which crowd around the tomb of a great man, or on the walls of his dwelling, intrude on the calm of the grave and the silence of the retreat where he lived. It is, besides, a want of respect in mediocrity thus to assume familiarity with genius, and rush into its very sanctuary. Such homage is offensive, almost sacrilegious; the worshipper at this shrine must not be too far below the divinity, nor make with it a too striking contrast. This inscribing vanity, like that of the world, has its selfishness and vandalism; the lodges of Raphael, the frescos of Giulio Romano at Mantua, and of other great masters, already so much injured by age, are still farther spoiled and disfigured by the list of all these proper names.

Petrarch's tomb, erected to his memory by his son-in-law Brossano, is on the other side of Arquà facing the church. Petrarch is perhaps, with Voltaire, the

greatest literary character of modern times; courted by kings and republics, popes and universities, a friend of the cardinals, great lords, and the sham chimerical tribune of modern Rome, he held absolute sway over that empire of letters which he had in a manner founded, whilst Voltaire extended and renewed it. If Petrarch had already the vanities and weaknesses of a man of letters properly speaking, he raises himself by his attachment, his enthusiasm for his country, by the profound pity he felt for its misfortunes, and his affecting friendship for Boccaccio; Voltaire, on the contrary, was the enemy of Jean-Jacques; he threw ridicule on his country as on every thing else, and made a jest of its reverses.<sup>a</sup> Greatly resembling each other in their manner of life, both guests of a philosophical king (Petrarch of the good Robert of Naples, a somewhat freer liver than Frederick), beloved by illustrious women, tormented by the spleen of critics, holding with their contemporaries, even the most eminent, an immense correspondence which makes their letters like annals of their day, transporting their widespread fame to a thousand different places, their death presents a singular contrast : Voltaire expires in the middle of Paris, overwhelmed with glory, surrounded by the homage of the Academy, amid the clamour of theatrical applause and the acclamations of the people; Petrarch died peacefully in his asylum at Arquà, the gift of the Paduan tyrant, which he preferred to the tumultuous life of a citizen of Florence.

Petrarch's real or metaphysical love for Laura is perhaps one of the most controverted and least explained questions in history. Professor Marsand, of Padua, editor of the best edition of Petrarch, and collector of a curious library of nine hundred volumes about that celebrated man (which in 1830 was added to the king's private library at the Louvre), after making the life of Petrarch his study for twenty years, has re-adopted the opinion of Laura's celibacy; he pretends, notwithstanding the imposing authority of

<sup>a</sup> See his Canzoni, 2 and 4.

Spirto gentil che quelle membra reggi.  
 Italia mia, benchè 'l parlar sia iudarno.

<sup>a</sup> "Whenever I address your majesty on affairs partaking of the serious," he writes to Frederick,

"I tremble like our regiments at Rosbach." And in another place : "They fled like the French before your majesty." . . . "I wanted," said he again to Frederick, "the king of Prussia for my master, and the English people for my fellow-citizens," and many other such expressions.—Correspond. of the king of Prussia. Let. LIX, LXXXIII, CXIV, CXXII, CXXIX.

Tiraboschi, Baldelli, Ginguené, and the author of the remarkable article on Laura in the *Biographie universelle*, that no authentic proof of her marriage with Hugues de Sade can be adduced. I own that I would willingly yield to an opinion so much in conformity with the spirit and literary manners of the time, and that I should rejoice to see such a poetical character delivered from those eleven children so indelicately bestowed on her by the vanity of the abbé de Sade. Despite her high birth so much boasted by Petrarch, Laura may very well have been no extraordinary person; he even tells us that she was so much occupied in household affairs as never to pay any attention to poetry or literature:

E non curò giammai rime nè versi.

Petrarch, from his labours, discoveries, encouragements, and sacrifices, must be regarded as the real creator of letters in Europe. When I contemplated on the hill of Arquà the vast sepulchre of red marble, supported by four columns, in which his ashes repose, I fancied it less the receptacle of mortal remains than a monument erected to the intellectual powers, a trophy attesting the triumph of civilisation and learning over barbarism and ignorance.

## CHAPTER IX.

Rovigo.—Rhodiginus.—Ponte di Lagoscuro.—Custom-house.—Custom-house criticism.

Rovigo is a small and rather noisy town, with a great square in which stand several tall red masts. One of the first men of the revival, the celebrated Cælius Rhodiginus, whose Italian name was Ludovico Celio Richerio, his Latin name being derived from that of his country (*Rhodigium*), is interred in the cloister of Saint Francis. Rhodiginus was called the Varro of his time by Julius Cæsar Scaliger, whom he had the honour of calling his disciple; his *Antiquæ lectiones*, printed by Aldus (1576) first made him known throughout Europe: he was patronised by Francis I., and died of grief at the age of seventy-five on learning his defeat and capture at Pavia. An Austrian officer, perhaps

some learned student of the German universities, on passing through Rovigo, was indignant at finding the tomb of so great a scholar without inscription, and drawing his sword, he traced with its point these admiring words: *Hic jacet tantus vir!* This would have been still more natural in one of our countrymen, for Rhodiginus was always a very devoted partisan of the French. I did not see the statue which it had been proposed to raise in his honour at Rovigo, and of which this laborious scholar was worthy.

The library of the academy *de' Concordi* of Rovigo, was augmented in 1832 by the precious library of the abbé Gnocchi, a donation from that erudite gentleman, when he became librarian of the *Concordi*. This library, with the addition of the fine *pinacoteca* of Count Casilini, presents a whole that would not disgrace a metropolis.

The Po is the limit of the Papal states; it is passed at Ponte di Lagoscuro, where there is only a simple ferry-boat (a trifling fact that may enable one to form an opinion of the accuracy of Italian designations, as well as of the prosperity of the country).

On the frontiers of the Papal states, the restrictions and annoyances respecting the entrance of books are extreme; a prelate even did not escape when I underwent them a second time in 1827. One of the officers with whom I had to do was, however, very kind and polite, and felt that species of embarrassment which a reasonable man must feel when engaged in a ridiculous business, rendered necessary by superior orders; for he was watched by other persons far inferior to himself. A very severe edict of the legate of Ferrara was placarded in the custom office, where the lamp of the Madonna was burning amid weights, scales, punches, stamps, and all the implements of the trade; a singular and offensive mixture of devotional practices and fiscal proceedings. The literary baggage that I took with me, for my researches, was sealed, preparatory to an examination by the censors at Bologna. This custom-house criticism must after all be of little service; it was not, indeed, very easy to explain to the officers what Horace, Virgil, Dante, Petrarch, and other great authors were; I found nothing better to say of them than that,

being compatriots, they ought to be treated accordingly.<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER X.

Ferrara.—Castle.—Palace del Magistrato.—*Intrepidi*.—Renée of France.—Reform in Italy.

Ferrara is dull, solitary, and deserted, but still breathes a kind of courtly grandeur and magnificence;<sup>2</sup> the castle especially, occupied by the legate, with its bridges, towers, and elegant balustrades, retains in its exterior a fairylike air in accordance with its poetical recollections; I was much struck by its aspect on the evening of my arrival, as I contemplated it by moonlight, which was reflected in its broad and brimming moat. My visit to the apartments on the morrow completely dissipated the illusion: they had been fresh painted by an artist and *dilettante* of Ferrara; and as I looked around inquisitively for some traces of the sojourn of the princely house of Este, the *custode* apprised me with an air of self-complacency that there was not a single corner left untouched by his Highness. Could I have suspected such a disappointment, I think I should have despised the castle like Michael Angelo. when, as he passed incognito to Ferrara during the siege of Florence, on being invited by Duke Alfonso to lodge in the palace, he proudly chose to remain at his inn.<sup>3</sup> Some remnants of fine paintings still subsist, however, on the ceilings of the antichamber and the saloon of Aurora; they are by Dosso Dossi, a great painter of Ferrara in the sixteenth century, celebrated by Ariosto in his Orlando, as one of the first painters in Italy.

The palace del Magistrato, the residence of the gonfalonier, or holy standard-bearer, has some admirable paintings: arabesques and small figures on a

gold ground; *Noah's Ark*, by Dosso Dossi; four pictures in clare-obscure, representing divers incidents in the life of Pope Saint Silvester; the *Twelve Apostles*, the *Prayer in the Garden*, the *Resurrection of Christ*, the *Descent of the Holy Ghost*, by Garofolo, the friend of Ariosto, the Raphael of Ferrara, and one of that great master's best pupils; two famous ovals present the *Martyrdom of St. Maurelius*, by Cosmè, a Ferrarese artist of the fifteenth century, painter at the court of Borso d'Este; a *St. Bruno*, by Guercino; the *Manna in the desert*; the *Wedding-feast*, by Agostino Carraccio; a *Manger*, by Ortolano, of Ferrara, an imitator of Raphael; the *Nativity of the Virgin*; that of *Christ*; an *Assumption*, by Bastianino, also of Ferrara, a pupil and imitator of Michael Angelo, for whom he fled his paternal home at the age of fifteen.

The ancient academy degli *Intrepidi*, which in 1803, after existing two centuries, became the *Ariosteia* academy, and in 1814 the scientific and literary academy degli *Ariostei*, holds its sittings in the palace del Magistrato. The last transformation of the *Intrepidi* seems an improvement; the scientific researches of provincial academies, as that of Ferrara may now be called, must be preferable to their poetry, as they collect and publish facts.

Near the Ariostean hall is a small room, and three others looking into the garden, in which, according to the learned guide of Ferrara, Doctor Antonio Frizzi, Calvin was concealed, when in his wanderings he found an asylum with the duchess Renée, wife of Ercole II., the protectrix of the literary men and scholars of her day. It was there that he secretly expounded his doctrines to this princess, the heretical daughter of Louis XII. and the stern Anne of Brittany, to the learned and beautiful Olimpia Fulvia Morata, Francesco Porto Centese, and other cour-

<sup>1</sup> See on the same subject, book XIII. chap. i.

<sup>2</sup> The decay of Ferrara has, however, been exaggerated by some recent travellers. The trade in corn is pretty considerable; and if it be no longer precisely *la città bene avventurosa* of Ariosto (*Orl. cant. XLIII. st. 55*), it is still in some degree *la gran donna del Po* of Tassoni (*Scch. rap. cant. v. st. 37*); the population, which under the French government was twenty-three thousand seven hundred, is now nearly thirty-two thousand, including the suburbs. Under the dukes of the house of Este, it

amounted to sixty thousand. The Jews form about a third of the present inhabitants; they are compelled to live in a separate quarter; but it is the finest, and not in the least like the infected *Ghetto* of Rome.

<sup>3</sup> Michael Angelo consented, however, to accompany the duke, who wished to show him his paintings, and it was then, on seeing the paintings of Titian, that he uttered these memorable words: "Che non avea creduto che l'arte potesse giungere a tanto, e che solo Tiziano era degno del nome di pittore!"



tiers, who, being one day surprised by the duke, took flight with their apostle. Some months after Calvin, Marot, likewise banished from France, came to Ferrara; and he, too, in his turn was expelled by the duke, a singularly jealous husband, whose wife never gave a rendezvous to any but sectarians. Renée was an heroine,<sup>1</sup> and could not be persuaded to reembrace the Roman faith by the inquisitor sent from France for that purpose, notwithstanding all the persecutions she suffered, lamented by Marot in his fine verses to Margaret of Navarre, her sister :

Ha Marguerite, écoute la souffrance  
Du noble cœur de Renée de France.

When we consider the religious determination of the duchess of Ferrara and her domestic martyrdom (she having been parted from her children by her husband), the Calvinism of the women and the men of talent in this little court, the ardour of their proselytism (Renée had converted the French general of Henry II.'s army, in the war with Tuscany, Jean de Parthenai, lord of Soubise), it is impossible not to believe that the reformation carried its attacks against Rome into the very heart of Italy.<sup>2</sup> In France, at that epoch, a part of the princes of the blood and the nobility had embraced protestantism; it therefore appears to have had many chances of success. However, even if the inquisition had not so violently suppressed it in Italy, I do not think it would ever have been firmly established. The Italians might applaud the poetical invectives of Dante and Petrarch against the Roman court, the tribunitian declamations of Savonarola,

the free discussion of Fra Paolo, but they could never have conformed in practice to the dull austerity of the reformed doctrines, which are altogether opposed to the manners, customs, and spirit of that nation.

## CHAPTER XI.

Cathedral.—Madonna.—Pilgrim.—Lillo Giral di.—Saint Francis.—Echo.—House of Este.—Pigna.—Saint Benedict.—Saint Dominick.—Cello Calcaognini.—*Santa Maria del Vado*.—Ferrarese school.—Saint Andrew.—Capuchins.—Gesù.—The duchess Barbara.—Pericolanti.

The cathedral, of the twelfth century, has been renovated within, but still retains the Gothic character of its exterior : its front is covered with uninjured basso-relievos representing the life of Jesus Christ, the Last Judgment, the seven mortal sins, with numberless emblems, sacred, profane, grotesque, and even something more; over the left-hand door is a colossal antique bust of Greek marble, venerated as the Madonna of Ferrara, one of the Madonnas of Italy celebrated in the old chronicles of the town;<sup>3</sup> and on the same side is the statue of Albert d'Este, in a pilgrim's dress, who returned from Rome in 1390 and

Rapporta de son auguste enceinte  
Non des lauriers cueillis au champ de Mars,  
Mais des agnus avec des indulgences,  
Et des pardons et de belles dispenses,

deeds and bulls that are seen in sculpture there.

The paintings are fine and curious : the *Apostles Peter and Paul*; a *Virgin*, full of majesty, on a throne surrounded with saints; an *Assumption*, are by

<sup>1</sup> On the death of her husband, Renée hastened her departure from Italy to revisit her country; she displayed a high character during our civil wars, her house was an asylum for the proscribed, and this former mistress of the castle of Ferrara died in the gothic manorhouse of Montargis. Ginguené is in error when, speaking of Renée's Calvinistic opinions (Hist. litt. d'It., iv. 97), he regrets that these unintelligible doctrines carried trouble into a peaceable court and rendered miserable the end of a life so usefully employed in the cultivation and encouragement of learning : at the period of Calvin's visit and preaching at Ferrara, in 1535, Renée was only twenty-five; she returned to France in 1559, and lived till 1575.

<sup>2</sup> See the curious work already cited, book v. chap. v. *History of the progress and suppression of the Reformation in Italy*. According to M'Cric,

the reformation had spread even into Calabria and Sicily, whither some refugees from the country of Vaud had retired. The new opinions found partisans at that time among a great number of literati and even Italian divines. L. Bossi (notes to the translation of the *Life of Leo X.* t. xii. p. 246-7) mentions twenty of them, some of which the English author does not cite, as : Jacopo Broccardo of Venice, Gian Leone Nardi of Florence, Simone Simonini of Lucca, Jacopo Acconzio of Trent, Francesco Calvi, a learned bookseller of Pavia, eulogised by Erasmus and Andrea Alciati, seems to have been chiefly instrumental in disseminating protestant books in Italy.

<sup>3</sup> Verona and Mantua have also their madonnas, which are said in their fabulous history to have founded them : *Memorie per la Storia di Ferrara, raccolte da Antonio Frizzi*, ii. 142.

Garofolo. The picture at the altar of the Holy Sacrament is by Parolini, an artist of some merit who died in 1733, the last painter of Ferrara; the angels of this chapel and several other statues of angels, saints, and seraphim in the church are by Andrea Ferreri, a sculptor of the last century, elaborate, but occasionally graceful. In the choir, the *Last Judgment*, a fresco by Bastianino, the best of the *Last Judgments* after that in the Sixtine chapel, of which it is an able and superb imitation, has been impaired by a late bungling restoration. The artist, like Dante and Michael Angelo, has put his friends in heaven and his enemies in hell; a young woman is even to be seen there who had refused his hand, while the one who consented to espouse him, placed among the elect, is malignly gazing at her. An *Annunciation*, a *St. George*, are by Cosmè; as well as some admirable miniatures which embellish the twenty-three volumes of choir books, presented by the bishop Bartolommeo of Rovera; large and brilliant volumes compared, and even preferred to those of Siena, an elogium sufficient to give an idea of their magnificence. Near there is the sepulchral stone of Urban III., who occupied the throne of Saint Peter but for a moment, and died of grief on learning the disasters of the second crusade.<sup>1</sup>

The five bronze statues of an antique altar, the *Christ on the cross*, the *Virgin*, *St. John*, *St. George*, and *St. Maurelius*, seemed the work of Bindelli, of Verona, and of Marescotti, a clever artist of the close of the fifteenth century, whose works are very few in number, but highly esteemed; Marescotti was a monk of the Gesuati order, founded in 1367 by Saint Giovanni Colombini of Siena, and suppressed in 1668 by Clement IX. Donatello, when summoned from Venice to estimate the value of the statues, found them very valuable, and fixed the price at 1641 golden ducats. A

*St. Catherine*, at the fifth altar, is another of Bastianino's works.

The inscription belonging to the tomb of Lilio Giraldi, the celebrated mythologist, remains in the cathedral, though the monument has been transferred to the *Campo Santo*: this inscription, written by himself, alludes to his wretchedness:

..... Nihil  
Opus ferente Apolline,<sup>2</sup>

says he, in his pagan language, which seems rather strange in a church. Montaigne does himself honour by the feeling manner in which he speaks of Giraldi's end: "I hear, with great shame at our age, that two persons most eminent in learning have died before our eyes in a state of starvation, namely Lilius Gregorius Giraldus in Italy, and Sebastianus Castalio in Germany; and I think there are a thousand men who would have offered them most advantageous conditions, or assisted them where they were, had their necessities been known. The world is not so generally corrupted, that I should not know a man who would most anxiously wish to employ the means that have fallen to his share, as long as fortune grants him their enjoyment, in putting beyond the reach of want rare and remarkable men, in any kind of excellence, whom fortune sometimes pushes to extremities."<sup>3</sup> This page may be adduced in contradiction of Montaigne's reputed selfishness; and his implied regret at not having been able to succour merit is both noble and affecting.

The celebrated echo of the church of Saint Francis repeats sounds as many as sixteen times, and from every part of the building. There are admired paintings by Garofolo; the *Apprehension of Christ*, very much injured; the *Virgin*, the *Infant Jesus*, *St. John Baptist*, and *St. Jerome*, divine in expression; a *Holy Family in repose*, natural and elegant; a superb *Resurrection of Lazarus*; the

<sup>1</sup> The news of the taking of Jerusalem could not have caused the death of Urban III., as some have said: his death took place on the 20th of October, and Jerusalem surrendered to Saladin on the 12th only. There can be no doubt that he died on learning the loss of the battle which preceded that closing catastrophe.

<sup>2</sup> The inscription is dated 1550, which explains the mistake of those who make Giraldi die that very year, whereas, according to De Thou, he did

not die till 1552; it is not improbable that Giraldi composed it two years before his death.

<sup>3</sup> Ch. xxxiv. On a defect in our police. Montaigne, as well as De Thou, who states Giraldi to have died very poor, does not appear well informed on this subject; Giraldi received assistance in his latter days from the duchess Renée, and, according to Tiraboschi, he left at his death a sum of about ten thousand crowns.

*Massacre of the Innocents*, heart-rending and pathetic. One of the white-washers who have as it were overrun all the churches of the Papal states, had let fall from his brush large spots of white on one of these masterpieces, badly placed and half destroyed. A very fine *Holy Family* is by Ortolano; a *Flight into Egypt*, very graceful, by Scarsellino; a *Deposition from the cross*, the *Resurrection* and *Ascension* are great and good works of Mona, a Ferrarese, as unequal and disorderly in talent as in character, who assassinated one of Cardinal Aldobrandini's courtiers, and was obliged in consequence to end his days in a far country. There is one monument more remarkable for marbles than taste, the mausoleum of the marquis De Villa. of Ferrara, an illustrious warrior, the intrepid defender of Candia, who died in 1670. Among some tombs of Ferrarese literati, that of the learned Giambattista Pigna is conspicuous; he was the historian of the princes of Este, the favorite and secretary of Duke Alfonso, whose amorous poetical effusions addressed to their mistress, Tasso, his enemy and rival in love, had the weakness to comment on, and compare, perhaps maliciously, to Petrarch's *Canzoni*. The decay of Ferrara is perceptible at Saint Francis. This church was founded by Ercole I., and contains several tombs of the princes of Este, a family repeatedly sung by Tasso and Ariosto, whose only reward was ingratitude. The earliest personage of the house of Este, Adalbert, flourished in the beginning of the tenth century. Alberto Azzo II. was mediator between Gregory VII. and Henry IV., at the humiliating submission of the latter in the court of the castle of Canossa. Azzo II. had by his first wife Canizza, of the Guelphs of Swabia, one son, Guelph IV., who was called into Germany to take possession of his maternal inheritance; he there established a branch of the house of Este, from which the princes of the present royal family of England are descended.

The church and monastery of Saint Benedict are among the finest edifices

of Ferrara: the monastery was successively converted into barracks by the Austrians, Russians, and French, and afterwards into a military hospital; the church was long shut up, but was reopened in 1812 for parochial service. The pictures are justly celebrated; a portrait of *St. Charles* was painted while he sojourned with the Benedictines; a *Christ on the Cross, with St. John and other saints*, is by Dosso Dossi; a *Circumcision*, of good colouring and fine invention, by Luca Longhi, a clever artist of the sixteenth century; the *Martyrdom of St. Catherine*, graceful in the drawing and divine in expression, by Scarsellino. The fantastic painting of *St. Mark*, by Giuseppe Cremonesi, has passed for a chef-d'œuvre in the estimation of certain connoisseurs, so complete is the illusion produced by the perfect imitation of the leaves of the great volume on the Evangelist's knees. In the vestibule of the old convent refectory may be seen, on the ceiling, the celebrated *Paradise*, with the choir of virgins, among whom Ariosto wished to be painted, that he might always be in that paradise, not being, as he said, very sure of reaching the other. Ariosto's head alone was done by Dosso Dossi; what artist did the rest is unknown.

The grand statues on the front of Saint Dominick are by Ferreri. The *Dead man raised by a piece of the true cross*; and especially the *Martyrdom of St. Pietro di Rosini*, are fine works by Garofolo. The picture at the altar of Saint Vincent, full of warmth, is by Cignaroli. The *St. Dominick*, *St. Thomas Aquinas*, are excellent; they are by Carlo Bonone, a prolific and vigorous painter of the end of the sixteenth century, surnamed the Carraccio of Ferrara, whose works Guercino passed whole hours in contemplating, when he came to this town from his retreat at Cento.

Over the door of the library in the convent of Saint Dominick is the broken bust and dilapidated tomb of Cælius Calagnini, a poet, scholar, antiquarian, moralist, professor, ambassador, wit,<sup>1</sup> and astronomer, one of the first who main-

<sup>1</sup> The following happy retort of Calcagnini to Paolo Giovio, his enemy, is on record. When they were together one day at the table of Leo X., Giovio asked him, among other ill-natured questions, if he thought himself more learned than Cælius Rhodiginus: "Oh! as for that," replied Calcagnini,

"it is quite another affair than deciding whether the silurus is the same as the sturgeon;" (*Questo è ben altro a dire, che il siluro sia lo storione*), an error committed by Paolo Giovio in his book *De Piscibus romanis*. Calcagnini's answer procured him, three years after his decease, one of those



tained the earth's movement round the sun, whose praises have been sung by Ariosto, his fellow-traveller in Hungary in the suite of Cardinal Ippolito d'Este.

Il dotto Cello Calcagnin lontana  
Farà la gloria, e 'l bel nome di quella  
Nel regno di Monese, e in quel di Juba,  
In India, e Spagna udir con chiara tuba.

Calcagnini had left his books and instruments to the convent, and even after death he was unwilling to be separated from them: the inscription on the tomb is truly philosophic: *Ex diuturno studio in primis hoc didicit: mortalia omnia contemnere et ignorantiam suam non ignorare*. It is surprising that with such moral sentiment Calcagnini could be the enemy of Cicero, and so bitterly depreciate his tract *De Officiis*; his ridiculous notions on this subject created him many enemies in his lifetime. The injustice of this writer towards Cicero was also tainted with a kind of ingratitude, as he owed his first name to the Roman orator, as he himself relates in a scene sufficiently descriptive of the spirit and manners of the learned at the period of the revival. Calcagnino or Calcagnini, his father, was reading Cicero at the moment they came to announce the birth of Cælius, and he was then at this passage of the letter to the curule edile M. Cælius, *ego de provincia decedens quæstorem Cælium proposui*: "Very well," said he; "then to me also is born a Cælius." Calcagnini, like other scholars, pretends that a presage of his future passion for books and literature might have been found in an incident which occurred at his baptism; he then seized the book of the ritual so firmly with his little hand that the priest and midwife had some trouble to take it away.<sup>2</sup>

The church of Saint Paul contains works by able masters: the choir was painted by Scarsellino and Bonone, rivals who shared the suffrages of their Ferrarese compatriots. Adjoining the *del Carmine* chapel is one the ceiling of which is by

the former; also a *Nativity*, and the *Descent of the Holy Ghost*, one of his first masterpieces. A *Resurrection of Christ* is by Bastianino. Three tombs are interesting: the first, that of Giambattista Dossi; the second, of the unfortunate Bastaruolo; the third, of Antonio Montecatino, a celebrated professor of the Peripatetic philosophy in the sixteenth century, the counsellor and favorite of Duke Alfonso, with his bust, an excellent performance of Alessandro Vicentini.

*Santa Maria del Vado*, perhaps the oldest church in Ferrara, is celebrated in the religious traditions of the town for the miraculous bursting forth of blood from the host at high mass on Easter Sunday 1171, in such quantity as to cover the ceiling of the church, at that time very small; a miracle which converted the prior Pietro, whose faith had failed at the moment of consecration. This instance of priestly unbelief in the middle ages, and even at the altar, is not the only one: the *Miracle of Bolsena*, one of Raphael's beautiful paintings in the chamber of Heliodorus at the Vatican, expresses the same fact. The remarkable paintings are: the choir, badly retouched; the *Marriage of Cana*, a celebrated picture; the *Visit of the Virgin to Saint Elizabeth*, her *Crowning*, a *Paradise*, the *Miracle of the Host*, on the ceiling, excellent works, have been compared to the cupolas and ceilings of Correggio and the Carracci; a copy of Garofolo's *Ascension*, which is at Rome; the half-figures on the pillars, one of which, the Saint Guirini, presents the likeness of the not too delicate author of the *Pastor Fido*, almost his namesake; a *Sposalizio*, are by Bonone: death prevented his finishing this last work, which, by Guido's advice, was confided to Chenda, the last pupil of Bonone's school, an artist who worked but little for churches and galleries, greatly preferring the glory he acquired by his decorations for public fêtes, especially tournaments, then so much in vogue. One of the latter, held at Bologna, caused the premature death

satires that Giovin published under the title of panegyrics.

<sup>2</sup> The number of volumes amounted to three thousand five hundred and eighty four, but most of them are now dispersed. Calcagnini also bequeathed fifty golden crowns for the repairs of the library, and to furnish the chains, benches, and desks then in use. The old mule that had carried

him in his travels was confided to his favourite pupil Monferrato, with a recommendation to his care.

<sup>2</sup> See his Dialogues entitled *Equitatio*, not from their treating of horsemanship, but because they contain divers literary conversations between persons travelling on horseback.

of Chenda; on that occasion he was only partially applauded, and so much did he lay the affront to heart, that he could not survive it, but took poison. The two *Nativities* of the Virgin and of Christ are good works by Mona. A *Presentation of the Virgin at the temple*, on the ceiling; *Christ appearing to St. Gertrude*, are by Croma, an able painter of Ferrara. The superb painting of Dosso Dossi, *St. John the Evangelist* contemplating the mysterious woman of the Apocalypse, has been strangely disfigured by the application of long green drapery, enveloping the previously half-naked body of the saint, which, if we may judge by the beauty of the hands and feet, must have been singularly excellent in shape. The *Christ visiting St. Elizabeth* is by Panetti, the Ferrarese master of Garofolo, who in his turn profited by the progress his pupil had made at Rome under Raphael. The *Render to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's and that which is God's to God*, in the Varano chapel, is a talented performance by the elder Palma; opposite, the great painting representing *Justice and Power*, contains the famous Latin enigma of Alessandro Guarini, which many learned men since Crescimbeni have sought in vain to unriddle. The *Miracle by St. Anthony*, which vindicates a woman's honour by the means of a child to which she has just given birth, is one of the most esteemed paintings of Carpi, a pupil of Garofolo.

*Santa Maria del Vado* encloses the tombs of some illustrious literati and artists: of Titus Vespasian Strozzi, celebrated as a Latin poet, but abhorred as a minister; of his son Ercole, a still better poet, who condescended so far as to write Italian verses, that he might be understood by his mistress, Barbara Torelli; he was ranked by Ariosto in his *Orlando* among the first poets, and perished by the hand of a nocturnal assassin, a powerful and unpunished rival, supposed to be Duke Alfonso I. A plain stone points out the grave of Garofolo; there also repose Ortolano, Dielai Bastianino, and Bonone, clever masters of the shining and prudent school of Ferrara, which seems to have drawn its inspiration from the poetic and literary taste of that city,

and which, by his proximity to Venice, Parma, and Bologna, its short distance from Rome and Florence, gave its artists the opportunity of borrowing from the different schools whatever features and peculiarities they chose.

The vast church of Saint Andrew, in a low situation, is dilapidated, but still retains some chefs-d'œuvre of art: the *Virgin on a throne*, by Dosso Dossi; the *Christ raised from the dead*, attributed to Garofolo or Titian; the *Guardian angel*, which seems to be descending from heaven, by Bonone; a *St. Nicholas de Tolentino*, a statue by Alfonso Lombardo. In the refectory, the *Ceremonies of the Mosaic law and the Sacraments of the new*, a grand composition by Garofolo, though decayed, is still remarkable.

In the poor little church of the *Capuchin* nuns, to my great surprise, I experienced a very agreeable sensation. Instead of the cadaverous odour too frequently found in the churches of Italy, the whole building was perfumed by the multitude of flower vases that covered the altars. The holy maidens grow part of the flowers themselves; the rest are gifts; these donations, a kind of voluntary tithe, are affecting acts of piety. The paintings are not numerous, but by the best masters: the *Virgin on a throne and other saints*; the same with saints and Capuchin nuns, by Scarsellino; *St. Christopher and St. Anthony the abbot*; *St. Dominick and St. Francis*, in the sacristy, by Bonone. The *Conception* is an excellent small statue by Ferreri.

The church of the Theatines, richly decorated, has a *Purification*, by Guercino, a *Resurrection of Christ*, and a *St. Gaetan* by Chenda.

The learned librarian of Ferrara, Barrotti, is interred at the Gesù. The *Three Japanese Martyrs* appear to be by Parolini; a fine *Crucifix* is by Bastianino; the ceiling of the church, by Dielai, a clever disciple and assistant of the Dossi, and of Bastaruolo, his worthy pupil, a painter that ought to be known beyond the limits of Ferrara, his native place: he perished while bathing in the Po, being at the time in a bad state of health. In the choir is the splendid mausoleum and the bust of the duchess

\* Strozzi was appointed president of the grand council of twelve (*Giudice de' dodici Savii*), by the duke of Ferrara; to use the expression of a contem-

porary historian, he was detested *più del diavolo*. *Diario Ferrarese*, published by Muratori, *Script. rer. Italie.*, xxiv. 401.

Barbara of Austria, second wife of Alfonso II., a princess eloquently eulogised by Tasso, both in prose and verse; she did not deserve her redoubtable Italian name of Barbara, as her compassion induced her to enlarge the hospital for Foundlings, in order to afford refuge to young girls who, from their personal attractions and poverty, were *pericolanti*, as they say in Italy. There are still several convents at Rome of *Donne pericolanti*. Count Giraud, the Roman Dancourt, has related how his comic vocation was partially revealed to him on seeing a *farsetta* represented by the *Donne pericolanti*, who played men's parts with swords by their sides, coats, and cocked hats, but without quitting their petticoats. Pensions also are granted to *vedove pericolanti* who are not in convents. Without giving credence to the scandalous chronicle of Rome on the favours lavished on some of these lovely pensioners, though they were not positively in want and had perhaps some experience of the danger, this kind of assistance does not appear very reasonable, nor over moral even; for if virtue once become like a service and a means of getting money, why should it not yield to a higher salary?

The statement that the tomb of Lucrezia Borgia was placed in the inner church of the nuns of *Corpus Domini*, is unfounded; there are indeed some tombs supposed to belong to princes of the house of Este; that of the daughter of Alexander VI. is said to be among them, but there is neither evidence nor inscription to support the tradition.

<sup>1</sup> See Orazione in morte di Barbara d'Austria, t. XI. of the works, and t. VI. the Canzoni :

Cantar non posso e d' operar pavento,  
Alma real che al mio signor diletta.

This archduchess might already very well have the Austrian lip, which would then be three centuries old. Tasso, when giving the portrait of the daughter-in-law of a countess of Sala, says that she has *un labbroto quasi all' Austriaca*. Let. Ined., p. 18.

<sup>2</sup> Count Balthe Castiglione has written a brilliant panegyric of Cardinal Ippolito in his book *del Cortegiano* (lib. i. p. 25), but he might be endowed with a courtier's qualities without being an iota

## CHAPTER XII.

Library.—Ariosto.—Manuscript of the *Gerusalemme*.  
—Epic head of the Ferrarese.—Verses of Tasso.—  
Guarini.—Painting at Ferrara.—Ariosto's tomb.

The library of Ferrara dates only from 1646, but such has been the importance and the choiceness of the collections with which it has been successively enriched, that it is hardly surpassed by the finest libraries for manuscripts and rarities, and it may be reckoned the principal monument of the city. The number of volumes is about eighty thousand, and of manuscripts nine hundred. The rooms are beautiful and the volumes in perfect condition. In the first of the three large rooms are the portraits of Ferrarese cardinals eighteen in number; among them may be remarked that of Ippolito d'Este, said to be a good geometrician for his day, the unworthy Mæcenas of Ariosto, who was better pleased to see the great poet occupied in his service of gentleman, than in composing verses :

S' io l' ho con laude ne' miei versi messo,  
Dice ch' io l' ho fatto a piacere e in ozio,  
Più grato fora essergli stato appresso.

Ariosto sacrificed the fifteen brightest years of his life to Cardinal Ippolito :

..... Aggiungi che dal glogio  
Del cardinal da Este oppresso fui,

until the duke Alfonso, his brother, engaged him at the salary of 16 s. 8 d. a month.<sup>2</sup> The cardinal's physiognomy and black beard by no means contradict the well known gibe he is said to have uttered when Ariosto presented his poem to him, a word, moreover, in strict con-

less selfish or vicious on that account. The compliments of the lord of Gonzago, one of the interlocutors of the *Cortegiano*, scarcely prove more than the tapestry of the wedding pavilion of Bradamante, which represents the acts of the same cardinal. (*Orl. cant. XLVI. st. 85 to 97.*) The satires of Ariosto quoted above, notwithstanding their title, have a singularly veridical character; published after his decease, like modern *Memoirs* or *Confessions*, they present an ingenuous history of the poet's life and a faithful picture of the manners of the time and of the little courts of Italy in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. It is extraordinary that Ariosto, with all the gaiety and wildness of fancy displayed in his poem, should be in his satires a practical moralist full of sense and reason !



formity with Italian manners.<sup>1</sup> The *custode* of the library informed me that Ariosto retorted these impertinent words in answer to the cardinal—*Nel gabinetto di Vostra Eminenza*; but I must caution travellers generally not to pay too much attention to *custode* and *cicerone*, as in this case, there is no man of education in Ferrara that credits the tradition respecting this repartee. A room more interesting than this gallery of cardinals is that of the Ferrarese authors, from the oldest down to Monti and Cicognara. It is amazing that so much wit, science, and poesy could arise and develop itself in the damp thick atmosphere of this land of mud: Ferrara is a sort of refutation of Montesquieu's theory of climates. The collection of writings, minor pieces, and papers of the Ferrarese authors is nearly complete. There are the manuscripts, fragments of some cantos of the *Furioso* (as the Italians call Orlando), covered with corrections. Ariosto always revised and polished his poem, although he might have sought the advice of Bembo (who had advised him to write in Latin), Molza, Navagero, and other distinguished wits of Italy; he kept the first edition of it in one of his apartments, that he might take the advice of his visitors, a perpetual consultation of very questionable utility, and altogether disapproved of by La Bruyère.<sup>2</sup> The twenty-first and seven following strophes of canto xi on the invention of gunpowder have fewer erasures; the strophe

Come trovasti, o scellerata e brutta,

has not even a single correction; but it seems the manuscript here has been transcribed from the first sketch by Ariosto himself, for the passage is very elaborate. It may be observed that the poet showed some independence in this eloquent imprecation against artillery, as the duke Alfonso, a martial prince,

paid great attention to his cannon foundry and had the finest train then existing. Alfieri, bending reverentially before the manuscript, obtained permission to inscribe the words *Vittorio Alfieri vide e venerò, 18 giugno 1783*. The *custode*, a singularly solemn and pathetic personage, expressing himself *con la cantilena romana*, shows even the trace of a tear shed by Alfieri, who has dropped but few save in his love sonnets. The manuscript of the *Scolastica*, one of Ariosto's comedies, is very little corrected, but this piece was incomplete when he died, and his brother Gabriele finished it. Ariosto's comedies, an imitation of the Greek or Latin stage, and particularly of Plautus's pieces, must have cost him infinitely less labour than his brilliant and original epic. Although played before Duke Alfonso and by the lords of the court too, they are full of the sharpest satire on the great, the magistrates, judges, lawyers, and monks of Ferrara: with such freedom of opinion, it is not surprising that the author succeeded no better. The manuscript of the satires is in good preservation, and curious for the different corrections in the poet's own hand. Ariosto's arm-chair and inkstand are kept in the library; the elegance of the latter, in bronze, strikingly contrasts with the homely simplicity of the walnut-tree chair;<sup>3</sup> the inkstand, a present from Alfonso, and said to be cast from a drawing by Ariosto, is surmounted by a little Cupid with the forefinger of the right hand laid on his lips. Several of Ariosto's biographers pretend that this silent Cupid is an emblem of his discretion in his love intrigues.<sup>4</sup> Perhaps there is some exaggeration in attributing to him a quality so estimable, and so rare, even among poets: Ariosto had two natural sons whom he publicly owned, one by a governess in his father's family, the other by a peasant girl of the

<sup>1</sup> The author of the *Life and Pontificate of Leo X.* translates the Italian word by *absurdities*, which has not in English the same sense as the French word *absurdité*, improperly employed by the French translator. The Italian idiom, in spite of Ginguené's attempts and approximations (*Hist. litt. d'Ital.*, t. iv. 357), is not translatable.

<sup>2</sup> "There is no work, however accomplished, that would not totally disappear under the attacks of criticism, if its author allowed every censor to take away the part that pleased him least." Ch. i. *Des ouvrages d'esprit*.

<sup>3</sup> See book v. chap. xviii. on Fracastor's arm-chair.

<sup>4</sup> See Barotti's *Life of Ariosto*. The Spanish poet Serano wrote the following pretty Latin verses on the Cupid of Ariosto's inkstand:

Non ego nudus amor, sed sum præceptor amoris;  
Qui cupies felix esse in amore, sile: [artem  
Hoc quoque, quo melius discas, quam tradimus  
Nolumus lingua dicere, sed digito.

village of Saint Vital del Migliarino, where he had a small estate; this latter son, his dear Virginio, whom he sent to study at Padua with a recommendation to Bembo, is the author of the interesting Memoirs of his father. As to the mystery he made of his marriage with Alessandra, a young widow of Florence, whose talent in embroidery he has celebrated, though her mind was of no high order, it is very naturally explained by the fact of his enjoying certain ecclesiastical benefices and rents which he would have lost by publishing it.

There is another manuscript in the library of Ferrara not less worthy than Ariosto's of Alfieri's devout inscription; it is the *Gerusalemme*, corrected by Tasso's own hand, during his captivity. The words *Laus Deo* are written by the unfortunate poet at the end of his almost sacred manuscript, which no one can touch without admiration and respect.<sup>2</sup> There are a great many suppressed passages in it, and several successive pages are sometimes crossed out. An edition of the *Gerusalemme* with the variations of this manuscript would be interesting. If amateurs still peruse the first scene of the third act of *Britannicus*, prudently retrenched by Racine, as advised by Boileau, because it retarded the action, it is very probable the more numerous various readings of the *Gerusalemme* would present particulars not less precious. Perhaps the worship of Petrarch and Dante, renewed by the Italians of our day, has turned them too much from the attention that Tasso's glory deserved? Gibbon has remarked that, of the five eminent epic poets that shone on the world's wide stage in the space of three thousand years, it was an extraordinary privilege for so small a state as Ferrara to count two, and at epochs so near together. This observation on the epic superiority of the Ferrarese, refused to great nations, is more strikingly appa-

rent, when we contemplate the united manuscript of the bards of Orlando and Rinaldo. We must add that the *blind man of Ferrara* who preceded them, the author of *Mambriano*, a kind of burlesque Homer of paladins and necromancers, is one of the creators of the modern epic, and that the poem of Bojardo produced that of Ariosto. Among the other manuscripts of Tasso are nine letters, dated from the hospital of Saint Anne; I saw the following verses exhibited, written also from his prison to the duke Alfonso, the *magnanimous Alfonso*!

Piango il morir, nè piango il morir solo,  
Ma il modo, e la mia fe', che mal rimbomba,  
Che col nome veder sepolta parmi.  
Nè piramidi, o Mete, o di Mausolo,  
Mi saria di conforto aver la tomba,  
Ch' altre moli innalzar credea co' carmi.

One must read these verses of Tasso in his own handwriting, at Ferrara, to feel the sorrow, desolation, and anguish that they express. It is very astonishing that Lord Byron did not imitate them in his *Lament of Tasso*: the tears of genius are assuredly more touching and poetic, than the kind of insensibility and rant imagined by the English author:

"I once was quick in feeling—that is o'er;—  
My scars are callous."

The manuscript of Guarini's *Pastor Fido* seems subordinate and vulgar beside those of Ariosto and Tasso. His poem, however, is not deficient in harmony, elegance, or purity; but this presumptuous imitator of Tasso,<sup>3</sup> without invention or imagination, shows the distance between talent and genius. Guarini also met with some untoward vicissitudes in life, but his court disgrace or domestic troubles have not the interest or glory of Tasso's noble misfortunes. The manuscript of the *Pastor Fido* was

<sup>1</sup> Così talora un bel purpureo nastro  
Ho veduto partir tela d'argento  
Da quella bianca man più ch' alabastro,  
Da cui partire il cor spesso mi sento.  
(*Orl. cant. xxiv, st. 66.*)

Avventurosa man, beato ingegno,  
Beata seta, beatissim' oro. (*Sonnet. xxvii.*)

<sup>2</sup> The words *Laus Deo, Deo gratias, Amen*, terminate many editions of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; *Deo gratias* is at the end of the extreme-

ly rare folio edition of the Decameron, without date or imprint, but supposed to be of 1469 or 1470 and printed at Florence: it is called the *Deo gratias* Decameron, a very singular title for a collection of tales, in some instances licentious.

<sup>3</sup> Especially in the chorus of the fourth act of the *Pastor Fido*, which answers to the first chorus of *Aminta*, and has a like number of strophes; the strophes have each as many lines, the verse is of the same measure, and the rhymes are exactly the same as in the *Aminta*.

sent by Guarini to his *protégé* Leonardo Salviati, president of the Academy *della Crusca*, the unlucky reviser of Boccaccio and Zoilus of Tasso, who made some few corrections on the manuscript, chiefly grammatical, to which Guarini did not in every instance accede. The *Pastor Fido*, notwithstanding certain very free passages therein, was played for the first time at Turin, as Tiraboschi informs us, and with almost royal magnificence, at the marriage of Duke Carlo Emanuele with Catherine of Austria; another singular instance of the licence of theatrical performances in the sixteenth century.<sup>1</sup> The jeering argumentation of Henrietta to her pedantic sister :

Mais vous ne seriez pas ce dont vous vous vantez,  
Si ma mère n'eût eu que de ces beaux côtés ;  
Et bien vous prend, ma sœur, que son noble génie  
N'aît pas vaqué toujours à la philosophie.

And the comic simplicity of Theramenes combatting the scruples of his chaste pupil :

. . . . . Vous-même, où seriez-vous,  
Si toujours Antiope à ses lois opposée  
D'une pudique ardeur n'eût brûlé pour Thésée ?

are drawn from the *Pastor Fido*. These last words, says Voltaire, are more suitable for a shepherd than the governor of a prince, although the Greek Hippolytus is assuredly but little like a prince royal. Bellarmin however behaved very harshly to Guarini when he visited the Sacred College as deputy from Ferrara, for the purpose of complimenting Paul V. on his accession; he publicly reproached him with having done as much mischief to the Christian world by his poem as Luther and Calvin by their heresies. The answer of the poet is said to have been very piquant. The prudent author of his *Life*, Alessandro Guarini, his great grandson, durst not repeat it; nor is there the slightest trace of it left in the different historians of Bellarmin, to whom probably it did not appear flattering enough for the illustrious cardinal.

<sup>1</sup> Tiraboschi asserts (p. xi. of the *Life of Guarini*, prefixed to the *Pastor Fido*) that this representation really took place; Ginguene brings forward some pretty good reasons to prove it was only projected (*Hist. litt. d'Ital.*, vi. 389) : the first edition of the *Pastor Fido* of 1590 at least shows that it was dedicated to the duke of Savoy on the occasion of his marriage.

<sup>2</sup> Among the best or scarcest is the first, *Ferrara*,

Lord Byron mentions, as existing at the library of Ferrara, a letter from Titian to Ariosto, which I deeply regretted not being able to find. Ariosto and Titian were friends; they often made the journey from Ferrara to Venice together, when they accompanied the duke Alfonso in his *peotte*; for the latter frequently visited Titian at home, and took him back with him to Ferrara. The same route is now less poetically but more rapidly traversed by the steamer *Othello*. The poet and artist must have mutually consulted each other respecting their works, and this letter might furnish some curious particulars of a union then so common between writers and artists, which doubtless contributed greatly to their glory. The letter, pretended to be Titian's, inserted in the *Giornale delle provincie Venete* of the year 1825, is only by his pupil and secretary, the Venetian Giovanni Maria Verdizzotti, a clever landscape painter; it is not addressed to Ariosto, but his nephew Orazio. It treats of the *Gerusalemme liberata*, and is dated in the month of February 1588, being more than fifty years posterior to Ariosto's death, and twelve after Titian's.

The ancient choir book of the Carthusians is now in the library; it forms eighteen atlas volumes, covered with brilliant miniatures, the work of Cosmè's school. A *Bible* in one volume, apparently by the same artists, is equally large and magnificent.

The library of Ferrara is rich in first editions of Ariosto, having as many as fifty-two.<sup>2</sup> Bayle and other protestant writers<sup>3</sup> are wrong in accusing Leo X. of having almost at the same time expressed his approbation of the profane *Furioso* by a bull, and anathematised Luther and his books. The pope's bull affixed to the first edition is only a privilege, a guarantee against piracy; there is no question of excommunicating the critics of the poem, as some have pretended, but only those who might print

*Gio. Mazocco del Bondeno. A di 22 aprile 1516, in quarto, of which our Bibliothèque possesses a copy that was sent to Francis I.*

<sup>3</sup> Bayle, *Hist. Dict. art.* Leo X.; Warton's *History of English poetry*, vol. xv. p. 444; and M. Ch. Villers, who, in his *Essay on the spirit and influence of Luther's Reformation*, has exactly copied Bayle.



and sell it without the author's consent ; it is the act of a prince, not of a pontiff. The anathemas of Leo X., too, against Luther were long subsequent to this first edition. An anecdote of its publication does singular honour to Ariosto : in the agreement concluded with the bookseller Jacopo dai Gigli, of Ferrara, by which he sells him a hundred copies at the price of *librar. 60 march. an.*, about six pounds sterling (for Ariosto seems to have printed his work at his own expense), he stipulates that no copy shall be sold for more than *solidorum 16 march.*, about twenty pence. The price of the book and the bookseller's profit were therefore very reasonable, and this example of consideration for the public and economical amateurs might very properly be recommended to some of our fashionable poets and publishers.

The library of Ferrara offers a great number of fine editions of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and such rarities are well-placed there : Ferrara was one of the most illustrious towns that cherished printing in its infancy ; its first editions closely followed those of Rome and Venice ; it had even an advantage over the greater number of Italian towns to which the first printers were strangers ; its own, Andrea Gallo, who printed in 1471, and very correctly, the *Commentaries* of Servius on Virgil, in folio, and the *Achilleid* of Statius, the existence of which has been erroneously disputed, was a native of Ferrara. The second printer of Ferrara, Agostino Carnerio, was also very probably of that town ; he first printed the Boccaccio's *Theseid*,<sup>1</sup> with the commentaries of Pietro Andrea de Bassi, another Ferrarese. Such a circumstance announces already a kind of literary glory and prosperity at Ferrara, though Bassi's commentary is too prolix, the edition inelegant, and this first attempt of *ottava rima*, said to be created by Boccaccio, was faulty and ungraceful, still far distant from the harmonious octaves of Ariosto and Tasso, which were composed on the same spot that saw the first printed. The following year 1476, a Hebrew printing-office was established at Ferrara by Duke Ercole I. Some years after, the elder Aldus, before settling at Venice, had

attended the learned lessons of Giambattista Guarini at Ferrara ; he was indebted to this clever master for his ability to publish in after days such excellent Greek editions, and to compose his Greek Grammar, which is still esteemed. According to the *Ricerche bibliografiche sulle edizioni Ferraresi del sec. XV*, of S. Antonelli, under-librarian of Ferrara, published in 1830, more than a hundred editions were given during the first thirty years of the fifteenth century, by nine printers, a number much above the present. One of the chief rarities of the library of Ferrara is the *Musculorum humani corporis picturata dissectio*, by the great Ferrarese anatomist, physician, and surgeon of the sixteenth century, Giambattista Canani, who had some faint idea of the circulation of the blood, an undated edition, without imprint, but most likely of 1541, illustrated with plates engraved by the celebrated Geronimo Carpi ; only six copies of this are known to exist, and our Portal vainly endeavoured to procure one.

This library, like most others in the Papal states, is behindhand ; the annual sum of 200 crowns, about 43l., being insufficient to purchase the most important works.

In the second room of the library, which is devoted to readers, called the *hall of Ariosto*, stands his tomb, transferred thither with great solemnity from the church of Saint Benedict, by the French, on the 6th of June, 1801, the anniversary of his death. The patrimonial house of the poet is in the neighbourhood ;<sup>2</sup> the building of the university, and the hall of the library, are those in which he followed the lessons of Gregorio of Spoleto, his master. Thus is the poet's tomb within the very precincts where he passed his infancy and youth. The mausoleum, at the end of the room against the wall, is of bad taste ; on each side is a daub of a large green curtain, with roses, doves, corbeilles, helmets, and plumes. The stone covering the bones of Tasso at Saint Onuphrius is preferable, with all its nakedness, to this theatrical decoration, unbecoming the grandeur of a sepulchral monument. The principal inscription, by Guarini, begins by boasting Ariosto's talents as a minister and

<sup>1</sup> 1475, a very scarce book ; a copy of it in good condition is preserved in the Bibliothèque royale.

<sup>2</sup> See the following chapter.

statesman, *claro in rebus publicis administrandis, in regendis populis*, etc. The history of his life proves that he might have merited this elogium; he certainly had occasion for much coolness in his two missions to Pope Julius II., and especially in the second, when Julius, irritated by Alfonso's alliance with the French, wanted to have his ambassador thrown into the sea.

Ander più a Roma in posta non accade  
A placar la grand' ira di Secondo.

It is not surprising to see diplomatic skill united with a talent for poetry; the latter, when cultivated with success, only occupies the short and far-between moments of inspiration, and must therefore leave time for business. I have seen as ministers in Italy, the two men who throw the greatest literary and poetical glory on our country,<sup>1</sup> and I doubt whether they will ever be surpassed in application, activity, and regularity. That genius made to please, the first talent of negociators, as Voltaire remarks, may be still farther improved by the graceful language of poesy.

The inscriptions on Ariosto's tomb have been given many times already; notwithstanding their lapidary merit, they are very inferior to Alfieri's sonnet, which I would rather have found there, beginning with these verses from the *Furioso* :

Le donne, i cavalier, l'arme, gli amori,  
Le cortesie, l' impræse, ove son io?

### CHAPTER XIII.

Houses of Ariosto and degli Ariosti.—Theatrical performances at the court of Ferrara.—Nicolao Ariosto.—Ariosto's extensive and minute information.—Parcelling houses.—Guarini's house.

The house of Ariosto is now one of the monuments of Ferrara. The elegant inscription composed by himself,

Parva sed apta mihi, sed nulli obnoxia, sed non  
Sordida, parva meo sed tamen ære domus,<sup>2</sup>

which had long disappeared, has been replaced on the front; above is the more

pompous inscription of his son Virginio, which is not equal to it :

Sic domus hæc æreosta  
Propitios habeat deos, olim ut pindarica.

This resemblance to Pindar's house was partially realised during the late oft-repeated military occupation of Ferrara, when taken successively by the French, Austrians, and Russians. All these Alexanders at twopence a day imitated the Macedonian hero, and the house of the Ferrarese Homer seems to have been no less respected than the Theban poet's. On the little covered terrace (*loggetta*) were written the verses printed with Ariosto's Latin poems, under the title *de Paupertate*.

Ariosto's garden was in existence before his house ;

Il aimait les jardins, était prêtre de Flore,  
Il l'était de Pomone encore.

Ariosto made continual changes in his garden as in his poem : he did not leave a tree three months in a place, says Virginio in his Memoirs; he attentively watched the development of the seed sown; and so restless was his curiosity that he ended by breaking the germ. Sometimes, in the delirium of his mania for agricultural experiments, he founded the various plants he had sown; so that on one occasion, after visiting day by day certain caper-bushes (*capperi*) which charmed him by their fine appearance, his cherished plants ultimately proved to be nothing but elders (*sambuchi*).

Ariosto put up an elegant inscription in his garden, ending with this graceful aspiration :

..... et optat  
Non minus hospitibus quam placitura sibi.

The poet inhabited this house during the latter years of his life, but it is an error to suppose that he wrote the greater part of his works there; he could scarcely have done more than correct the cantos added to the *Furioso*, and perhaps put in verse his two comedies of the *Cassaria* and the *Suppositi*, which

<sup>1</sup> MM. de Chateaubriand and de Lamartine.

<sup>2</sup> Ariosto has expressed the same idea in his first satire :

Anco fa che al ciel levo ambe le mani,  
Che abito in casa mia comodamente  
Voglia tra cittadini, o tra villani.

he had written in prose during his youth. He displayed the same fickleness in the arrangement of his house as in the planting of his garden; he seems also to have encountered as much disappointment: often did he regret that alterations were not so readily made there as in his poems; and when some persons pretended surprise that one who had described so many palaces, had not a finer house, he gaily replied that the palaces he built in verse cost him nothing.

The traces of Ariosto's residence were shamefully underprized and effaced by the persons who succeeded him as proprietors of the house; they sold the gardens which he had so whimsically cultivated, and the grotto, the scene of his meditations, disappeared. When in 1811 the town council of Ferrara, on the proposition of the podestà, Count Geronimo Cicognara, the worthy brother of Count Leopoldo, determined to purchase the house of the illustrious poet, his chamber, which was recognised by the position of the windows, although the walls had been recently daubed with some miserable paintings, done over others still worse, was well cleaned and renovated in good taste, and in a manner calculated to heighten the impression of its poetical recollections. Opposite the door, below Ariosto's bust, is the following beautiful Italian inscription by S. Giordani, on a slab of Carrara marble: *Ludovico Ariosto in questa camera scrisse e questa casa da lui edificata abitò, la quale CCCLXXX anni dopo la morte del divino poeta fu da conte Girolamo Cicognara podestà co' danari del comune compra e ristaurata, perchè alla venerazione delle genti durasse.*

The ancient house *degli Ariosti*, where Ariosto was brought up, is still to be seen near the church of Santa Maria di Bocche. It was there that in his childhood, with his four brothers and five sisters, he performed, when his parents were gone out, the fable of *Thisbe* and other comic scenes arranged by himself. The apartment, as may still be seen, was not ill adapted to this kind of representations; the bottom of the saloon has an open arcade resembling a stage; the chambers adjoining were the scenes and draperies; and whatever habiliments they could get served for costume. Independently of the precocious intellect

these little compositions evince, we may look on them as an additional proof of the taste for theatrical representations at Ferrara under the dukes Ercole and Alfonso d'Este. It is very probable that Ariosto's father, Nicolao, who, in 1486, was named captain of the town (or *giudice de XII sarj*), was invited to the court theatrical performances, and that he took his eldest son with him, then about eleven or twelve years old; and perhaps the latter sustained some character in the representation, as Duke Ercole himself was one of the actors, and that very year, he had played for the first time the *Menæchmi* of Plautus in the largest apartment of the palace, there being then no theatre. This relish for plays never left Ariosto to his latest day; he not only composed comedies, but directed the rehearsals: he presented the plan of a charming theatre, which Duke Alfonso some time after had erected, opposite the bishop's palace; the theatre was destroyed by fire, an event attributed by him to some enemy envious of his dramatic success; this disaster is said to have been a principal cause of his death.

Ariosto lived in the house *degli Ariosti*, in order to complete his legal studies under the superintendence of his paternal uncles, when Nicolao Ariosto, his father, returning to Ferrara after a long absence, was extremely surprised to find his son independent, dissipated, and much more taken up with poetry and romances than the pursuit of legal acquirements. He often reproached him sharply: one day when he burst forth with greater vehemence, the resignation and silence of the culprit were remarked; his brother Gabriele asked the cause, and Ariosto confessed that he was occupied at that very moment with a scene for his *Cassaria*, which he was then composing, and that he intended to introduce the precise words used by his father. This scene, between Crisobolo (the father) and Erofile (Ariosto), is the second in the fifth act; its truth is by no means surprising, as it is taken from nature and Terence.

Several walled-up doors of the old palace *del Paradiso*, now the University, near the house *degli Ariosti*, gave admittance to Ariosto, who had only to

1 "Fatto sta," says Baruffaldi, "che da quel giorno egli non si riebbe, nè si alzò più di letto." Vita di L. Ariosto, p. 237.



cross the street to attend the private lectures given by Gregorio of Spoleto to Rinaldo d'Este. He followed these lessons from the age of twenty-two to twenty-five, when he at last devoted himself entirely to poetry; in after years, he pathetically lamented his master's exile, to whose return he looked forward with such simple, heartfelt joy, and poured forth his grateful acknowledgments in the verses addressed to his fellow-disciple, the prince Alberto Pio :

Io, redibit, qui penitus rude  
Lignum dolavit me, et ab inuitill  
Piarque mole gratiore  
In speciem hanc, Pie, me redegit.  
Io, videbo qui tribuit magis  
Ipso parente, ut qui dedit optime  
Mihi esse, cum tantum alter esse  
In populo dederit frequenti.  
Virum, boni Di, rursus amabilem  
Amplectar; an quid me esse beatius  
Potest beatum, O mi beatè  
Nuntie qui me hodie beati.

Ariosto also attended the public lectures of Mario Pannizzato, a celebrated Ferrarese orator and poet, whom he has not forgotten either :

Veggio il Mainardo, e veggio il Leoniceno,  
Il Panizzato. . . . .

Ariosto, so brilliant, volatile, and playful as a poet, was an author of profound knowledge; besides his favourite poets whom he was ever reading, as Catullus, Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, he knew the historians and philosophers, and had studied astronomy, navigation, and geography : Paris, with its views, bridges, and island, may still be recognised in the description he has given; Ginguéné remarks that he carried his accuracy so

1 *Carmin.* lib. II. Gregorio of Spoleto, invited to Milan by Isabella of Arragon, the widow of Giovanni Galeas Sforza, to be the preceptor of her only son Francesco, accompanied him when carried off by Louis XII. after the fall of Louis-the-Moor, his uncle, in 1499; Gregorio never returned to Italy, notwithstanding the ardent wishes of his pupils, but died at Lyons. Ariosto again feelingly recurs to the sorrows of his old master, in his ninth satire :

Mi fu Gregorio dalla sfortunata  
Duchessa tolto, e dato a quel figliuolo  
A chi avea il zio la signoria levata.  
Di che vendetta, ma con suo gran duolo  
Vid' ella tosto : aimè perchè del fallo  
Quel che peccò non fu punito solo?  
Col zio il nipote (e fu poco intervallo)

far as to give to a small town of Brittany (Tréguier) the name by which it is known in the language of that country; Scotland is not described with less fidelity in the episode of Ginevra than in one of Walter Scott's novels.

On the death of his father, Ariosto quitted the house *degli Ariosti*, one fourth of which was his heritage according to Italian usage. This singular division of property in a country where its excessive accumulation is often so fatal, must give rise to abundant lawsuits respecting repairs between all these petty proprietors of floors, or even chambers.

The house of Guarini recalls the names of illustrious scholars and the poet Giambattista, author of the *Pastor Fido*, who probably throws the former too much in the shade, and whose bust alone in marble stands on a pilaster at the foot of the stairs. It is still inhabited by the marquises Gualengo Guarini, of the same family. On the corner in the street is the ancient inscription : *Herculis et musarum commercio—favete linguis et animis*, an inscription, which is neither so elevated nor so natural as Ariosto's distich, *parva sed apta mihi*, who, instead of thus posting his dependence on the house of Este, on the contrary announces that he had paid for his house : *parva meo sed tamen ære domus*.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### Tasso's Prison.

On the walls of Tasso's prison are the names of Lord Byron, Casimir Delavigne, and Lamartine's verses on Tasso, written in pencil and dreadfully mangled by the English poet,<sup>2</sup> who must have

Del regno, e dell' aver spogliati in tutto,  
Prigionier andar sotto il dominio Gallo.  
Gregorio, a prieghi d' Isabella indutto,  
Fu a seguir il discepolo là, dove  
Lasciò, morendo, i cari amici in lutto.

<sup>2</sup> I there transcribe them literatim :

« La le Tasse brul d'un flâme fatal  
« Expiant dans les fers sa gloire et son amour  
« Quand il va recevoir la palm trionfal  
« Descend au noyr sejour.

Byron was shut up in this prison of Tasso by the porter at his own request; he staid there two hours, making violent gestures, striding about, striking his forehead, or with his head sunk on his

been little capable of appreciating the harmony of the verses addressed to him by our first lyric poet. Notwithstanding these poetical authorities, with the inscription *Ingresso alla prigione di Torquato Tasso*, at the entrance, another inside, and the repairs of this pretended prison in 1812 by the prefect of the department, it is impossible to recognise the real prison of Tasso in the kind of hole that is shown as such. How can any one for a moment suppose that Tasso could live in such a place for seven years and two months, revise his poem there, and compose his different philosophical dialogues in imitation of Plato? In the evening I had an opportunity of consulting several well-informed gentlemen of Ferrara on this subject, and I ascertained that not one of them believed this tradition, which is equally contradicted by historical facts and local appearances. There was enough in Tasso's fate to excite our compassion, without the extreme sufferings he must have experienced in this dungeon; Alfonso's ingratitude was sufficiently painful: a slight on the part of Louis XIV hastened the death of Racine, and with such spirits, mental afflictions are much more keenly felt than bodily pains. Madame de Staël, who was ever inclined to commiserate the misfortunes of genius, was not misled by the legend of the prison of Ferrara; Goethe, according to the statement of a sagacious traveller,<sup>1</sup> maintains that the prison of Tasso is an idle tale, and that he had made extensive researches on the subject. The perusal of the different lives of Tasso and his correspondence, (the best of them all) has convinced me that his confinement at the hospital of Saint Anne bears much greater resemblance to what is now called detention in a *maison de santé*, combined with vexatious annoyances of the police, than to imprisonment in a dungeon.<sup>2</sup>

chest and his arms hanging down, according to the porter's story, who watched him; and when the latter went to arouse him from his reverie, Byron gave him his fee, saying: *Ti ringrazio, buon uomo! i pensieri del Tasso stanno ora tutti nella mia mente e nel mio cuore*. Shortly after his de-

## CHAPTER XV.

Palace.—Piazza di Ariosto.—Campo Santo.—Belri-guardo.

The prison and the houses of poets at Ferrara cause the palaces to be neglected, though deficient in neither grandeur, nor historical interest; such is the palace now belonging to the counts Scroffa and the marquis Calcagnini, built by Louis-the-Moor in the hope of finding shelter there, against the victorious French; but he lost at once his principedom and liberty, and died in Touraine in the castle of Loches. When in prison he bequeathed this unfinished palace to Antonio Costabili, a noble of Ferrara, his late ambassador at the court of Ercole I., whom he had formerly charged with the superintendence of the building, and who came to visit him in his prison. The present of a betrayed and captive prince to a faithful courtier would have something affecting about it, if Sforza, though a patron of letters and the arts, had not been a cruel usurper, and if the voyage of Costabili, who at the time was almost proprietor of the palace, was not interested. The house of the counts Avventi, called *Casa della Rosa*, was as the *petite maison* of Duke Alfonso I. He established there the lady Laura Eustochia Dianti, by whom he had two sons, Alfonso and Alfonsino. The house of Avventi took its pleasing surname from the neighbouring church of Santa Maria della Rosa, and not from the mistress who occupied it; a mistake that might easily be made. A small palace, of excellent architecture, which announces the epoch of the revival, belongs to the house of Conti Crespi; it was built from the plans of Geronimo da Carpi, architect and painter, a pupil of Raphael.

The great square, which for some time bore the name of Napoleon, became in 1814 the Piazza di Ariosto, a name which took immediately, as at Paris that of the Rue de la Paix: the renown of conquerors cannot hold out against the glory of letters or the public welfare. The de-

parture from Ferrara he composed his *Lament of Tasso*, which sadly betrays some such inspiration.

<sup>1</sup> M. Ampère, in a letter written from Welmar, the 9th of May, 1827.

<sup>2</sup> See *Variétés italiennes*: Prison du Tasse.

magogues of 1796 removed the statue of Pope Alexander VII. from this same square; that of Napoleon was served the same: the new statue of the Homer of Ferrara, erected in 1833, will brave all such vicissitudes.

The *Campo Santo*, as at Bologna and other towns, was formerly the Chartreuse. These cloisters where the living were formerly entombed are now become the abode of the dead, and I scarcely know whether the statues, basso-relievos, and inscriptions which now abound there, do not render them less gloomy, more lively, than when they were peopled by the silent phantoms of their earlier days. The Chartreuse was founded by Borso, first duke of Ferrara, a magnificent, liberal prince, who notwithstanding the austerity of such a foundation, was famous through all Italy for the splendour of his fêtes; his tomb, elegantly renovated in 1815, is close by the *cella* consecrated to the house of Este. The mausoleum of the duke Venanziano Varano and his wife, by Rinaldo Rinaldini, is very fine. Some other sepultures recall names illustrious in letters or the arts; such are the tombs of Giglio Giraldi,<sup>1</sup> Bernardino Barbulejo or Barbojo, rector of the parish of Saint Peter, who, according to the abbé Geronimo Baruffaldi,<sup>2</sup> taught Ariosto the rudiments, a grave opinion, which Faustini seems to have refuted: such also is the alabaster monument erected by Count Leopoldo Cicognara to his first wife.

The church appertaining to the *Campo Santo* is of noble architecture and attributed to Sansovino, who at the most is only author of the brilliant sculptures of the interior. The twelve paintings of the twelve chapels, representing the different *Mysteries*, by Roselli, a Ferrarese painter of the sixteenth century, bespeak imitation of Garofolo and Bagnacavallo; a graceful *Nativity* is by Dielai; a *Deposition from the Cross*,

the *Descent of the Holy Ghost*, are by Bastaruolo; the *St. Bruno* is by Scarsellino; a *Last Supper*, by Cignaroli; the *Marriage of Cana*, *St. Bruno praying with other Carthusians*, are by Carlo Bonone; a *St. Christopher*, in the choir, is by Bastianino; the *Beheading of John the Baptist*, by Parolini.

The delightful villa of Belriguardo, near Ferrara, is no more; this kind of Academia had for its Plato the cardinal Ludovico d'Este, the brother of Alfonso II., who, though not profoundly learned, was full of zeal for the advancement of science.<sup>3</sup> Its dilapidation commenced at the end of the sixteenth century; but what remains is sufficient to show its extent and ancient splendour. A portion is now occupied by peasants, and the rest by the proprietor of the great farm which lies around.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### Italian society.

I passed some few days at Ferrara. If the character of a people, as Rousseau remarks, can be better ascertained in second rate towns, than capitals crowded with foreigners, my stay there would give me a very favourable idea of Italian society and character. The politeness and obliging good-nature of the family in which I had the honour to be received are still fresh in my memory. Some persons regret, and with reason, the absence of elderly ladies in our society. In Italy there are some perfectly amiable, who are true models; and one of them held the first rank in the fashionable world of Ferrara. I confess that I found many charms in the company that frequented her house; benignity, ease, and freedom reigned there: notwithstanding Italian vivacity, the *ton* was perfect; nor was there any appearance of vanity, outward or inward. In the box

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, chap. XI.

<sup>2</sup> *Vita di L. Ariosto*, p. 55. Barbojo was in great repute among the Italian literati of his day. Giraldi dedicated to him his treatise *de Historia Deorum*; Cælius Calcagnini addressed some of his learned dissertations to him; and among the *Lectiones antiquæ* of Rhodiginus, the eleventh book is dedicated to him by Camillo Richieri.

<sup>3</sup> "Ipse, quanquam," says Muret, Cardinal d'Este's favourite, "doctrina mediocri, magno tamen et excelso ingenio, et mirifice dedito studiis nostris.

Itaque domus ipsius Academia quædam videri poterat. Hic amat quidem et ipse mirifice homines bonarum artium scientia exultos: sed sua ei committas damno est. Dum enim omnes blande excipit, cum omnibus humane colloquitur, facilem se atque obvium omnibus præbet, excitat quidem admirabiles amores sui: sed a tam multis gratiam ipsius ambientibus perpetuo obsidetur, ut ei vix ad curandum corpus salis temporis supersit." *Epist. lib. II.* 23.



at the theatre (where the legate was the most assiduous spectator), a number of opera-glasses were at the disposition of the visitors; etiquette had no dominion there, the house being open, or nearly so, even to passing strangers; and it was usual to attend the *conversazione* of the evening, or rather night, in a morning dress.<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER XVII.

<sup>1</sup> Cento.—Guercino.—Pieve.

Cento, the native place of Guercino, is a pretty little town, which the traveller will do well to turn aside and visit before he reaches Bologna. There is the artist's house, a real domestic museum, quite covered with his paintings. In the little chapel is an admirable picture of *Two pilgrims praying to the Virgin*: the extreme destitution, no less than the fervour of these pilgrims, is painted with great minuteness of detail (even to the patches of the least noble part of their habiliments), without in any way weakening the general effect of this pathetic composition. The ceiling of one room presents a series of horses of various breeds; there is one superb group of two horses; another horse at grass, nothing but skin and bone, is a living skeleton of

this poor animal. A *Venus* suckling Cupid is less pleasing than the rest, despite its celebrity and the merit of the colouring: Venus is indeed the mother of Cupid, but not his nurse; the imagination will only admit into the arts the things which itself has received and become accustomed to.

Guercino had for Cento that love of locality, if we may so say, of which Italian painters and sculptors have in all ages offered numerous examples; he preferred residing in his native town to the titles and offices of first painter to the kings of France and England; he had his *scuola* there, and remained in the town till driven away by the war between Odoardo Farnese duke of Parma, and Pope Urban VIII., when Taddeo Barberini, nephew of the latter, general of the Pontifical troops, determined on fortifying Cento. The campaign and operations of these two combatants seem but mean at the present day beside the glory of the fugitive Guercino. The house of Guercino, in its present state, attests a simple, modest, laborious life, which inspires a kind of respect. This great artist, really born a painter,<sup>2</sup> *the magician of painting*, as he has been surnamed, was also a pious, moderate, disinterested, and charitable man;<sup>3</sup> an excellent kinsman, whose comrade and first pupils were his brother and nephews;<sup>4</sup> beloved by his

<sup>1</sup> This excellent and distinguished woman was signora Marietta Scutellari, a native of Zara, of Venetian extraction, deceased in 1832, aged eighty years; she was the friend of Canova, who stayed with her when he passed through Ferrara, of Monti, Cicognara, Lord Byron, the two Pindemontes, and Foscolo. The town purposed erecting a monument to her.

<sup>2</sup> Guercino showed a great propensity for drawing as early as his sixth year; two years later, and before taking lessons from the painter in distemper of Bastia, a village near Modena, he painted the Madonna of Reggio on the front of the house where he lived; when this house was demolished, in 1790, S. Leopoldo Tangerini, archpriest of Cento, caused the portion of the wall presenting the precocious attempt of Guercino to be detached, and it is still preserved in his *casino nuovo*. At school, instead of scribbling all over his copybooks, Guercino drew oxen, horses, peasants, etc. See the *Notizie della vita e delle opere del cavaliere Giovan Francesco Barbieri detto il Guercino da Cento*; Bologna, 1808, in 4to, a curious new work, compiled from the original documents and manuscript memoirs of the Barbieri family, now in the library of Prince Filippo Hercolani.

<sup>3</sup> The *Notizie* offer some interesting details respecting the life, qualities, and pious practices of

Guercino; he would never receive an order that any one of his fellow artists might desire or ask for; he rose early, spent an hour in private prayer, attended mass, and then worked till dinner time; to economise his time, he never went to table till the dinner was served; and afterwards he resumed his labours till sunset; he then went to pray in some church near, and returned to draw till supper. Though in his later years he had renounced this meal, he was always present to keep his family company. Guercino seems to have been very subject to absence of mind: one night, when drawing with his hat on by mistake, he approached too near the lamp, and set fire to his hat before he was aware of it; on another occasion, while meditating a small painting, he sat down on his palette, and did not discover the inadvertance till on rising to execute his thought, the palette fell to the ground. Guercino was surprised and could not help laughing; but changing his dress, he had another palette prepared and quietly resumed his work.

<sup>4</sup> Paolo Antonio Barbieri, a flower and fruit painter; Benedetto and Cesare Gennari, his sister's sons. Paolo Antonio Barbieri also kept the register of his brother's orders (see *post*, book viii., ch. ix.) and managed the household affairs; his death was so great an affliction to Guercino, that he wished

master Gennari, praised and recommended by Ludovico Carracci, he seems to have escaped the enmity too frequent among such rivals. The house of Guercino is not however devoid of magnificence; it is easy to conceive that he might there receive and regale, *ad uno squisito banchetto*, those two cardinals who had come to the fair, when his most distinguished pupils served at table, and in the evening performed *una bella commedia*,<sup>1</sup> an extemporised proverb, with which their eminences were enraptured. Christina also visited Guercino at Cento; and, after admiring his works, that queen wished to touch the hand that had produced such chefs-d'œuvre.

The church of the Rosary is called at Cento the *Galerie*, a profane title, partially justified by its appearance and the arrangement of the paintings. Guercino is not less resplendent there than at home. The church is full of his paintings: he is said to have given the design of the front and steeple, and to have worked at the wooden statue of the Virgin; he is consequently visible there as a painter, sculptor, and architect, but especially as a Christian. A chapel founded by him

bears his name; he bequeathed a legacy for the celebration of mass there, and left a gold chain of great value to the image of the Virgin of the Rosary. This pious offering was stolen about the middle of last century by a *custode* of the church:

Ladro alla sagrestia de' belli arredi,<sup>2</sup>

a double sacrilege in the town illustrated by this great painter, where his memory is still popular and venerated.

At the high-altar of the church of Pieve, very near Cento, is an admirable *Assumption*, by Guido, full of life, variety, movement, and expression. This painting was to have been taken away in 1797, but it was prevented by the people, who began to rise when the intended abstraction was reported; the spoliators, to make their number complete, were forced to take another painting by the same artist. Thus, in the successive oppression of Italy, when she yielded to new conquerors, her paintings were more powerful than her chiefs, and, better than men, they still provoked resistance.

## BOOK THE EIGHTH.

### BOLOGNA.

#### CHAPTER I.

Bologna.—Its distinction.

When I arrived at Bologna on my first visit to that city, it was in August, on the evening of the festival of Saint Dominick, at the moment the relic of that saint's head, enclosed in a rich silver shrine, was being carried in procession through the streets; flags were flying from the windows, and every body was keeping

holyday; but this fête had more of the religious sensualism of Italy than true piety, and was conducted without order or magnificence. I cannot forget that in the crowd I found myself thrust between a monk and a *ruffiano*, a rencounter which, like an inexperienced traveller, I little expected at the entrance of the Papal states. The accent of the populace, though I was prepared for it, seemed to me rude and harsh;<sup>3</sup> the large, uniform houses, all whitewashed, were devoid of

to be buried near him in the church of San Salvatore of Bologna. *Notizie*, p. 37, 44.

<sup>1</sup> *Notizie*, p. 43.

<sup>2</sup> Dante, *Inf.* xxiv. 438.

<sup>3</sup> A letter of the learned professor Aulus Janus Parrhasius, of the year 1506, addressed to Trissino,

already mentions the *raucidam Bononensium loquacitatem*. See t. x. p. 166 of the Italian translation of Roscoe's *Life and pontificate of Leo X.*, by L. Bossi, the letters published by the translator, which were communicated to him by the Trissino family.

character; in short, such a bustling turmoil of forges, spinning-mills, and factories<sup>1</sup> could scarcely announce that learned Bologna, the *alma mater studiorum*, as it was of yore surnamed, that Bologna which Salodet showed to Beraldo as *tutta involta nei travagli*,<sup>2</sup> nor indeed that town so literary and intellectual, to use a modern phrase.

This first impression produced by the common-place appearance of the town was soon effaced. Bologna is still justly regarded as one of the most illustrious cities of Italy; though it was never the residence of a court, and has long ceased to be a seat of government,<sup>3</sup> it is not surpassed in civilisation by the first capitals: it has the dignity of science, and still exhibits, in manners, spirit, and opinions, something of its ancient device *libertas*, which it has retained.<sup>4</sup> Bologna is said to have been the town preferred by Lord Byron to all others in Italy; without asserting this choice to be perfectly correct, it is easy to conceive its cause.

## CHAPTER II.

University. — Professors. — Female doctors. — Antiques. — Library. — Agrario garden. — Botanical garden.

The university of Bologna, well known to be the oldest in Italy, witnessed some of the finest discoveries achieved by the mind of man,<sup>5</sup> and was still honoured before the civil troubles of 1831 with celebrated masters: such were the signors Valeriani, professor of political eco-

nomy;<sup>6</sup> Tommasini, of the theory and practice of medicine; Orioli, of natural philosophy; Mezzofanti, of Greek and oriental languages; Schiassi, of archeology.<sup>7</sup> Bologna possessed the five new Faculties, the professorships of which were: for the faculty of divinity, the chairs of sacred theology, moral theology, the Holy Scriptures, ecclesiastical history, sacred eloquence; for the faculty of law, the chairs of canonical institutes, Roman and civil institutes, the law of nature and of nations, of criminal institutes, public ecclesiastical law, canonical texts, Roman and civil law; for the faculty of medicine and surgery, the chairs of physiology, general pathology and semeiotics, theoretic and practical medicine, politico-legal medicine, chemistry, botany, pharmacy, therapeutic, hygiene and materia medica, human anatomy, comparative anatomy and veterinary medicine, theoretical surgery, midwifery; for the faculty of sciences (or-philosophy), the chairs of logic and metaphysics, morals, algebra and geometry, introduction to the differential calculus, transcendent mathematics, physics, mechanics and hydraulics, optics and astronomy; for the faculty of letters, (or philology), the chairs of rhetoric and poetry, of history, archeology, Greek language, Hebrew, Syriac-Chaldaic, and Arabic.<sup>8</sup> This statement shows the extent of the medical studies and their superiority over the other branches of instruction. The gastritis system was first propounded at Bologna, and S. Tommasini anticipated M. Broussais. It is true that this system was much more

<sup>1</sup> Silk spinning-mills are numerous at Bologna in the quarter of *Porta Stiera*: a cloth factory was established in 1823 by two Frenchmen in the spacious buildings of the ancient college of nobles *del Porto* or the Academy *degli Ardenti*, near the Naviglio canal; the new machines have been introduced there, and the cloths are reputed of the best quality.

<sup>2</sup> *Il Cortegiano*, lib. II. p. 494.

<sup>3</sup> It was in 1506 that Bologna gave itself a second time to Julius II.

<sup>4</sup> The discourse of S. Giordani, delivered at the Casino of Bologna in the summer of 1815, on the restoration of the three legations to the Holy See, is singularly remarkable for independence and dignity; it may be regarded as one of this writer's happiest efforts.

<sup>5</sup> The first dissection of a human body in the fourteenth century; galvanism.

<sup>6</sup> The professorship of political economy, which was not an obligatory study, was suppressed on the death of S. Valeriani in 1828.

<sup>7</sup> S. Tommasini has returned to Parma as clinical professor; S. Orioli, whose interesting lectures on antiquities have attracted all the literati and first artists of Paris, is professor of philosophy and physics at the university of Corfu; S. Mezzofanti, summoned to Rome, has been made prefect of the Vatican and cardinal; S. Schiassi has obtained permission to retire. At the present time, the marquis Angelelli, Signors Magistrini, Medici, Mondini, Alessandrini, professors of Greek and history, transcendent mathematics, physiology, anatomy, comparative anatomy and veterinary medicine, are men of learning and very able professors.

<sup>8</sup> By a decree of the 2nd of September 1833, the professorships of logic, metaphysics, morals, and the elements of algebra and geometry were suppressed in the universities of the Roman states. It appears that the ancient order of things is to be re-established; additions will be made to the university buildings, and Malvezzi palace has been bought for that purpose.



rational there than with us, the situation of Bologna at the foot of the Apennines rendering inflammation of the lungs and acute nervous maladies of frequent occurrence. The professors of the university of Bologna are much better paid now than in Lalande's days, when they had only a hundred crowns a year, the city having granted them an addition to their salary; but most of them would find more liberal treatment abroad: they prefer remaining in their native city, and their teaching is an act of patriotism.

The University of Bologna is embellished with that profusion of art common in Italy; the front is by Pellegrini, and the fine spacious court by Bartolommeo Triacchini, a Bolognese architect of the middle of the sixteenth century. The paintings in the cabinet of natural philosophy, by Nicolao dell'Abate, are graceful, and the fine frescos of Pellegrini in the Loggiato were thought worthy of imitation by the Carracci. This learned university has not, therefore, been foreign to the progress of painting.

In the middle of the court, the *Hercules at rest* is a singular work by Angelo Pio, a sculptor of the seventeenth century, whose works are numerous and of some repute, thanks to the small number of good productions at that epoch. Notwithstanding the merit of the professors to whom statues have been erected in this court and in the staircase, such as Galvani, Gaetano Monti, Cavazzoni Zanotti, and the talents of Laura Bassi and Clotilda Tambroni, the first of whom held the professorship of philosophy, the second, of the Greek language (all these professors are of the last or present century), Bologna might have shown there some of its ancient masters. I should have been much better pleased to see the features of that Novella d'Andrea, daughter of a famous canonist of the fourteenth century, so learned that she acted as her father's substitute, and so handsome, that in order not to distract the attention of the students, she had, according to Christina de Pisan, a little curtain before her,

probably over the holy canons, when lecturing.\* The ladies of Bologna are still remarkable for learning; the university has conferred the degree of doctor on two ladies, one being doctor of laws, the other of surgery, and one may almost apply to the latter the good Duverney's eulogium of Mlle. Delaunay, to the effect that she was better acquainted with the human body than any other lady in France. Ginguené thinks it contrary to nature for women to teach: "We could hardly allow women to assume the habit of the Nine; how should we then suffer them to take a doctor's costume?" This French exaggeration is founded on utter ignorance of the ancient manners and customs of Italy: "Is there any harm in knowing Greek?" a question to which Corinne puts an excellent answer in the mouth of her ingenuous compatriots: "Is it wrong to earn a living by one's own exertions? Why do you laugh at such a simple affair?"

The Museum of Antiques contains the celebrated fragment of the mystic mirror called the *Cospiana* patera, representing the *Birth of Minerva*, who issues armed cap-a-pie from Jupiter's brain, whilst Venus is caressing him; a really engraved plate, which Dutens, had it come to his knowledge, might have brought forward as an argument in support of his system on the discoveries attributed to the moderns, though known, at least in part, by the ancients. A second mirror different from the former, and in relief, representing *Philoctetes healed by Machaon*, has also the names of the figures in Etruscan characters. A bronze foot larger than nature, and a Bacchic marble vase found at Caprea, are remarkable, as well as the fragments of the marble trunks of the two *Venuses*, and an *Isiac table* of black basalt, dug out of Mount Aventine in 1709. A set of Roman weights of black stone is curious: some metal weights of the middle ages; one of Charlemagne's time bears the inscription *Pondus Caroli*. A bronze statue of Boniface VIII., erected in ho-

\* The author of the *Prospetto biografico delle Donne italiane rinomate in letteratura*, already cited, pretends, after Facciolati (*Fasti gymn. Pat. p. i. p. 35*), supported by the somewhat doubtful authority of Giulio Cesare Croce, a poet of the sixteenth century only, that it was Bettina, another learned daughter of Andrea, who supplied her father's place; but Facciolati, being a Paduan, is

rather suspicious, since Bettina, married to Giovanni da Sangiorgio, a canonist of Padua, died and was interred at Saint Anthony. We see in Tiraboschi (*Storia della lett. ital. lib. ii. 8*) that Milancia, wife of Andrea, was also advantageously consulted by him; why should not his two daughters have been capable of replacing him? the canon law seems to have been so familiar to all those ladies!

nour of that pope by the Bolognese in the year 1301, the work of the sculptor, or rather of the chaser Manno, one of their compatriots, bespeaks the infancy of the art : the figure is destitute of expression, nobleness or character, and pretty much in accordance with the idea generally formed of that pontiff. The model of Giovanni Bologna's Neptune is inferior to the monument ; it is just the contrary with the model of Benvenuto Cellini's Perseus, which I have since seen in the cabinet of bronzes at the Florence gallery ; the difference is sufficiently explained by the excessive refinement peculiar to the talent of the latter, who must have injured his work by too much labour. The cabinet of medals, we are informed by competent judges, is rich, chiefly in Greek pieces from Sicily and Roman coins.

The university library has eighty thousand volumes and four thousand manuscripts. The building it occupies is due to Benedict XIV., who not only left all his own books to the library (part in his lifetime, the rest at his decease), but also requested Cardinal Filippo Monti, like himself a Bolognese, to follow his example : from any other pontiff this application might have borne the appearance of an order ; it is likely enough that Monti acceded with greater readiness to the good-nature and patriotism of this excellent pope. It is one of the merits of most Italian libraries to have some illustrious donor or benefactor : Lambertini still lives in the library of Bologna, as Bessarion at that of Saint Mark. Such recollections impart to these libraries a sort of character, physiognomy, and interest which raises them above the many which have been founded or augmented by spoliations, conquest, or even by honest purchases, benevolent subscriptions, or the compulsory deposit. Among the printed works may be remarked : a *Lactantius* of Subiaco (1465) ; a copy of the first edition (now scarce) of Henry VIII.'s famous book against Luther, dedicated to Leo X.,\* with autograph signature *Henricus rex*, an energetic religious pamphlet in defence of Saint Thomas.

for which the royal divine obtained from the pope the title of *Defender of the faith*, strangely retained in the protocol of his heretical successors. The manuscripts contain : the precious *Lactantius*, seen by Montfaucon at the convent of Saint Saviour, who thought it only of the sixth or seventh century, though accounted by an illustrious Italian scholar, monsignor Gaetano Marini, to be of the fifth ; the *Four Evangelists*, an Armenian manuscript of the twelfth century, beautifully written, with charming miniatures, a small duodecimo volume found in the monastery of Saint Ephrem, near Edessa, proceeding from the library of Benedict XIV., to whom it was given by Abraham Neger, an Armenian catholic ; a manuscript of the *Images of Philostrates*, a memento of affecting misfortunes ; it is in the handwriting of Michael Apostolius, one of the Greek refugees from Constantinople, and bears this inscription common to many books transcribed by him : *The king of the poor of this world wrote this book for his bread*. It appears that Bessarion could not continue the assistance he at first accorded to his unfortunate countryman. This cardinal had been governor of Bologna : at the era of the revival, the court of Rome seems to have conferred the highest offices on men of learning, and, as in China, the literati were at the head of affairs. Aldrovando's two hundred volumes of notes and materials have been returned to the university library ; there was something odious in despoiling a city like Bologna of the labours of a man who was an honour to it. This enormous scientific manuscript has not the glory of the poetical ones in the library of Ferrara ; there is a kind of inferiority in science, inasmuch as the last comers kill their predecessors, and render their works nearly useless : Buffon, were it not for his style, would one day be no less forgotten than Aldrovando.

The librarian of the university of Bologna was the abbé Mezzofanti, since prefect of the Vatican, famous throughout Europe for his vast acquirements in

\* See post, chap. VIII.

† *Assertio septem sacramentorum adversus Martinum Lutherum*. Lond., in *edibus Pynsonianis*. 1512. A highly embellished copy of this work had been previously sent by Henry VIII. to Leo X. ; it is preserved in the Vatican. The signature *Henricus rex*

was authenticated by Simon Assemani, prefect of this library, who compared it with the writing of his manuscript. This last was used for the Roman edition of the same book in 1543 ; but, beside the London edition, another was published at Antwerp in 1522.

languages, of which, including dialects, he knows thirty-two—ten more than Mithridates spoke, to whom this meek unpresuming ecclesiastic has little resemblance in any other respect. Such extensive learning is truly prodigious; this philologist and distinguished orientalist is even conversant with several rustic brogues; he is truly an apostle for the gift of tongues as well as piety.<sup>1</sup>

The Botanical Garden, the third in Italy, the two first being those of Padua and Pisa, was begun in 1568, and has some fine bothouses; the number of species is said to amount at present to more than five thousand.

The *Agrario* garden, created by the French, was very suitably established in a town which, beside its old titles of learned, mother of studies, already mentioned, had also the surname of *fat*, from the fertility of its territory. The ancient *Palazzino della Viola*, erst the pavilion of Alessandro Bentivoglio and Ginevra Sforza, his wife, is now the lecture room. It presents three admirable frescos by Innocente d'Imola, representing *Diana and Endymion*; *Acteon metamorphosed into a stag*; *Marsyas, Apollo, and Cybele*:<sup>2</sup> it is certain that no other agricultural society has such graceful figures in its place of meeting. The agricultural lectures are very little followed, but this branch of study is not made obligatory by the university regulations, although the country is chiefly agricultural.

<sup>1</sup> In the "Detached Thoughts" of Lord Byron, published at the end of his Memoirs, reflections so true, natural, and pathetic, are the following remarks on the abbé Mezzofanti: "I do not recollect a single foreign literary character that I wished to see twice, except perhaps Mezzofanti, who is a prodigy of language, a Briareus of the parts of speech, a walking library, who ought to have lived at the time of the tower of Babel, as universal interpreter; a real miracle, and without pretension too. I tried him in all the languages of which I knew only an oath or adjuration of the gods against postilion, savages, pirates, boatmen, sailors, pilots, gondoliers, muleteers, camel drivers, vetturini, post-masters, horses, and houses, and every thing in post! and, by heaven! he puzzled me in my own idiom."

<sup>2</sup> Two frescos were nearly destroyed in 1767, during some alterations for the purpose of making

## CHAPTER III.

Gallery.—Carracci.—Domenichino.—Guido.—Saint Cecilia.

The gallery of Bologna, consisting principally of chefs-d'œuvre of the Bolognese school, is an admirable national monument. It is an especial glory for a town to have given birth to so many eminent scholars and brilliant artists.

By a peculiarly happy arrangement some of the most ancient paintings are placed at the entrance of the gallery, thus affording an excellent means of observing and following the progress of the art. As in literature, some fine works of the earlier times placed by themselves precede the real chefs-d'œuvre; the superiority of the latter is not thereby weakened but accounted for. The Virgins of Francia, who founded the Bolognese school, are full of simplicity, but somewhat dry; gracefulness and freedom of outline, like elegance and perfection in style, can only be attained by practice and study. The *Holy Family*, by Innocente d'Imola, a pupil of Francia, is one of finest holy families extant, and already worthy of Raphael. A copy of it was taken in 1826 for the king of Prussia, who is said to have experienced profound emotion at the sight of this painting, so powerfully did the figure of the Virgin call to mind the features of his young and noble consort.

The Carracci are like a tribe of painters,<sup>3</sup> of which Ludovico is the worthy chief; his *Transfiguration* is in imitation of Correggio and the Venetians, but full of grandeur and inspiration, the only

some additional chambers in the *Palazzino della Viola*. The vicissitudes of that edifice and the paintings of Innocente d'Imola, are the theme of three discourses by S. Giordani, delivered at the Bologna Academy of Fine Arts in the summer of 1812: the first of them is very pleasing; see t. vi. p. 5 of his *Opere*, where it may be found.

<sup>3</sup> There are many instances in Italy of a number of painters being of the same name or family. Tintoretto's daughter, Titian's nephew, Francia's son, Mantegna's son, were pupils of their respective relatives; Paolo Veronese had for pupils his brother and two sons; Bassano, himself the son of an able painter, his own four sons; the grandfather, father, and two uncles of the Procaccini were also painters; Elisabetta Sirani, a distinguished painter of the Bolognese school, was pupil of her father, and had moreover two sisters painters.



good ; in the *Conversion of St. Paul*, on the contrary, he is himself, and not less admirable. Several of his paintings of sacred subjects show in the landscape a view of Bologna, a patriotic anachronism, which it would be rigorous to blame, as it is honourable to the artist's sentiments. The *Communion of St. Jerome* is the masterpiece of Agostino, as Domenichino's on the same subject is also his chef-d'œuvre; for there is no such thing as an exhausted subject in the arts any more than in letters; to him who knows how to handle a subject, it is ever new. The *Virgin and infant Jesus* in a glory, with saints below; *St. Catherine and St. Clair*, Annibale Carracci's best painting, is a perfect imitation of the great masters: the *Virgin* recalls Paolo Veronese; the *infant Jesus* and the little *St. John*, Correggio; *St. John Evangelist*, Titian; and the graceful *Catherine*, Parmegiano.

The celebrated *Martyrdom of St. Agnes*, by Domenichino, is a composition altogether dramatic, exciting terror and pity in the highest degree; every personage contributes to the action: the figure of the saint breathes heavenly hope; the executioner appears as impassive as his sword; the prætor, confounded, hides his face with his robe; he is a *Felix of pitiful and degraded sentiments, which make him blush*; the soldier on duty is indifferent; the idolatrous priest seems cruel, the woman terrified; one would almost call them Mathan and Josopheth. The *Madonna of the rosary*, with its shower of roses, and the sublime old man's head, is not inferior to that grand masterpiece, and in despite of the *St. Jerome*, some have reckoned it the best work of Domenichino; its perspective, and especially its colouring, vigour, interest, and purity, make it a fine poem of many cantos. The *Martyrdom of St. Peter the Dominican*, is the same subject as Titian's painting at Saint John and Paul of Venice; the composition is somewhat similar, but the details, expression, and landscape are dif-

ferent; it is another imposing proof of the fact that the same subjects may be indefinitely renewed by talent.

The grief portrayed in Guido's *Madonna della pietà* is not of the earth, but, if the word may be allowed, of heaven: this work exhibits the greatest variety of perfections in its several parts, from the gracefulness of the little angels below, to the affliction of the virgins and the angels weeping above. Though criticised by some connoisseurs, the *Massacre of the Innocents* seemed to me very pathetic; the hair of the mother who is fleeing is not so gently pulled by the executioner as some have thought; the beauty of that other mother whose sons are killed does not weaken the heart-rending expression; it is a realisation of Dante's verse on the paternal sorrow of Ugolino, which, painful as it may be, can never equal a mother's anguish:

Io non piangeva, sì dentro impietral.<sup>2</sup>

The children crying are without contortions or grimace; the dead ones are neither hideous nor false in colouring, but simply inanimate. The *Christ in his agony* is full of desolation and poetry. The *Samson victorious* has something of Apollo, but it is not the Pythian conqueror, the God of verse, of the sun and the arts; it is a Jewish Apollo, striding over the prostrate Philistines and breaking their heads with an ass's jawbone. The *Virgin and the infant Jesus*, painted on silk, was formerly used as the processional banner of the parish church of Saint Dominick, but it has very judiciously been replaced by a copy; there is a superb *St. Francis*, a portrait of one of Guido's friends. These portraits of friends are of frequent occurrence in the works of artists in Italy; they announce a certain goodness of heart, a freedom of character and intercourse which commands our esteem. The *Blessed Andrea Corsini*, a bishop, in pontifical robes, looking towards heaven, is admirable for faith and piety. The

<sup>1</sup> Corneille, *Polyeucte*.

<sup>2</sup> *Inf.*, canto xxxiii., 49. The *Massacre of the Innocents* is described in the *Galleria* of Cav. Marini; the first verses are so full of affectation as to be truly ridiculous:

CHE FAI, GUIDO? CHE FAI?

LA MAN, CHE FORME ANGELICHE DIPINGE,

TRATTA HOR' OPRE SANGUIGNE?

NON VEDI TU, CHE MENTRE IL SANGUINOSO  
STUOL DE' FANCIULLI RAVVIVANDO VAI,  
NUOVA MORTE GLI DAI?

O ne la crudeltade anco pietoso  
Fibro gentil, ben sai,  
Ch' ancor tragico caso è caro oggetto  
E che spesso l' horror va col diletto. (*Historie*, n° 47.)

*St. Sebastian* is only sketched, but still it has all his expression of pain and sacrifice.

The *Assumption*, by Lorenzo Sabatini; *Sts. Nabor and Felix, with Sts. Francis, John the Baptist, Catherine, Clair, and Mary Magdalen, worshipping the Virgin*, in a glory of angels, and crowned by the Trinity, by Orazio Samacchini, were extolled by the Carracci, as the best works of those noble, chaste, and graceful painters. The *Assumption*, by Simone of Pesaro, is a chef-d'œuvre of that elegant and correct master; his portrait of Guido in his old age is lifelike. The *Baptism of Christ*, by Albano, proves that this painter of the graces, the Anacreon of the pictorial art, was also capable of great and serious compositions. A *Deposition from the cross*, by Alessandro Tiarini, another excellent painter of the Bolognese school, has been attributed to Annibale or some other of the Carracci. The *Virgin in the clouds holding her son in her arms*, would secure the glory of Cavedone, an energetic imitator of Titian, placed by Algarotti in the first rank of Bolognese colourists. A third *Martyrdom of St. Peter*, by the same painter, is remarkable even after those of Titian and Domenichino; the saint, at the moment the robber repeats his blow, is writing the *Credo in Deum* on the ground with his blood. Saint Peter the Dominican was chief of the inquisition at Milan; it is probable that his deep conviction was not always shared by his cruel colleagues or successors. This painting and the words written by the saint remind me of the eloquent phrase of a woman who was a firm believer, but opposed to the interference of government in matters of religion, "The inquisition is a want of faith." The *Infant Jesus appearing to St. Anthony*, one of the many works of Elisabetta Sirani, a young artist, who died in her twenty-sixth year, one of the good female painters of Bologna, has the taste and elegance of Guido, her master.<sup>1</sup> The *William, duke of Aquitaine, kneeling before bishop St. Felix*, by Guercino, has that kind of equal per-

fection which gains esteem, rather than excites praise or acquires renown. His *St. Bruno* is justly celebrated for the expression of the saint's countenance, the execution of the drapery, the gracefulness of the angels in the glory, and effect of light and shade. *God the Father*, done by Guercino in a single night, and put up in the morning to the amazement of all present, is a superb impromptu painting.

Among the beautiful productions of the Bolognese school are some masterpieces of other schools; such is the immortal *St. Cecilia*. There is a vast difference between the pious enthusiasm, the mystical frenzy of this patron of musicians and the profane charms of the muse Euterpe. Music, like speech, seems really a gift of God, when it appears under such an emblem. How shall I describe the perfections of such a painting? the ardour, the triumphant joy of the seraphim singing the sacred hymn in heaven, the purity and simplicity of the saint's features, so well contrasted with the frivolous and coquettish air of Magdalen? Worthily to render all these beauties, one must be able to exclaim with Correggio, when he first contemplated this work : *Anch'io son pittore!* The *Virgin in a glory*, with Sts. Michael, Catherine, Apollonia, and John below, by Perugino, is worthy, from its various qualities, of his great pupil. There is also a dash of Raphael perceptible in the *Magdalen in the desert*, by Timoteo della Vite, his countryman, friend, and faithful companion, who did this painting for the Duomo of their native town. *St. Gregory at table* with twelve poor persons, among whom he recognises Christ, is one of Vasari's best works; it presents a series of portraits of his different protectors and friends, from Pope Clement VII., in the figure of St. Gregory, and the duke Alessandro of Medici, to the butler of the convent of Saint Michael in Bosco at Bologna, for which the painting was ordered. The *St. Margaret kneeling before the Virgin and infant Jesus*, by Parmegiano, was honoured by the admiration of the Carracci and Guido, who

<sup>1</sup> If such a discussion were not rather too grave for a gallery and about a painting. It might be added that contemporary facts support the generous thought just cited : the catholic population has particularly increased in countries that enjoy

religious liberty ; within thirty years the number of catholics has increased tenfold in the United States, and is daily become greater in England among the lower classes of large towns.

<sup>2</sup> See *post*, chap. vi.

studied it : the head of the Virgin and the saint's are sublime and affecting as are all the many figures of women that adorn this museum. In this respect the gallery is truly enchanting, and never did beauty appear more exquisite or in greater variety.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Saint Petronius. — Gates. — Tribolo. — Meridian. — Properzia de' Rossi. — Plans. — Cathedral. — Benedict XIV.

Saint Petronius takes precedence of the cathedral at Bologna, as we have already observed. Erected at the period of Bolognese liberty, about the end of the fourteenth century, at the expense of the parish, this church is a monument of the religious magnificence of the republics in the middle ages, and a proof of the eminence and importance of their artists : the architect Antonio Vincenzi was one of the sixteen *riformatori*, and had been ambassador at Venice.

Saint Petronius is resplendent with the beauties of art. The Sibyls on the doors, sculptured by Tribolo, the timorous fellow traveller of Benvenuto Cellini, have the purity and elegance of Raphael's; the prophets, the ornaments of the smaller doors, the basso-relievos of *Adam and Eve*, especially the figure of the latter spinning, with her first children embracing her knees, and the other figures by Jacopo della Quercia, are excellent works. The *Resurrection of the Saviour*, by Alfonso Lombardo, over the left-hand door, is admirable for nature, nobleness, and simplicity. In the interior, in the chapel of the Relics, the *Assumption*, a basso-relievo in marble, by Tribolo, is light and aerial. The *St. Jerome*, the masterpiece of Lorenzo Costa, pupil of Francia, has been spoiled by retouching. Michael Angelo supplied the design of the magnificent but sombre painted windows of Saint Anthony's chapel, and these fragile paintings have all his power and expression. The *Miracles of the Saint*, painted in clare-obscure on the walls of this chapel, are superior and graceful works of Geronimo of Trevisa, a painter of the close of the

fifteenth century. The fine *St. Anthony raising a dead man*, is by Lorenzo Pasinelli, an elegant Bolognese painter of the seventeenth century; the large and good *Crowning of the Madonna del Borgo*, with the superb fresco in perspective opposite, by Brizzio, an eminent artist who was a journeyman shoemaker until his twentieth year, and became one of the first pupils of the Carracci and an able assistant of Ludovico. At the high-altar, the two statues, *St. Francis* and *St. Anthony*, are by Campagna; and over the reading-desk is a small and graceful statue of *David*, by Silvestro Giannotti. *St. Barbara beheaded by her father*, is Tiarini's best work. The *St. Michael*, an excellent painting by Fiammingo, one of Guido's masters, explains the chefs-d'œuvre of his pupil, as it always happens with the paintings of such masters. The *St. Roch*, larger than life, is one of Parmegiano's best works; the *Twelve Apostles*, by Costa, attest his skill in portraying men's countenances. The *Paradise* and *Hell*, old paintings of the chapel of Saint Petronius, notwithstanding some learned researches, are by unknown authors.

On one of the pilasters is a statue of Saint Petronius, regarded as his most ancient likeness, but so much altered by repeated restorations that his true physiognomy is scarcely distinguishable. The meridian of Saint Petronius, substituted by Cassini for that of P. Ignazio Danti, and farther corrected in 1778 by Eustachio Zanotti, another illustrious Bolognese, is a scientific monument that confers honour on Bologna, and contrasts with the recollections and splendour of its old basilic.

The apartments called the *Residenza della Rev. fabbrica* deserve a visit. On the inner door is the bust of Count Guido Pepoli, one of the earlier and best works of Properzia de' Rossi. The works of this unfortunate woman have still higher interest when viewed in conjunction with her touching history. This Bolognese Sappho, a painter, sculptor, musician, engraver, died of love at the very moment the pope, having heard of her fame, sent for her to Rome, after the coronation of Charles V. A basso-relievo, her chef-

<sup>1</sup> See his Life, vol. i. 278 *et seq.*

<sup>2</sup> "Finalmente alla povera innamorata giovane ogni cosa riuscì perfettissimamente, eccetto il suo

infelicitissimo amore." Vasari, *Vita di Properzia de' Rossi*. Vasari relates the forcible reply made to the pope when, after the coronation of Charles V., he



d'œuvre, represents the *Temptation of Joseph*: it is evident that the artist intended there to depict her own misfortunes; Potiphar's wife is charming but melancholy, with something of Ariadne, and appears forlorn rather than forward and wanton. These rooms also contain sixteen original drawings of plans proposed by the first architects in the world for completing the church front, a precious collection which it would be very interesting for the art to see published. There are four different plans, all so perfect as to be attributed to Palladio; under one of them is written in his hand: *Laudo il presente disegno*, an inscription that forbids us to think the design his own, as all the works of this great artist prove that no man was ever more modest and unassuming. One design is by Vignola; it received the approval of Giulio Romano and Cristoforo Lombardo; under it is another by Jacopo Ranuccio, his rude rival in the works of Saint Petronius, which proves Vignola's vast superiority. Other plans are by Domenico Tibaldo, Pellegrini's brother, Baltasare Perruzzi, Giulio Romano, Cristoforo Lombardo, Geronimo Rainaldi, Varignana, Andrea da Formigine, Alberto Alberti da Borgo San Sepolero, and one by the good Bolognese architect Francesco Terribilia, which was approved by the senate of Bologna in 1580, and has been published by Cicognara. Cardinal Geronimo Gastaldi, legate of Bologna in 1678, offered to finish the front of Saint Petronius in his own manner, bearing all the expenses himself, but on the condition of apposing his coat of arms. The fabric deemed it their duty to meet this proposition with a dignified refusal. To gratify his passion for building, the cardinal then set about erecting the two churches still to be seen near the *Porta del Popolo* at Rome, a sufficient specimen of the taste and architectural science of this vain and ignorant amateur.

The colossal statue of Julius II. in bronze, by Michael Angelo, the earnest of his reconciliation with the pope (they having been at variance since the Moses), was before the portal of Saint Petronius.

wished to take Properzia with him:—*Sta in chiesa, e gli si fa il funerale*. The death of Properzia de' Rossi is the subject of a *Rappresentazione tragica* (a kind of prose historical tragi-comedy) by Professor Paolo Costa, played with success at Bologna in 1828.

Julius wished to be represented in the act of reprimanding the Bolognese with his right hand, and bearing a sword in the left.<sup>1</sup> The menacing statue, one of the chefs-d'œuvre of which we must ever lament the loss, was broken up by the people of Bologna on the arrival of the Bentivoglio and the French; and it seems, considering the martial spirit of the pontiff, to have been very naturally converted into a piece of ordnance, by the duke of Ferrara, and baptised the *Julian*. The works of Michael Angelo have been in other instances singularly exposed in the midst of revolutions, in which they appear as actors, or rather victims; his *David* had the left arm broken in the assault made by the people on the palace of the Signoria at Florence, 1527,<sup>2</sup> and his admirable cartoon of the War of Pisa, for a long period a model of drawing for all artists, which, as asserted by Benvenuto Cellini, he could never surpass, perished in the broils of that same republic.

The antique cathedral of Bologna has been rebuilt several times, and modernised; but its new re-construction does not, as usual in such cases, leave room for regret. It is pleasing to find therein traces of the good Lambertini, its ancient bishop, who as pope, who seems to the priesthood, if I may venture the comparison, what Henry IV. was to royalty. The front is by him; some of his presents are of extraordinary richness; the urn of the martyr Saint Proculus is of gilt bronze, embellished with lapislazuli; and the tapestries, exhibited on Saint Peter's day, were sent by him from Rome; they are executed after the designs of Raphael Mengs. *St. Peter consecrating the bishop St. Apollinarius* is a noble composition by Ercole Graziani the younger, a Bolognese painter of the seventeenth century, who also did the *St. Ann showing the infant Virgin to the Eternal Father in his glory*, and the *Baptism of Christ*: *St. Peter appearing to Pope Celestine, to order him to elect St. Petronius bishop of Bologna*, is by Bigari, another Bolognese artist of the last century, who successfully fol-

<sup>1</sup> See Pl. III. of the plates of the *History of Sculpture*.

<sup>2</sup> When Michael Angelo asked him whether he should put a book in his left hand he replied, "No, give me a sword; I am no bookman."

<sup>3</sup> See post, book x. ch. iv.

lowed both sculpture and architecture, and, from his fecundity and the multitude of paintings he scattered over Europe, obtained the title of universal painter. In the chapel of the Holy Sacrament, the Virgin in the clouds with the *infant Jesus*, *St. Ignatius and angels*, by Creti, is esteemed. The cathedral of Bologna presents some new instances of that painting, the fruit of extreme old age, which seems the life of Italian artists, only ceasing with their existence: the fresco of *St. Petronius* and *St. Pancras* was executed by Franceschini in his eightieth year. Ludovico Carraccio was also an octogenarian when he did the *Annunciation* on the ceiling of the sixth chapel. Were it destitute of talent, a work in so elevated a position would prove at least an extraordinary agility for that age. It was then common, however, to see the most celebrated painters to expose themselves to the danger and fatigue of painting cupolas in fresco. The foot of the angel bowing before the Virgin is twisted; the ardent, conscientious old man wanted to retouch it, offering to bear the expenses of re-erecting the scaffold, which was refused, and he died of chagrin in consequence: to such an extent did these men combine the irritable sensitiveness and self-love of the artist, to the manners and practices of the artisan. In the sacristy, a fine painting by this same Carraccio represents *St. Peter* weeping with the Virgin over the death of Christ, but time has darkened the colouring. The subterranean church, called *il Confessio*, has the *Marys weeping over the dead Christ*, the work of Alfonso Lombardo.

## CHAPTER V.

Saint James.—Saint Martin.—Beroald.—Salicetti mausoleum.—Oratory.—San Salvatore.—Guerclino's monument.—*Corpus Domini*.—Saint Paul.

In the church of the *Madonna di Galliera*, on the ceiling of the chapel of the Crucifix, are frescos of the *Murder of Abel* and *Abraham's sacrifice*, which are the last works of Angelo Michele Colonna, an artist much esteemed in this branch of painting, who died at the age of eighty-eight, towards the end of the seventeenth century. The *Saint An-*

*thony of Padua* is an able work of Gerónimo Donnini, pupil of Del Sole and Cignani. In the principal chapel, the Angels adoring the antique miraculous image of the Virgin are an excellent production of Giuseppe Mazza, a good sculptor of the last century, who began life as a painter. The *St. Thomas touched by the Saviour* is by Teresa Muratori Moneta, an excellent musician and painter, a pupil of Del Sole; she has given the angels in the sky of this picture with all the talent for which she was so distinguished in that particular. The *Infant Jesus in the midst of his kindred, showing the Eternal Father the instruments of the Passion he was thereafter to suffer*; the figures of *Adam* and *Eve*, in oil; the Cherubim, some fine frescos of the *Virtues*, an *Assumption*, in the sacristy, are by Albano. *St. Philip of Neri in a trance between two angels and the Virgin*, is by Guercino. In the sacristy, a *St. Philip*, two blessed *Ghisilieri*, a *Conception*, are by Elisabetta Sirani; the *Celestial love*, and *Queen St. Elisabeth*, by her father. The elegant ornaments on the door of the adjoining oratory are by Ma. Polo, an artist of the earlier part of the sixteenth century; the fresco of the *Dead Christ shown to the people*, by Ludovico Carraccio.

At Saint Mary Major, *St. John the Evangelist telling St. Jerome what to write*; *St. Agatha*, *St. Apollonia*, *St. Anthony of Padua*, are by Tiarini; the latter is one of the latest works of this great painter, who died in his ninety-first year. A fig-tree crucifix is reputed to have been made prior to the year 1000.

The church of Saint Bartholomew *di Reno* preserves a venerable antique image of the *Madonna della Pioggia*. An admirable *Nativity*, by Agostino Carraccio, shows the Virgin suckling, another instance opposed to the assertion of a learned judge, who, I believe, pretended that the Virgin had never been painted so. The *Circumcision* and *Adoration of the Magi*, by Ludovico, are still very beautiful. Opposite the stairs leading to the oratory, an excellent large landscape in oil on the wall is the only work in painting of the clever engraver Mattioli; and the *St. Bartholomew*, in the same oratory, is by Alfonso Lombardo.

At the high altar of Saint Joseph, the

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book v. ch. xiv., and book vi. ch. xvii.

*Virgin* with the infant Jesus on her knees, to whom the little St. John is offering an apple, in the presence of Sts. Joseph, Anne, Roch, and Sebastian, is by Fiammingo. The ceiling of the oratory, by Colonna and Mitelli, a Bolognese painter, elegant and correct as a designer, is very fine. An hospital for men above seventy years old is attached to Saint Joseph, and takes its name; it contains two marble basso-relievos, by Toselli, a statuary of Bologna, who died in this hospital, the tokens of his gratitude and misfortunes.

At Saint Benedict, the *Virgin on a throne and the infant Jesus*, with Sts. Catherine, Maur, Placid, John the Baptist, and Jerome, is a graceful composition by Lucio Massari, a pupil of the Carracci, whose lofty style he could never attain, but approached much nearer his intimate friend Albano, with whom he lived and worked. The *Four Prophets*; *St. Anthony the abbot beaten by demons*, and *comforted by Christ*, a fine *Charity* on the ceiling, and the *Virtues* of God the Father, a *St. Anthony*, are by Jacopo Cavedone; *St. Francis de Paule* is by Gabriele dagli Occhiali, one of Guido's able masters. A *Virgin* seated, holding the crown of thorns, and conversing with Magdalen on her son's death, is a noble, affecting picture; the *Prophets*, the *Angels*, a fresco of St. Charles and St. Albert, are by Tiarini. The sacristy contains the celebrated *Crucifixion* by Andrea Sirani, retouched by his master Guido, in which death itself is beautiful.

At the Madonna del Soccorso, a crucifix, previously at the suppressed church of Saint Francis, is reputed to have spoken to P. Giovanni Peciani, in 1242, as stated in the records of the fabric. The *Christ shown to the Jewish populace* is a famous work of Bartolommeo Passerotti, of Bologna, a pupil of Vignola, the head of an illustrious school, a rival and enemy of the Carracci, and, in Guido's opinion, the best portrait painter after Titian. In the oratory, is a *Birth of the Virgin*, copied from Ludovico Carraccio; the frescos were done gratuitously by Gioacchino Pizoli, a Bolognese painter of the seventeenth century, a proficient in landscape, and the companion of Colonna.

The church of *Mascarella*, of indifferent architecture, built during the last

century, preserves some traces of the miraculous life of Saint Dominick: the table on which, in answer to certain prayers, he and his companions, when without food, were served by two angels; in the sacristy, his cell, and the image of the Madonna which had spoken to him. An *Assumption* is by Tiburzio Passerotti, an excellent painter, and the cleverest of Bartolommeo's sons. A *St. Dominick*, an antique picture, is precious from being so well preserved. The ceiling of the church and the grand chapel, painted by Minozzi and Tesi, have been ably restored by a living artist of Bologna, S. Gaetano Caponeri.

Saint Mary Magdalen contains the works of many Bolognese masters: the *Virgin*, *St. Onuphre*, *St. Vital*, *St. Francis*, *St. James Intercis*, by Tiburzio Passerotti; a *Noli me tangere*, by his father; the *Virgin*, *St. Sebastian* and *St. Roch*, by Bagnacavallo, and in the oratory, the cleverly restored altar-piece, by Ercole Procaccini, the old and but indifferent chief of the brilliant chief of the Procaccini; the *Angel Gabriel*, the *Virgin*, by Giuseppe Crespi.

Saint Magdalen has the *St. Catherine*, one of Bartolommeo Passerotti's best works; a *Christ bewailed by the Marys*; the *Virgin*, *St. Joseph*, and *St. John the Baptist*, fine paintings: the former by Giuseppe Mazza; the second by Francesco Monti, a prolific painter of the last century, and clever as a colourist.

At Saint Mary Incoronata, the *Virgin*, the *Infant Jesus*, with St. Francis kissing his hand, St. Joseph, St. Gaetan, and a glory of angels, is a beautiful work of Grati, the worthy pupil and friend of Del Sole.

The greater part of the chefs-d'œuvre, that were once the glory of the church dei Mendicanti, are no longer there: the *Madonna della pietà*, by Guido, the *St. Matthew*, by Ludovico Carraccio, the *St. Eloi*, *St. Petronius*, by Cavedone, are at the gallery, and Guido's *Job*, which accompanied them to France, fortunately remains there. At the *Mendicanti* may still be seen, the *St. Ursula* of Bartolommeo Passerotti, a *Flight into Egypt*, with a fine landscape, by Mastellata, a Franciscan monk and an able pupil of the Carracci, said by Guido, with too great modesty, to have been born a greater painter than himself;



*St. Anne adoring the Virgin in a vision*; a Crucifix, with the *Virgin* and *St. John*, by Cesi, an exquisite painter of the middle of the sixteenth century, from whose works Guido, with his usual humility, pretended to have derived great advantage. Two indifferent paintings by Cavedone represent two odd miracles of *St. Eloi*: in one the saint seizes the devil by the nose while in the guise of a woman; in the other, he brings back a horse's foot that he had carried to the forge to shoe it more conveniently.

The church of Saint Leonard has an exquisite *Annunciation* by Tiarini, and two excellent paintings by Ludovico Carraccio; the *Martyrdom of St. Ursula*, in the Venetian style, shows the great versatility of this artist's talent; *St. Catherine in prison*: the saint is converting the wife of Maximian and Porphyrius; her expression is sweet, charming, it attracts and does not sermonise.

The painting of Francesco Francia, which covers the antique image of the *Madonna della Natività* at the church of Saint Vital and Agricola, is noble and graceful: beside it is a *Nativity* by Jacopo, his son and pupil, which is not unworthy his glorious father.

The old church of Saint James Major, now held by the Augustine hermits, has an immense vaulted roof of a bold structure and some fine paintings. The following deserve notice: *Christ appearing to St. John*, by Cavedone; the *Virgin on a throne surrounded by saints*, by Bartolommeo Passerotti, an imitation of the Carracci, and praised by them; the *Martyrdom of St. Catherine*, a small *Nativity*, by Innocent d'Imola, almost worthy of Raphael; *St. Roch smitten with the plague and comforted by an angel*, by Ludovico Carracci; the *four Evangelists and the four Doctors of the Church*, by Sabbattini. The celebrated *St. Michael*, very much admired by Agostino Carraccio, who engraved it, is by his pupil Fiammingo, retouched by himself. In the Poggi chapel, constructed by Pellegrini, are two superb paintings of that artist, which were much studied by the Carracci and their school: *John the Baptist baptising*, and the *Multi vocati, pauci vero electi*, the last especially, of powerful expression and altogether in Michael Angelo's style. The style of the celebrated chapel of the Bentivoglio, the old lords and popular chiefs of Bologna, is very

remarkable: a *Virgin, infant Jesus*, with angels and saints, a graceful composition by Francia, painter of Giovanni II. Bentivoglio, is much admired there. Francia's painting, of the year 1490, is signed *Franciscus Francia aurifex*, as if to indicate that his then profession was that of a goldsmith, and not painting as yet. This great artist had attained to manhood before he touched a pencil, and some few years were sufficient to develop his prodigious talent. The *Virgin, St. John the Baptist, St. Francis* and *St. Benedict*, by Cesi, very pleasing, is said to have been contemplated for hours together by Guido in his youth. The *Martyrdom of St. Catherine*, by Tiburzio Passerotti, is completely in the style of his father and master Bartolommeo. The *Purification* and other lateral figures, by Orazio Samacchini, one of the good painters of the sixteenth century, and an imitator of Correggio, are noble and pathetic, but perhaps too elaborate. The famous Crucifix, the miraculous history of which begins in the tenth century, is simply of wood; there is no body, nor is it bedaubed or illumined like the crosses of Calvaries, which will never be so venerated.

At Saint Donatus, the church of the Malvasia family, an inscription and an image of the Virgin commemorates her appearing and the grace she accorded to certain Carmelites who were singing the *Salve Regina*: the words *venerare et colito* terminate the inscription, and are a proof of the active and imperative faith of the time.

Saint Martin Major is not without splendour. There may be seen the monument and bust of Beroald the elder, an eminent Bolognese scholar, one of the most illustrious men of the revival: above is an *Ascension*, the first inferior work that Cavedone executed; this clever and unfortunate artist was plunged into such excessive affliction by the death of his son, a most promising young painter, that he lost his talent, and, for want of orders, was reduced to beggary towards the end of his life, and died in a stable at the age of eighty-seven. Some other paintings are remarkable: a graceful *Madonna*, to whom the Magi are offering presents, by Geronimo da Carpi; the *Virgin with the infant Jesus*, a *Bishop, St. Lucy, St. Nicholas*, by Ami Aspertini, pupil of Francia, surnamed *dei due*

*Pennelli*, as he held them at once in both hands, one for light tints, the other for obscure; the *Christ and St. Thomas*, by Zanotti, who was born at Paris, a good painter of the Bolognese school, a prolific poet and writer, historian and secretary of the Clementine academy; a fine *Assumption*, by Perugino; the *Virgin*, her son, and several saints, by Francia; and a *St. Jerome imploring divine assistance in the explanation of the Scriptures*, by Ludovico Carraccio, who has preserved something of his Dalmatian air to this terrible saint; and, notwithstanding Lalande's wish to have him made rather less repulsive, he has done well in not giving him the meek, devout, resigned, peaceful countenance, common to so many other St. Jeromes. The *Crucifixion*, with *St. Bartholomew*, *St. Andrew* and the *blessed Father Thomas*, was one of those agreeable works of Cesi, that the young Guido so much loved to contemplate. The chapel of the Holy Sacrament was tastefully painted by Maur Tesi, the friend and faithful companion of Algarotti, who cherished him as a son; he died young, of the same malady as his friend, the victim of his unceasing attentions to him. The cloister contains many tombs, among them may be remarked the fine mausoleum of the two Salicetti, a work of 1403, bearing the name of Andrea of Tiesole, an excellent artist, who must not be confounded with Andrea Ferucci. The ceiling and walls of the oratory, formerly the library, were painted by Dentone, and the *Dispute of St. Cyril* is a celebrated work of Lucio Massari.

The *Madonna di St. Colombano* is remarkable for its frescos of the Carraccio school: under the portico, the *Universal judgment* and the *Hell*, by Pancotto, are whimsically imagined; the *Infant Jesus playing with the little St. John*, in the midst of little angels, by Paolo Carraccio, was drawn by Ludovico. In the upper oratory are some other good frescos of the *Passion* of the same school. The *St. Peter going out to weep*, by Albano, is perfect.

Saint George deserves a visit for the *Piscina probatica* and the *Annunciation*, by Ludovico Carraccio, and two beautiful works by Camillo Procaccini, near the last-mentioned. The *Saint Philip Benizio kneeling before the Virgin* in the midst of angels, was begun by

Simon of Pesaro and finished in the lower part by Albano.

At Saint Gregory, the *Baptism of Christ* is one of Annibale Carraccio's first oil-paintings; it already exhibits all that master's vigour, and it clearly proves how profoundly he had studied the Venetian style. The *St. George delivering the queen from the dragon* is by Ludovico, as also a superb *God the Father*.

Saint Mathias possesses an *Annunciation*, by Tintoretto; five small paintings by Innocente d'Imola, and a *Virgin appearing to St. Hyacinth*, a charming production of Guido's youth, done in his twenty-third year.

The frescos of the chapel called the *Oratory*, at the church of Saint Roch, show the excessive zeal of the young Bolognese painters of former days; these frescos, representing the different incidents of the saint's history, are the work of their ardent emulation and love of glory; no one received a greater salary than two pistoles: it was like a tournament of painting; Guercino distinguished himself among his rivals by his accurate but not very noble painting of *St. Roch* taken on suspicion of being a spy, and driven to prison by a lusty application of kicks on a certain part of his person. The eighteen compartments of the ceiling representing the *four Protectors of the town*, the *four Doctors of the church*, the *four Evangelists*, and the *six Virtues*, by the best Bolognese masters, are also very remarkable: *St. Ambrose* and *St. Augustine*, by Colonna, have been reckoned worthy of Domenichino. These frescos were cleverly engraved and published in 1831 by an artist of Bologna, S. Gaetano Canuti, the inventor of an ingenious method of expressing painted or sculptured figures with precision.

At the church of Charity, the celebrated *Visitation*, enthusiastically extolled by Count Malvasia, is a well composed painting by Galanino, a kinsman and distinguished pupil of the Carracci, whom ill-fortune reduced to the necessity of turning portrait-painter and remaining so. The *St. Elizabeth, queen of Hungary, in a swoon on Christ's appearing to her*, is by Franceschini; the *Virgin, Charity, St. Francis*, at the high-altar, by Aretusi and Fiorini; the *Virgin, St. Joseph, and St. Anthony of Padua*, by Felice Cignani, one of this painter's good works, and worthy of Carlo his father,



one of the best masters of the seventeenth century; the *St. Anne*, by the elder Bibbiena.

Saint Nicholas and Saint Felix has a fine painting by Annibale Carraccio, *Jesus crucified*, the *Virgin and St. Petronius*, *St. Francis and St. Bernard*. The head over the church door is by Alfonso Lombardo.

The church of San Salvatore blends richness with beauty. The *Image of the Virgin crowned*, an old and well preserved painting, is said at Bologna to be of the year 1106, and anterior to Giotto. The other remarkable paintings are: a *Resurrection of the Saviour*, fine in the naked parts; *Judith going to meet the daughters of Israel with the head of Holofernes*, by Mastellata; the *Miracle of the Crucifix of Beryte* by Jacopo Coppi, a Florentine, and pupil of Michael Angelo; the *Saviour bearing his cross*, by Gessi, but it may be looked on as Guido's, since he drew it, retouched it, and did the head; a *St. Jerome*, by Bonone; a superb *Nativity*, by Tiarini; a fine *Christ on the cross surrounded by saints*, by Innocente d'Imola; a graceful *St. John kneeling before Zaccharias*, by Garofolo; and a large *Marriage in Cana*, by Gaetano Gandolfi, a Bolognese painter, who died in 1802. It is to be regretted that is neither stone nor inscription to the memory of Guercino at San Salvatore, where he wished to repose near his so much loved brother: a monument to commemorate his glory and virtues would be at once just and affecting.

The fine church called *Corpus Domini*, or *Della Santa*, meaning *St. Catherine* of Bologna, a nun of the *Corpus Domini* convent, offers another proof of the marvellous flexibility of Ludovico Carraccio's powers: the *Christ appearing to the Virgin with the patriarchs* is full of softness; opposite, the *Apostles burying the Virgin* is full of force. A *St. Francis* is by Fiammingo; a *Madonna*, the *Mysteries of the Rosary*, two great angels, are good works of Giuseppe Mazza. The *St. Catherine*, in the sacristy, writing her little book on the Seven spiritual weapons to combat the enemies of God, printed about 1474, at Ferrara or Bologna, was executed by Zanotti at the age of nineteen. The *Death of St. Joseph*, superb; and the

pleasing frescos on the ceiling of the same chapel are by Franceschini. Through a luthern in one of the chapels may be seen in a vault the entire body of the saint, a blackened corpse, pompously attired, with diamond rings, and a crown on his head.

Saint Paul has some magnificence about it. Setting aside the *Inferno*, this church is like the *Divina Commedia* of Dante in painting: the admirable *Paradise* is by Ludovico Carraccio, and the *Purgatory*, by Guercino. The *Christ presented at the temple* is a good work of Aurelio Lomi, called also Aurelio of Pisa, a painter of the sixteenth century. The *Epiphany* and the *Virgin in the stable*, by Cavedone, which received the following high eulogium from Albano, when he was asked if Bologna possessed any of Titian's paintings: "No," he replied; "but the two of Cavedone that we have at Saint Paul's may be regarded as such." At the high altar are the statues of *St. Paul* and the executioner, who is beheading him, a boasted work of Algardi's.

At the Celestines, the *Christ appearing to Magdalen*, graceful, is of Lucius Masari's good works; and the beautiful painting of the high altar, the *Virgin, St. John Baptist, St. Luke and St. Peter the Celestine* is by Franceschini.

On the principal door of Saint Proculus is the *Virgin*, the *Infant Jesus and Sts. Sixtus and Benedict*, a fine old painting by Lippo Dalmasio, a Bolognese artist of the fourteenth century, surnamed the *Madonna painter*, so extraordinary was the gift he had received, according to Guido, his admirer, of painting them with grace and majesty. The picture of *St. Proculus* is in oil, as the most competent judges have decided, which proves that discovery to be much older than Vasari pretends.

## CHAPTER VI.

Saint Dominick.—Tomb of the Saint.—Nicolao Pisano.—Artists' emoluments.—Tombs of Taddeo Pepoli and King Enzo. — of Guido and Elisabetta Sirani.—Tartagol mausoleum.—Count Marsigli.—Cloister.—Inquisition of Bologna.—Magnani library.—Closing of libraries in Italy.

The square before the church of Saint Dominick presents some singular monuments: the statue of the saint, of copper gilt; the handsome funereal monument

\* See book VII. ch. xvii.



sacred to the learned jurisconsult and excellent writer Passaggieri Rolandino, a great personage of the Bolognese republic in the thirteenth century; <sup>1</sup> and the tomb of the ancient family of the Foscherari, now extinct, erected in 1289, by Egidio Foscherari, and ornamented with rude basso-relievos.

The church is a temple resplendent with the wonders of art and illustrious tombs. At the tomb of Saint Dominick, by Nicolao Pisano, an angel kneeling, full of grace, is by Michael Angelo in his youth, and different from the vigorous and awe-inspiring productions of his riper years: he was paid twelve ducats for this figure. For the small statue of St. Petronius, on the top of the same monument, of the same epoch and character, he was paid eighteen ducats. First rate sculpture seems to have been cheap in those days. When artists make enormous profits, it is often a proof of the decline of art, as money is then the guerdon of those labours of which glory ought to form the chief recompense. The basso-relievos of Nicolao Pisano, representing divers of the saint's miracles, are among those primitive chefs-d'œuvre, full of feeling, nature, and truth; such, particularly, is the story of the *Thrown Cavalier*, surrounded by his family bewailing his death, and brought to life by Saint Dominick. Another basso-relievo, of a totally different character, is remarkable for the noble air of the figures and the chastity of the details; it is *St. Peter and St. Paul in heaven receiving a deputation of Dominicans*, and presenting the founder with the book of the constitutions and the baton of command. Nicolao Pisano, the great artist of his age, was one of those extraordinary peerless geniuses that hold dominion over a whole epoch; in fact, whether we consider his works or his school, he must be regarded as the first precursor of the revival. Below this sculpture of 1200, are the elegant basso-relievos of Alfonso Lombardo, later by three centuries, composed at the epoch of taste, but not eclipsing their old predecessors. The architecture of the brilliant chapel of Saint Dominick is by Terribilia; the paintings are very fine:

the *Child brought to life*, one of Tiarni's masterpieces, procured its author the congratulations of Ludovico Carraccio. The fresco of Guido, the *Reception of the Saint's soul by Christ and the Virgin*, amid the melodies of heaven, is admirable for grace and poesy. The *Tempest*, the *Thrown Cavalier*, elegant figures representing the saint's virtues, are by Mastellata. *St. Dominick burning the books of the heretics*, is a beautiful work by Leonello Spada, and the best he has left at Bologna, his native place.

In the several chapels will be found: a Madonna, surnamed *del Velluto*, by Lippo Dalmasio; a *St. Antoninus*, to whom the Saviour and the Virgin appear, an elegant but fantastical work by Facin, a pupil and even rival of Annibale Carraccio, who, to characterise the freshness of his undraped parts, said that he seemed to grind human flesh in his colours; the *Martyrdom of St. Andrew*, which advanced the reputation of Antonio Rossi, a Bolognese painter of the seventeenth century; *St. Thomas Aquinas writing on the Eucharist*, by Guercino; the *St. Raymond crossing the sea on his mantle*, an original chef-d'œuvre of Ludovico Carraccio, and at the high altar, the *Adoration of the Magi*, very fine, by Bartolommeo Cesi.

In the sacristy are two rude statues of the *Virgin* and the *saint*, larger than life, which, as we are informed by two indifferent Latin verses beneath, were carved out of a cypress that Dominick had planted. This gloomy and funereal tree was a very suitable one for the founder of the inquisition to plant, and he deserved a statue of it.

The fine tomb of Taddeo Pepoli, by the Venetian Jacopo Lanfrani, erected about the middle of the fourteenth century, on which a natural piece of sculpture represents this popular chief, rendering justice to his fellow-citizens whom he governed ten years,—this republican tomb is backed against that of King Enzias, a natural son of the emperor Frederick II., deceased at Bologna in 1272, after a captivity of twenty-two years.\* Italy alone can present such contrasts so near together. The arms of the Pepoli,

<sup>1</sup> Rolandino had been town-clerk; he was chosen to write the answer made to the menacing letter of the emperor Frederick II., who demanded his son, King Enzias, a prisoner of the Bolognese (see

post and ch. viii). He died at a very advanced age after having been elected rector, consul, and perpetual elder, that is to say, chief magistrate.

\* See post, chap. viii.

which are displayed on the tomb, were a chess-board, a pretty just emblem of the skilful and cautious combinations necessary for political characters in free states. The inscription on the tomb of Enzius is singular, and not a bad portraiture of the municipal pride and savage haughtiness of the republics of the middle ages :

Felsina Sardinæ regem sibi vincla minantem,  
Victrix captivum consule ovante trahit;  
Nec patris imperio cedit, nec capitur auro;  
Sic cane non magno sæpe tenetur aper.

In the superb chapel of the Rosary are two tombs which produce a very different impression from those containing the remains of Taddeo Pepoli and King Enzius: they enclose the ashes of Guido and his beloved pupil, Elisabetta Sirani, great as a painter, irreproachable as a woman, and worthy of her master for the gracefulness and power of her talents: she died of poison in her twenty-sixth year. This chapel is embellished with admirable paintings representing the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary: the *Presentation at the Temple*, by Fiammingo; the *Holy Spirit descending on the apostles*, by Cesi; the *Mary visiting Elizabeth*; the *Flagellation of the Saviour*, by Ludovico Carraccio, and the *Assumption*, by Guido. The ceiling, by Michele Colonna and Agostino Mitelli, is one of the finest works of these able artists, who were united more than twenty years by a friendship honourable to both. Near this chapel is the mausoleum of the celebrated jurisconsult and professor Alessandro Targagni, an excellent work of the Florentine sculptor, Francesco di Simone.

A monument has been erected in the church of St. Dominick by the Clementine academy of architecture to General Marsigli, founder of the Institute of Bologna, a man renowned for his science, his patriotism, and the untoward vicissitudes of his romantic life, as a warrior, traveller, and captive. Marsigli, notwithstanding the rich collections, brought from abroad at great expense, which he had given to his country, was always opposed, says his ingenious panegyrist, to his name appearing on a public monument; he could not, however, escape the compliments of the speech delivered at the inauguration of the Institute, in

1714, by P. Ercole Corazzi, an Olivetan monk, and mathematician of the new company; Fontenelle remarks that "praises refused will return with greater force, and it is not, perhaps, less modest to let them have their course, taking them for what they are worth." The monument in Saint Dominick is another of those homages spoken of by Fontenelle, to which the manes of Count Marsigli must submit, although he wished to be interred without any pomp in the church of the Capuchins.

The inscription and bust consecrated to Ludovico Carraccio, in the chapel of Saint Dominick, are no longer there; they have been removed to the Academy of Fine Arts, where a monument worthy of this great artist is to be erected to his memory.

The cloister of Saint Dominick offers many ancient tombs. Two are remarkable: that of Giovanni Andrea Calderini, by Lanfrani, the able sculptor of Taddeo Pepoli's monument, and Bartolommeo Salicetti's, executed in 1412 by Andrea of Fiesole. Some curious remains of painting show the *Magdalen at the feet of Christ*, the earliest work, according to Malvasia, of Lippo Dalmasio, the graceful Madonna painter already mentioned.

The convent of Saint Dominick, occupied by Dominicans, is the seat of the inquisition; but this awful tribunal is now, at Bologna, very lenient and scarcely known to exist. The inquisitor, P. Medici, who died in 1833, was a learned and very respectable Dominican, and he himself had addressed observations to the pope, purporting that it was altogether unnecessary to re-establish the inquisition.

The Magnani library, now belonging to the town, occupies a part of the convent of Saint Dominick; it was bequeathed by the excellent Bolognese ecclesiastic whose name it bears, a man of learning, who was desirous that his library should be serviceable to his young compatriots, and, in particular, that it should be accessible when the others were closed. Such a provision is singularly useful and advantageous during the everlasting vacations and innumerable holydays of most Italian libraries, especially in the Papal states. The Vatican is not open a hundred days a year. I remember with regret that on one oc-

<sup>1</sup> Fontenelle, *Éloge de Marsigli*.

casion, as I passed through Florence, I could not enter the Laurentian, because, like the rest, it was shut under the pretext of the feast of Saint Catherine. The apartment devoted to the Magnani library is superb, consisting of three immense rooms, and others smaller; though recently founded, it has already eighty-three thousand volumes, and a yearly sum of three thousand franks is granted by the city for new purchases. The splendour of painting is conspicuous in every part of Bologna, and this library contains a *Deposition from the cross*, by Barocci, unfinished, but of prodigious effect. The recent legacy of the illustrious Bolognese professor Valeriani will add to the importance and utility of this library, which will be transferred to the *Scuole Pie*. The rest of the learned economist's fortune, which he left in totality to the parish, will be employed in completing the arcades which unite the portico of Saint Luke to the *Campo Santo*.

On coming out of the convent, under a portico on the left, is a *Virgin with the infant Jesus and St. John*, by Bagnacavallo, a valuable work, esteemed by Guido, and exposed to the street.

## CHAPTER VII.

Saint Lucy.—Manuscript relic.—Monks and nuns artists.—*Servi*.—San Giovanni in Monte.—Saint Stephen.—San Bartolommeo di porta Ravennana. Santa Maria della Vita.—The blessed Buonaparte.—Portrait of Louis XIV. on an altar.—Oratory.—Lombardo's basso-relievos.

The church of Saint Lucy possess a letter of Saint Francis Xavier, written in Portuguese, which is always exposed on the festival of that saint, and this manuscript relic has received more homage than the greatest chefs-d'œuvre of literature. One of the finest paintings is the *Death of this saint*, attended by angels, a work of Rambaldi, a Bolognese painter of the last century, who was drowned in passing the Taro. In the sacristy is an *Immaculate Conception*, one of the first works of Fiammingo, when he studied under the Sabattini.

Over the noble portico of the *Madonna del Baracano* is a *Virgin*, by Alfonso Lombardo. Some pleasing sculptures by Properzia de' Rossi adorn the high altar of this same church of the Ma-

donna del Baracano, which odd surname seems little suitable to the Virgin or this noble and poetic artist.

At the church of the Trinity is a *St. Roch*, by Guercino; the *Madonna* in a glory, several saints, and some little children playing with the cardinal's hat of St. Jerome, by J. B. Jennari, is a work closely resembling the Procaccini.

Many paintings in the church of Saint Christine are the work of the ancient nuns of the convent to which this church belonged. Paintings by monks and nuns were formerly very common in Italy; the cloister counted some clever and brilliant artists; in this respect, the monastic life has also degenerated there. Even when these monks and nuns had not the talent of painting, they seem to have had taste enough to encourage the art. The *Ascension* at the high altar of Saint Christine was ordered of Ludovico Carraccio by the reverend mother Buttrigari, and executed at her expense; the figures seem too large now, because it was placed higher in the old church. Other nuns also ordered the six figures put between the pilasters, among which are the *St. Peter and St. Paul* by Guido, in his early youth.

At the high altar of the church of Saint Catherine *di strada maggiore*, the *Martyrdom of the Saint* with the Lord in a glory, by Gessi, is elegant.

The majestic portic of the *Servi*, by Fra Andrea Manfredi, general of the Servites, a great architect of the fourteenth century, has some beautiful frescos illustrating divers incidents in the history of their founder St. Philip Benizio: the *Blind man at the Saint's tomb* was a masterpiece by Ciguani, destroyed by time, or by envy, as some suppose; the *Saint carried to heaven by two angels*, by Giovanni Viani, expresses in his features and even in his flight, the idea of celestial beatitude; the *Converted harlots* are by Giuseppe Mitelli, a gay, spirited painter, pupil of Albano, Guercino, and Simone of Pesaro. The church is remarkable for its paintings, its monuments, and almost its curiosities. The *Virgin giving the habit to the seven founders of the order* is one of Franceschini's last works, painted by that brilliant artist when near his eightieth year, nor does his talent seem to have declined. Guercino painted the *Eternal Father*; Guido executed in one



night, by the torchlight, and gratis, the *Soul of St. Charles in heaven*. The *Annunciation*, by Innocente d'Imola; the *St. Andrew*, the *Noli me tangere*, by Albano, are admirable. A large and beautiful *Paradise*, by Fiammingo, is a trifle too elaborate. The *Twelve thousand crucified*, is by Elisabetta Sirani, and a *Madonna* by Lippo Dalmasio. A vast *Nativity*, over the door, is a good fresco, and Tiarini's last work. The monuments of the senator J. J. Grati, and the cardinal Ulisse Gozzadini, are imposing. In one of the chapels a marble jug is shown as having been used at the marriage of Cana; it was presented by a general of the Servites who had been sent to the sultan of Egypt in 1359. A crucifix skilfully constructed of packs of cards, is the work of a domestic of the Grati family: such an application of cards is perhaps unique, and singularly honourable to the dependants of that house. In the cloister is a majestic staircase by Terribilia, and very fine perspective, by Dentone, the cleverest man of his day in that kind of painting.

The church of the Presentation of the Virgin presents at the altar that very subject painted by Andrea Sirani, retouched by Guido. In the sacristy are several drawings by Albert Durer, and the *Veronica*, a small painting by Annibale Carracci.

The antique church of San Giovanni in Monte was completely modernised in 1824. A *St. Francis*, by Guercino, adoring the crucifix, is admirably effective: the crucifix is on the ground: this downward worshipping is singularly new and profound. An old *Madonna*, a detached fresco, prior to the year 1000, as proved by several authentic documents; another *Madonna*, by Lippo Dalmasio, are in strong contrast with the new repairs. The *St. Ubald*, bishop, by the elder Bolognini, is altogether in Guido's style.

Saint Stephen, an extraordinary church, formed by the uniting of seven chapels, is one of the oldest and most characteristic in Italy: old madonnas, saints' images and tombs, travellers' *ex voto* offerings, miraculous wells, which were as the watering places of the ages of faith, Gothic inscriptions: it exhibits on all sides the venerable traces of by-gone centuries. But this curious temple

ought to be especially visited for its Greek frescos of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries on the great ceiling of the third church, paintings full of nature, life, movement, and expression. In the first chapel, a *Father beseeching St. Benedict to intercede for the health of his dying son*, is a work of good effect, by Teresa Muratori and her master Dal Sole. In the third is one of the good antique *Crucifixions* by Simone of Bologna, a painter of the fourteenth century, called also *da' Crocifissi*, from the exceeding pathos with which he treated that subject.

The painting of the high altar of the church of Saint Michael *de' Leprosetti*, representing a *Madonna* crowned by the angels and the archangel saint, who recommends to her protection the city of Bologna then ravaged by the plague, is one of Gessi's chefs-d'œuvre.

At Saint Bartholomew *di porta Ravennana*, *St. Charles kneeling at the tomb of Varallo*, by Ludovico Carraccio, presents an angel full of grace. An *Annunciation*, called the *Annunciation of the Beautiful Angel*, by Albano, heavenly for expression, a masterpiece that time had almost destroyed, was very skilfully restored to its primitive beauty by an artist of Bologna, S. Guizzarda. A *Virgin and infant Jesus*, by Guido, was a legacy of the canon Sagaci. The frescos representing the *Life of St. Gaetano* are a fine and rapidly executed work of Cignani's pupils, done in less than two months, from the drawings of their master, who also retouched them.

At the entrance of the church of *Santa Maria della Vita*, I experienced a strange impression: in a brilliant chapel, great respect is paid to the bones of the blessed Buonaparte Ghislieri, transferred thither in 1718 from the neighbouring church of Saint Eligio, when its suppression took place. The painting representing *St. Jerome* and the said blessed Buonaparte, is an esteemed production of Milani. One may be allowed a little surprise at seeing this redoubtable name in such a place, a name that seems much rather to belong to the annals of ambition and glory than the legend of saints. The inscription, a meek peace-breathing distich, adds to this contrast:

Arca Bonapartis corpus tenet ista beati:  
Multos sanavit, sese sanctum esse probavit.

The relic of the obscure and blessed Buonaparte reposes on a rich altar, much lighter for it than the wave-beaten rock which hides the ashes of Napoleon.

At the high altar, and in the tabernacle, it is singular to find a medallion of Louis XIV., set in diamonds, and painted by Petitot; it is even exposed on the festivals of the Holy Virgin, probably on account of its richness. With all my respect for the great king, I little expected to find his likeness in such a venerated place. This medallion was a legacy of the canon count of Malvasia, who received it from Louis XIV., to whom he had dedicated his *Felsina pittrice*. A first medallion was stolen from the courier, and replaced by this one, still more precious. Lebrun, who had received from the same Malvasia his Guide to Bologna, made him a present of the collection of the battles of Alexander, which he bequeathed to the library, where it now is. It is easy to recognise in the smallest facts of this polite era, the feeling of propriety of which the master was the model, and which was not only imitated by the court, but also by the lowest officers in his service.

The name of Buonaparte and the portrait of Louis XIV., at Santa Maria della Vita, recall the times of the power and conquests of France; but the conquests of Louis were rational, natural, and durable; while of Napoleon's distant expeditions, nothing remains but a never-dying fame.

The oratory *della Vita* contains one of the first chefs-d'œuvre of modern sculpture: the basso-relievos of Alfonso Lombardo, which represent the *Funeral of the Virgin*; the heads of the Apostles have more than once given inspiration to the painters of Bologna, an extraordinary honour for statuary, and a proof of their true and noble expression.

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, chap. vi. A German, Mr. Ernest Munch, published in 1828 (Louisburg, in 8vo.) a separate biography of King Enzius, apparently interesting from the facts and documents it contains, which consist chiefly of the emperor Frederick's correspondence with the Bolognese, to obtain his son's liberty, and the poems composed by the latter during his captivity. His mistress was Lucia Vendagoli; the Bentivoglio, according to Mr. Munch,

## CHAPTER VIII.

Palace of the ancient *comune*.—Palace of the Podestà.—Fountain.—Palace del Pubblico.—Pontifical military force.—Portico of Banchi.

Some pieces of wall near Saint Petronius are the only remains of the ancient common hall of Bologna, the seat of a free state, which, as early as the twelfth century, according to M. de Sismondi, had duly balanced the constitutional powers; had grown powerful, rich, restless, glorious; had resisted emperors, taken part in the crusades, subjected Modena, Ravenna, and other towns of Romagna, and at last perished only by the mutual proscription of its citizens and the solicited interference of foreigners.

The palace of the podestà was the prison of King Enzius: handsome, young, brave, and a poet, beloved in his captivity by a gentle fair one of Bologna, who visited him under various disguises, Enzius, another unfortunate prince, like Conradin, of the heroic and romantic house of Suabia, is still popular at Bologna.<sup>1</sup> The great hall is still called *sala d'Enzio*; its use has singularly changed: in 1410, the conclave was held there for the election of Pope John XXII.; it was converted into a theatre in the last century; in 1826, it was a fives' court, and when I saw it in 1838, it was a workshop for the scene-painters of the Opera. The tower called *Torrazzo dell' Aringo*, built for the purpose of watching Enzius, is, like the rest of the palace, a bold structure, being built on arcades.

Beside the hall of Enzius are the archives of the town, remarkable for their numerous historical documents, some very scarce; the most important is the bull *dello Spirito santo*, published at Florence on the 6th of July 1439, by Pope Eugene IV., relating to the unsuccessful attempt to unite the Greek and Roman churches.

The Giants' fountain presents the Nep-

owe their origin to these mysterious intrigues, Enzius stands in the first rank of the old Italian poets. Redi, in the notes to his dithyramb, *Buceo in Toscana*, quotes the first verses of one of Enzius's *canzoni*, which was among his manuscripts:

Amor fa come 'l fino uccellatore,  
Ch' alli auselli guardare  
Si mostra più ingegnieri d' invescare.

tune, Syrens, and other bronze figures, celebrated productions of Giovanni Bologna, ordered by Saint Charles Borromeo when legate in this city. When one considers the burly naked form of Neptune, the grace and voluptuousness of the Syrens, it seems strange that such a monument should be ordered by so austere a saint, and erected in the centre of a public square, in the states of the Church. This fountain has too scanty a supply of water, and it ought, as formerly, to issue from the breasts of the Syrens.

The palace *del Pubblico* is of the close of the thirteenth century. Over the door is the statue of Gregory XIII., another great Bolognese pope, by Alessandro Menganti, an artist whom Agostino Carraccio ingeniously designated as an *unknown Michael Angelo*; it is perhaps also possible that some Bossuet or Cornille might be discovered in the world of letters of whom fame has never spoken. At the revolution of 1796, this bronze pope was metamorphosed into Saint Petronius; a cross was placed in his hand; his tiara was changed for a mitre, and over the regenerated statue were written the words *Divus Petronius protector et pater*: Saint Petronius was thus made a democrat at Bologna as was Saint Januarius at Naples. The staircase *a cordoni* of the palace *del Pubblico* is a grand work by Bramante.\* In the great hall of Hercules is a colossal statue of that god, by Alfonso Lombardo, one of the best figures of this kind of the sixteenth century. The fine ceiling of the Farnese hall, painted by Cignani, Scaramuccia, Pasinelli, and the elder Bibiena, has unfortunately suffered more from the injuries of the air than of time. At the bottom of one of the courts is the beautiful cistern of Terribilia.

The palace *del Pubblico* is the residence of the cardinal legate, of the senator, and *della magistratura*. I was forcibly struck on my first visit in 1826, by the martial air of the guard, very different from the German appearance of the other Italian garrisons: they were really French soldiers of the Grand Army, and their military physiognomy and mustachios formed a singular contrast with the tiara,

the word *pax*, and pontifical keys that adorned their caps. The pope has now a standing army of not less than eighteen thousand men, including two Swiss regiments of four thousand four hundred, a greater force than any of his predecessors ever had, which costs annually about two million crowns (430,000*l.*), a quarter of the entire revenue of his states.

Opposite is the portico *de' Banchi*, of grand and ingenious architecture, by Vignola, who was excessively embarrassed by the irregularity of the old building.

## CHAPTER IX.

Fava and Magnani palaces.— On the reform by the Carracci;— Bentivoglio palace.— Piella palace.— Bocchi.— Marescalchi, — Zambecari, — Bevilacqua, — Bacciocchi, — and Hercolani palaces. — Guercino's emoluments. — Malvezzi-Bonifoli, — Sampieri, and Stracclauoli palaces.

The ceilings of Fava palace are resplendent with the glory of the brothers Carracci: Agostino and Annibale, on their return from Parma and Venice, when they were still friends, painted their first fresco, under the direction and with the assistance of their cousin Ludovico, the *Expedition of Jason*, in eighteen pictures, works that excited the clamours of the old masters of that declining period, of the artists then extolled, titled, in credit, and regarded as the arbiters of taste. Ludovico Carraccio has represented the *Voyage of Æneas* in twelve paintings; he had two of them coloured by Annibale, namely, the *Polyphemus pursuing the Trojan fleet*, and the *Harpies*. Another ceiling painted by Albano, likewise aided by the counsels of the generous and indefatigable Ludovico Carraccio, exhibits sixteen subjects from the life of Æneas; other excellent pieces executed on his designs by his pupils, and the last by Cesi, present similar subjects and continue this kind of Æneid. The arabesques of a cabinet, four landscapes of the *Rape of Europa*, are by Annibale Carraccio, in Titian's style.

The vast Aldrovandi palace, built in 1748 by Cardinal Aldrovandi, was still occupied in 1826 by the two brothers

curb of granite, or hard stone, and several feet in width, but inclined. The most noted of these staircases, which are common at Rome and Naples, is that of the Capitol.

\* The stairs *a cordone* are peculiar to Italy, and are extremely convenient for mounting a steep ascent on horseback or even in a carriage; they are formed of brick steps, bordered with a narrow



Aldrovandi, of the family of that illustrious scholar, but they both died shortly after that time. The rich gallery and extensive library formed by these distinguished men, are now nearly dispersed. At the extremity of the palace was an important manufactory of English earthenware, established by Count Ulisse Aldrovandi, but it has been removed since and does not appear to have answered.

The Fibbia palace, now the Pallavicini, presents a fine apartment ably painted by Santi and Canuti, artists of Bologna. Twelve busts of illustrious Bolognese ladies are by Algardi, at least most of them; and Colonna painted the chapel with its vestibule.

At the Tanara palace is the *Kiss of Judas*, by Ludovico Carraccio, infernal for expression; *Diana bathing*, by Agostino, is graceful, voluptuous, aerial. A *Virgin suckling* is an admirable chef-d'œuvre of Guido. Notwithstanding his usual sweetness, Carlo Dolce has found means, in his fine portrait of *St. Charles Borromeo*, to express the hard features of the saint.

The Magnani palace, at present the Guidotti, is of imposing architecture, by Tibaldi. The frescos of the Carracci, representing the history of Romulus and Remus, are worthy to be compared, for colour and elegance, to their celebrated frescos in the Farnese palace, and they are almost as well preserved. The appearance of this wonderful painting decided the triumph of the eclectic reform of the Carracci. These able masters selected from other schools, and amalgamated the different manners into an admirable whole, and re-endowed the art with power and truth.

Under the portico of the Leoni palace, now the Sedazzi, is a fine *Nativity*, a work of Nicolao dell' Abate, and on the ceiling of the grand hall the *History of Æneas*, by the same graceful and elegant painter.

The Bentivoglio palace is spacious and modern: there is no vestige of the old one remaining, a monument of most beautiful architecture which Julius II. instigated the populace to demolish, to revenge himself of Annibale Bentivoglio, as this same mob, on the arrival of Ben-

tivoglio and the French, afterwards broke the statue of Julius, a chef-d'œuvre of Michael Angelo. These Vandal-like inconsistent proceedings of the people of Bologna reminded me, though in this case no miracles of art were concerned, of a reply made by one of the Parisian populace, an expression that gives no incorrect idea of the nature of popular opinions in all ages: when the new statue of Henry IV., as engraved in the Champs-Élysées, was disengaged and drawn by the people, an enthusiastic lady complimented one of the good fellows, who was wiping his forehead: "Oh! as for that matter," replied he coolly, "it was quite another affair when we had to pull down the statue of Louis XV."

At the Grassi palace is a superb fresco by Ludovico Carraccio, representing Hercules treading on the hydra, armed with a flambeau instead of a club, a happy emblem intended to express the unfrequent union of strength and knowledge. The same palace has a singular chef-d'œuvre of Properzia de' Rossi, the illustrious lady of whom we have spoken above; it consists of some pretty cameos engraved on peach stones representing the *Passion of Christ*, the *Virgin*, the *Saints*, the *Apostles*. The crowd of these little figures is spirited, elegant, and airy; this work seems a charming caprice of art, such as woman only could execute.

The ancient Bocchi palace, now the Piella, was built by Vignola at the order of the noble and learned Bolognese Achille Bocchi, who was imprudent enough to thrust his own ideas on the architect. Bocchi assembled in this palace the useful academy which bore his name; he established a printing-office there from which several good editions issued; the text was expurgated by the academicians; the book of the *Symbols*, by Bocchi, is cited as curious, and the engravings of the second edition were retouched by Agostino Carraccio. Bocchi, when attached to the illustrious Alberto Pio, prince of Carpi, imperial orator at the court of Rome, obtained the title of knight and count palatine, with the right of dubbing knights, conferring the diploma of doctor, and the strange prerogative of legitimating bastards.<sup>1</sup> With

<sup>1</sup> A diploma of the emperor Frederick III, of the year 1462, still preserved in the sacristy of the

Registro chapel (the former seat of the *Notari* college) at Bologna, gives the same right to the cor-

all his honours, he seems to have known what friendship was, if we may judge by the amiable surname that he assumes, Phileros (loving friend), and which he has prefixed to several of his works. The Bocchi palace presents some learned inscriptions, and among them this verse of the cxx. psalm: "Deliver my soul, O Lord, from lying lips, from a deceitful tongue!" a prayer that doubtless escaped Bocchi amid the practices of a life past at court, in public business, and in literature. The ceiling of the room on the ground floor is decorated with good frescos in compartments and arabesques by Prospero Fontana, a pupil of Innocente d'Imola, and master of Ludovico and all the Carracci.

Not far from this literary palace, in the square behind the church of Saint Nicholas *degli Albani*, may still be seen the house in which Guercino lived, though it is not so interesting as the one at Cento.

The Marescalchi palace has been stripped of the principal chefs-d'œuvre of its gallery, and retains nothing worthy of particular notice, except its front in Tibaldi's style, its vestibule by Brizzio, and its painted chimney-pieces by the Carracci and Guido; the most remarkable being by the latter artist. Both the gallery and the library were formed by Count Ferdinand, formerly minister of foreign affairs for the kingdom of Italy at Napoleon's court, an excellent man, simple hearted and facetious, who remained altogether Italian in the midst of that European court.

At the Mattioli house, now the Bonini, divers *Divinities* in several compartments are a beautiful production of Colonna.

The Albergati Capacelli palace, of the architecture of the illustrious Baltassare Peruzzi, contains some wainscots of the Carracci school, the ceilings of the ground-floor rooms by Gessi. The hill in its front presents a singularly agreeable *coup d'œil*.

The gallery of the vast palace of Zambeccari da S. Paolo is rich in paintings by the Carracci: *Abraham at table with the angels*; *Jacob's Ladder*; *No-*

*stra Signora degli Angeli*. A Charles V., by Titian, is admirably true; six mistresses of Charles II., by Lesly, are charming: those portraits are Hamilton on canvas.

In the remarkable and superb palace of Bevilacqua is still the room, as an inscription proves, in which the council of Trent assembled, having been transferred thither in 1547, by the order of the great physician Fracastor. This room is not so spacious as one might suppose from its having been the place of meeting for such an assembly. The street door by which the Fathers came and went is shut up and fastened with an iron bar. The fear of contagion, spoken of by all the historians, seems to have been only a pretext: misunderstandings had taken place between Paul III. and Charles V., and the pope sought to remove the council to some town in Italy subject to the Holy See. Were this indeed the case, Fracastor's science must have lowered itself to the papal policy, a weakness that may be excused by his dislike to strangers and his patriotism.

The observatory erected by general count Marsigli, in the palace bearing his name, still exists, a material evidence of the scientific tastes, passion, and habits of that illustrious and unassuming man.

One of the most magnificent palaces in Bologna is the Ranuzzi, or, as now called, the Bacciocchi palace; its principal front is by Palladio.

The superb gallery of the Hercolani palace is not less fallen than the Marescalchi. The library, which contained some precious manuscripts and good books in Greek, Latin, and Italian, is now nearly all sold. I examined the manuscript of the register of Guercino's orders, kept by his brother; it begins on the 4th of January 1629 (when Guercino was in his thirty-eighth year), and ends in September 1666, three months before his death. At the close of each year is the total of receipts and disbursements (the latter are not mentioned for two years): the first amount for these thirty-eight years to the sum of 72,176 Bolognese crowns (311,800 fr.), making about 1,899 crowns (8,205 fr.) a year; the ex-

rector of the notaries, confirmed in 1505 by Pope Julius II. This privilege of legitimating bastards, at that time belonging to certain functionaries, and which seems almost indispensable from the

corrupt morals of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, might be renewed with advantage in our days, now that the increase of natural children is so embarrassing.

penditure is 57,437 crowns (243,807 fr.), or 1,485 crowns (6,415 fr.) a year; the investments of capital amount to 3,250 crowns (14,040 fr.), and the purchase-money of two houses and stocks, to 9,989 crowns (43,152 fr.). From this we may see the extent and judicious management of Guercino's fortune. If madame de Maintenon, who gives in one of her letters an account of her brother and sister-in-law's housekeeping expenses for the year 1680, found that with 9000 francs, they could hire an agreeable house at Versailles, have ten servants, four horses, two coachmen, and a good dinner every day, the 6000 or 7000 francs that Guercino expended every year, though he had no rent to pay, must have procured him, in Italy and some years before, an existence not less comfortable. It is true that his exceeding charity and liberality must have made a good part of the outlay.\* Perhaps it may not be uninteresting to know the prices of some of Guercino's works; the admirable *Agar*, in the Brera museum, was paid 70 crowns 1 lib. 8 sol. (333 fr.); the *St. Bruno*, in the gallery of Bologna, 781 crowns (3,373 fr.); the *St. Jerome starting up at the sound of the trumpet*, in the gallery of the Louvre, 295 crowns (1,274 fr.). A picture of *Angelica and Medoro*, singularly enough presented by the town of Cento to Cardinal Ginetti, legate of Ferrara, was paid 351 crowns (1,516 fr.); another on the same subject, ordered with greater propriety by a Frenchman, the marquis Duplessis Perlin (Praslin), 312 crowns and a half (1,350 fr.); the portraits of the duke and duchess of Modena, of the natural size, 630 crowns (2,721 fr.). The price of certain paintings was sometimes paid in provisions; for instance, one Sebastian Fabri pays in wheat for a *St. Bartholomew* to the value of 432 crowns (1,866 fr.), and a *Madonna della Neve*, which costs him 62 crowns (267 fr.). It is doubtful whether this patriarchal and primitive system of barter would suit the taste of our artists in the present day.

The Lambertini, now the Ranuzzi, is

\* See this passage of the *Felsina* pittrice of Count Malvasia. Guercino was, says he, "amatore de' poveri, che sempre mai aveva intorno quando usciva di casa, onde pareva il padre di essi; e si prendeva gusto a discorrer con loro. Sollevò dalle miserie molti amici che se gli raccomandarono ne' loro

remarkable for the works of Bolognese painters prior to the Carracci, who, while they surpassed, knew how to appreciate them: such are the singular ceiling of the upper room by Lauretti; the *Virgines*, by Sabbatini; the *Fall of Icarus*, by Samacchini; the *Death of Hercules*, by Pellegrini, and other paintings already of skillful effect, and honourable to the Bolognese school.

The Biagi palace has a ceiling by Guido and his school. Another by the same master, the *Harpies* infesting the table of Æneas, is at the Bianchi palace. The bronze door of the Gozzadini palace is of the most elegant design. The name of this latter palace recalls Betisia Gozzadini, a famous character in the fabulous history, if we may so say, of the university of Bologna. I sought in vain, under the porticos, for the desk or little pulpit mentioned by Ginguéné, where this lady doctor of laws lectured to ten thousand pupils. Although stenography has in our day given some of our celebrated professors a greater number of disciples, I think it would not be amiss to adhere to the prudent opinion of Tiraboschi respecting Gozzadini, when he observes that the university of Bologna is too rich in glorious and positive facts to require supposititious or uncertain ones.

The second court of the Malvezzi-Bonfioli palace presents divers subjects from the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, painted in fresco by Leonello Spada, Lucio Massari, Brizzio, and other able artists. The gallery is rich in paintings of the Bolognese school. The *Portrait of the prelate Agucchi*, by Domenichino; a *Sibyl*, of Guido's youth, are wonderful masterpieces, although the latter seems shaded too heavily. A *Beheading of John the Baptist*, the favourite subject of Leonello Spada, is perhaps the best of all he made.

The gloomy Sampieri palace, though its celebrated gallery is sold, has still some fine ceilings and chimney-pieces, by the Carracci and Guercino.

The imposing old palace of the company of *Stracciainuoli* (drapers) of the end of the fifteenth century, now one of

bisogni, e anco cavallieri, con prestargli danari. Fu amatore tenerissimo de' proprii parenti, onde a tutti fece fortuna, e maritò le nipoti, e ne fece monache con darle buona dote, con tener conto de' nepoti, de' cognati; liberale, ed ospitale in sua casa a sommo segno."



those many good inns of Italy called Swiss boarding-houses, is attributed by tradition to the illustrious Francia, well known as a painter, goldsmith, and engraver, and who seems to have been an architect also.

## CHAPTER X.

Houses of Rossini, — and Martinetti.

Bologna, like Venice, has some houses not less illustrious than her palaces; <sup>1</sup> such are the Casa Rossini and the Casa Martinetti. The house of Rossini is well placed at Bologna, a town devoted to the arts and the most musical in Italy.<sup>3</sup> This house, built in 1825, had its exterior covered with Latin inscriptions in large gold letters, chiefly taken from classic authors; the following from Cicero does not appear over modest: *Non domo dominus, sed domino domus*: the principal part were allusions to the musical glory of the proprietor; I recollect the verses on Orpheus, from the sixth book of the Æneid:

Obliquitur numeris septem discrimina vocum, etc.

on the choirs of musicians in the Elysian Fields:

. . . . . Lætumque choro Pæana canentes,  
Inter odoratum lauri nemus. . . . .

In the interior, a fat Apollo standing is meant for a likeness of Rossini, who was much annoyed by these unexpected embellishments executed by the architect

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book vi. ch. x., on the houses of Albrizzi and Cicognara.

<sup>2</sup> The academy *de' Filarmonici*, founded in 1666 by Vicenzo Carrali, has counted the most eminent composers in Europe among its members; the Lyceum *Filarmonico*, created in 1805, something like the *Conservatoire* of Paris, has a hundred pupils liberally maintained at the expense of the town. This establishment possesses the valuable musical library formed by a learned Bolognese professor of music, P. Martini, a Franciscan monk; It consists of seventeen thousand volumes, of a great number of manuscripts excellently classified, and is the richest in existence of its kind. Algarotti, when addressing to Frederick the History of P. Martini's music, singularly eulogises him by saying, "that in the midst of modern corruption, he retained in his compositions the dignity of the ancient music." (Lett. to Catt., of the 11th April, 1761.) Jomelli,

in his absence, and intended to have them effaced. Such compliments were indeed somewhat out of place at one's own house, and I think that the ostentatious, but concise inscription:

Amphion Thebas, ego domum,

put by the musician Caffarelli on his palace at Naples, must be preferred to so many quotations.

The house of Martinetti unites the Italian splendour of art, English comforts, and French elegance. It is the abode of a superior woman, celebrated among those members of the higher circles of European society that visit Italy, for her beauty, wit, and unusual acquirements. I fancied that Cornelia bore some resemblance in her life, destiny, and accomplishments, to a French lady whose gracefulness and generous character we have had occasion to mention: <sup>4</sup> both of them beloved by king's sons, two great artists of France and Italy have chosen them for types of their first chefs-d'œuvre: the face of Madame R<sup>\*\*\*\*\*</sup> revealed to Canova the inspired features of Dante's Beatrix; Signora M<sup>\*\*\*\*\*</sup>, under Gérard's pencil, was the model of Madame de Staël's Corinne. Notwithstanding so much brilliancy, success, and homage, with that kind of glory conferred by fashion and fortune, these two ladies have lived for some few noble friends, the arts, and study; adversity has since added, with some persons, to their attractions; freed from a vain and importunate court, their asylum, which was formerly only a palace, is become the temple of taste, learning, and genius.

Gluck, Mozart, sought the advice of this Franciscan. Grétry relates in his Memoirs, that having a desire to enter the academy *de' Filarmonici*, the rule requiring every candidate to fugue a verse of church music taken at hazard, made him afraid. "But the good counsels of the famous P. Martini," says he, "soon gave me a sufficient insight, and were the great cause of my success." A lady of distinction in Parisian society, of superior musical talent, was received in 1828 into the academy *de' Filarmonici*: the countess Merlin had no occasion, like Grétry, to have recourse to any person's counsels, it was sufficient for her to sing: her letter of admission was presented to her with due ceremony at the *Casino*, where she had sung, without her having the slightest idea that such an honour was intended.

<sup>3</sup> *De Officiis*, l. 39 (*honestanda* is understood).

<sup>4</sup> See book vi. ch. x.

## CHAPTER XI.

Opera house.—Contavalli theatre.—Tabarin.

The opera house of Bologna is built on the ruins of the Bentivoglio palace, which was demolished by a riotous mob, the ministers of Julius II.'s vengeance; and the memory of this pontifical fury forms a singular contrast with the destination of the new edifice. This theatre, built of stone both within and without, is a celebrated work of Antonio Bibiena, an architect who seemed to monopolise the erection of theatres during the last century; but this is dull-sounding, and far from being in good taste; it has been several times renovated, and once recently. The curtain, which represents the marriage of Alexander and Roxana, is a famous production of the best living painter of Bologna, S. Pietro Fancelli, who imitated both the Carracci and the Venetian school, and was himself the son of an esteemed painter of Bologna.

I attended the performances in October 1828. If I were surprised at seeing the ballets of *Agamemnon* and *Zaïre* at La Scala, I was still more so on beholding Gioja's *Gabrielle de Vergy* at Bologna. The despair and metrical madness of Gabrielle and Fayel were a spectacle at once fantastic and horrible, the ballet being merely the French piece stripped of its entertainments and bad verses. The opera was Rossini's *Assedio di Corinto*, followed by *Zelmira*: Cosselli, a good actor and excellent counter-tenor, played Mahomet; the actresses were intolerably bad. The opera of Bologna had that year attained such magnificence in decorations and costumes as to be worthy of comparison with La Scala. S. Ferri and the Bolognese scene-painters, whose talents have since been brought into requisition in our Italian theatre, seem to have chosen a medium between the effect of Sanquirico and the painting of Ciceri; Mahomet's tent and Gabrielle's chamber were fine and pleasing pictures. There were horses, as at our opera, and even in greater number; their too numerous evolutions came in ludicrous succession to the dances of knights and ladies in Gabrielle, making a medley of ball and manege as offensive as our own. As to the luxuriance of the flowerpots, the baskets, and garlands of roses, any one might have

thought himself, but for the freshness of the decorations, at a French opera of the olden time. I observed that in this stationary state the old opera manners had not been changed. The scenes were accessible and seemed tolerably gay, while the petticoats and corsets had undergone no reform; only the drawers were white instead of being flesh-coloured. The opera of Bologna attracted crowded audiences; it was, that year, the best got up in all Italy; but amid all these pomps, there was only one singer, Cosselli, and madame Adelaide Mersy, a very pretty dancer.

The Contavalli theatre was built in 1814, in a part of the ancient convent of the Carmelites of Saint Martin Major; in fact, the approach to the theatre is by the old convent stairs.

In 1827 a very lively piece was played at the *Corso* theatre, imitated from Moratin, called the *Donna di falsa apparenza*, a kind of feminine Tartuffe; the performance of such a piece in the papal states was rather strange, and proved the existence of a kind of dramatic liberty at Bologna.

I attended several representations of *Tabarin* (the doctor). The *Doctor* is the popular personage at Bologna, like *Giro-lamo* at Milan; it is evident, from his very ancient title, that he originated in a university town. Tabarin is a fair-spoken cit, who cannot express his ideas in good Italian; he has always been distinguished by the freedom of his language on passing events, and was more than once silenced under the French domination: in one instance, alluding to the heavy imposts levied in Italy, called in the *Moniteur* the *Daughter of France*, he had remarked that it was commonly the case for the mother to give to the daughter, and not the daughter to the mother. The Tabarin theatre is pretty and has private boxes; they begin at eight o'clock like the great houses, and on the curtain is written the magisterial but unassuming motto of *Facile è il criticar, difficil l'arte*, a translation of the verse

La critique est aisée, et l'art est difficile,

so frequently attributed to Boileau, though not his.

The machinery of the puppets of the Tabarin theatre is inferior to the *Fan-*

*toccini* of Milan, although the figures are of much larger proportions. In one of the pieces that I saw played, Tabarin was named secretary of state by a king of Egypt; despite the gravity of his title, the whole court laughed at him. The vulgar dialect of Bologna renders his humour almost unintelligible to strangers, but it nevertheless seemed to me that Tabarin had not altogether lost his old opposition habits.

## CHAPTER XII.

Custom-house.—Spanish and Flemish colleges.—  
Bastards.—Scuole.—Venturoli college.

A tomb from the plans of Giulio Romano (that of doctor Boccaferri), is at the Custom-house, the superb old church of the Minorite friars of Saint Francis. Assuredly no other country than Italy can boast the work of a great master in a place generally so devoid of poetry.

The Spanish college (*collegio reale della illustrissima nazione spagnuola*) merits a visit, although the frescos, by Annibale Carraccio in his youth, and most of those by Bagnacavallo, have nearly disappeared. An immense fresco by the latter offers remnants full of truth and expression; it represents the coronation of Charles V. at Bologna by Pope Clement VII.; who then beheld, prostrate at his feet, that emperor whose captive he had been; the face of Charles V., but little injured, is singularly crafty; the head of the poet Trissino, who had the honour, coveted by the most illustrious princes, of being the pope's trainbearer, is one of those that have suffered least; he is dressed as a knight, and any thing but a bishop or archbishop, as one might imagine from Voltaire's account. The painting of the Bolognese Bagnacavallo is contemporary with the event it portrays, and is, besides, very curious in an historical point of view. Varchi relates that so great was the affluence of princes and prelates at Bologna, that provisions, which were previously very cheap or even given away, sold at high prices, and that for once the town overflowed with money: a contribution raised by the pope on his precipitate departure for want of money and credit considerably abated the satisfaction

of the inhabitants. There were but four students at this royal college *della illustrissima nazione spagnuola*.

The Flemish college, a singular institution, in which are still educated four young men of Brussels chosen by the goldsmith's company of the parish of Saint Mary of the Chapel in that town, presents a very fine portrait of the founder Jean Jacobs, a Flemish goldsmith, by Guido, his friend.

The house of Bastards (*Bastardini*), formerly a convent of Benedictines, where there is a superb *St. Benedict*, half-length, by Cesi, has been enlarged; another sad argument against the moral impotence of the papal administration. According to the register of births for the some years past, the proportion of natural children at Bologna is about one seventh.\*

The edifice of the Schools (*scuole*), by Terribilia, once the seat of the university, is one of the finest in Bologna. The education given gratuitously to the poor children of the town appears of a rather high order, as arithmetic, Latin, singing, and drawing make part of it: the teachers are partly ecclesiastics, partly laymen. A professorship of chemistry and physics as applicable to the arts is to be established at the *scuole*, with funds proceeding from the legacy of a generous Bolognese, Professor Giovanni Aldini, a profound natural philosopher, who was counsellor of state under the kingdom of Italy. The frescos of Cesi, at the chapel of Saint Mary *de' Bulgari*, representing the history of the Virgin, the *Sibyls*, the *Prophets*, etc., are tasteful and in good preservation; the *Annunciation* is by Fiammingo. The side building has some very fine paintings by Samacchini, Sabatini and their pupils. The splendour of art is thus lavished even on these charity schools.

The Venturoli college, founded in 1825, is intended for architectural studies; this college, a benevolent foundation of the architect whose name it bears, supports about eight pupils till their twentieth year, but the number was to be augmented. We see from this, that Bologna has not forgotten the glory of her ancient schools, whether in science, letters, or arts, and that she still labours to produce masters not less illustrious.

\* See, on the same subject, book XIII. ch. XI.



## CHAPTER XIII.

Asinelli tower.—View.—La Garisenda.

Of all the towers, domes, steeples, and lighthouses that a traveller blessed with a conscience and legs may have to climb, one of the very rudest to ascend is doubtless the *Asinelli* tower, its winding stair, a kind of long ladder, is so little practicable. This tower, the most elevated in Italy, and even some feet higher than the vane of the dome at the Invalides, is some times used for astronomical observations; I should not be much surprised, though very sorry, if one of the astronomers who mount it were one day to experience the accident of La Fontaine's astrologer.

The view is pleasing: it has neither the immensity of that from the Duomo of Milan, nor the unique horizon of the steeple of Saint Mark, but the plain is smiling, and the Apennine, on this side, instead of its arid summits, only presents a succession of pretty well-wooded hills covered with charming villas.

The *Asinelli* tower is just in the centre of Bologna, as Bologna is the large town nearest to the centre of Italy. While here, in the very heart of the country, I could not help anticipating the future that awaits it, for my reason could not believe in the duration of the unnatural order that now prevails. I cast a melancholy look on the land that I loved, that I bewailed. To what government, to what sovereign, cried I, will it be ere long subjected? I groaned over the fate inflicted on so fine a country and on some such noble souls; over that past glory, and those new lights that add to the cruelty of their lot. I wished to this country the laws, liberties, and institutions of my native land, untainted with the democratic poison that may destroy them. In the delirium of my wishes and hopes, I saw an active useful life succeed to the elegant frivolities and indolence of the youth of Milan, to the scientific and learned inaction of Bologna and Florence, to the intrigues and ambition of the clerks of Rome, and the court functions of the divers states. These men so noble in name, character, and capacity,

these generous protectors of letters and arts, these owners of superb palaces, brilliant galleries, rich libraries, became statesmen, and certainly were not inferior to those of France and England; they conferred that liberty on this weak and divided people, which they were unable to obtain, but could receive; they were an additional proof that an aristocracy, the butt of so much animosity, may become a grand instrument of liberty, and that the honour of ancient families is well adapted for an alliance with the dignity and improvement of new generations. Martial courage, at no period extinct among these descendants of the world's masters, took a new flight, aroused by this liberty, without which it has never flourished. Thus one of the finest portions of the human race was brought back to civilisation, one of those nations illustrious in the annals of the universe; thus did my enthusiasm put an end to this fatality of slavery, this long protracted calamity of a whole people, ever dependant, but never degraded, a proof of its old and lusty nature, a phenomenon of which perhaps no other people would have been capable.\*

The regeneration of Italy was overlooked by Bonaparte: though an Italian, and master of all Italy, he neglected and misunderstood his countrymen. Verily, there would have been something more sublime in bringing such a people again into existence as a nation, than in draining it of men and money, and having a king of Rome at Saint-Cloud and dukes of Parma and Placentia in the rue Saint-Honoré and the place du Carrousel! Bonaparte's conduct towards Italy is one of those parts of his history which justifies most the severe remark of M. de Chateaubriand: "Posterity will doubt whether this man was most culpable for the evil he did, or the good that he might have done and did not."

Italy seems to present, both in a political and imaginative point of view, three great natural divisions: the North, the Roman states, the kingdom of Naples; all the past is comprised in the recollections these divisions suggest: the North is the middle ages; Rome, history;

\* Although my opinions have nearly changed in the main points of these ideas, I have preserved the passage because it contains an eulogy of the Italian character, and from my aversion to such a suppression. I now confess that my wishes do

not extend to the granting of free discussion in Italy, which would be a deadly evil, but I would have her princes men of character, her ministers enlightened, the French code, and a council of state, as under Napoleon, for the removal of abuses,

Naples, fables. The idea of making Italy a single state with one capital is altogether chimerical. If ever some new Amadeus, a negociator and warrior, ascend the throne of Savoy, his destinies will be great; he will be the founder of this new empire of northern Italy: then will she cease to be the ever uncertain prey of conquest; there will be a people more in Europe, and twelve millions of Italians will take their place in the rank of nations.

The leaning tower near the Asinelli is not so high; the *Garisenda* has supplied Dante with one of his numberless picturesque images, in which he compares the giant who stoops to seize him and his guide to this tower, when the clouds are flying over its battlements:

Qual pare a riguardar la Garisenda  
Sotto 'l chiuato, quaud' un nuvol vada  
Sovr' essa sì, ch' ella in contrario penda;  
Tal parve Anteo.<sup>1</sup>

The inclination of the *Garisenda* is not an effect of art, but of the sudden sinking of the soil; it is amazing that it has since withstood so many violent earthquakes; it appears henceforth immovable, like certain minds that an early catastrophe has much rather surprised than overwhelmed, and which seem on the contrary strengthened by the fall.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

Environs.—Saint Michael in Bosco.—Madonna di San Luca.—Campo Santo.—Suicides.

The church of the *Annunziata* has some remarkable paintings: the *Crucifix*, *Magdalen*, the *Virgin*, and *St. Jerome*; an *Annunciation*, by Francia; the superb *St. Francis entranced*, by Gessi, whose appellation of the *Second Guido* is justified by this painting; the *Madonna del Monte*, by Lippo Dalmasio. Under the beautiful portico outside the church are frescos representing the *Life of the Virgin*, which were chiefly executed by Giacomone da Budrio, an easy painter of the Carracci school; the *Shepherds worshipping the Saviour at his Nativity* is by Paolo Carraccio, on the drawing of his brother Ludovico.

The frescos of the *Madonna di Mezzaratta*, often much extolled, the work of masters of the fourteenth century,

have suffered from the effects of time, and above all from the alterations and repairs of this antique little church, at present the property of a distinguished Bolognese lady, Signora Rosa Sarti Minghetti. The most celebrated and best preserved of these paintings are: a great *Nativity*, with a multitude of angels, attributed to Vitale; a woman seated and spinning, with two graceful children playing together, and near them a man labouring, figures which perhaps represent *Adam* and *Eve*; *Noah building the ark*; the four subjects from the *History of Moses*, differing in style, one of which, the *Punishment of the rebellious*, recalls Giotto's heads and is possibly by him.

Saint Michael in Bosco, situated on a delightful eminence, which Annibale Caro recommended in his letters to our cardinal of Vendome, Charles of Bourbon, as a charming retreat during the heats of summer, was a first rate monument of monastic splendour in Italy. This wonder of art is nothing now but a great desolate pile of buildings, which, since the suppression of the monastery, have been used as barracks and a prison. The frescos of the Carracci and their school have almost disappeared; those walls and ceilings, once so animated and lifelike, are to-day in ruins; some touches still survive, as if to show to what extent destruction has proceeded. We have here a proof that civilisation equals barbarism in its ravages; being powerless against the passions, it has never, either among the ancients or the moderns, exceeded a certain boundary; it neither prevents wars, invasions, conquests, nor the other calamities of glory, and the bayonet of the Polish soldier of the army of Italy, which has pierced those admirable paintings in a thousand places, was no less destructive than the battle-axe of his ancestors the Huns, in whose steps he trod.

The superb old library of Saint Michael in Bosco, celebrated for its ingenious figures, can no longer be recognised: the librarian, the abbé Pepoli, instead of inscribing the titles of the different subjects, ordered paintings by Canuti, a clever pupil of Guido, representing the principal writers in discussion, each according to the character of his works: the dispute between the angelic and the subtle doctors on the uni-

<sup>1</sup> *Inf.*, xxxi.

versal *à parte rei*, placed over the shelves of scholastic philosophy, is said to have been regarded, for fire and expression, as the chef-d'œuvre of this bibliographic painting.

On mount Guardia, one league from Bologna, is the famous church of the *Madonna di San Luca*, containing the venerated miraculous picture of the *Virgin*, painted by Saint Luke, as the ancient tradition states, which was brought by a hermit in 1160 from Constantinople to Bologna, where it was deposited in a solitary chapel dedicated to that evangelist, and inhabited by a holy maiden of Bologna, named Angela. A magnificent arch serves as propylæum, or entrance, to six hundred and thirty-five arcades leading from the town to the temple of the Madonna. These porticos prove the extraordinary devotion of the Italians, no less than their taste for works of masonry; they were built in less than a century, despite the inequalities of the soil, with funds supplied by voluntary contributions, donations from corporations and communities, and even the offerings of the domestics, of both sexes, of Bologna. I observed also among the inscriptions commemorating the divers founders that a theatrical manager gave a performance, for the purpose of devoting the receipts to the erection of some of these pious porticos.

The magnificence of the present church of the *Madonna di San Luca* is of the last century. The high altar was rebuilt in 1815; except a *Madonna and St. Dominick*, one of Guido's first essays, this church, the object of so much popular devotion and so many pilgrimages, possesses no works by the great Bolognese masters.

The church of the *Scalzi* is adorned with good paintings, among which may be remarked the *Holy Family*, by Pasinelli, a lovely charming work of this fiery painter, who, in this case, bears some resemblance to Albano.

The ancient Chartreuse of Bologna is now the *Campo Santo*. The church still presents some remarkable works: the *Last Judgment*, and the two saints accompanying it, by Canuti; an

*Ascension*, by Bibiena, which might be supposed by Albano, his master; the *Christ at table in the Pharisee's house*, and *Magdalen at his feet*, by Andrea Sirani, a vigorous painter; the *Baptism of Jesus Christ*, a vast composition inscribed with the name of his daughter Elisabetta, who executed it in her twenty-sixth year. The juxtaposition of these two pictures has something affecting, if we remember that the unfortunate end of Elisabetta caused her father's death; <sup>1</sup> the *Christ entering Jerusalem*, the *Christ appearing to his mother, after his resurrection, with the host of patriarchs*, are by Pasinelli; the *Crucifixion*, the *Prayer in the garden of Olives*, the *Deposition from the Cross*, by Cesi, with some fine frescos and gilt embellishments by the same. The *Christ carrying his cross*, a half-length in fresco, is by Ludovico Carraccio; the same subject, by Lucio Massari, a graceful painter, is expressive, varied, and terrible.

Although the *Campo Santo* was founded in 1801 only, it has already the aspect and character of an older monument, and it may be regarded as quite a model for the cemetery of a large town. Many of the sumptuous mausoleums it encloses are certainly not irreproachable when viewed with an artist's eye, but the whole is magnificent. The inscriptions by the abbé Schiassi are remarkable for the purity and elegance of their Latinity. A separate enclosure is appropriated to the protestants and Jews: but there is no exclusion in this cemetery: even suicides are not refused; it is the same at Rome, a bull of Benedict XIV, a holy pope and great divine, having declared suicide an act of insanity. If any penalty could be inflicted on these unhappy ones, the Silesian custom would appear reasonable; they are there buried face downwards: in this chastisement there is a sort of moral lesson, without the odium of a disgraceful sentence, of the confiscation of property, or of those punishments inflicted on corpses by the barbarity of our ancient laws.

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, chap. vi.



## BOOK THE NINTH.

## PARMA.—MODENA.—MANTUA.

## CHAPTER I.

Reno.—Modena.—Ducal palace.—Gallery.—Library.  
—Museum of inscriptions.—Autographs.

The road from Bologna to Modena crosses the Reno. That famous island must have been in the neighbourhood of Samoggia, in which the triumvirs met for three days; where they mutually bartered away the lives of their friends and enemies; where, in the frenzy of their cruelty, they even commanded every one, under pain of death, to rejoice at their proscriptions; where, in short, Cicero's head was bargained for during two days, and became the pledge of their union; this island, diminutive in size, but equal in celebrity to the most noted in history, disappeared in an earthquake: as if nature, benevolent in her anger, had wished to sweep away all vestige of such atrocities. The river itself, the ancient Labinius, has lost its name, and appears there only a kind of straggling torrent in a field of gravel.

The plains adjacent witnessed the dying struggles of Roman liberty; but Antony's defeat at Modena made no real change in the state of affairs; the senate did not take warning from it, and the fate of the consuls Hirtius and Pansa on the field of battle was but the prelude to the republican and stoical deaths of Brutus and Cassius.

Modena with its porticos has an air of comfort and prettiness. The palace, its gallery, and library are nearly all the town. This extensive magnificent edifice, with its superb court, is out of proportion with the petty state of the sovereign who inhabits it: such is the pomp ever required from sovereignty, however small it may be. The gallery received numerous paintings returned from France, and has been augmented by many fresh

acquisitions. The principal paintings: *Mars, Venus, and Cupid*, the *Marriage of St. Catherine*; the *Martyrdom of St. Peter*, by Guercino; two large paintings, the fine *Christ on the Cross* and *St. Roch in his prison*, by Guido; the *Assumption*; *Venus and Cupid, Flora*, by Ludovico Carraccio; *Pluto* and other divinities, by Annibale; *St. Francis presenting flowers to Jesus Christ*; the *Virgin* in a glory of angels, by Leonello Spada; a superb *Garofolo*; the *Virgin, St. John the Baptist and St. Lucy*; a *Christ*, by Pomarancio; the *Death of Clorinda*, by Ludovico Lana, a Modenese master, and imitator of Guercino; several of the best paintings by the two Dossi, such as the *Birth of Christ announced to the Shepherds*, the *Infant Jesus in the manger*, masterpieces that have all travelled to Paris; the *Aurora carrying off Cephalus*, by Albano; an *Ascension*, with the twelve apostles of natural size, by Francia; the celebrated *Circumcision*, with colossal figures by Procaccini; a *Christ on the cross*, by Mantegna, which has above a hundred figures; a *Holy Family*, by Andrea del Sarto; the *Adoration of the Magi*, by Palma; a graceful *Nativity*, heretofore religiously preserved in the church of Saint Paul, a chef-d'œuvre of Pellegrino, of Modena, an able painter, and worthy pupil of Raphael, who was assassinated by the relations of a man whom his son had killed.

The library is the famous old one of the house of Este, whose name it retains (*Biblioteca Estense*); it was removed to Modena when Cesare d'Este retired thither, after Pope Clement VIII. had stripped him of his dukedom of Ferrara; so that this prince was deprived of his dukedom as a bastard by a pope whose predecessor in name, Clement VII., was a natural son of Giuliano de' Medici. It

<sup>1</sup> It would be extremely difficult to ascertain exactly the position of this island, but the best-informed men of Modena believe it was between the

torrents of Samoggia and Lavino, on an estate now belonging to a family of Bologna.

appears that in its hasty removal, the library suffered irreparable loss, and was, moreover, neglected by the three or four first successors of the dethroned prince. It was not till the end of the seventeenth century and the beginning of the eighteenth that it was put in order and enriched with printed books and manuscripts by the exertions of the dukes Francesco II. and Francesco III. This library has been honoured by having for its managers two of the best writers on literary history, Muratori and Tiraboschi: Muratori was a colossus of learning, and seems to have almost attained glory by his labours; one is surprised to find in him a good parish priest besides, occupied with his poor, the guidance and salvation of his parishioners, and the service of his church; Tiraboschi was a man of sagacious mind, but a prolix writer, and his useful work, the *History of Italian literature*, is more useful as a book of reference than interesting to read.

The Modena library amounts to ninety thousand volumes, and three thousand manuscripts. The latter are, for the most part, in good condition. I observed: the *Gospel*, in the order of the Greek liturgy, of the eighth or ninth century (Montfaucon says the eighth); the *Miscellanea*, of Theodore Studite, a Greek manuscript of the fourteenth century, not printed; numerous miniatures on sundry manuscripts, by the clever Florentine Attavante, several of which have his signature and were part of the library of Mathias Corvin (Attavante being one of the four miniature painters that the magnificence of this king of Hungary maintained at Florence); two superb volumes of the *Bible*, covered on every page with rich and elegant miniatures of the Mantuan Franco de' Russi and Taddeo Crivelli, for which the Duke Borso d'Este paid these incomparable artists the sum of 1275 sequins, about 600 pounds sterling. A manuscript of *Saint Jerome's Letters*, executed in the year 1157 at the expense of the ladies of Modena, whose names are given at the end of the manuscript; a bibliographic fact, exhibiting, in the middle of the twelfth century, a taste for religious literature and a singular state of civilisation.

A *Ptolemy's Cosmography* in Latin,

with miniature maps, carefully drawn by a German, Nicholas Hahn, in the fourteenth century, is curious, as demonstrating the extent of geographical knowledge among the ancients; Africa is covered with towns, and seems to have been better known to them than ourselves, who, for ages past, have only visited its coasts; Switzerland seems also laid down in detail and accurately; the middle of Europe is in some parts as a desert, and the courses of rivers are very inaccurately indicated.

The unpublished manuscript of the *General History* by Flavio Biondo, a writer of the end of the fourteenth century, is one of the earliest universal histories. This work ought to extend from the decline of the Roman empire to the author's days; it was divided into decades like Livy, but only three, with the first book of the fourth, are now extant. Flavio Biondo's treatise, till now unknown to the learned, *De militaris artis et jurisprudentiæ differentia ad Ill. principem Borsum Epistola* (No. CLXVIII of the Italian manuscripts) is also imperfect.

The *Collection of Provençal poetry* made for the marquis d'Este by his famous troubadour, Maestro Ferrari, of Ferrara, in 1254, did not escape Mr. Raynouard's researches; it contains three hundred and forty-five leaves, and one thousand four hundred and seventy-four pieces, some of which are not found elsewhere, and may be reckoned one of the oldest and most curious manuscripts of troubadour poesy; above all, it proves the extraordinary favour that the language and poetry of Provence enjoyed in the very bosom of the Italian courts.

A manuscript of Dante of the fourteenth century, on parchment, perhaps too highly spoken of by Montfaucon, a better judge of Greek and Latin erudition than of Italian literature, to whom it had probably been recommended by Muratori, has some curious figures in Giotto's style. The commentary of Benvenuto d'Imola shows the marks made by Muratori at the passages he has mentioned in his *Rerum italicarum Scriptores*, a vast and laborious monument, the true model for historical collections of that kind.

The unpublished manuscript in iambic verse, entitled *De captivitate ducis*

<sup>1</sup> Muratori was rector of *Santa Maria Pomposa* of Modena; he rebuilt the church, instituted the

society della *Carità*, and contributed to the erection of a *Mont-de-Piété*.

*Jacobi Tragædia*, by Laudivio, a poet of the fifteenth century, is one of the first dramatic attempts of the revival. The subject is the captivity of the celebrated general Jacopo Piccinnino, imprisoned and assassinated by order of Ferdinand-the-Catholic. The piece has five acts, with choruses; in the fourth act King Ferdinand discusses with the executioner what line of conduct he shall adopt towards Piccinnino, who has surrendered to him on the faith of treaties; the executioner opines that he ought to be killed, and easily carries the point with the king. The hero is afterwards seen in his prison; the executioner enters, and declares *with regret* the order he is charged to execute, and then does his office.

The beautiful manuscript of the ten Eclogues dedicated by Bojardo to his protector, Ercole I. duke of Ferrara, of the purest and most elegant Latinity, has been reprinted with notes and various readings in the edition given by Professor Giambattista Venturi (Modena, 1820). The author of *Orlando innamorato*, an epic poet full of imagination, was also, like the great poets of the fifteenth century, a man of great learning, who had translated Herodotus and Lucian, had even studied the oriental languages, and, for all his high birth, was doctor in philosophy and law.

The manuscripts of Tasso are very numerous; his lyric poems have been printed; his letters, a bulky manuscript, were partly collected by Muratori, or communicated by extracts to Serassi, the historian of Tasso, by his friend Tiraboschi. Some still remain unpublished, but all of them are not worth that trouble, as they merely relate to personal affairs; we learn from them that this grand poet was punctilious, and much occupied with the counting his shirts, and the inventory of his goods.

A French manuscript of the fourteenth century, entitled *Herbier*, presents the plants in miniature; the author is Mr. Urfé, who, by his taste for botany, seems worthy of being an ancestor of the pastoral author of the *Astrée*.

The voluminous correspondence of Tiraboschi extends from 1770 to 1794, the year of his death; it is addressed to prelates, cardinals, learned nobles, and most literary characters of his day, and proves the attention, research, and literary rectitude of this laborious writer.

The printed works of the Modena library comprise some beautiful and scarce articles. A copy of the Venice Bible (Nic. Jenson, 1476), on vellum-paper, is of a texture and colour superior to the vellum often used at present. Such a book is one of the many splendid proofs of the perfection of printing at its birth. <sup>1</sup> A *Horace*, on vellum, of the precious Aldine edition (1501), is charming. The collection of Aldine editions is nearly perfect, since the recent acquisitions.

The primitive editions are very numerous, and of the rarest; in a word, the Modena library offers a rich treat to amateurs, and deserves to be placed in the first rank of the Italian libraries.

The Lapidarian museum, begun in 1828, contains a great number of inscriptions, some noble Roman sarcophagi, and curious monuments of the middle ages and the revival. The *Karissimo* of an inscription, with a K, would seem, like other instances, to give an antique origin to the Florentine aspiration. The part of the monuments from the middle ages to the sixteenth century embraces nearly all the art of Modena. The sculptures of the antique tomb of Professor Jacopino Cagnoli, of the year 1312, which represent him in his chair, are of a marvellous beauty, which maintained the same degree of perfection for nearly half a century. The sculptures of the ancient sarcophagus consecrated by Cardinal Sadolet to his father Giovanni Sadolet, a jurisconsult of Modena, have the gracefulness and taste of that epoch; the *Virgin*, the *infant Jesus*, and the two little angels of the upper part seem to be the last works of Guido Mazzoni, a clever Modenese artist, who executed them in 1516, on his return from France.

At a time when the mania for autograph collections has become almost European, Modena has a remarkable one of more than eighteen hundred pieces, written by princes, statesmen, warriors, scientific and literary characters, artists, ecclesiastics, etc. This collection was formed by S. Gaudini, brigadier of the duke's body-guard of nobles, director of music to the court, and composer, a liberal amateur who permits copies to be taken, has printed his catalogue, and does not evince that sort of avarice and jealous selfishness too common among possessors of such treasures.

<sup>1</sup> See book vi. chap. xii.



## CHAPTER II.

Cathedral.—Steeple.—*Secchia rapita*.—Saint Augustine.—Muratori.

The cathedral of Modena, of a Lombard gothic, of the end of the eleventh century, is neither so ugly, nor of such bad taste, as represented by the Guide-books and Lalande: the pulpit, of 1322, is regarded as a monument characteristic of the art. Near the altar of relics is interred the elegant but licentious poet Francesco Molza, an inveterate profligate, who died in misery from a malady consequent on his debauchery: the tomb is of noble simplicity, and has a figure of the *Eternal Father*, two small angels and ornaments of exquisite taste; it appears to be by Jacopo Tagliapietra and Paolo his son, excellent Modenese artists of the sixteenth century. A splendid mausoleum of Carrara marble, a tolerably good work of the latter days of Pisani, director of the academy of Fine Arts of Modena, has been erected by his daughter to Duke Ercole III., last scion of the house of Este, a good prince, a lover of letters, upright, economical, but by no means niggard in his public works; he died in exile after the loss of his treasury, pillaged at Venice, contrary to the law of nations, by the plunderers of the Directory; an enlightened man, he looked on feudalism as a more fatal scourge than war or the plague, and, before 1789, had predicted the course of the French revolution and the coalitions of Europe; his only fault was the laxity of his morals.

The steeple (called *la Ghirlandina*), of the fourteenth century, is an elegant structure, and, like the cathedral, incrustured with rich remnants of Roman antiquities. There may still be seen, hanging by its chain, the famous deal bucket taken from the Bolognese, which Tassoni has sung. The *Secchia rapita*, a charming poem, was unfairly criticised by Voltaire both in prose and verse; it is not easy to conceive how so good a judge could assert that work to be void of imagination, variety, and elegance, whereas they are conspicuous in numberless passages, and supply the want of invention and interest. It would take up too much time to quote the pretty and

poetical details of the *Secchia*, and such a multiplicity of animated scenes so truly Italian, and so excellent in dialogue: the idea, so wittily expressed, of flying to assist the stronger party, is well rendered by the verse on the Bolognese doctor Baldi....

..... Ch'era astuto come veglio  
E sapea secondar l'onda corrente.<sup>2</sup>

Stanza 17 of the same canto, the *Sirene de' Fossi, allettatrici*, seems worthy of Ariosto; so also is stanza 47 of canto III., *Ma dove lascio di Sassol la gente*; and this passage of canto VI., stanza 22:

Glandon dalla Porretta era un Petronio  
Grande come un gigante, o poco meno.

Stanza 43, canto VI., *Qual fiero toro, a cui di fune ignote*, and the 22nd of canto VII., *Come nubi di storni a cui la caccia*, are of the most energetic and sublime poesy. The song of the blind Scarpinel on Endymion (canto VIII. st. 47-63), *Dormiva Endimion tra l'erbe e i fiori*, is enchanting for its grace, harmony, and voluptuousness: it is probable that these verses were not unknown to Girodet. Voltaire, in that poem of his which one can hardly name, has borrowed certain licentious particulars from the *Secchia*; the verses on that

Fantîn, prédicateur des grands,  
who  
Confessait et volait les mourants,

are taken from the 58th stanza of canto I.:

Quivi trovar, che 'l prete della cura  
Gia confortando ancor gli agonizzanti, etc.

Perhaps Voltaire had the meanness to depreciate Tassoni's work for the purpose of concealing his plagiarisms. However undeniable the poetical merit of the *Secchia* may be, the poet's mind betrays a kind of inferiority and decay. This court poet, resident in the palace of Duke Francesco I., his pensioner and *gentleman of letters*, speaks jeeringly of the old manners and ancient liberty of his country. The continually recurring wars between Modena and Bologna, so

<sup>2</sup> Letter to Panckoucke, of February 28, 1767, and the first canto of the *Guerre civile de Genève*.

<sup>2</sup> Cant. II. st. 44.

remarkably national and bloody, only inspired him with burlesque verses: instead of his everlasting and imbecile *Potta*, a modern bailiff, who is perpetually thrust forward to do nothing, a kind of comic personage, a poet truly Italian would have painted one of those popular chiefs, one of those impassioned characters of the middle ages, a jealous defender of his country's honour and the interests of his fellow-citizens. Tassoni's poetry, pure, correct, and elegant, but without earnestness or enthusiasm, is but a piece of literary buffoonery, a capricious play of wit, or the bitter, satirical bursts of his antipathies as an author.

The great church of Saint Augustine contains the mortal remains of two eminent scholars, the boast of Modena, Sigonio, and Muratori: they were originally buried at Santa Maria *Pomposa*, the beloved church of the latter, which was suppressed in 1774. Sigonio's tomb was erected to his memory by the last governor of Modena, Ludovico Coccapani, of the family of the celebrated professor of belles-lettres, Camillo Coccapani, a contemporary of Sigonio, who had refuted Bendingelli, his haughty antagonist. Muratori's tomb is against the wall, near a little door; it has an inscription, but it must be confessed that such a paltry monument is little worthy of a man whose prodigious labours have thrown such a lustre on Italy. Muratori's liberal and independent opinions on the fatal effects of the political influence, the ambition of the court of Rome, and the abuse of excommunications, are still obstacles, in the state of Modena, to the erection of a more suitable sepulchre.

### CHAPTER III.

Theatre.—Alfieri's tragedies.

The theatre of Modena is built on the foundations of an ancient palace, to which it of course has some resemblance; the form is octangular, and the actors are invisible to a great number of places on both sides of the house. I attended the representation of Alfieri's *Agamemnone* there, and it was very well played: the

house was rather crowded, and the pit (at five pence) was filled with persons of the lower orders; it seemed pretty much in accordance with the verse of the Modenese poet:

O quante scorze di castagni incisi  
D' intorno copriran tutta la terra.\*

Alfieri is now national in Italy, like Shakspeare at London, and I might easily have taken my neighbours of the pit for the English mechanics or sailors drawn together at Covent Garden to enjoy the dramas of the sweet Swan of Avon. Alfieri's tragedies, though beautifully written and admirable to read, are too regular, formal, and dry when brought on the stage: his imitation of ancient simplicity is exaggerated and false; his four eternal personages, notwithstanding the pathos and even violence of their sentiments, are not sufficient to animate the scene; so when one of his pieces is played, it is thought a public duty to go, but every body is sated and weary before the performance is over. Besides, I do not think that this passion for Alfieri, with its pretensions to patriotism, is of any use whatever now; the patriotism of this great poet is haughty, hateful, outrageous, exclusive; and is more likely to be injurious to the Italians, misleading, instead of raising and ennobling them.

### CHAPTER IV.

Reggio.—False tradition respecting Ariosto's house.  
— Cathedral. — Clementi. — Saint Prosper. — Madonna della Ghiara. — Library. — Spallanzani museum. — Theatre. — Canossa.

Reggio is a charming town, of so gay and pleasing an aspect, that if Ariosto were not born there, he ought to have been; it is altogether worthy of having been *il natio nido* of that graceful poet.<sup>2</sup> Notwithstanding its inscription,<sup>3</sup> and the credulity of a celebrated traveller, I could not recognise the little rebuilt house in the Cathedral square, as the house in which Ariosto was born. That poet first saw the light in the castle of Reggio, of which his father was governor, and, as his best biographer, Baruffaldi, has

Il natio nido mio, n' ha la sua parte.  
(Sat. iv.)

<sup>3</sup> See the nineteenth note to Canto iv. of *Childe Harold*.

\* *Secchia Rapita*, canto vii. 29.

<sup>2</sup> Già mi fur dolci inviti a empir le carte  
I luoghi ameni, di che il nostro Reggio,

demonstrated, the false tradition which states his birth to have taken place *in camera media primi ordinis erga plateas*, arose half a century after his death; it originated in the vanity of a Malaguzzi, one of his mother's relatives, or some friend of that family, who wished to give celebrity to the house she inhabited.

The cathedral, although modernised and unfinished, deserves a visit for the works of Clementi, an architect and sculptor, of Reggio, a clever pupil of Michael Angelo and first-rate artist, but little known, yet regarded by Algarotti as the Correggio of sculpture: on the front, from Clementi's designs, are the superb figures of *Adam and Eve*, and of the saints *Grisanti and Venerio*, *Daria and Gioconda*; in the interior, the tombs of *Orazio Malaguzzi*, *Vincenzio Fossa*, and bishop *Francesco Martelli*, of *Che rubini Sforzani*, the statues of *St. Catherine*, *St. Maxime*, and *St. Prosper*, the bronze tabernacle, representing the *Triumph of the Saviour*, and especially the mausoleum of bishop *Ugo Rangone*. Clementi is interred near his beautiful works: his portrait, in medallion, is placed over the tomb erected to his memory by *Francesco Pacchioni*, architect and sculptor, of Reggio, a pupil worthy of such a master. In the cathedral are also: a *Piety*, by the younger *Palma*; *St. Peter*, *St. Jerome*, an *Assumption*, the *Visitation of the Virgin* and the *Martyrdom of Sts. John and Paul*, by *Guercino*; *St. Catherine*, by *Tiarini*; and a large altar-front executed by *Bernini*.

The basilic of *Saint Prosper* has one of the fine frescos peculiar to Northern Italy, the *Last Judgment*, by *Camillo Procaccini*, but it is much damaged. Another fresco, by the same, represents *Christ in a glory*, with *St. Prosper* below; opposite, *St. Venerio*, and the four virtues becoming a bishop: *Prudence*, *Charity*, *Humility*, *Temperance*. *St. Anne*, and *St. Anthony of Padua*, are by *Tiarini*; the *Widow of Nain's son brought to life*, and the *Death of Jezebel*, by *Bernardino Campi*; and the tomb of *Ludovico Parisetti* the younger and *Giulia Zoboli*, by *Clementi*. The steeple, still unfinished, was built and ornamented by the three sons of *Pacchioni*, *Leonardo*, *Alberto*, and *Roberto*, as well as their father, pupils of *Clementi*.

The finest church of Reggio is the Ma-

donna della *Ghiara*, from the designs of the Ferrarese architect, *Balbi*, and chiefly terminated by *Francesco Pacchioni*, author of the cupola; with its dome in the centre, and the four others at the extremities, it presents a model of the basilic of *Saint Peter* in miniature, according to *Michael Angelo's* plan, before it was spoiled by *Carlo Maderne*, who reduced it from the Greek to the Latin cross, and destroyed its admirable unity. It contains some majestic paintings of the excellent artist of the town, *Luca Ferrari*, surnamed *di Reggio*: *Adam and Eve*, *Abraham waiting on the angels*, with *Sarah* in the door-way, smiling at the thought of her posterity; *Rebekah giving water to Abraham's servant*; *Rachel at the Well*; *an Old woman spinning*; *Jacob raising the stone from the well*; *a Shepherd playing the flute*; *Jael slaying Sisera*; *Moses*, *Miriam* and other *Israelitish women singing after the destruction of Pharaoh's army*; the figures of *Purity*, *Virginity*, *Meekness*, and *Faith*; an *Angel holding a bunch of grapes*, another a *lily*, and two a *mirror*, and several others with divers attributes; *Abigail showing to the angry David the provisions she had brought for his army*; a *Judith*; *Esther before Ahasuerus*; a *Madonna*; an *Angel holding a palm*; another an *olive-branch*, two holding the *ark of the covenant*; a *Virgin crowned*, with *dishevelled hair*, contemplating the heavens; an *Assumption*; and on the cupola, *eight Angels with musical instruments*; and the eight figures, in *claire-obscur*, of *Moses*, *Joshua*, *Gideon*, *Jephthah*, *Samson*, *David*, *Zorobabel*, *Judas Machabæus*, are by *Leonello Spada*; *Deborah at the foot of a palm-tree*; *Samuel consecrated by his mother to the service of the temple*; *Abishag the Shunamite ministering to David*; an *Angel holding an urn*; another a *rose-bush*; another a *cup*; another an *orange*; *David playing on the harp*; *Michael the archangel*; *Solomon on his throne*; the *Virgin and St. Francis*; an *Annunciation*; and the rich ceiling of the choir, by *Tiarini*. The *Adoration of the Magi* is by the younger *Palma*; *St. George and St. Catherine*, by *Ludovico Carraccio*; and the *Christ crucified* comforted by an *Angel*, and below the *Virgin*, *Magdalen*, *St. John the Baptist*, *St. Prosper* and a child, of which the



Christ and Angel only have escaped retouching, by Guercino. I was conducted over every part of the church of the Madonna della Ghiara by some young and merry Franciscans, remarkably clean in their persons, polite in their manners, and very inquisitive with travellers; so sprightly and intelligent were these amiable young monks, that application to study might probably have made something of them.

The public library numbers more than fifty thousand volumes; it has many ancient and scarce Bibles, many fine editions of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; an Aldine collection all but complete; the collection of the authors of Reggio, very well classified, and all the autograph manuscripts of the great naturalist Spallanzani, born at Scandiano, a small town in the neighbourhood, who had studied and professed at Reggio.

Without mentioning the Agricultural society, the Lyceum of Reggio unites three establishments sufficient to show the distinction of that little town. The rich cabinet of natural history, or the Spallanzani museum, purchased by the town in 1801, as well as its books and manuscripts, was formed with the learning to be expected from such a master, aided by circumstances and position; it has a small endowment, and its riches are gradually augmenting under the enlightened superintendence of its manager, professor Giuseppe Galliani, who gives lectures on natural history there. The theatre of chemistry and experimental physics is well provided, and has assisted in several of the discoveries of the celebrated natural philosopher of Modena, Signor Nobili. The academy of Fine Arts has some able pupils: it has some good paintings, and a fresco by Nicolao dell' Abate, formerly on the front of the Pratonieri house.

The theatre, a great and solid edifice, was planned as if impromptu, after the destruction of the former one by fire in the carnival of 1746, by the architect of Reggio, Cugini, and it has served as a model for several others in Italy, and even that of Frankfort, which was also built by the clever Cugini.

I only passed through Reggio; but I must aver that the town seemed to me singularly clean, gay, and agreeable, and the inhabitants courteous and full of animation; I have since easily explained

to my own satisfaction the careless character of that general of the Reggians portrayed by Tassoni, who was composing a madrigal when the enemy came upon them, and, being compelled to arm,

..... Era stizzato. ....  
Di non aver finito il madrigale.

The traveller curious in those historical facts which are rather outrageous than great, ought to repair to a spot twelve miles from Reggio, to visit the remains of the castle of Canossa, the scene of the penance of the emperor Henry IV., at the feet of Gregory VII., in presence of the lady chatelain who acted as mediatrix, the countess Matilda, Adelaide marchioness of Suse, Henry's mother-in-law, and her son Amedæus; of the marquis Azzo, and a crowd of bishops and nobles. The spectacle of Canossa is described in numberless books, with considerable variations, and it has been depicted by an eloquent writer in a work that has remained too long unpublished.<sup>1</sup> I can only give the aspect of the place and some particulars of its recent history. This fortress, founded in the year 938, on a high rock, was surrounded with three walls, the first, at the foot, the second midway, and the third on the summit; it was at the gate of each wall that the imperial penitent, clothed in coarse raiment and barefoot, though in winter, stopped and fasted a whole day, three several times. The water-courses seem to have contributed to the ruin of Canossa, as may be seen by the heaps of rubbish collected at the north and west; nothing is left entire, except two cisterns on the summit. When the senate of Reggio invited the township of Canossa to join the new republic in 1796, the inhabitants, notwithstanding the opposition of the judge (*giudicente*) appointed by Count Valentini, lord of Canossa and minister of Duke Ercole III., showed great readiness: the assembly chosen adopted the new political system unanimously, and sent to the senate as an earnest of their adhesion, a small cannon with three epingares, and the tricoloured flag was hoisted, amid the noise of dancing and rural music, in the square of Matilda's ancient lordship. The complete desertion of Canossa occurred

<sup>1</sup> M. Villemain, *Histoire de Grégoire VII.*

three years after, when the residence of the judge was transferred to Bianello; the castle was then dreadfully devastated; the tiles, iron, timber, doors, palisades, and even the pavement, were carried off, leaving nothing but the walls. Under the great saloon and the chambers of the judge's dwelling, is a large room, which served, no long time since, as a stable, and vestibule to the three horrible prisons, where there are some traces of ancient paintings and two marble columns. Canossa is still the property of the Valentini family: the eldest and the countess his wife, who went thither with some friends in the autumn of 1835, signified their intention of having some chambers fitted up, so highly were they pleased with the situation and the prospect.

### CHAPTER V.

Parma.—Library.—Infant dukes of Parma.—Museum of Inscriptions.—Velleja.

Notwithstanding the gloomy aspect of Parma, my sojourn there, thanks to the counsels, attentions, and information of my brother-librarian, S. Pezzana, proved exceedingly agreeable and instructive.

The library, a very handsome edifice, has more than a hundred thousand books and four thousand manuscripts, and is embellished with two gigantic half-figures by Correggio. It was formed by the celebrated P. Paciaudi, under the infants Don Philip and Don Ferdinand, dukes of Parma, and opened in 1770. It is extraordinary that a library so recently founded should contain such a number of precious articles. How singular that these dukes of Parma, though issued from the Bourbons of the Spanish branch and come from Spain, should have so zealously patronized learning, the sciences and arts! Condillac wrote his Course of Studies for the infant Don Ferdinand, and Millot composed, for this foreign court, the best historical abridgements that we have even now, with our host of epitomes. The friend of Voltaire, M. d'Agental, was, as is

well known, minister of Parma at Paris. The library of Parma has been since increased by extensive libraries from suppressed convents, and in 1816 it received the celebrated one of Professor de' Rossi, for which a splendid apartment has been built; this last library, regarded as the most valuable for oriental manuscripts (after that of Antwerp described by Michaelis, and the more recent, but, it is said, still more considerable one of the duke of Sussex at Kensington), consists of about three thousand four hundred volumes, of which above fourteen hundred are Hebrew manuscripts, including seven hundred unpublished biblical manuscripts, and little less than two hundred in other languages, which it would be desirable to see pass into another and more frequented establishment, in some town of greater importance than Parma, where it is almost buried.

There is one curious volume in this library, the *Koran*, the singular history of which is thus related by P. Paciaudi: "After the raising of the siege of Vienna, the emperor Leopold entered the tent of the grand vizir Kara Mustapha, where this Koran was offered to him; and he sent it as a present, together with other objects found in the camp, to his consort Eleonora. The empress subsequently gave it to her confessor the Jesuit Carlo Costa of Placentia, who forwarded it as a family monument to his brother and nephews, inhabitants of that town. In 1767, when the ducal library was founded, Count Jacopo Costa, great-nephew of Carlo, made homage of it to Duke Ferdinand, for the new library. At the end of the Koran is a statement in Arabic, that it was written by Ramasan, son of Ismahil, in the year 1077 of the Hegira (1666). Before it came into the possession of Kara-Mustapha, it had belonged to Assan Aga; there are also notes in different characters, at the end of the volume, indicating the birth-days of the five children of the latter personage. Notwithstanding all the admiration and gratitude that Sobieski's victory must inspire, I could not touch the prayer book of this devout Musulman

<sup>1</sup> "Prologus ad præclarissimum Alcorani Codicem Regiæ bibliothecæ Parmensis. Parma ex regia typographia," in 8vo, rather scarce. The copy in the library of Parma is on blue paper; whether other like copies were printed is not known. P. Paciaudi has, however, fallen into one error in his

description of this Koran: "Tenuissimis in membranæ descriptus, aureis literis, flosculis, aliisque librarilis ornamentis præstans, et theca ex serico villosa, opereque phrygio decora inclusus;" It is not on parchment, but Turkish paper, very fine, sized on the written part of the page.



forsaken by Allah,<sup>1</sup> without a feeling of respect. The Alcoran of this Turk reminded me that books, in the vicissitudes of fate, have often appeared on the battle-field; and have delighted the victors, or consoled the vanquished: this illustrious portion of their history appeared to me full of interest; Alexander never lost sight of Homer in his campaigns; Plato and Polybius were the last studies of Cato and Brutus, when besieged and defeated.

The library of Parma possesses, if one may say so, two other books of devotion, the *Prayer Book* of Henry II., and the Hebrew Psalter of Luther, which form a striking contrast with the Koran of Kara Mustapha. The *Prayer Book* presents a characteristic and not very edifying feature of manners: at the bottom of each page is a crescent, a symbol of Diana, the cipher of Henry's mistress, and his motto: *Donec totum impleat orbem*; he had this cipher engraved on all the monuments erected in his reign, and it is found on books bearing his arms on the binding, but it seems going rather too far, to mix it up with his prayers. The *Psalter*, a Basil edition, 1516, was part of the Rossi collection, and had previously belonged to the learned orientalist Tychsen; it has interlinear notes in Luther's handwriting: the volume is much worn; the two first leaves are nearly all torn off: one feels that it must have been exposed to the violence of the hot-headed reformer.

Among the manuscripts may be remarked: a very elegant *Terence* of 1470, which, as stated in a curious note, was printed from a manuscript written throughout by Petrarch, of the year 1358, another evidence of the learned labours of this great poet; a *Dante*, printed fifty years after the author's death; a *Petrarch*, very fine, of the beginning of the sixteenth century, supposed, from three fleurs-de-lis in the middle of a laurel crown, placed under the brilliant miniatures of the first page, to have been taken from Francis I. at the battle of Pavia. A note in the library catalogue probably gave rise to this conjecture. Perhaps

when the catalogue was compiled this manuscript was confounded with another of Petrarch, which, in 1826, was in the possession of Count Ludovico Gattinara, a descendant of the famous juriconsult Arborio Gattinara, chancellor of Charles V., and has these words on the first page: *Este libro fue del rei Fran. de Francia, el qual fue preso en la batalla de Pavia; ahora es de don P. de Vargas, Gov. de Novara por su Md.<sup>a</sup>* If the new military bibliography just mentioned could be completed, it is very probable that books on love and gallantry would occupy more space than philosophical treatises. Francis I. had little reason to regret the loss of Petrarch in his captivity; he then stood in need of higher consolation, and the verse of the psalm he read on entering the church of the Chartreuse<sup>3</sup> was more suitable for his situation than the sonnets and *canzoni* of the poet. The manuscripts of the Parmesan poet Basinio, spoken of by Ginguené, are at the library of Parma, as well as some other of his smaller works. It possesses also the *rarissime* edition of the collection devoted to the praise of the fair Isotta degli *Atti*, the mistress and ultimately the wife of Pandolfo Malatesta, lord of Rimini, a collection in which Basinio seems to have taken the chief part.<sup>4</sup> But Ginguené, misled by the first edition of Tiraboschi, erroneously fixes the birth of Basinio about 1421, instead of 1425, the true epoch; Tiraboschi, in accordance with a distich by Basinio, quoted by P. Affo, rectified this error, in his second edition, which contains many corrections and additions unknown to Ginguené. Neither should the French writer have stated that Basinio's works were unpublished, as an edition of his principal poems appeared at Rimini in 1794. He has, too, been unmeritedly severe on the Parmesans in accusing them of negligence for not printing the works of their poet: their publication has been several times on the tapis; Paciaudi, at the request of the minister Dutillot, made some researches relative to the family of Basinio, which are still preserved in the library;

<sup>1</sup> "Look at the firmament," said the Khan of Crimea to Kara Mustapha at the moment of his defeat, "and see whether God be not against us." The sultan ordered Kara Mustapha to be strangled: his head and the bow-string are preserved at the arsenal of the civic militia at Vienna.

<sup>2</sup> *Memorie dell' Accad. reale di Torino*, vol. XXIX, p. 226, and Napione, *Opusc. di lett.*, t. II 1826, p. 161.

<sup>3</sup> See *ante*, book IV. ch. IV.

<sup>4</sup> *Trium poetarum elegantissimorum, Porcellii, Basinii et Trebanii Opuscula nunc primum edita*. Paris, Christophe Prudhomme, 1549.



it is probable that the work would have appeared but for the disgrace of the minister, and, with him, the librarian.

The museum of inscriptions has more than twenty thousand medals. The principal article is the celebrated Trajan's table, found at Velleja at different times and in several places, now perfectly restored: this imperial rescript about maintaining the children of the poor, legitimate or not, is curious for the information it supplies respecting the Roman administration. The fourth sheet of a senatus-consultum on the particular interests of Cisalpine Gaul shows what its splendor was already under the republic. It is a remarkable thing and a proof of the power and prosperity of ancient Italy, that this little town of Velleja, barely known in history, has of itself furnished the lapidarian museum of Parma; the excavations, begun in 1762 by the canon Costa and P. Paciaudi, resumed in 1804 under the French administration,<sup>1</sup> were successfully followed up in 1821; and Velleja, obscurely buried under a detached fragment of a mountain, without either a Pliny or a Vesuvius connected with its catastrophe, has become the Pompeii of northern Italy.

## CHAPTER VI.

Gallery.—Correggio.—Farnese Colossus.

The new ducal gallery, though not extensive, is select and judiciously arranged; it is easy to perceive that much is due to the advice and direction of the clever Toschi, one of the first engravers in Europe, settled at Parma, who seems united to France by his fine copy of the *Entry of Henry IV.*

*St. Jerome*, Correggio's masterpiece, has returned to the town which contains the greatest number of his works and the most important, and may be called the capital of his talent: the saint has really usurped the appellation of this picture, as it contains the *Virgin, infant Jesus, Magdalen* caressing him and kissing his

feet with the tenderest expression of respect. Saint Jerome is only one of the other figures, with two angels and his lion. The history of the painting, executed in 1524, shows that the social position of artists was then very inferior: Briseis Cossa, widow of a gentleman of Parma, who ordered it, notwithstanding the beauty of her Homeric name, only allowed Correggio 47 sequins (about 22 l.), and his board for the six months that he worked at it; she had, however, the munificence to add to these fees *two loads of wood, some measures of wheat and a fat pig*. There have since been offered, by the king of Portugal, 40,000 sequins (more than 16,000 l.) for this very masterpiece, to the abbot of the convent of Saint Anthony of Parma, who was on the point of selling it, but the infant Don Philip, at the urgent intercession of the town, took it away and put it in the cathedral. It was afterwards transferred to the Academy of painting; and at the period of our *illustres pillages*<sup>2</sup> in 1798, the duke of Parma consented to pay the conqueror a million to be allowed to retain the old painting of Dame Cossa: the military chest was empty, but the arguments of Monge and Bertholet prevailed, and this miracle was transported to Paris, to be brought back in 1815. The other paintings of Correggio are: a *Repose in Egypt*, known by the name of *Madonna della Scodella*, one of his finest works, styled *divine* by Vasari; his *Deposition from the Cross*, fine for grief and simplicity, and a refutation, like a multitude of this great painter's other works, of the reproach of affectation and quaintness which has been thrown on him; the *Martyrdom of St. Placidus*, and *St. Flavia*, affecting from the calm and profound faith of the latter saint; *Christ bearing his cross*, according to Algarotti, exhibits Correggio's passing from his rather dry imitation of Mantegna to his own style: the figure of the Virgin in a swoon is pathetic; the *Virgin with her son in her arms*, called the *Madonna della Scala*, a fresco

<sup>1</sup> Nothing was discovered at that period but the ruins of an unimportant edifice to which they gave the name of *Thermæ*, whereas the true *Thermæ* made part of the first discoveries. Antolini, in his work on Velleja, merely calls this building the *Moreau edifice*, from the name of that worthy Moreau Saint-Méry, formerly governor-general of the states of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, an honourable

man, but of no great literary attainments, author of voluminous compilations on the colonies and a little book on dancing, dedicated to the Creoles, and printed at Parma, by Bodoni, in 1801, in 46mo, and in 1803, in 42mo.

<sup>2</sup> An expression of Paul-Louis Courier on the spoliation of Italy.

brought from the oratory of that name, demolished in 1812, was originally painted over the old Saint Michael's gate. Though injured by time, this fresco is still ranked with the first of Correggio's works, and this Madonna, larger than life, on the wall of a town gate, exposed to the veneration of artisans and peasants, is full of grace, sweetness, and elegance. The new Saint Michael's gate, now standing, is by San Micheli, and distinguished for the noble simplicity of its architecture. It was built by Pope Paul III., whose name is inscribed on the frieze, as well as the date 1545. This gate of Saint Michael seems truly illustrious, as it was first painted by Correggio, and then rebuilt by San Micheli.

The *St. Jerome writing*, by Guercino, has a certain severity of expression more in unison with his Dalmatian extraction and his literary character than the resigned and quiet mien too frequently given him. *Jesus when a child*, full length, ready to dispute with the doctors, by Giovanni Bellini, beams with intelligence and divinity.

The colossal *Virgin crowned with stars* was copied by Annibale Carraccio, from the original of Correggio, which is in the library.

The *Apostles carrying the corpse of the Virgin to the tomb*; the *Apostles uncovering the same tomb*, and amazed at finding it empty, are two paintings by Ludovico Carraccio, large and uncommon rather than fine. The *Virgin suckling the infant Jesus*, Sts. John, Margaret, Augustine, and Cecilia, a small painting by Agostino, is of an expression exceedingly mild, noble, true, and varied. The *Virgin*, looking towards heaven, the infant Jesus asleep on her bosom, by Vandyck, is an enchanting composition: the Virgin's eyes are full of tenderness; the sleep of the child is charming. *Joseph of Arimathea*, *St. John and the three Marys weeping*, *Jesus taken down from the cross* and placed on his mother's knees, was said by Lanzi to be the best of Francia's paintings that he had seen; such an eulogium will be enough to convey some idea of its marvellous beauty. The *Virgin, the infant Jesus in her arms*, *St. Jerome*, *St. Bernardin of Feltre*, painted by Parmegiano in his eighteenth year, is an able and brilliant imitation of Correggio. *Christ entering*

*Jerusalem*, a sketch painted in oil on paper, formerly one of the finest ornaments of the palace of Colorno, passes for one of the works of Parmegiano that contain the greatest number of figures. The *Virgin with the infant Jesus*, *St. Joseph*, *St. Barbara*, and a little angel holding in his arms the tower in which that saint was imprisoned, a noble, elegant work; the *Virgin*, in an aureola upheld by three angels, and Sts. Sebastian and Roch, are by Michelangelo Anselmi, a pupil and exact imitator of Correggio, a native of Lucca, but of an ancient family of Parma, whence civil broils had driven his father. *St. Francis receiving the stigmata*, in the Carracci style for the figures and landscape, is one of the best works of Badalocchio, an easy and picturesque painter of the Parma school. A *Holy Family with St. Michael*, and an angel playing on a mandoline, is a graceful work and among the most esteemed of Geronimo Mazzola, a worthy cousin of Francesco Parmegiano, his youthful companion and fellow-student, and like him of precocious talent. The *Virgin between St. Catherine and the little St. John, offering the breast to the infant Jesus*, an elegant, pleasing composition, is by Samacchini. The *Virgin and infant Jesus appearing to Sts. Augustine and Jerome*, by Rondani, a Parmesan painter of the sixteenth century and a faithful disciple of Correggio, is nearly equal to the works of his master, and is deemed one of the best paintings of Parma. *Jesus Christ in a glory*, the Virgin by his side and St. John below, St. Paul and St. Catherine of Alexandria kneeling, is a fine Raphael.

The *Christ buried and wept by his mother*, St. John, Magdalen, St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. Catherine, appears to be a copy made by Andrea del Sarto, or by another excellent artist, of the painting given by Andrea to the nuns of the convent of Lugo in Mugello, where he had a daughter; the original is in the Florence gallery. The angel of the *three Marys* by Schidone, seated on the brink of the sepulchre and announcing to them the resurrection of the Saviour, is noble and majestic; the draperies of the women are very good. Schidone, though a pupil of the Carracci, was an ardent imitator of Correggio, who seems to have inspired all the chefs-d'œuvre

to be admired at Parma. Schidone was painter to the court and cherished by the duke Ranuzio I., who gave him a house and lands (presents very superior to Dame Briseis Cossa's rustic donations to his great model;) but, having a passion for gaming, he died of grief from having lost all in a single night. A copy of Titian's *Christ dragged along by an executioner*, though done by this great master, did not seem to me to produce the effect of the model,<sup>1</sup> notwithstanding the beard and mustachios added to the executioner, and the celestial expression of the Christ's countenance.

The two colossal statues, *Hercules* and *Bacchus*, found in 1724 in the palace of the Cæsars on Mount Palatine, and put out of sight for a century in a country house of far less historical fame, belonging to the dukes of Parma at Colorno, have been more properly located in the gallery. These statues, the largest discovered of Egyptian basalt, though Græco-Roman, and said to be of the first times of the empire, do not appear very pure, and are sufficiently opposed to the *material sperabat opus*. A colossal *Jupiter's head* of Carrara marble, detached from an antique bust or statue, is very fine, and was admired by Canova. The best of these different statues found at Villeja is a second *Agrippina*, a Roman work, though its drapery seems almost Greek. An excellent statue, perhaps of a wrestler, has been unluckily restored as if it were a faun, though certainly there is nothing rustic about it. A miniature bronze statue of *Hercules*, squat, drunken, gluttonous, vile, is curious, and of the good epoch of art. Among the five or six modern statues is a little *St. John the Baptist*, by Bernini, choice and pleasing. At the bottom of the gallery is the bust of her majesty the duchess of Parma, by Canova; it is singular enough, that this ornament, so proper for a museum of her creating, was ordered by the troops of her little state.

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book vi. ch. xvii.

<sup>2</sup> See the latter's letter to his cousin Ludovico from Parma, of the 18th April, 1580: "Non potei stare di non andar subito a vedere la gran cupola, che voi tante volte mi avete commendato, ed ancora io rimasi stupefatto, in vedere una così gran macchina, così ben intesa ogni cosa, così ben veduta di sotto in sù con sì gran rigore, ma sempre con tanto giudizio, e con tanta grazia, con un colorito, che è

## CHAPTER VII.

Cathedral.—Italian Gothic.—Cupola.—Baptistry.—  
Pagan emblems mixed with Christian symbols.

The cathedral and baptistry of Parma are in the first rank of Italian Gothic monuments; but with the marble that decorates them may also be seen the imprint of Italian taste, preoccupied by contemplating the wrecks of antiquity, and which has not that daring ignorance, the source of the singular beauties and fantastic grandeur of the Gothic edifices of the North.

The cupola, painted by Correggio, the first of cupolas, cannot be conveniently subjected to a close examination. Though much injured, it is impossible not to admire those superb remnants of painting, not less finished when closely viewed than brilliant at a distance, and that *Assumption*, so lively, blissful, and triumphant. These frescos, which delighted Annibale and Ludovico Carracci,<sup>2</sup> three centuries after brought back to the true taste the future regenerator of the French school, and began, as we may say, the great painters of our age.<sup>3</sup> The two paintings of the choir, representing a *David* and a *St. Cecilia*, by Cesare Procaccini, appear excellent though so near the cupola.

In the gallery, the *Christ in a glory*, by Geronimo Mazzola, an esteemed fresco, but laboured; the two frescos from the history of *Moses* in the grand chapel, to the right of the high-altar, by Orazio Jamacchini, do not bear this trying neighbourhood so well; at the altar, the *Assumption* with Sts. Thomas, Lucy, John, and Bernard, is a remarkable fresco by Tinti, a Parmesan painter of the sixteenth century, a clever imitator of Correggio and Parmegiano. The *St. Agnes appearing to her family*, followed by holy virgins, by Michelangelo Anselmi, is of most powerful colouring, though it has been badly cleaned. The frescos of the nave representing the *Life*

di vera carne." *Raccolta di Lettere sulla Pittura, Scultura ed Architettura*, t. i, p. 86.

<sup>3</sup> It is stated in an article on David by M. P. A. Coupin, that before his journey to Italy he had not escaped the bad taste of the day, and that he was a partisan of Boucher: *Soyons Français!* was his reply to those who boasted the superiority of the Italian school. He reached Parma, and the frescos of the cupola began his conversion.



of *Jesus Christ*, by Gambarà, are perhaps the greatest and the most finished of his performances. A *Crucifixion* with Magdalen, St. Agatha, St. Bernard and an angel, by Sojaro, is remarkable for the composition and thickening of the colours.

Under the high-altar is a basso-relievo of the eleventh century, the *Apostles and the Evangelists*, a monument of the infancy of art. A *Deposition from the cross*, another marble basso-relievo, in the wall to the left, of 1170, by Benedetto Antelami, is a precious piece of primitive workmanship, but part of its curious details are hidden by an unlucky confessional.

The marble tomb of the canon Bartolommeo Montini, deceased in 1507, by Da Grado, of Parma, is of extraordinary elegance. The mausoleum of the jurisconsult Bartolommeo Prati, at the extremity of which are seated two women overwhelmed with excessive grief, is a work full of nature and truth, by Clementi.

A rich cenotaph has been erected to Petrarch in the chapel of Saint Agatha, he was archdeacon and canon of Parma cathedral, likewise canon of Lombez and Padua, ecclesiastical titles and dignities forming a singular contrast with his fame as a poet and lover.<sup>1</sup> Petrarch directed his body to be buried in the cathedral, in case he died at Parma, although, as he himself avows, he had resided there but very little, and was at best but a very indifferent archdeacon.<sup>2</sup>

A plain stone points out the burial-place of Agostino Carraccio, who died in a state of suffering and wretchedness in the forty-third year of his age, at the convent of the Capuchins, whither he had retired; an inscription states that the stone was placed there by two of his friends, Giambattista Magnani of Parma and Giuseppe Guidotti of Bologna. On the same pilaster is another inscription to the memory of Leonello Spada, also a

good Bolognese painter, who was interred close by.

Near the altar of the Assumption is the tomb of the celebrated P. Turchi, of Parma, the first Italian preacher of his day, and tutor to the children of Duke Ferdinand I., whose Lent sermons when a monk were energetic, independent, popular, and were esteemed superior to his episcopal homilies written in the French style. Turchi, after declaiming in these latter against the progress of our arms, died peaceably in his diocese in 1803, a subject of the republic. The finest half of his life is assuredly the earlier; for this capuchin, when speaking before the court, defended the sciences and the dissemination of knowledge, and advocated the abolition of the punishment of death before there was any question of it in political assemblies or academies.

A laudatory inscription is consecrated to the memory of Bodoni: the letters are pretty ingenious imitations of those on the frontispieces of his editions; over it stands his bust taken from life by Professor Comolli, a Piedmontese, his compatriot.

The superb baptistry, entirely of marble, is of the end of the twelfth century. It is ornamented outside with statues, and basso-relievos presenting incidents from the Old and New Testaments, and curious hieroglyphics. The interior is no less characteristic; the ceiling is covered with Gothic and Greek frescos of the middle ages; Diana and Apollo are there placed in juxtaposition with the history of St. John and the figures of the prophets, evangelists, and apostles; I there read the *Spiritus intus alit*, of the sixth book of the *Æneid*, taken from Plato, so much was the profane, in those barbarous ages, conjoined with the sacred, so much do the emblems of paganism still seem mixed with those of christianity. These frescos, of the year 1260, are regarded as some of the most curious rem-

<sup>1</sup> The abbé de Sade (*Mémoires pour la vie de Pétrarque*, II, 298) has fallen into several errors respecting Petrarch's archdeaconship and canonry at Parma. It is not true that he obtained from the pope the title of canon that he might hold a prebendary, which he already enjoyed in his quality of archdeacon. Petrarch, like his predecessor the canon Pietro Marini, who died in 1346, held the two titles and the two prebendaries. P. Affò has well explained these facts (*Discorso preliminare su la*

*dimora di Petrarca in Parma*, p. XXVIII *et seq.* of the second volume of the *Memorie degli Scrittori e Letterati parmigiani*), and has even published the text of Pope Clement VI.'s bull nominating Petrarch canon of Parma, an interesting document for which he was indebted to Gaetano Marini.

<sup>2</sup> *At si Parmæ moriar (poni volo) in ecclesia majori, ubi per multos annos archidiaconus fui, laudatus et semper fere absens.* See his Will.

nants of the ancient style in the north of Italy : the colouring and gilding, after more than five centuries, are still wonderfully brilliant, and prove that they were laid on with extraordinary skill. Other frescos, of purer taste, are of the fourteenth century, and show the progress of the art. Twelve figures by Benedetto Antelami, of Parma, the architect of the baptistry, represent the months of the year with their attributes : two other figures, a young girl crowned with flowers, a grave old man, clothed in a short tunic and holding in his hand a roll covered with astronomic signs, are emblems, the one of the joyous period of life, the other of the sad. The insulated columns are all different as to height, form, and the marble composing them; the finest, near the high altar, is even of Oriental granite. In the centre is a huge octagonal marble basin formerly used for baptising by immersion; within it is placed a smaller one also of marble, covered with fantastic arabesques. The larger one, of a single block, is dated on the brim, 1294, and both of them seem in harmony with the rest of this strange monument.

Some time before I was at Parma, the learned orientalist Mr. de Hammer visited the baptistry, and he drew many inferences from its different emblems in support of his system of the worship of Mithra, or fire; but his conjectures, with all their ingenuity, appeared rather too speculative.

The baptistry is not without some good paintings beside its old Gothic ornaments: the *Christ baptised by John*, between two legions of angels, by Filippo Mazzola *delle Erbette*, Parmegiano's father; a *God the Father*, by an unknown author, but it appears to be by Hilarion or Michele Mazzola, if not by the same Filippo, so much does it seem in the taste of this family; the *Death of St. Octavius*, by Giovanni Lanfranco, greatly damaged. The marble tomb of Cardinal Gherardo Bianchi, founder of the chapter of this baptistry, by Da Grado, is also an elegant work of the sixteenth century.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Saint John.—Cupola.—Saint Francis.—Saint Sepulchre.—Paciadli.—Italian rectors.—The Annunziata.—P. Affò.—Librarians of Parma.—The Capuchins.—Asdente de' Dentl.

The church and monastery of Saint John the Evangelist were restored in 1816 to the monks of Saint Benedict, who devote themselves to the teaching of youth. The exterior of the church is not free from whimsicalness and confusion. The tower, the highest in the town, is by another architect and of better taste. The architecture of the interior has a good effect and has been attributed, but erroneously, to Bramante; authentic documents lodged in the convent prove it to be by Bernardino de' Zaccagni da Torchiera, called also Ludedera.

The cupola is another of Correggio's miracles; he did it in his twenty-sixth year, and gave, as a prelude to the *Assumption* of the duomo, this superb *Ascension*, ill-lighted, injured by damp, and blackened by the smoke of tapers. According to Correggio's receipt for this cupola, executed from 1520 to 1524, he was paid 262 golden ducats, or about 1,000 crowns; as the custom then was, he received a small horse besides worth 8 ducats. The gigantic figures do not, as some have said, exhibit any intention of imitating Michael Angelo, but they simply prove the artist's skill in calculating their effect with the reflected light thrown on them.

Some fine paintings may still be seen at Saint John: the *Christ crowning the Virgin with stars*, a clever copy, by Aretusi, of a like work by Correggio, barbarously destroyed by the monks on enlarging the choir;† the arabesques on the ceiling of the nave, *Christ bearing his cross*, by Michelangelo Anselmi; *St. James at the Virgin's feet*, a *Transfiguration* at the high altar, the *Virgin holding out her hand to St. Catherine*, by Geronimo Mazzola, and for gracefulness, taste, and elegance, worthy of his cousin Francesco (Parmegiano) who painted the arches of the chapels of the Crucifix and Saint Gertrude. A small painting, the *Virgin, her son, and two angels*, by Francesco Francia, is simple

† The fine copy of Correggio's *Night*, by the same artist, placed in this church, which Mengs judged a sufficient compensation for the original now at

Dresden, was sold some years ago, and has been replaced by another and very feeble copy.

and natural; this great artist seems however to have been surpassed at Saint John by his son Jacopo, author of a *Nativity*, dated in the year 1519. Over the little door leading into the cloister is a *St. John Evangelist* about to write, another wonderful fresco by Correggio.

The stalls of the choir, remarkable for the workmanship and taste of the ornaments, are the works of excellent artists of the sixteenth century, Zucchi, Pascale, and Giovanni Francesco Testa.<sup>1</sup>

The cloister still retains some vestiges of its ancient magnificence: the marble decorations of the door were designed by Zucchi, and executed by Da Grado; in the entrance are some frescos by Michelangelo Anselmi and the Parmesan Tonelli, Correggio's pupil; the fresco perspective of the summer refectory is a good work by Geronimo Mazzola; the four superb statues of the dormitory, the *Virgin*, *Sts. John*, *Benedict*, and *Felicity*, are by Begarelli, and the pedestals of these statues are due to the able chisel of Da Grado. Begarelli's four statues are of burnt clay painted to imitate marble, because the artist knew not how to work it. So great was the enthusiasm with which the earthen figures of Begarelli inspired Michael Angelo, that, on passing by Modena, the native place of this sculptor, Correggio's friend, he went so far as to say: *Se questa terra diventasse marmo, guai alle statue antiche!* The monastery library is not very considerable; it was nearly broken up in 1810 when the convent was suppressed. The moral and philosophical sentences in various languages, that P. Don Stefano Cattani, of Novara, has had inscribed there, are ingeniously selected.

Of Saint Francesco del Prato only the chapel remains, the church and convent are converted into a prison. But the frescos of its cupola, by Michelangelo Anselmi, are fine, elegant, and well preserved; he seems also to have executed about the same time, from 1532 to 1533, and conjointly with Rondani, the three other graceful frescos, the *Virgin* and *infant Jesus*, *St. Anthony* the abbot, and *St. Francis d'Assise*. In the sacristy, the *Virgin on a throne with the*

*infant Jesus*, and *St. Francis*, *St. Macarius* and angels, by an unknown author, although injured, breathes the taste and purity of the Correggio school.

The church of Saint Anthony displays all the elaborateness of architecture peculiar to the last century. A *Flight into Egypt*, by Cignaroli, is touching, ingenious, and true; a *Christ on the cross*, the *Virgin*, *St. John* and *Magdalen*, is a fine fresco by Peroni. The eight *Beattitudes*, clay statues, by the Parmesan Callani, are almost of antique purity; the artist had not however seen Rome when he made them, a phenomenon that greatly surprised Mengs and Canova. Under the vestibule is an inscription belonging to a tomb which formerly stood in the old church of Saint Anthony, and in which Pietro Rossi, deceased in 1438, directed himself to be interred, pompously attired in his gilded clothes, a monument of some curiosity for the history of art.

Saint Sepulchre, a church of the sixteenth century, has a wooden roof very cleverly constructed, and some excellent paintings: *St. Ubald performing a miracle*, a painting full of fire, by the Florentine Galeotti; a *Virgin*, very graceful, by Geronimo Mazzola; and *St. Catherine*, by Leonello Spada, unfinished, but one of his best works.

The small church of the new Capuchin nuns, formerly *Nostra Signora degli Angeli*, is elegant. On the cupola, the *Assumption*, a fresco by Tinti, is very fine; the four figures, *Moses*, *David*, *Gideon*, and a prophet, by the same artist, are the last great productions of the Parmesan school. The ceiling has some little medallions, in which are powerful and highly finished paintings of the *History of the Virgin and of Christ*, by Giovanni Maria Conti. Over each column are extended vast and energetic frescos, in Correggio's style, executed by Bernabei, presenting alternately a prophet and a sibyl.

The high altar of the church of Saint Uldaric possesses a small *Nativity* with various figures of shepherds, by Geronimo Mazzola, another masterpiece of this

<sup>1</sup> Zucchi had engaged to execute them for 4020 golden ducats; after working nineteen years he died, leaving six stalls to finish: the great painter Domenichino came from Bologna to estimate the

value of the stalls completed; he fixed the price at 740 golden crowns, which the monks paid to the guardian of the artist's daughters.



charming painter, whom one must perpetually eulogise at Parma. The stalls of the choir, executed at the expense of the abbess Cabrina Carissimi by Bernardino Canoccio da Lendinara, are another elegant work in the style of those at Saint John's and of the same epoch. In one room of the monastery is a fresco full of expression, *Christ on the cross*, by Arnaldi, a Parmesan painter of the sixteenth century and pupil of Bellini, good in the kind called modern antique: on one side the holy women supporting the Virgin in a swoon; on the other, St. Benedict, another saint and a nun kneeling, probably the munificent abbess Cabrina.

At Saint Christina, a simple inscription, painted on the wall, shows the place where P. Paciaudi is interred. The learned Theatine, creator of the literary splendour of Parma in the last century, founder of the library and museum of inscriptions, and reformer of the university, ought surely to have obtained more honourable burial from the monks of his order of the Saint Christina convent, and it seems that a slab of stone could not have been too much. These monks had been protected by Paciaudi when in power, and were consequently ungrateful and even without decency. It seems certain that the fit of apoplexy of which Paciaudi died in the middle of the night, according to his biographers, was but an attack of dyspepsia: the *improvisato fato abreptus* of the inscription is a brilliant periphrase to express that kind of death.

The paintings of Saint Christina, chiefly anonymous, though in the style of the Parmesan school, have nevertheless declined from its elegance and simplicity: a *St. Gaetan*, fantastically holding a silver pen, with St. John Baptist in the sky, pointing with his hand to a passage in a book held by an angel, is fine in some parts. The tomb of the Toccoli family, of the twelfth century, is at once a national monument and a curious specimen of architecture.

The great church of Saint Vital has two beautiful statues by Maggiani at the altar; the frescos of the choir, the sanctuary, and the ceiling, good paintings by Peroni, were unskillfully retouched in 1821; *St. Felix* and *St. Philip Neri* meeting at Rome, near Montecavallo, is by Caccioli, a painter of the Bolognese school, of repute for his old men's heads. The stuccos of the chapel of the Virgin

*del Riscatto*, are a clever work of Luca Reti.

At Saint Ambrose, the *Christ embracing his cross* is a work of noble simplicity by Tinti, and has his fine colouring.

A very beautiful *Nativity*, in the church of Saint Thomas, has been thought worthy of Parmegiano: a profile of the saint has unluckily been since introduced among the other figures by some unskillful hand: this unhappy St. Thomas, which is perhaps due to the zeal of some parishioner, forms a disagreeable contrast with them. A pompous inscription in honour of the last rector Geronimo Faelli extols his erudition no less than his piety. When we remember that such men as Muratori and Moncelli were parish-priests, it is impossible to refuse one's assent to the fact that the Italian priests, as well as the Anglican ministers, have a much greater number of learned men among them than ours, and that the good Anquetil, rector of La Villette, seems a little vulgar beside such names. This inferiority is not perhaps an evil: the works of charity ought to take precedence, with a priest, of the labour and inquisitiveness of study.

The painting of the high altar at Saint Marcellin presents a *Virgin, the infant Jesus, angels, St. Jerome, and St. Marcellin*, a fine composition by Geronimo Mazzola, disfigured by a fatal restoration, as is too frequently the case at Parma.

The *Annunziata* is a large and fine church. The *Annunciation*, a fresco by Correggio, formerly at the old convent of the Observantine Minorites outside the town, is now but a kind of ruin made by time and the blundering negligence of those who removed it, but connoisseurs can still follow the traces of its pristine beauty. An old painting bearing date 1518, by Zaganelli da Catignola, represents the *Virgin and her son* on a throne, and Sts. Bernard, John Baptist, Francis d'Assise, an extraordinary painting, reckoned more compact, harmonious, and skilful than any other by the same author. There is an inscription at the *Annunziata* in honour of P. Irene Affò, a Franciscan, late librarian of Parma, a scholar, historian, and bibliographer, the worthy successor of Paciaudi and predecessor of Pezzana, the present librarian, who continues that succession of excellent

librarians and laborious accurate writers hitherto charged with the management of the Parma library.

Saint Hilarion contains the tomb of Cav. Rodolfo Tanzi, founder of the Foundling Hospital, formerly adjoining this church, and also of the great hospital. The charitable foundations of this warlike Vincent de Paul of the middle ages, are as ancient as the beginning of the thirteenth century.

The church of the Capuchin monks, stripped of the ducal tombs, which are now at the *Steccata*,<sup>1</sup> and the chefs-d'œuvre of the Carracci and Guercino, and other able artists, now removed to the gallery, has nothing remarkable left except a *God the Father*, by an unknown author, but apparently of Guercino's school; a *Magdalen penitent*, by Pittoni; a *St. Louis*, and a *St. Elizabeth*, by Annibale Carraccio; and *two miracles by St. Felix*, in the choir, by Leonello Spada.

The assembly-room of the *Venerando Consorzio*, a congregation of ninety-four priests who perform the service of the cathedral voluntarily without being dependant on it, presents a precious painting by Temporello, the *Virgin on a throne, the child Jesus hanging round her neck*; on her right is St. Hilarion in bishop's robes; on her left St. John Baptist; and in the upper part, the Eternal Father and a host of cherubim.

The small church of the Holy Ghost has no interest with respect to art. An inscription put up by a rector pretends that Asdente de' Denti is interred there—that astrologer and cobbler of whom Dante speaks :

. . . . . Vedi Asdente  
Che aver inteso al cuojo, ed allo spago  
Ora vorrebbe, ma tardi si pente.<sup>2</sup>

Saint Theresa is covered with good frescos by Galeotti, representing incidents of the saint's life. The architectural painting, by Natali, is fine; but the ornaments, by the same, seem rather inferior.

Saint Bartholomew *della Giara* has the *Martyrdom of the saint*, an esteemed work by the abbé Penoni, one of the last good painters of the school of Parma, brother of a rector of this parish, and

himself an excellent parishioner; his bones repose in the choir among those of the priests. A painting, by an unknown author, in Correggio's style, represents *St. Jerome* in his grotto, in cardinal's robes, the *Virgin, the infant Jesus, St. Bernardin of Feltre*, an angel carrying the regulations of the Mont-de-Piété, founded in 1488, by the latter saint, who first instituted those establishments in Italy, a Franciscan, a philanthropic minister who seemed to fear no ill consequences from the welfare and improvement of the lower classes. Bernardino of Feltre, a famous orator of his time, frequently preached in divers towns of Italy for the founding of Monts-de-Piété, in order to relieve the people from the ruinous usury of the Jews, which had produced much misery. The heart and bowels of Bodoni are deposited in a chapel of Saint Bartholomew, as stated in an inscription on a marble slab consecrated to *his glory*.<sup>3</sup>

The church of Saint Alexander, though not large, is of good architecture; the whole ceiling is painted in fresco with wonderful skill by Colonna, aided by Dentone, who doubtless composed the graceful figures, as he did for others of Colonna's works. The cupola of the high altar and the sanctuary are covered with paintings by Tiarini, full of power, effect, and variety. The painting of the high altar is another of Geronimo Mazzola's chefs-d'œuvre, which are so numerous at Parma.

## CHAPTER IX.

*Steccata*.—Parmegiano.—Alessandro Parnese.—Sovereignty of Parma.—Destruction of the ancient towns.—Correggio's chamber.—Frugoni.—Anachronisms ordered.

The *Steccata*, the finest church in Parma built since the revival, will bear comparison with the finest in Italy; it has been attributed to Bramante and Bramantino, who were not born when it was erected, and it does not appear unworthy of those clever artists, though some exterior ornaments were added during the last century in the false taste of that epoch. Over the principal door, is the *Adoration of the Magi*, a good fresco by Anselmi; on the sides, the *Descent of the Holy Ghost* and a

<sup>1</sup> See the following chapter.

<sup>2</sup> *Inf.*, cant. xx, 118.

<sup>3</sup> See *post*, ch. xl.

*Nativity*, by Geronimo Mazzola, are fine. The gallery behind the high altar has the *Crowning of the Virgin*, in the midst of a host of saints, angels, and patriarchs, a fresco by Anselmi, from a watercolour drawing by Giulio Romano; on the ceiling is the famous *Moses breaking the tables of the law*, painted in clare-obscure, and *Adam and Eve* by Parmegiano. This great and capricious artist had not finished the *Adam*, though he had taken the money for it, when, being seized with a passion for alchemy, he left off working at this ceiling to prosecute his vain researches; according to the rude usages towards artists then prevailing, he was thrown into prison,<sup>1</sup> but he contrived to escape, and died shortly after, a solitary wanderer from one hiding-place to another, at the age of thirty-seven, like Raphael, whose steps he had faithfully followed.

The cupola, representing the *Virgin and Jesus Christ* surrounded by angels and saints, is one of Sojaro's fine works; the *St. George on horseback*, by Franceschini, has the life and boldness of his master Cignani. At the chapel of Saint Anthony of Padua is the tomb of Bertrand Rossi, son of Troilo VIII., count of San Secundo, and of Bianca Riario, niece of Sixtus IV., a young man who died in his nineteenth year, in 1527, at Valmontone, when making his first campaign with the Prince of Orange; the tomb is in good taste and was erected to him by his brother Giovanni Geronimo, the celebrated bishop of Pavia. In the chapel of Saint Jerome and Saint James is the marble tomb of Sforzino Sforza, natural son of Francesco II., duke of Milan, deceased in 1523; its basso-relievos and reclined statue are excellent works by Da Grado. A remarkable inscription commemorates the friendship of Duke Ranuccio I. to Antonio Molinetti, professor of medicine and anatomy, who is buried in the chapel of Saint Hilarion and St. John.

In the choir, which has an imposing aspect, is a brilliant painting by Cignaroli, the *Holy Trinity*, *Sts. Nicholas, Basil, and Gregory*. *St. John the Baptist in the desert*, the *Flight into*

*Egypt* by the Fleming John Sons, are fresh and pleasing in the landscape. Two gigantic prophets are by Geronimo Mazzola, and some groups of little angels have all his gracefulness and ease. The *Christ bound to the pillar*, a small bronze statue of *Jesus risen from the dead*, are good works by Spada, and Andrea Spinelli of Parma.

A subterraneous chapel was made in 1823, in order to receive the tombs of the dukes of Parma, which till then were at the Capuchin convent. On the grand stone tomb of Alexander Farnese are his helmet and sword with the single word, *Alexander*. The body of this rival and conqueror of Henry IV. and Maurice of Nassau, of this great captain who, according to M. de Chateaubriand, fixed the modern art of war, was first deposited in the cathedral of Arras, then, as he had desired, at the Capuchin convent, and finally at the *Steccata*: he does not appear to have been less wandering and agitated after his death than before. The sepulchres of the *Steccata*, filled with persons different in race and nation, have not the antique majesty of the sepulchres of national princes of the same dynasty. One feels that sovereignty at Parma is less an hereditary right than an indemnity, a variable political compensation, a kind of annuity of men and subjects. The tomb of Alessandro Farnese touches the heart, because it holds a hero; the other tombs, which have, if one may say so, neither ancestors nor posterity, leave one nearly indifferent.

In the little square beside the *Steccata* are two milliary columns which, despite their inscriptions, are said to have been erected by the Parmesans to Constantine and Julian. These two rude pillars of white and red marble, with the sarcophagus and demi-cippus on the steps of the Duomo,<sup>2</sup> are all that remains of a city once so flourishing; there we see the only wrecks of temples, palaces, forums, basilics, which must have covered the land and embellished this brilliant Roman colony. It is evident from the example of Parma and many others that in proportion as the modern town became

the title of *Colonia Giulia*, took that of *Colonia Augusta*. The sarcophagus belonged to a Lucius Petronius Sabinus, who is supposed, with some reason, to have been a Parmesan.

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book vi. ch. vii.

<sup>2</sup> The two last monuments appear of much remoter antiquity than Constantine: it is seen by an inscription on the last that Parma, after having



considerable, the ancient town was destroyed and disappeared; even Rome is only indebted for the preservation of its noble forum to the extension of new Rome in the vast expanse of the Campus Martius.

The church of Saint Louis became the ducal chapel in 1817. A painting representing the great *saint giving to St. Bartholomew of Braganza, a Dominican, a piece of the true cross* and a thorn from Christ's crown, in presence of Queen Margaret and all her court, is a good work by Peroni.

Near this church is the celebrated chamber of Correggio, in the old convent of Saint Paul. The paintings of this chamber, the first Correggio did at Parma, were ordered by his generous protectress, the abbess Giovanna, daughter of Marco di Piacenza, a Parmesan noble, before the monastery was subjected to closure, and when the splendid and independent abbess, named for life, was, like most of them in her time, thrown into the midst of the affairs, pleasures, and vanities of the world. Over the fire-place is a fresco representing Diana in the clouds in a golden car drawn by two white hinds. The ceiling is azure and covered with graceful genii wantoning amid ovals pierced through a vast treillage; beneath, figures painted in camaieu present, face-wise and perfectly naked, the Graces, Fortune, the Fates, Minerva, Adonis, Endymion, figures imitated from the antique and worthy of it, which prove how intensely the author had studied, notwithstanding the uncertainty of his abode in Rome: the three crescents. Giovanna's arms, the crosier, sign of her dignity, placed on the keystone of the vault and surrounded with a gold crown, surmount this voluptuous and pagan decoration, mixed with profane inscriptions in Greek and Latin,<sup>1</sup> and which seem to belong rather to some house of Herculaneum or Pompeii than the ceiling of an abbess's closet.

The ceiling of an adjoining room, bearing the date of 1514, five years prior to the paintings of the first, and the lofty

device *Gloria cuique sua est*, is embellished with arabesques, by some attributed to Araldi, by others to Temperello, as well as some small paintings representing sacred subjects, and escutcheons bearing the arms of the same abbess Giovanna, more suitably placed here than amid the loves and divinities of fable, painted by Correggio.

At the bottom of the garden are two remarkable frescos, which are also attributed to either Araldi or Temperello, so great is the resemblance between these two painters of the Bellini school; the first represents *St. Catherine of Alexandria* disputing at the age of eighteen, in presence and by order of the emperor Maximin surrounded by a numerous court, against fifty philosophers, whom she converted; the subject of the other, which is cruelly injured, is the *Visit of that same saint to St. Jerome* in his grot.

The old (*vecchia*) church of the Trinity, the name of which declares its antiquity, offers, near the sacristy, a fine fresco by Pordenone, which it is now impossible to recognise, owing to one of those unlucky Parma restorations. The *Virgin adoring her son, St. John the Baptist, St. Francis*, is a good painting attributed to Molosso. Here also is the tomb of Frugoni, a famous poet of the last century, whose genius was dissipated in court fêtes and the applause of coteries; he wrote sonnets, operas, and epithalamiums, sung in turns the duke Francis Farnese and the infant don Philip, obtained greater celebrity than he merited in his lifetime, but now appears too much neglected by the Italians. Although the verses composed by Frugoni in honour of the Farnese family rendered him momentarily suspected to the infant, and caused his disgrace, he ultimately became as great a favorite at the court of the latter as he had ever been before, and his emoluments were by no means inferior. The changes of poets recall, under other manners, that Homer, their ancient and unfortunate model, and they seem also, by their songs, to ask hospitality of power. There would

<sup>1</sup> Some of the inscriptions are as follows; they relate to Giovanna resisting the attempts of the ecclesiastical authorities, who wanted to subject her to the closure:

*Dil bene vortant;*

*Omnia virtuti pervia;*

the adage of Pythagoras: *Ignem gladio ne fodias*. Two obscure Greek proverbs seem also an ironical allusion to these quarrels.

be little reason or justice in repulsing and condemning them, with all their apparent inconsistency, and it seems that indulgent antiquity foresaw this kind of weakness, when it excepted orators, lovers, and poets from the penalties enacted against the violation of oaths.

The exterior of the Trinity of Pilgrims surnamed *Rossi*, scarcely answers to the interior. A *Virgin*, *St. Catherine*, *St. Francis*, *St. Charles Borromeo*, by *Aminado*, has almost the freedom of *Correggio*. *Badalocchio* has represented on the same canvas the *Virgin with her son*, *Sts. Anne, Joseph, Joachim, and Philip of Neri*. This kind of anachronism, with which Italian painters are too often reproached, is rather the fault of the convents, confraternities, or corporations, who ordered the works : governments have since perhaps been less exacting, but it is doubtful whether their requirements have been as poetic as the saints and blessed spirits imposed on the Italian artists.

## CHAPTER X.

Ducal palace.—Her majesty's toilet.—Cradle of the king of Rome.—Theatre Farnese.—Fêtes of Parma.—Palazzo di Giardino.—Battle of Parma.—Other palaces.—Palace del Comune.

The Ducal palace is merely a vulgar-looking great house ; the interior, recently fitted up in the modern style, is void of character and consists of apartments only. The toilet and cradle presented by the city of Paris to her majesty Maria Louisa and her son are kept there.<sup>1</sup> The public exhibition of this old fashioned *corbeille* now yellowed with age, of this futile wreck, the frivolous remnant of an empire that has left such a glorious and never-dying memory, excites neither interest nor pity. The richness of the materials, of mother-of-pearl, gilt silver, and lapis lazuli, forms a contrast with the gloomy palace that holds this magnificent gift, and one feels that it was never intended for such a place.

The theatre Farnese is now a kind of ruin ; its pompous inscription, *Theatrum*

*orbis miraculum*, has disappeared. It must however be acknowledged that the number of spectators it is capable of accommodating has been singularly exaggerated ; it was stated as high as fourteen thousand in the descriptions of the festival at the marriage of Prince Edward, son of Ranuccio II., with Isabella d'Este, an error that Tiraboschi has repeated. This number was reduced to ten thousand in the narrative of Duke Edward's wedding ; Pietro di Lama, author of a recent description of the theatre Farnese, has still further reduced it, and it cannot be in reality more than about four thousand five hundred. The construction of this immense playhouse is a tolerably good characteristic of the old manners of Italy ; it was built by Ranuccio I., in order to give a proper reception to the grand duke Cosmo II. of Medici, who was about to accomplish his vow to visit the tomb of Saint Charles Borromeo, and it was a bishop, the bishop of San Donnino, Pozzi, who designed the allegories. The architect was Giambattista Aleotti, of considerable skill in architecture, military, civil, and hydraulic, and learned in Greek and Latin letters. The theatre Farnese witnessed the superb and famous spectacles celebrated at Parma for more than a century, of which some monstrous relations have been published.<sup>2</sup> It seems, in fact, that the history of the fêtes of this duchy, always dependent, ceded, or conquered, are more important than its own history, and have found a greater number of historians.

The old Ducal palace (*palazzo di Giardino*) deserves a visit for the room containing the delicious frescos of Agostino Carraccio on the ceiling, with Cignani's on the walls, the only remains of a multitude of chefs-d'œuvre that have been barbarously destroyed. One of the compartments of the ceiling, the fifth, left imperfect, offers an interesting circumstance : as Agostino was prevented finishing it by death, the duke would not have it completed by another hand, and instead of figures, he had the artist's panegyric inscribed therein. The four

<sup>1</sup> These articles were offered for sale in 1816. The drawings and proposals were made at Milan, and distributed, with the valuation ; but no purchaser came forward.

<sup>2</sup> See Buttigli, Notari, Tiraboschi, Frugoni, Na-

poli Signorelli and others : some of these fêtes were also given at the amphitheatre near the library, now in a rather bad condition, but it has since undergone some repairs.

finished compartments represent the three kinds of love, *Heavenly Love, Earthly Love, Venal Love*; *Aeneas going from Troy to Italy*, and *Venus, Mars and Venus, Cupid and two Nymphs; Thetis and Peleus*.

The steward of the chateau was a rather singular personage; undisturbed in his office for the last forty years, he had stoically looked on while the various sovereignties of Parma passed away; ever the partisan of the last comer, he spoke with extreme circumspection of the future prospects of the state and its returning to the family of its ancient dukes; his father, whom he succeeded, came from Spain in the train of the infant Don Philip, in 1749: this family really seems a part of the furniture of the palace, and might very well be put in the inventory.

The garden, in the French style, is extensive, dull, and lonely. At the foot of the terrace is the plain where Marshal de Coigny beat the Austrians in 1733, Goldoni has given a very natural description of the terror of the Parma townspeople during the combat; he had obtained a close view of the battle, so far as the smoke of the cannon permits the contemplation of those hazardous spectacles, which are not always very well comprehended by their heroic actors. How strange are the dealings of fate! the French, with all their victories, were ten times driven from Italy; the Austrians, though so often defeated, return and remain.

The palace of the ancient podestà of Parma, Marquis Fillippo della Rosa Prati, has two masterpieces of art, a marble balustrade by Da Grado, which was unfortunately mutilated at the extremities when removed from the cathedral, and especially the painting by Geronimo Mazzola, the *Virgin, infant Jesus, St. Catherine* and some little angels, which adorned the high altar of the suppressed church of the Carmelite friars, a charming work and a happy inspiration from Correggio.

The San Vitale palace is magnificent and commodious; it contains some good paintings by Parmegiano, books, pictures, and objects of art, proving the hereditary liberal tastes of the noble family that inhabits it.

The small Cusani palace, attributed to Vignola, has not suffered less from the injuries of time than its too frequent reparations.

In an apartment of the palace *del Comune*, a colossal *Virgin* crowned is a valuable wreck of an ancient fresco on the front of the governor's palace, executed in 1566, by Bertoja, a good Parmesan painter. This palace has been improperly attributed to Vignola, whose death occurred fifty years before its reconstruction by the architects Magnani and Rainaldi: its still unfinished vestibule, supported by lofty arcades, is used as a cornmarket, a very important requisite in the centre of a country so fertile as the state of Parma.

## CHAPTER XI.

Theatre.—Bodoni's editions.—University.—College of nobles;—Lalatta college.—Hospital della Maternità.

The new theatre of Parma, which was opened on the 16th of May 1829, is not very noble or pure in its architecture, but appears of solid construction and conveniently disposed. The house holds about fifteen hundred persons; on the first floor are a spacious saloon and apartments intended for assembly rooms.

Bodoni's printing-office was continued by his widow; and the numerous matrices that served to cast his letter may be seen there. If Bodoni's editions, extolled and encouraged by Napoleon and his family, in preference to those of our Didot, which were very superior for elegance and taste,<sup>2</sup> have not maintained their first price, and are every day falling in value, it is because they are incorrect, notwithstanding their splendour, and possess no literary interest or merit; the

<sup>1</sup> At the death of Maria Louisa, the duchy of Parma reverts to the present duke of Lucca; in case of his having no son, Parma will be reunited to the possessions of the house of Austria, and Placentia to the Sardinian states.

<sup>2</sup> In the life of Bodoni, by De Lama, is a curious characteristic anecdote. When M. Pierre Didot presented his edition of Alfieri's Works to Napoleon,

the latter, with whom the Italian poet was no favorite, abruptly exclaimed: "Why speak to me of Alfieri and your editions? Look at Bodoni's *Bard*, and see how they print in Italy!" The *Bard of the Black Forest* is a poem in six cantos by Monti, dedicated to Napoleon, in which the principal events of his life are celebrated, such as the taking of Ulm, the Egyptian expedition, the nineteenth



Homer, Virgil, and Horace, are offered even in the catalogue published at Parma, in 1823, at a reduction of ten per cent., and considerable discounts are allowed to the purchasers of the various editions, according to the quantity bought. It must, however, be acknowledged that the productions of Bodoni evince considerable skill; his type, though heavy, is even and clear; his paper, which came from Augsburg, is of exceeding whiteness; but this brilliant manufacture will always be far inferior to the great and useful labours of the Aldi and Estiennes, learned publishers and commentators of the books issuing from their presses: the first is a kind of mechanic art and talent, which may be practiced with the aid of great capital, or the favour and encouragement of princes; the latter, independent and alone, proceeded from the powers, culture, and application of the mind.

The university of Parma, occupying a grand majestic edifice ornamented with good frescos, by Sebastiano Ricci, has about five hundred pupils. Some illustrious professors have belonged to this university, such as Giovanni Bernardo de' Rossi, retired professor of oriental languages, SS. Rasoni<sup>1</sup> and Tommasini, both Parmesans, and counted among the best physicians of Italy.<sup>2</sup>

The college of Nobles, which became the Lycæum under the French administration, was restored in 1816 to the Benedictines. The number of pupils is thirty-one; under the Farnese, it amounted to three hundred. Some celebrated men who have thrown a lustre on Italy, made their studies in this college; such as, Scipione Maffei, Cesare Beccaria, Pietro and Carlo Verri, Giambattista Giovio. The chapel has some good paintings by Lanfranco, Leonello Spada, Francesco Stringa, Bibiena: in the great hall are some very fine frescos attributed to Giovanni di Troy, in the style of Guido, his master, which a bungling restoration has not perfectly succeeded in destroying.

Brumaire, etc. So great was the favour that Bodoni enjoyed under the imperial government, that, when an Historical and Critical Notice of his printing establishment appeared in March, 1813, on Bodoni's complaint to M. de Pommereul, director-general of the book-trade, the prefects of Taro and Genoa were ordered to confiscate all the copies.

<sup>1</sup> Died, April 12, 1837.

<sup>2</sup> S. Tommasini has since returned from Bologna

The Lalatta college, founded by the canon of that name, is one of those noble institutions common in Italy, and dates as far back as the year 1563; but, from some strange delay, two centuries passed before the directions of the donor's will were complied with, and the college was not opened till 1753, under the infant Don Philip. It educates about fifty scholars from the middle class of society. The gallery leading to the theatre is ornamented with some grand frescos attributed to Lattanzio Gambara. At the end of the gallery is a room painted in fresco on the ceiling and ornamented with elegant arabesques, by Bertoja.

The hospital della Maternità is one of the benevolent foundations of her majesty Maria Louisa, to whom Parma is indebted for a refuge for mendicants, a school of arts and trades, a hospital for the incurable, and a madhouse. "The art of Lucina," says an historian of some particulars of her life, when speaking of the hospital della Maternità, "is there taught, for the purpose of relieving human frailty and instructing midwives."<sup>3</sup> The number of the latter thus instructed is eight, two of whom are supported by the duchess of Parma. The government of this princess is extremely mild; she is personally loved, and every body was delighted by the affable manners of General Neipperg, deceased in 1829, surnamed the Bayard of the German troops by Madame de Stael, who knew him when Austrian ambassador in Sweden, and justice was rendered to his disinterestedness as well as the nobleness of his character. The remark of that caricature of Potta, by Tassoni, was not therefore very exact:

Il Potta che sapea che i Parmigiani  
Eran nemici alla Tedescheria.

The administration, though moderate, seems deficient in order and economy: the imposts are heavy, and the deficit is said to be twenty millions already; and I have not forgotten being informed by

to Parma. His opening discourse on his return, delivered the 7th of December, 1829, is touching and simple; he principally treats therein of love of country and the importance of facts and observation in medicine.

<sup>3</sup> Mémoires anecdotiques sur l'intérieur du Palais et quelques événements de l'Empire, by M. de Bausset, t. iv. 84.

the monks, when I crossed the Great Saint Bernard towards the close of 1828, that among the poor and beggars obliged to abandon their country, and to whom they had given refuge, a great number came from the state of Parma.

## CHAPTER XII.

Petrarch's house.—Petrarch Building.—Blind enthusiast.—Africa.

The houses of Petrarch are common in Italy; they are still visited by the curious at Arezzo, Pavia, Linterno, Arquà.<sup>1</sup> A tradition, apparently well founded, points out, as the place of his house and garden at Parma, the site of the Bergonzi house, near the church of Saint Stephen. "I have a country-house in the middle of the town," he writes to Barbato of Sulmone, "and a town in the middle of the fields. When I am tired of being alone, I have only to go out, and I find society directly; when weary of the world, I return to my house, and am again in solitude. I here enjoy such repose that was never known by philosophers at Athens, poets on Parnassus, or anchorets in the silence of their hermitage amid the deserts of Egypt. O fortune, I beseech thee to leave in peace a man who conceals himself! Keep aloof from his humble threshold, and pass on to terrify with thy presence the proud gates of royalty."<sup>2</sup>

Petrarch at first only rented this little house; but he soon resolved to purchase and even to rebuild it, so much was he pleased with its situation. His epistle to Guglielmo Pastrengo of Verona naturally depicts his condition at that time, and places him before us in the threefold character of Christian, philosopher, and builder. This simplicity has somewhat touching in the poet who had just been crowned at Rome, in the friend, counsellor, and favourite of the four brothers of Correggio, the new sovereigns of Parma after overthrowing the tyranny of Mastino della Scala.<sup>3</sup> "Are you desirous to know

what I am doing? I am a man, and I work; what I am thinking of? repose; what I least expect? repose; where I go? here and there; whither I tend? to death; in what state of mind? without fearing it, and impatient to escape this gloomy prison; in what company? that of men; what is the end of my journey? the grave; and after? heaven, or, if that be forbidden, hell; and may the celestial powers avert from me that unhappiness! where I am at present? at Parma; what are my occupations there? I pass my time at church or in my little garden, unless I take a ramble in the woods. Although fortune offers me all her blessings, I have not changed my manner of life. I work at my *Africa* with ardour, without expecting any other return for my labour than a vain glory. True glory, I am well aware, is the reward of virtue. I am building a little house, such as suits my humble lot. But little marble will be seen therein; I should like to be nearer your fine quarries, or to have the Adige bathing our walls. The verses of Horace slacken my ardour for building, and set before me my tomb and final abode: I keep the stones for my sepulchre. If I see a trifling crack in the new walls, I scold the masons: they answer that all the art of man cannot render the earth firmer, that it is nowise surprising to see new foundations sink a little; that human hands can build nothing durable; in short, that my house will outlast me and my descendants. Convinced of the truth of what they said, I blushed and said to myself: Fool! consider the foundations of thy body which threatens ruin! put yourself in surety while it is yet time! this body will fall before thy house; thou wilt soon vacate both of these dwellings. These reflections would make me give up my building, if I were not held back by shame. What would passengers say on seeing those roofless walls? They would laugh at me. I hasten the work to its close, but I do not know my own mind, and am never in accord with myself. One while I am

<sup>1</sup> See book iv. ch. 1. and vi.; book vii. ch. viii.; and book xvii. ch. x. The English annotator of *Childe Harold* mentions his house at Venice, of which the Venetians and persons best acquainted with Petrarch's life have never heard a word.

<sup>2</sup> Carm. lib. iii. ep. 48.

<sup>3</sup> The Correggios themselves did not long retain

the sovereignty of Parma. It was to one of them, Azzo, that Petrarch, with his characteristic faithfulness in friendship, addressed the treatise *De remediis utriusque fortunæ*, a cold and feeble consolation for such misfortunes. See *ante*, book iv. chap. i.

content with a small house like the garden of Curius or of Epicurus, or the field of Virgil's old man; at another, the fancy seizes me of raising my house to the very clouds, of surpassing Rome and Babylon in my structures: my mind is lost in these boundless vagaries. A moment after, I am more moderate, and hate every thing tinctured with extravagance and pride. My soul floats in these everlasting doubts and changes, and knows not how to determine her choice. My only consolation is to see the vulgar sailing without a helm on an agitated sea, and making shipwreck. After well weighing everything, I laugh at myself and all that is with me in this perishable world."<sup>1</sup>

Petrarch sojourned at Parma three several times, in 1341, 1344, and 1348; though his visits were but short, they must have left him some painful reminiscences, for they were marked by the loss of objects exceedingly dear to him; such as the death of the bishop of Lombez, of P. Dionigi, his master, confessor, and friend,<sup>2</sup> of Paganino, podestà of Parma, and, particularly, of Laura, who died of the terrible black plague, the cholera of the middle ages. It was at Parma that he received the letter from another friend, Socrates (Ludovico di Stefano), announcing to him this last death, which happened on the 6th of April, the anniversary of his first meeting with Laura, and the very morning of the day that she appeared to him in a dream; it was there he wrote that touching and impassioned letter, inspired by such miraculous circumstances, which may still be seen in the Virgil at the Ambrosian.<sup>3</sup>

If mental sufferings could be alleviated by the enjoyments of self-love and the renown attendant on literary talents, perhaps Petrarch might have been less unhappy in calling to mind the visit he received at Parma from that blind old schoolmaster, who had travelled afoot from his home at Pontremoli as far as Naples, leaning on the shoulder of his

only son; not finding him there, he returned home, and started from thence across the Apennines on his way to Parma. After announcing his arrival by some verses that were not bad (*haud ineptis aliquot versiculis*),<sup>4</sup> he had himself conducted to Petrarch's house, and there, this kind of Homer, a pedagogue and ugly, his countenance being copper-coloured, gave way in his presence to the liveliest transports; he was lifted up by his son and one of his pupils whom he had brought with him from Pontremoli, that he might, as Petrarch, with considerable self-complacency informs us, embrace the head which had thought such fine things (*quæ illa cogitasset*), and kiss the hand that had written them (*quæ illa scripsisset*). During the three days that he passed at Parma, the enthusiasm of this old man was inexhaustible and a source of much amusement to the inhabitants. One day when apologising to Petrarch for his importunity, he said: "You ought to let me enjoy a happiness that I have bought by such a painful journey, for I can never have enough of seeing you." At the word *seeing*, every body laughed, and he turned sharply towards Petrarch and added: "I take you to witness whether it be not true that I, blind as I am, see you, and better too than all those laughers with their two eyes."

Petrarch composed, or rather compiled at Parma the greater part of his *Africa*, for he took the liberty of inserting therein whole passages from the poem on the second Punic war, by Silius Italicus, of which he fancied himself to possess the unique copy, a plagiarism exposed by the discovery of other manuscripts. The *Africa*, though a long, tedious, languid poem, enchanted King Robert, to whom, at his request, Petrarch dedicated it, and whom he really praises too highly, despite his good qualities, and the classic privilege of flattery accorded to epic poets from time immemorial.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Carm.* lib. ii. ep. 48.

<sup>2</sup> Dionigi, a poet and scholar, seems, like most learned men of his time, not to have escaped the illusions of judicial astrology, which were not only avoided by Petrarch, but even ridiculed. (*Senil.* lib. i. ep. vi.) Dionigi studied that science with King Robert of Naples, to whom he was attached, as may be seen by the verses addressed to the latter, in which Petrarch deplores his loss:

Solamen vitæ quoniam, Rex optime, perdis

Non mediocre tuæ, quis tecum consulat astra  
Fatorum secreta movens, aut ante notabit  
Successus belli dubios, mundique tumultus,  
Fortunasque Ducum varias? . . . . .

(*Carm.* lib. i. ep. 43.)

3 See *ante*, book iii. ch. ix.

4 See *Senil.* lib. xv. 7.

5 See the opening of the first book of the *Africa*:  
*Tu quoque Trinacrii, etc.*



## CHAPTER XIII.

Campo Santo.—Mazza.—Bridge over the Taro.—  
Colorno.—Selva Piana.

The *Campo Santo*, composed of numerous arcades (*Logge*), is a fine, useful creation; it has a small church of an architecture at once noble and simple. Although its establishment took place so recently as 1817, it already contains some distinguished dead, and among them the celebrated Parmesan lyric poet, Angelo Mazza, nearly a hundred years old when he died in that same year 1817, author of some brilliant verses on harmony, friend of Gaspardo Gozzi, Stellini Cesarotti, Foscolo, Pindemonte, and the reverend fathers Paciaudi, Affò, and Turchi; but so roughly handled by Monti before their chance reconciliation at the post-house.<sup>1</sup>

The bridge over the Taro, five miles from Parma, terminated in 1821, is built of hewn-stone and bricks on pilework; notwithstanding its twenty arches and magnificent appearance, it does not seem a very well conceived monument: this bridge is rather menaced by the sand and gravel than the water; as it will frequently be necessary to clear away the soil brought down by the stream, and which has already encumbered several arches. The toll, to which even the simple foot-passenger and peasant are subjected, is also unworthy a public monument. Four colossal statues placed at the extremities represent the four torments of the state of Parma. The idea of statues erected to torments may appear fantastical; but why should they not have them, since so many have been erected to conquerors, another kind of torments which have certainly caused much more dreadful ravages!

The vast chateau of Colorno has lost its colossal statues and its fine sketch by Parmegiano, which are now in the gallery of Parma. It possesses one of the noblest and most elegant masterpieces of Canova, in the antique style, the statue

of Maria Louisa as Concord, ordered by Napoleon when at the height of his glory, and after his fall sent to Colorno by the emperor Francis. This chateau appears somewhat neglected, the duchess of Parma preferring the *Casino de' Boschi* at Sala, which has a finer view. The gardens of Colorno, now in the English style and no longer possessing the regularity poetically sung by Frugoni,<sup>2</sup> are nevertheless very agreeable, and some fine hothouses have been erected therein by a German gardener.

*Selva Piana*, fifteen miles from Parma, the beloved retreat of Petrarch, whither he retired after being crowned at Rome, presents no vestige of his residence there. The house formerly called *Casa alle pendici*, from its situation half way up an acclivity, has almost disappeared in our own days; it was standing sixty years ago; at present nothing remains but the woods and the prospect extending to the Alps, and commanding the whole of Cisalpine Gaul. Such an abode must have inspired a poet, and Petrarch has duly celebrated it: "This immense forest, on a verdant hill, is called *Plana*, though a steep ascent: the earth there engenders beeches with lofty branches to ward off the burning rays of the sun, and young delicate flowers of variegated colours; a limpid stream and the cool breezes from the neighbouring mountains temper the heats of Cancer and Leo. The summits of the cloud-capt mountains tower above the forest.... Thousands of birds and animals of various kinds inhabit its sacred shade; a brook rushes down the hill and refreshes the young turf in its wandering course. In its bosom is a flowery bower made by no artist's hand, but created by nature, the friend of poets, to give them inspiration: there, the warbling of birds, combined with the murmurs of the stream, invites to grateful slumbers: the grass affords a charming couch; the boughs protect you with their shade, and the mountain shelters you from the sou-

<sup>1</sup> As Monti was changing horses at Parma, some one told Mazza, whose residence was near the post-house, and he, mistaking the name for that of his friend Pindemonte, eagerly ran to ask for the traveller. Monti having inquired who was asking for him, "Armonide," replied Mazza, who bore that Arcadian name, and, recognising Monti, he added: "A poet whom you hate."—"I hate no one," replied Monti, "and you much less than any

other." They immediately embraced, and after exchanging some few words each went his way. Ever after, though still enemies and rivals, they treated each other respectfully, and Bodoni, a mutual friend, neglected no means of cementing this kind of union.

<sup>2</sup> See his poem entitled the *Orto di Colorno*, addressed to Duke Francesco Farnese.

thern winds. The rude swineherd has never defiled such a refuge with his feet: the peasant points thereat with his mattock or his finger, and the guardian of the woods tremblingly reveres it from the mountain top. The breath there inhales a marvellous perfume; its aspect presents a picture of the Elysian fields, and this secluded spot is the peaceful retreat of the wandering muses. I steal away thither and escape the world and society."<sup>1</sup>

A decree of the duchess of Parma has directed a monument to be erected to Petrarch's memory on the site of his house at *Selva Piana*; this monument amid the cottages of the present village will recall from afar the poet's glory and felicity.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Imitation of the French.—Brescello.—Guastalla.—Literary fatigues.—Serraglio of Mantua.—Virgilian aspect.—Blunders of untravelled translators.—Fertility of the Serraglio.

There exists in some parts of Italy, chiefly in the north, a kind of provincial prejudice in favour of France and Paris, and it may even be observed in persons, whose education, capacities, and manners are equal to whatever is most eminent among ourselves. This prepossession, beside its false judgments and ungrounded admiration of men and things, produces also a sort of awkward imitation to be recognised even among the lower orders: they also pride themselves on speaking French, and I have not forgotten that, when I left Parma for Mantua, the landlord of the *Grand Hôtel Imperial* and post-house, in recommending me to his brother of the trade at Mantua, said in his letter, that in recommending such a traveller, *il croyait le cadeauiser*: and this fine circular was printed on large paper, and perhaps with Bodoni's types.

Brescello, the Brixillum of the ancients, once a flourishing Roman colony, now a large trading town on the banks of the Po, is associated with one of the most pathetic scenes of antiquity, the death of Otho; that emperor, on learning the defeat of his troops by those of Vi-

tellius, having determined to kill himself, uttered those noble words which may have been since repeated by numbers of unhappy ones who had never reigned: "I and fortune have tried each other."<sup>2</sup>

I saw nothing of Guastalla but its Duomo, which is by no means remarkable, and its library. The latter, consisting of about six thousand volumes of good books, was bequeathed in 1801 by a townsman Don Marcantonio Maldotti, whose name it bears, though not opened till 1817; it is another instance of that municipal patriotism to which the towns of Italy owe so many useful foundations.

The learned P. Affò wrote an history of Guastalla. He has devoted four quarto volumes (Guastalla 1785-7) to this town of no very ancient date, and its little duchy. The advertisement of the last volume exhibits the modesty of this monk in a touching manner; he concludes his quoting by an ingenious passage of Erasmus on the proverb *herculei labores*, of which laborious writers are sometimes tempted to remind their readers: "Such are these labours that their fruit and usefulness are felt by every body, but none are conscious of the toil save him who bears it. The reader, while perusing our works at his ease, does not indeed perceive that a single word may sometimes have cost us several days. He does not comprehend, or he very soon forgets, the pains that the pleasure he enjoys has cost, and by what fatigues he has himself been spared fatigue."

The aspect of the Po, which crosses the road at Borgo-Forte, is superb. I know not whether the clearness of the sky after some dreadful weather added to the acuteness of my feelings; but I fancied that I had then a glimpse of the nature Virgil painted, and that I repeated his verses in that unique and brilliant original. The woods bordering the river opposite Brescello, its width, and the rapidity of its current still recall the description of its overflowsings and the impression received by Virgil:

Proluit insano contorquens vortices silvas  
Fluviorum rex Eridanus, camposque per omnes  
Cum stabulis armenta tulit.<sup>3</sup>

In the fertile country, called the *Ser-*

<sup>1</sup> Carm. lib. II. ep. 16.

<sup>2</sup> *Experti invicem sumus, ego ac fortuna. Tac. Hist. lib. II. cap. xivii.*

<sup>3</sup> Georg. I. 481.

*raglio* of Mantua, the meadows, the clusters of little trees covered with vine tresses from the very ground, the quantity of willows, the little verdant hedges, the streams that the road crosses as they roll down to the Po, also exemplify and interpret the

Mecum inter salices lenta sub vite jaceret,

the *Mollia prata*, where Gallus wished to be consumed by time with Lycoris,

..... Tecum consumerer ævo,

the *Arbusta*, the *Flumina nota* of Tityrus and the bush that invited to sleep,

..... Sepes  
Hyblæis apibus florem depasta salicti,  
Sæpe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro.

The running waters of the marshes, intermixed with vegetation, recall the pathetic passage,

Et qualem infelix amisit Mantua campum  
Pascentem niveos herboso flumina cygnos.<sup>1</sup>

Swans may still be seen there, but in small numbers, and they fly towards the north in the spring.

In this study of Virgil, made on the spot one fine autumn morning, I could almost ascertain the agricultural accuracy of the verses that follow those above quoted, and which I cannot refrain from copying :

Non liquidi gregibus fontes, non gramine desunt;  
Et, quantum longis carpent armenta diebus,  
Exigua tantum gelidus ro: nocte reponet.<sup>2</sup>

The red marble of which this poor shepherd offered a provisional statue to Priapus, is still common in the country :

..... Lævi de marmore tota  
Puniceo stabis.

The cattle even retain their antique Virgilian physiognomy : the sheep, according to a practiced observer of fields and animals, M. Simond, author of a *Voyage in Italy*, are curve-nosed, lap-

eared, and long-legged, as they are represented in some antique basso-relievos. The oxen seemed to me of the same mien as those of the *Georgics* :

..... bucula, cœlum  
Suspiciens, patulis capitavit naribus auras.<sup>3</sup>

But this Mantuan nature, sweet, simple, productive as the poet's genius, has not the southern and almost oriental brilliancy that some translators would lead us to believe ; and when we see the four professors of the Mazarine college and the venerable rector Binet render the *malo me Galatea petit*, by *Galatée me jette une orange*, it is easy enough to see those gentlemen were never there. We have already remarked the inaccuracies of the French translators of Pliny and Catullus on the subject of the lakes of Cosmo and Garda ; the absence of local knowledge seems also to have misled the illustrious translator of the *Georgics* : in one of the preceding quotations he has added a *vallon* for rhyme's sake, which is neither in the text nor in the plain of Mantua. At the 27th note of the first book, on the verse :

Deinde satis fluvium inducit rivosque sequentes ?

he pretends that this sort of irrigation, out of use in France, is only practised in Italy for gardens, whereas Piedmont and the fields of Lombardy are skilfully inundated in the same way. At note 29 of the same book, he believes that Virgil had Campania principally in view when composing the *Georgics* ; they, and the *Bucolics* too, seem much more in accordance with the face of nature at Mantua, from which the poet had received his first impressions ; in more than one instance he gives the methods of cultivation peculiar to the people living near the Po ; the pictures of Naples and Campania may be found in the *Æneid*. P. Larue's interpretation of the *liquefactaque volvere saxa by exesa imminuta igne*, is another blunder of these closet translators, which the sight of the heaps of lava at *Torre del Greco* would have subsequently spared him ; and one may

Et tout ce qu'un long jour consomme de pâture,  
La plus courte des nuits le rend avec usure.

DELILLE.

<sup>3</sup> *Georg.* i. 375.

<sup>1</sup> *Georg.* ii. 199.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* ii. 200.

La tout rit aux pasteurs, la beauté du VALLON,  
La fraîcheur des ruisseaux, l'épaisseur du gazon ;



very well imagine why, after the eruption of 1737, it was so tartly censured by the Academy of Naples, then too good judges of the truth of the *liquefacta*.

Such is the fecundity of the Serraglio of Mantua and the variety of cultures it admits, that land is a good investment for money, and, barring inundations and seasons when there may be too much room to complain of

. . . . Fluviorum rex Eridanus, . . .

the field of Virgil, with its mulberry-trees planted in quincunx, may yield an annual interest of 7 or 8 per cent.

## CHAPTER XV.

Mantua.—Ducal palace.—Gonzaga.

Virgil and Giulio Romano seem by their genius the sublime sovereigns of Mantua; the former reigns in the fields, the latter in the town: if the paintings and beauties of the poet are found, and further developed, in the environs of this fine city, the artist has planned, built, painted, and embellished it. "This town is not mine," said duke Federico Gonzaga, "but Giulio Romano's." It is therefore necessary to visit Mantua in order to form a just idea of the power of his talent, and no one can truly estimate his worth until he has seen him there. Mantua unfortunately is not in the direct and unvarying road of the curious who overrun Italy, and consequently misses most of them.

The ancient ducal palace, called at present *Corte imperiale*, an old monument, partly rebuilt by Giulio Romano, is spacious, irregular, and characteristic. Though gloomy and deserted, it still breathes the magnificence of that Marquis of Mantua, Francesco Gonzaga, Federico's predecessor, whose court, as represented by the author of the *Cortegiano*, was rather that of a king of Italy than of the lord of a single town. The Gonzagas, instead of usurping the so-

vereignty of their country at the expense of its liberty, overthrew the insolent tyranny of the Bonaccolsi family, to which they were allied; captains, generals, marquises, and dukes of Mantua, they gave an extraordinary impulse to letters and the arts, notwithstanding the smallness of their state and the frequent wars in which they were concerned. Filelfo professed there, and Victorino of Feltro, the prudent friend of Poggio,<sup>1</sup> the originator of infant's schools and elementary instruction, whose institution called the *House of Joy* (*la Casa giojosa*)<sup>2</sup> was then celebrated in Europe; Mantegna founded his school of painting there; Leone Battista Alberti, his school of architecture; and those great artists had for successors Giulio Romano and his companion Primaticcio.

In the room formerly *della Scalcheria* (house-steward's), a *Venus* caressing Cupid, before Vulcan, still reveals, through the injuries of time, the skill of Giulio Romano's pencil. The portraits in the hall of the ancient dukes, stupidly besmeared with lime by the demagogues of 1797, were carefully cleaned in 1808, and have now nearly all their primitive brilliancy. Three rooms are covered with tapestry, which, like that of the Vatican, was executed from the designs and admirable cartoons of Raphael. The ceiling of the gallery, painted by Giulio's pupils, offers several *tours de force* not at all injurious to its beauty; such are the white horses of Apollo's car, which appear to face the beholder from whatever point he looks at them; a *Venus* caressed by Cupid, a god *Pan*, and the nymph *Syrinx* producing the same illusion. At the farther end, a vast medallion represents something like a Mantuan Parnassus: at the foot of the Sacred Mount are Virgil, Castiglione, Merlin Coccajo, Battista the Mantuan, Ludovico Gonzaga, the famous Rodomonte,<sup>3</sup> and other poets. Mantua, which has produced many modern writers and artists worthy of celebrity, had only one illustrious man of antiquity, Virgil; but it must be allowed that he was enough for its glory. Of the four figures occu-

<sup>1</sup> See, in chap. vii. of Shepherd's *Life of Poggio*, the reproaches addressed by Reggio to Victorino of Feltro, then tutor of the princes of Mantua, for not having had the courage to convey to duke Francesco Gonzaga, the letter he had addressed to him in favour of his eldest son, wounded and taken prisoner by the troops of Francesco Sforza, general of the Florentines, after running away from home

and entering the service of Nicolao Piccinino, the duke of Milan's general.

<sup>2</sup> This name, so happy for a school, was given to the Lyceum of Mantua by prince Gonzaga, whose four sons studied there with the other pupils, who came from various parts of Italy, France, Germany, and even Greece.

<sup>3</sup> See *ante*, lib. v. ch. vi.

pying the corners of the same ceiling, is an *Innocence* of extraordinary perfection for grace and drawing. The loftiest apartment, called *del Paradiso*, is of good architecture. Among the ornaments of the two cabinets may be seen the name of Isabella d'Este (*Isabella Estensis*), who dwelt there in her widowhood : this intrepid princess, was daughter of Ercole of Ferrara and wife of Francesco IV. marquis of Mantua, sung by Ariosto, as well as her husband, a poet and warrior.

The famous *Appartamento di Troja*, formerly covered with paintings by Mantegna and Giulio Romano, representing subjects from the history of Ilion, is now a granary; the wall is cracked in several places, but through the ravages of time and war, one still feels the beauty that such works must have once possessed, and the rival inspiration of Giulio and Virgil at Mantua on the same subjects is extremely interesting. I must not forget a superb Laocoon, a charming *Helen* carried off by Paris. It is time that the graver came to the assistance of these admirable but decaying frescos.<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER XVI.

Academy of Fine Arts.—Museum.—Library.—Bellinelli.—Tipografia Virgiliana.

The Mantua Academy of Fine Arts has some valuable paintings, as : the *Paradise* and the *St. Michael* by Vianino, a pupil of the Campi ; *St. Clair*, drawn by Carraccio ; *St. Francis*, by Borgani, a Mantuan artist about the close of the seventeenth century, who deserves to be better known ; the *Apostles*, by Feti, court painter to Cardinal Ferdinand, afterwards duke of Mantua ; the *Christ falling under the cross*, a very pathetic picture, by Fra Geronimo Monsignori, a clever imitator of Leonardo Vinci ;<sup>2</sup> the *Christ bearing his cross*, by Francesco Mosca, whose name is signified by a fly placed by him on the hand of one of the figures, which is his own portrait. This

masterpiece, dreadfully injured, recalls the manner of Domenichino, and might induce a belief that Mosca had been his pupil.

The museum of statues, placed in a long gallery, serves as vestibule to the library. This almost unknown museum is one of the first in Italy, and counts about a hundred and sixty busts, fifty statues, more than eighty basso-relievos, vases, altars, funeral cippi, and other fragments of antiquities.

The origin of this museum is not very pure : it dates from the booty acquired at the sack of Rome, for the purpose of decorating their villas, by the Gonzagas who served in the army of Charles V., and especially that terrible Ludovico Gonzaga, called Rodomonte, colonel of a regiment of Italians, of whom we have already spoken.

Several Greek and Roman works in the museum are remarkable, as : a bust of Euripides, the finest and best authenticated of his portraits. One of the rare busts of Thales ; a tolerably fine head, supposed Aspasia's by M. Labus, who even thinks it by her protégé Phidias ; a head, said to be Virgil's, graceful, effeminate, and totally free from that vulgar air (*facies rusticana*) conferred on him by the grammarians who have written his life, and which Visconti pretended to be one of those numerous Termini of *Lares viales* or of *Genii of public ways* ; it was for a long time religiously considered at Mantua as a remnant of the statue erected to the poet while living by his fellow citizens, which the glorious Carlo Malatesta, a great patron of letters, was wrongfully accused of having thrown down and cast into the Po or Mincio ; four busts of *Augustus* at different ages, one of which, of Greek marble, was gilt all over ; a precious bust of his daughter *Julia*, cruelly injured by time and restorers ; two busts of *Tiberius* ; one of *Caligula*, a masterpiece of wonderful preservation ; others of *Domitian*, *Adrian*, *Ælius Verus*, *Antoninus Pius*, *Marcus Aurelius*, *Commodus*, *Septimus*

<sup>1</sup> In 1827-29 a collection was published at Mantua, entitled *Monumenti di Pittura e Scultura trascelti in Mantova o nel suo territorio*. It is to be regretted that the *Appartamento di Troja* is not in his work, which only contains twenty-four *Monuments*.

<sup>2</sup> The best copy of the *Cenaculum*, according to Landi (Stor. pitt. del Italia, iv. 40), who has not

treated this painter quite fairly in all cases, is that of Fra Monsignori, made for the great library of the Benedictines at Polirone, near Mantua ; on the suppression of the convent it was sold for a louis-d'or to a Frenchman and conveyed to Paris. Monsignori substituted a vestibule with columns for the chamber in which Leonardo had placed the action.

*Severus, Caracalla*; a medallion of *Augustus deified*, rare; the basso-relievo of the *Descent of Orpheus into hell*, in which Cerberus glares at the trembling Eurydice with such a threatening air; a graceful young Faun, Greek; another fragment of a small Faun, charming; a *Satyr* reposing, given as one of the best copies and in best preservation of the *Periboetos* of Praxiteles; a Greek altar; a fragment of a statue of Diana, perhaps unique for the nakedness of the goddess, who is not commonly represented in that state except when surprised bathing by Acteon; a statue of Apollo; the celebrated fine basso-relievo of Medea; the precious basso-relievo called the *Supplication*, of great antiquity, beautifully executed, very differently interpreted by antiquaries, being given by some as a sepulchral monument, by others for Jupiter making rain.

The *Cupid* asleep with two snakes on his bosom is one of Michael Angelo's first attempts at sculpture. There is a report that it was buried by him, and afterwards dug up and sent to Rome, where it was sold as Greek to Cardinal Raphael Riario. In this museum there are some Etruscan funeral vases, proceeding from excavations made at Mantua, which, according to Virgil and the historians, was an Etruscan colony four hundred years before the foundation of Rome:

Fatidicæ Mantûs et Tusci filius amnis,  
Qui muros matrisque dedit tibi, Mantua, nomen.

The library has eighty thousand volumes and a thousand manuscripts. A manuscript of Virgil, not very ancient, was taken away, as we are informed by an inscription, in the month of Vendémiaire in the seventh year of the republic; it was really abominable to rob Mantua of a Virgil: there, it ought to have been sacred. A copy of the edition printed at the expense of the Duchess of Devonshire (Rome, 1819), was pre-

sented by her to this library, and a copy of Bodoni's edition was given by General Miollis in 1798, noble presents to the poet's country by the civilised and victorious descendants of nations that he called barbarians.

The Mantua library possesses many manuscripts of P. Bettinelli, among which are several of Voltaire's letters with Bettinelli's answers; these letters of Voltaire are not in Kehl's edition, or have been rewritten for the press. One of them, dated March 24, 1760, in reply to Bettinelli's remarks on some errors relative to Italy and its literature in his *Essai sur les Mœurs*, is extremely curious: "You add still more to my esteem for Italy," says he; "I am more than ever conscious that she is our mistress in every thing; but since we are now strongly lively children, weaned long ago, and able to walk alone, there is little likelihood of my visiting our nurse, except I am made a cardinal." Voltaire's correspondence with Bettinelli was kept up for some years after he passed through Ferney as a negociator for King Stanislas, and even, it is said, of P. Menoux; \* it appears to have been interrupted in consequence of a letter full of licentious passages, written by the poet. Bettinelli, notwithstanding his information and personal merit, seems one of those literary men of the last century, who were more indebted for their fame to extensive literary connections and their correspondence with illustrious characters, than to the superiority of their own works: I believe it was he, of whom an Italian wittily said that he had acquired the greater part of his glory through the post-office. Two poems by Bettinelli, in ottava rima, remain unpublished. One of them, composed at Verona in 1797, and preserved in manuscript at the library of Mantua, bears the title of *Europa punita o il secolo XVIII.*, in twelve cantos; the other, *Buonaparte in Italia*, in four cantos. It is fortunate for his reputation for independence and consistency, that

purchase of an estate in Lorraine, that he might end his days in the vicinity of his Marcus Aurelius, a recent historian relates that he had written at the same time to P. Menoux in terms that seemed to announce his intention of changing principles. Bettinelli was in fact bearer of letters from the Count de Tressan and P. Menoux for Voltaire. *Storia della Letteratura italiana nel secolo XVIII.*, by S. Ant. Lombardi, t. III, 265.

\* This letter has been published for the first time in the instructive work of S. Camillo Ugolini, *Della Letteratura italiana nella seconda metà del secolo XVIII.* Brescia, 1821, t. II. p. 9. seq. Some portions of it are given in the article of the *Mélanges de Littérature* by M. Suard, entitled *Voltaire et Bettinelli*, t. I. 25.

\* Independently of the proposal made by Voltaire to Stanislas of employing 500,000 fr. in the



these poems never appeared, for the hero of the second is not too well treated in the first. Like his host at Ferney, and his two talented countrymen and contemporaries, the philosopher Algarotti and the poet Frugoni, Bettinelli undervalued the *Divina Commedia*: this poem by a proscribed exile, so admirable for faith and enthusiasm, could hardly be felt in an age of peace, indifference, and mockery. But I doubt whether the false judgments in the *Lettere Virgiliane* are so forcible as that of a French writer of the same period, who had thus defined Dante: "a tolerably good poet, but a very troublesome fellow."

The chief printing-office at Mantua is called *Tipografia Virgiliana*; notwithstanding this fine appellation, in 1827 no Virgil had yet been printed at Mantua. Annibale Caro's translation has indeed been published there, but through some bibliographic fatality, the Latin text is not included. It is said that a Virgil with commentaries is at last to appear; but it is Virgil's Virgil alone that I would have there. The speculation, I believe, would not be unprofitable; for there would be no traveller, *colto intelligente*, as the guide-books have it, who, instead of filling his pockets with mould or the doubtful pebbles of Pietola,<sup>1</sup> would not prefer a Virgil, of a Mantuan edition.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Cathedral. — Mantovano. — Saint Barbara. — Saint Andrew. — Mantegna — Pomponaccio. — Precious blood. — Saint Maurice. — French in Italy. — Saint Sebastian. — Saint Gervase. — Saint Barnabas. — Tomb of Giulio Romano. — Saint Apollonia. — Saint Egidio. — Bernardo Tasso.

The cathedral of Mantua may be ranked with the finest temples of Italy. The interior was rebuilt by Giulio Romano, and the fine proportions of the columns of its naves, the pure and noble style of all its parts, recall the taste of antiquity. An Austrian military engineer, director of the fortifications of the place, was charged by the bishop in the last century (1776) with the execution of the front, a heavy mass, too clearly indicative of an architect of trenches and bastions. The statues of the *Prophets* and *Sibyls* in the principal nave are by

Primaticcio; the ceiling and cupola are painted by Andreasi and Ghigi, Giulio's pupils; in the choir may be noticed, a *St. John the Evangelist*, by Geronimo Mazzola; the *Death of St. Joseph*, by Cignaroli, and an *Immaculate Virgin*, by Balestra. On the right in the first chapel is a *St. Eloi*, so fine, that it has been attributed to Guercino, and is certainly by Possidenti, one of his best pupils. In the other chapels are a *Guardian Angel*, by Canuti, a *St. Margaret*, by Dominico Brusasorci, and a *St. Martin*, by Farinati. In the oratory of the *Incoronata* is an admirable *Madonna*, by Mantegna, and some fine frescos on the ceiling, by Andreasi and Ghigi. On the altars of the sacristy, may be remarked a *St. Thecla*, by Geronimo Mazzola; *St. John the Evangelist*, by Fermo Guizoni, and a *Magdalen weeping*, by Battista d'Agnolo del Moro, pupil of Giulio. The marble tomb of Alessandro Andreasi, an illustrious Mantuan, orator and poet of the sixteenth century, without having the elegance of the monuments of that period, is of a noble simplicity. The bust, although of stone, well expresses the mental superiority of Andreasi.

Battista Spagnoli, Mantovano, is interred in this cathedral. This Latin versifier, whose poetic baggage is much more bulky than Virgil's, will never have the same glory, though he was prodigiously admired in his own time. One may still see at Mantua the kind of triumphal arch erected by the eccentric physician and poet Battista Fiera, between his house and the convent of Saint Francis; in the middle is placed the bust of Francesco Gonzaga, a great captain who fought the French at the battle of Val di Taro, and on each side of it are the busts of Virgil and Mantovano; below is this fine, but hyperbolic verse, as it seems to put Mantovano on a level with Virgil:

Argumentum utrique ingens, si secula collesent.

Ginguené has erroneously stated that Mantovano abdicated the generalship of his order after he had held it three years, because he found it absolutely impossible to effect its reformation, a more difficult affair in his opinion than making verses, good or bad: he was named general of the Carmelites in 1513, and died in 1516; his biographer, P. Florido

<sup>1</sup> Said to be the ancient Andes. See *post*, chap. XXIII.

Ambrosi, clearly proves that he never gave up his office, and that Leo X. immediately appointed his successor. The question whether his birth was legitimate or not, once so sharply contested, is now of little import: this monk unfortunately railed at the fair sex, and, what is still worse, composed licentious poems.

The elegant church of Santa Barbara and its superb steeple were built by Bertani, a clever architect and painter, pupil of Giulio, who seems, setting aside the superiority of talents, to have been to Duke Vincenzo Gonzaga what his master was to Duke Federico. In this church adjoining the palace, the obsequies of the princes of the house of Gonzaga were formerly celebrated. The most remarkable paintings are: a *St. Silvester baptising Constantine*, a *St. Adrian scourged*, drawn by Bertani, painted by Lorenzo Costa; *Jesus Christ giving the keys to St. Peter*, by his brother Ludovico; a *St. Margaret*, by Giacarollo, pupil of Giulio; the *Martyrdom of St. Barbara*, an excellent work of Domenico Brusasorci; a graceful *Magdalen* washing the Saviour's feet, by Andreasino; the *Baptism of Jesus Christ*, a fine painting by Aretusi, a Modenese painter and happy imitator of Correggio. The wars of Italy have stripped Santa Barbara of vases and statues not less precious than its paintings; nothing is now left it but a pretty gold phial and a silver basin, groundlessly attributed to Benvenuto Cellini. The Greek chasing of the basin represents the joyous nuptials of Amphitrite, or some marine festival, in the midst of which a small figure of *St. Barbara* is strangely introduced.

The church of Saint Andrew, one of the first and purest works of the revival, is by the great architect Leone Battista Alberti, brought from Florence to Mantua by Ludovico Gonzaga, a princely patron of letters and the arts, the Augustus of Mantua, but without a Virgil. By the side stands the old gothic steeple, contrasting its light architecture with this classic model. It is deeply to be regretted that the church was not finished during the artist's lifetime, and that clumsy cupola, erected in the last century and surcharged with ornaments, has destroyed its first majestic simplicity. Time has nearly effaced the fine frescos of Mantegna and his best pupils,

with which the front and vestibule of Saint Andrew's were covered. The border of foliage and birds decorating the principal door is an exquisite work due to the chisel of Antonio and Paolo Mola, celebrated Mantuan sculptors, who also executed the pulpit, which is in excellent taste.

The tombs are the noblest monuments of this temple. The mausoleum of the Marquis Geronimo Andreasi and his wife Ippolita Gonzaga, is attributed to Giulio Romano; it appears worthy of him from the majestic character of the whole and the good taste of the ornaments, although its architecture is incorrect and the statue of Andreasi but indifferent. Mantegna is interred in the chapel bearing his name, though he consecrated it to Saint John the Baptist. He died in 1505; and not, as stated by Vasari and the author of the *Life and Pontificate of Leo X.*, in 1517, the year in which his tomb was erected by his sons. The bronze bust of this creator of Italian painting, and inventor of engraving, as some pretend, is a wonderful work, full of life, by the Mantuan Sperandio, one of the able sculptors and founders of the sixteenth century. The two *Holy Families*, attributed to Mantegna and his sons, artists worthy of their father and buried near him, are admirable; a head of *St. Elizabeth* is of the most touching expression; it is truly the *pregnante annosa* of Manzoni's sacred hymn, *il nome di Maria*. There is one remarkable and fantastic tomb erected in memory of Pietro Strozzi, whose name, as well as that of the artist or artists that imagined it, is altogether unknown: nothing is known of this Strozzi's history but a clause of his will, by which he bequeaths 400 golden crowns for his ostentatious mausoleum. The style of the caryatides is an affected imitation of the antique; but the ornaments are of the purest taste, and very probably by another hand. This monument has been erroneously supposed by Michael Angelo or of his school; it seems rather a capricious imitation of Giulio Romano's style. The mausoleum of bishop Giorgio Andreasi, a scholar and diplomatist, is the chef-d'œuvre of Clementi: the expression of grief in the two lateral figures that are weeping is admirably touching.

A chapel of illustrious Mantuans, less splendid with respect to art, is interesting

on account of the men whose tombs it holds, and its elegant inscriptions : there repose the learned botanist Marcello Donato, the poet Cantelmi, the famous centowriter Lelio Capilupi, the friend of our Joachim Du Bellay, and the celebrated philosopher and professor Pietro Pomponaccio. The remains of the latter were at first deposited in the sepulture of the Gonzaga family at the church of Saint Francis, now with its convent converted into an arsenal, where these remains and the statue of Pompanaccio are still, according to some recent historians. Pomponaccio, like Cardan, may very possibly have been wrongfully accused or praised as an atheist in the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries : the doctrines of his treatise *De Immortalitate animæ* differ little from the speculative opinions of the other literati of that epoch, and his recantation, rather theological than philosophical, and his Christian death, prove the sincerity of his faith. It also betrayed a great excess of zeal for these gloomy notions to catch at this book of Pomponaccio, as when examined at Rome, it was absolved by the inquisition, and escaped the *index*.

The clever painters of Mantua seem to have rivalled each other in decorating Saint Andrew with their finest works, such are : the *Annunciation* by Andreasi ; the *Nativity* and the *Adoration of the Magi*, vast frescos by Lorenzo Costa, nearly obliterated ; a *Crucifixion*, energetic in design and colouring, by Guisoni ; in the chapel of Saint Longinus, the fine frescos drawn by Giulio Romano, and executed by Rinaldo, his best pupil, and regarded by Vasari as the first painter of Mantua ; other frescos of this same Rinaldo representing the *Martyrdom of St. Sebastian* ; four angels by the same artist on the ceiling of a small chapel, unfortunately in a bad light ; an excellent painting of *St. Anne* and other saints, by Domenico Brusaporci ; two great frescos, the *Nativity of the Virgin* and the *Assumption*, drawn by Giulio Romano, painted by his pupils.

The chapel of Saint Longinus announces some magnificent relics, those of Saint Gregory Nazianzenus (*Gregorii Nazianzenî ossa hic servat lapis*) : the inscription on the saint's tomb, *Longini ejus qui latus Christi percussit ossa*,

is not less strange. The most venerated relic of this church and Mantua is the celebrated *Blood* of Jesus Christ contained in a double phial of cylindrical form, the workmanship of which is highly esteemed and has been attributed to Benvenuto Cellini ; this, however, appears very doubtful, as that artist, who was remarkably vain, mentioning and alluding to his smallest performances, would not have forgotten that ; in his *Life* he speaks of the reliquary only, and the quartan ague he caught while engaged on it : cursing both Mantua and its duke, who was pleased to be offended, the irascible artist took his departure abruptly. It is more probable that the work of the phials is by Messer Nicolas, then goldsmith to the court. The principal altar of the chapel of the most precious *Blood* has been rebuilt in these latter years ; the two fine statues of *Faith* and *Hope* were executed at Rome by Canova's pupils under his direction.

The church of Saint Maurice has some magnificence, though its front is not in good taste, and its paintings are fine. An *Annunciation*, by Ludovico Carraccio, is remarkable : the angel, however, has a saucy and not too decent air, which is astonishing in this great master. The *Martyrdom of St. Margaret*, by Ludovico or Annibale, is superb : the countenance of the saint is sweet, firm, and resigned ; the executioner, on the point of beheading her, is superior for design ; the heads of the spectators touchingly express grief in various manners. Mastellata has represented two other executions of the same saint. The *Martyrdom of St. Felicity and her seven sons* is another excellent and tragic painting, by Garbieri, Ludovico's pupil.

When the church of Saint Maurice became Saint Napoleon, a distinguished French general, M. Grenier, in 1807, nobly founded a military chapel containing inscriptions and tombs of warriors killed in the Italian wars and during the siege of Mantua. There may be still seen the inscription placed on the cenotaph of Giovanni de' Medici, an intrepid chief, mortally wounded by a gun-shot in the leg, in his thirty-ninth year, in whom Machiavel foresaw the future liberator of Italy ; the last passage is re-

\* See his letter to Gulclardini, of the 15th March,

1525. The corpse of Giovanni de' Medici, after re-



markable and justifies that hope : *Ad Mincium tormento ictus Italiæ fato potiusquam suo cecidit.* This chapel is the mausoleum of the brave of divers nations. There are assembled the captains of Charles V., the officer of Louis XIV., the soldier of Napoleon; the French are most numerous, and one feels that Italy has been too justly called the tomb of our nation. "Italy," wrote Pasquier, "the plaything of our kings and the tomb of our armies." Let us wish well to Italy,\* and fittingly assist in her deliverance, but let us not forget the prophetic verses of her poet :

..... Chi poi succederà, comprenda  
Che, come ha d'acquistar vittoria e onore,  
Qualor d' Italia la difesa prenda  
Incontra ogn' altro barbaro furore;  
Così, s' avvien ch' a danneggiarla scenda,  
Per porle il giogo e farsene signore,  
Comprenda, dico, e rendasi ben certo  
Ch' oltre a quei monti avrà il sepolcro aperto.<sup>1</sup>

The small church of Saint Sebastian is one of the monuments of excellent architecture left to Mantua by Leone Battista Alberti, who built it at the command of Ludovico Gonzaga. The basso-relievos of the Loggia, representing genii supporting the arms of the Gonzaga family, prove that this great architect, endowed with such variety of gifts,<sup>2</sup> was also a clever sculptor. The *Virgin, St. Sebastian*, and other saints, a fresco by Mantegna, painted on the front, is seriously injured. The irregularities of this front must not be laid to Alberti's charge; they are the fault of those who, after him, were entrusted with its completion. The *Martyrdom of St. Sebastian*, at the middle altar, is one of Lorenzo Costa's best works.

The church of Saint Gervase has two fine paintings: a *St. Anthony of Padua*, by Canti, a painter of the seventeenth century, of rapid execution, and especially a *Descent from the cross*, by Ippolite Costa, a composition remarkable for expression, design, keeping, and vigorous colouring.

San Barnaba presents a considerable

maining a hundred and fifty-nine years in the sacristy of the Dominican church at Mantua, was removed to Florence, in 1685.

<sup>1</sup> *Orland.*, cant. xxxiii, st. 42.

<sup>2</sup> See *post*, book xi. chap. vii.

<sup>3</sup> He was fifty-four years old, as stated by Vasari, and plainly demonstrated by M. Quatremère de

number of esteemed paintings; such are: over the door, a great *Miracle of the loaves and fishes*, by the same Costa; the *Dream of St. Romuald*, by Bazzani, director of the Mantuan Academy of Fine Arts, in the middle of last century; *St. Philip*, by Orrioli; the *Marriage of Cana*, by Maganza; a *St. Sebastian*, by Pagni, one of Giulio's good pupils. In the sacristy, the *Virgin and infant Jesus*, a fresco by Geronimo Monsignori, is a very graceful work; and a fine statue of the *Virgin addolorata* was executed from Giulio's design by Giambattista Mantovano, his pupil.

Giulio Romano died in the prime of his powers and was interred at the old church of San Barnaba;<sup>3</sup> the marble slab that pointed out his burial-place was destroyed through a barbarous negligence when the new church was built. Tradition has preserved the following epitaph, which was on this stone :

Romanus moriens secum tres Julius artes  
Abstulit; haud mirum, quatuor, unus erat.

The church of Saint Apollonia offers three remarkable paintings: *St. Bernardin, St. Peter, and St. Paul*, of Titian's school; the *Virgin and St. Stephen*, by Ludovico Costa; and, in the sacristy, the *Virgin, infant Jesus, St. Martha and St. Magdalen*, attributed to Bernardino Luini, but reckoned by better judges of Dosso Dossi's or Garofolo's school, a work distinguished for its beautiful forms, chaste design, skilful composition, harmonious colouring, and charming landscape.

A plain inscription on the pavement, in the church of Sant' Egidio, marks the grave of Bernardo Tasso, father of the author of *Gerusalemme*, himself a good poet, though his renown has almost disappeared in the glory of his son. The nakedness of this sepulture recalls the stone of Saint Onuphrius, and the hereditary misfortunes of the poets of whom we have spoken seem to pursue them even to the tomb.<sup>4</sup> A marble mausoleum was erected to Bernardo Tasso by

Quincy (*Hist. de la Vie et des Ouvrages des plus célèbres Architectes*, i. 220), notwithstanding the opinion of the author of a Notice on Giulio Romano, included in a short Description of the palace of Te, printed at Mantua in 1783, according to whom he was only forty-seven.

<sup>4</sup> See *post*, book v. ch. ii.

Guglielmo Gonzaga, duke of Mantua, whose secretary he had been; but it was pulled down shortly after, the Council of Trent having ordered the demolition of all sepulchral monuments raised above the level of the earth, excepting only the tombs of saints. Tasso lamented the destruction of his father's sepulchre in the beautiful sonnet addressed to Cardinal Albano :

Alban, l'ossa paterne anco non serra  
Tomba di peregrini, e bianchi marmi, etc.<sup>1</sup>

Though it be asserted by some historians that Tasso had his father's remains transported to Ferrara, I could not find them in that town, nor was I able to learn any thing about them from men of great information whom I consulted there. I am inclined to think that they remained at Mantua, as stated by the inscription, which was made in 1696 by a rector of Sant' Egidio, and is in exceedingly bad style. What a singular association of the two great poets of ancient and modern Italy! The cradle of Tasso was opposite Virgil's tomb, and the grave of his father is near the spot of Virgil's birth.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Palace.—Gates.—Bridges.—Citadel.—Towers *della Gabbia*.—*dello Zuccaro*.—Liberty of the middle ages.—Arco palace,—the Devil's,—Colloredo.

The palace, gates, and bridges of Mantua have an imposing aspect. A clever pupil of Giulio Romano erected the vestibule and porticos of the palace; and in one room of the archives, some wrecks of frescos by Mantegna still present the portraits of the Gonzagas, and on the ceiling the twelve Cæsars and some little genii, airy, joyous, and elegant.

From the bridge of Saint George's gate, very well defended externally by a small scientific work of the French, the view of the lake and the environs is pleasing; it extends to the verdant heights of Cipata, the country of Merlin Coccajo, and to the fort of Pietola, like-

wise built by the French on the site of the ancient Andes, where Virgil is said to have been born; it therefore presents at the horizon a strange poetical contrast.

The bridge *dei Mulini*, both a road and embankment, last rebuilt in 1752, was the work of a great hydraulic architect of Mantua, Alberto Pitentino, of the twelfth century, the inventor of flood-gates. It was constructed in consequence of the patriotic cession, by the nine rectors and three procurators of the town of Mantua, of the greater part of the land they possessed, in order to form the upper lake with the waters of the Mincio. An inscription of the same epoch, which records the fact, is curious: the inhabitants of Mantua are therein called the people of Virgil (*populus Virgilianus*), and the allusion to Paradise, in the conclusion, accords with the spirit and manners of the time. Virgil was declared lord of Mantua by the popular voice in 1227, under the podestate of Lorenzo Martinengo; his portrait was put in the arms, on the flags, and coin of the town, and a rude statue, still existing, was erected to him.

The gate of the bridge *dei Mulini*, of the Doric order, is a majestic structure, by Giulio Romano; it leads to the citadel, a kind of second town, but it has not the imposing character, or the picturesque and almost poetic beauties of fortifications seated among rocks or on uneven ground; it is nothing but a vast flat assemblage of trenches, bastions, ditches, presenting to the eye only a dead combination of geometrical lines. The citadel of Mantua, obstinately defended by Wurmser in 1797, heroically besieged and taken by Bonaparte, is as the last and most decisive conquest of the successive invaders of Italy.

The tower *della Gabbia* (of the cage) again encloses its terrible iron cage, the instrument of one of those cruel punishments inflicted in the middle ages that can no longer be disputed. This cage disappeared in 1796, and was strangely returned to its place in 1814. The tower was built in 1302, by Guido Bonaccolsi,

<sup>1</sup> Rime, part. II. 427.

<sup>2</sup> The statue of Virgil is near the Piazza of Broletto, under a Gothic portico attached to the old palace of the *comune*. Virgil is represented sitting, with his hands on an open book placed on a kind of desk, on which is inscribed: *Virgilius Mantua-*

*nus poetarum clarissimus*: on the base of the monuments the poet's epitaph, *Mantua me genuit*, etc., is written in Gothic characters; and beneath it, are some less elegant contemporary verses relative to the erection of the portico.

<sup>3</sup> See *ante*, lib. IV, chap. viii.

one of the ancient tyrants of Mantua. An elegant staircase, erected in 1811 by the Marquis Guerrieri, affords an easy ascent to a fine and newly-embellished dining-room contrived on the platform; one may thus enjoy the contrast existing between the gentleness of modern manners and the barbarity of the times when the cage was used. The view from the tower *della Gabbia* is the finest in Mantua, and, aided by telescopes belonging to the attentive proprietor, extends as far as the Brescian and Veronese hills. The palace of the Marquis Guerrieri possessed a wonderful chef-d'œuvre of Giulio Romano, mentioned by Vasari; the subject is taken from an antique medal and represents Alexander, of the natural size, holding a figure of Victory in his hand.

The tower *dello Zuccaro*, near the *Gabbia*, is still older. An inscription on the wall of the front states that Mantua was almost entirely destroyed by fire in 1141, during a struggle between the *Arioli* (nobles,) and the *Ruffi* (people), and after a bloody conflict. In the vicinity of the Piazza of Saint Andrew, an old tower appertaining to a house once belonging to the Assandri family, now occupied by an apothecary, was levelled to the roof of the house by the people. The same mutilation befell the towers of other nobles, who, by means of these fortresses, endeavoured to practise their feudal tyranny, despite the authority of the magistrates chosen by the inhabitants; so violent, destructive, and nearly allied to anarchy was the liberty of the Italian republics in the middle ages.

The elegance of the front, vestibule, and court of the fine palace of the counts of Arco, the work of Antonio Colonna, exhibits an happy and not servile imitation of Palladio.

The palace of the *Devil* derived its strange name from the rapidity with which Paris Ceresara built it, and the vulgar opinion that this learned man was a magician; it is now partly devoted to shops, and the superb frieze on which Pordenone had painted some graceful genii, is obliterated by time. The same great artist had represented Ulysses in

the island of Calypso on a small house in the neighbourhood, and Mazzola, a figure of Architecture; these works are scarcely visible now, but they confirm the remark already made respecting the ancient painting of streets in Italy.<sup>1</sup>

The exterior of the Colloredo palace, although by Giulio Romano, is rather fantastic than beautiful, but within it is of better taste, and contains many paintings by this great artist and his school.

The gallery of S. Gaetano Susanni, an opulent Jew, and, as well as his son, a patron of the arts, is deserving of a visit; it contains some of Mantegna's and Guido's paintings. A *St. John the Baptist* led by an angel receiving the blessing of the infant Jesus on the knees of the Virgin, is a fine Francia: the intention and loving piety of the little St. John, and the sweet, celestial gravity of the infant Jesus are admirable. A portrait of Countess Matilda, by Parmegiano, is graceful, elegant, and handsome.

A distinguished author, S. Alessandro Nievo, possesses an *Annunciation*, a chef-d'œuvre by Garofolo, formerly at the convent of the nuns of Saint Christopher, the brilliant colouring of which time has not weakened: the Virgin is moving for fervour and modesty; the attitude of the angel, and the disposition of his vestments are very noble. Some particulars are rather whimsical: for instance, under the Virgin's desk a pink in a pot, which in Italian is called *garofano*, indicates the painter's name and country; the architecture, and ornaments of the porticos are in Bramante's style, and the freshness of the landscape is little in accordance with the nature and localities of Judea.

The Biondi house presents a cameo painted by Giulio Romano: in the middle is a rock, on which a woman asleep might seem to be Ariadne, did not the calmness of the sea on one side the rock and its agitation on the other, as well as the two vessels on which are a number of sailors, either frightened or asleep, render the allegory rather confused. Giulio Romano was a strong partisan of allegory, and this one exhibits the character and force of his great paintings.

A *Virgin*, by the elder Palma, re-

the pink as an emblem; and in his two portraits, at different ages, painted by himself, and now in our museum, he holds that flower in his hand.

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book v. ch. xvi.; book viii. ch. vi.

<sup>2</sup> Garofolo (Benvenuto Tisio da) frequently used



markable for the effect of the clare-obscure and the expression of the physiognomies, is one of the beautiful paintings belonging to Count Antonio Beffa.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Houses of Antimaco.—Giulio Romano.—Mantegna,—Bertani,—Castiglione.—Theatre.

In the midst of a garrison town such as Mantua now is, and after the multiplied disasters it has suffered, one is rather surprised to find so many traces and reminiscences of literature and art, and Pindaric houses seem pretty numerous there. On the small house of the celebrated professor of Greek, Marcantonio Antimaco, deceased at the age of seventy-nine, in 1552, may still be seen the pedantic inscription which he had no doubt put in practice among his scholars: *Antimachum ne longius queras*.

The most remarkable of these famous houses is that of Giulio Romano, an elegant dwelling built by himself, in which he received at different epochs Benvenuto Cellini and Vasari, and where he died loaded with riches and honours by Duke Federico Gonzaga and his brother the cardinal. Notwithstanding his genius, Giulio Romano was not ashamed of accumulating wealth; he knew well how to obtain his price, and a great number of letters in his handwriting, preserved in the archives of Mantua, show the liberty with which he declared to duke Federico in plain terms, that if the money were not forthcoming, he would not continue his labours. The front of this house was repaired in 1800; but the original style of his decoration is not changed, and over the door there still remains the little statue of Mercury that he brought from Rome, a Greek work as to the trunk and thigh, repaired by himself and Primaticcio: the rich grotesque figures, the festoons and garlands adorning the rams' heads of the frieze are by the latter. When we consider the talents and thrifty turn of Giulio, the statue of the god of eloquence and money seems suitably placed in the front of his house.

As stated by an inscription on the corner of the Lanzoni palace, Mantegna's house was opposite the church of Saint Sebastian, the front of which he had painted with such marvellous skill.

The house of the celebrated architect and painter of the sixteenth century, Bertani, has an ornament well adapted for the residence of an architect; it consists of a half column placed on each side the door. On one are traced the rules and measure of the Ionic column; the other, fluted, and embellished with an oak garland, presents the correct and graceful execution of these same rules.

The house of Count Baltasare Castiglione, author of the *Cortegiano*, was demolished some years ago, on the erection of the theatre *della Società*, a destination by no means unnatural for the dwelling of such a writer, the chronicler of games, festivals, and spectacles. I saw a miserable melodrame represented and applauded in Virgil's native place. The Mantuan performers stated in their advertisement, that they relied on the indulgence of the public and the enlightened taste of the Austrian garrison. The prompter, as at Parma and other towns of Italy, read the piece aloud and followed the actors. A person who has no acquaintance with such a custom, really cannot divine the nature of this third character, this kind of echo rising from the earth and issuing from the hollow of an enormous pair of bellows, for such is the form they have thought fit to give the prompter's hole. Facing the spectators, over the curtain, was, as in other places besides, a well regulated dial, for the purposing of enabling scrupulous classics to ascertain at their ease that the play was within the rules, and not defective in that clockwork unity spoken of by Madame de Stael.

## CHAPTER XX.

Piazza Virgiliana. — Customhouse. — Market. — Slaughterhouses. — Ghetto.

The Piazza Virgiliana, formerly a kind of marsh, is now, thanks to the outlay made by the town of Mantua, and the enthusiasm of General Miollis for the prince of poets, an agreeable promenade planted with trees and supplied with numerous marble benches given by different inhabitants. The draining of this place greatly contributed to the healthiness of the town; the Austrians have made additions to these works. The insalubrity that heretofore kept visitors from Mantua prevented that town

from becoming so much known as it deserves. The bust and column erected to Virgil in the centre of the Piazza Virgiliana, were at first removed by the Austrians to the extremity, in the hippodrome, that they might not interfere with the parades of the garrison :

..... Stirpem Teuceri nullo discrimine sacrum  
Sustulerant, puro ut possent concurrere campo.<sup>1</sup>

A circus intended for daylight performances, and which was used for equestrian spectacles when I visited Mantua, was afterwards built on the same spot; the column was lying on the ground in an alley, and the bust at the mayoralty. The old monument in the centre of the Piazza might have been preserved or reinstated, as it had never incommoded the evolutions of the French troops, which are certainly as quick in their movements as the German. It is sad to see the monument of Virgil at Mantua wandering and fugitive before serjeants and horses.

Such are the traces still of the ancient magnificence of the Gonzagas and the indefatigable genius of Giulio Romano, that certain edifices, elsewhere very vulgar, exhibit the beauties of art at Mantua. The fishmarket was built by him, as well as the shambles, which from their clever arrangement and the proximity of a branch of the Mincio are perfect slaughterhouses too; at the customhouse, once the Carmelite convent, there is a door from the designs of Bertani, and another has some elegant sculptures by the brothers Mola.

The *Ghetto*, ornamented with rich and handsome shops, but little resembles the infected *Ghetto* of Rome. Although the number of Jews at Mantua does not exceed two thousand, out of the thirty-four thousand inhabitants, they have founded a house of refuge and industry for about fifty persons; an establishment very well conceived and prudently managed, in which the poor, the aged, and infirm are relieved, and the children lodged, clothed, and fed, (except twelve day-scholars) also receive an excel-

lent elementary education, such as they well know how to give in the Austrian states, and afterwards learn a trade. This house of industry, established in the beginning of 1825, was honoured by a visit from the emperor in the month of May of the same year, and the Jews' Society of Mantua received an official document from Vienna, congratulating them on their zeal in well-doing. The services rendered the house of Austria by the firm of R\*\*\*\*\* have probably contributed to this kind of favour; but it must be allowed that such toleration is infinitely wiser than the hardships and vexations of which the Jews are elsewhere victims.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Environs.—*Te* palace.

Notwithstanding the generally received opinion, the name of the *Te* palace cannot be derived from the form of its ground plan, said to be that of the letter T, as the edifice itself contradicts the etymology.<sup>2</sup> The *Te* palace is the most memorable work of Giulio Romano as an architect. The regularity and ingenuity of its architecture contrast strikingly with the imagination, fire, and almost frenzy of some of the paintings within.

It was both built and painted by the same great artist or his first pupils, and this old stable of the Gonzagas is become a marvellous and unique monument.

The superb *Loggia* (vestibule), opening on the garden, has its ceiling embellished with five frescos in as many compartments, drawn by Giulio Romano, and executed by his pupils, representing the history of David; the basso-relievos are by Primaticcio. In the adjoining room, this comrade of Giulio Romano and Giambattista Mantovano have also painted, on his drawings, the long succession of winding figures, in imitation of the columns of Antoninus and Trajan, representing the triumph of the emperor Sigismund when he created Francesco Gonzaga marquis. The costumes are antique, but the subject is indicated by

<sup>1</sup> *Æn.*, xii. 770.

<sup>2</sup> "It appears," says M. Quatremère de Quincy, "and such is the opinion of historians worthy of credit, that the word *Te* is an abbreviation, or, if you like, a mutilation of *lojetto* or *tejetto*, which means in the dialect of the country a cutting or

passage made for the drawing off water, and that this local appellation, applied to the ground on which the palace was afterwards built, has been cut down by vulgar use into the present name." *Il st. de la Vie et des Ouvrages des plus célèbres Architectes*, t. i. 212.

the squire placed behind the emperor, having the Austrian eagle on his buckler.

Scipio returning his captive, Alexander opening the precious casket in which he kept the books of Homer, Cæsar in the midst of his victors, burning the letters found in Pompey's baggage, are also by Primaticcio.

The most celebrated room, and the feeblest, is the hall of the *Giants*. Once in this apartment, no issue is visible; you are environed by rocks falling on the giants, wounded, crushed, flying, or vainly defending themselves; the very ground is composed of wrecks, and the ceiling is the Olympus of Jupiter launching his thunderbolts,

Clari Giganteo triumpho.

This terrible hall of the *Giants*, like the poetical chambers of *Psyche*, *Phaeton*, and the elegant arabesques of the charming casino of the *Grotto* (so called from its having one for bathing), shows in Giulio Romano the double inspiration of Michael Angelo and Raphael; there are none abler or more brilliant, and such imitation is not less admirable than creation. Unfortunately these paintings have been retouched, and no longer present more than the composition and drawing of their immortal author.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Santa Maria delle Grazie.—Castiglione.

Five miles from Mantua, on the lake, is the gothic church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, a magnificent *ex voto* offering consecrated by Francesco Gonzaga and the Mantuans in 1399, on the cessation of the plague which had ravaged their town and nearly all Italy. This temple, which has some good paintings by Lorenzo Costa, Lattanzio Gambara, Borgani, and Fra Monsignori, has a singular aspect. It is completely covered with a multitude of votive pictures, commemorating the succour obtained by the intercession of the Madonna delle Grazie; and large wax figures, dressed, are suspended there, as at Westminster or in the show room of Curtius at Paris, but every one has in addition a rhyming triplet, so superabundant is poetry in Italy. The figures represent certain of the illustrious pilgrims that have visited

the church, among whom there are even ambassadors from Japan, warriors, and persons rescued from danger by the Madonna. Amid the celebrated characters are the figures of Charles V. and his son, of the great pope Pius II., and the constable of Bourbon; the last has for inscription :

Il forte braccio e la cervice altera,  
Che a niun volle piegar, Borbone invitto  
Quivi umilia a Colei che in cielo impera.

Except the three Mantuans, all the iron-clothed warriors with lance in rest, whose votive figures are at Santa Maria, formed part of the constable's terrible army. A Spanish soldier has the following verses for inscription :

L' alma volea fuggir per doppia uscita,  
Che due colpi spietati in me già fero ;  
Ma tu accorresti a trattenermi in vita.

These verses have some resemblance to those of his countryman Lucan, whom this Spanish soldier very possibly had read, nor are they of better taste than those of his *Pharsalia* :

..... Dum pugnat ab alta  
Puppe Catus, Gralumque audax aplustre retentat,  
Terga simul pariter missis et pectora telis  
Transigitur : medio concurrat pectore ferrum,  
Et stetit incertus fluere quo vulnere sanguis.<sup>1</sup>

There are also some of the suspended whose cord has broken most opportunely. The skin of a crocodile, said to have been killed by a Mantuan in a ditch of the territory of Curtatone, but little distant, is another odd *ex voto* hung to the roof. The manner of working wax in these large proportions was invented in 1521 by a Franciscan of Acqua Negra, who, having examined the mean little figures offered every day, broke them up, but preserved the impression and recast them of a large size, after mixing therewith some unknown ingredients to give them solidity, whilst by means of another composition he fixed them very firmly on their bases. The expense of keeping the present figures in condition is considerable, and they require renovating about every ten years.

The miraculous picture of the Madonna, though attributed to Saint Luke, does not resemble the other figures pre-

<sup>1</sup> *Pharsal.*, lib. III. 585.



tended to be by that apostle;<sup>1</sup> it is painted on wood and the head and shoulders are enveloped with the long veil, a sort of embroidered mantle, still used in Italy. The veneration paid the *Madonna delle Grazie* is extraordinary, and the number of pilgrims has sometimes amounted, at the feast of the Assumption, to eighty or a hundred thousand.

The church *delle Grazie* contains the sepulchres of several princes of the Gonzaga family and of illustrious Mantuans. Such is the mausoleum erected by Barbara Agnelli to her husband Bernardino Corradi, deceased at the age of thirty-five, July 23, 1489, the worthy son of the celebrated Ludovico Corradi, lieutenant-general of the dukes of Savoy, to whom the emperors Frederick III. and Maximilian I. gave permission to bear the title of Corradi of Austria, a great lord and politician of the fifteenth century, who nevertheless translated from Greek into Latin the Commentaries of the physician Philotheos on the Aphorisms of Hippocrates.

One monument is very interesting, the mausoleum of Count Baldassare Castiglione, author of the *Cortegiano*, the friend and counsellor of Michael Angelo and Raphael, and connected with the most illustrious literati of the revival; the design, in the antique style, is by Giulio Romano; the epitaph, by Bembo. The marble tomb is surmounted with the statue of Jesus Christ in stucco, stated in the *Monumenti illustri d'Italia* to have been a heathen statue of Time. Though he died at Toledo, Castiglione wished to be buried at Nostra Signora *delle Grazie*, near his young consort who had so tenderly lamented his ab-

sence, whose loss was so bitter an affliction,<sup>2</sup> and to whom he consecrated this touching inscription, which may still be read on the right of the tomb where they repose together:

Non ego nunc vivo, conjux dulcissima: vitam  
Corpore namque tuo fata meam abstulerunt;  
Sed vivam, tumulo cum tecum condar in isto,  
Jungenturque tuis ossibus ossa mea.

*Hippolyte Taurellæ, quæ in ambiguo reliquit, utrum pulchrior an castior fuerit. Primos juvenæ annos vix. Baldassar Castilion insatiabiliter mærens posuit anno Dom. MDXX.<sup>3</sup> To confer greater honour on the memory of Castiglione, his son went to Rome for the purpose of engaging the ablest artists, and he afterwards, in his old age, obtained a sonnet from Tasso in his father's praise.<sup>4</sup> The inscription on Castiglione's tomb imports that it was erected to him by his mother, Luigia Gonzaga, who had the grief to survive him (*contra votum superstes filio bene merito*). The worthy son of Count Baldassare, Camillo, also desired to be interred in this noble chapel of the Castiglione; he lies near his wife; his sons erected a tomb to his memory, and the inscription which enumerates his titles and offices, states that he had practiced his father's book.*

The celebrated work of Castiglione, instead of being limited to the use of courts, has been extended by the progress of civilisation to the whole human species. The advice he gives respecting conduct, manners, and the necessity of speaking little of one's self, is applicable to all well-bred persons. The beauty and good fame of his court lady are advantages to which every woman in the world may

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book v. ch. vi.; and *post*, book xi. chap. ii.

<sup>2</sup> See Castiglione's elegant epistle, entitled, *Hippolyta, Balthasari Castiglioni conjugi*. This epistle has given rise to an opinion that the countess Castiglione cultivated Latin poetry. It is probable, remarks Roscoe (*Life and Pontificate of Leo X.* ch. xx.), that it contains the sentiments expressed in the countess's letters to her husband. He had left her his portrait painted by Raphael:

Sola tuos vultus referens, Raphaelis imago  
Picta manu, curas allevat usque meas.  
Hunc ego delicias facio, arrideoque jocorque,  
Alloquor, et tanquam reddere verba quest,  
Assensu, nutuque mihi sæpe illa videtur,  
Dicere velle aliquid, et tua verba loqui.

Agnoscit, balboque patrem puer ore salutat;  
Hoc solor longos, decipioque dies.

See *Carmina quinque Illustr. Poetar.* ed. Ven. 1548, p. 171, and the Appendix to the Italian translation of Roscoe's *Leo X.*, vol. IX., no. cxcvi. Raphael's fine portrait of Count Castiglione is now at the Museum of the Louvre.

<sup>3</sup> This inscription is not given in the *Life of Castiglione*, by Serassi; like the authors of the *Lit. Hist. of Italy* and the *Life and Pontificate of Leo X.*, who have however spoken much of Castiglione, he has given Bembo's inscription only.

<sup>4</sup> *Lagrine, voce, e vita a' bianchi marmi*, etc. See Tasso's letter to Antonio Beffa Negrini, the 148th of the Unpublished Letters.

aspire. The *Cortegiano* has become a pleasing book of morals and literature, which must be acceptable to cultivated minds of all conditions; it paints with fidelity the opinions and manners of the time, political proceedings, military habits, national prejudices,<sup>1</sup> disorders of the clergy,<sup>2</sup> the subtle and gallant conversational galimatias of the little courts of Italy;<sup>3</sup> it contains some shrewd thoughts,<sup>4</sup> and some excellent remarks on taste and style: such is the counsel he gives the Tuscans to regenerate their language which they were suffering to perish through delicacy, to readopt the old expressions of Petrarch and Boccaccio, retained by the artisans and peasants,<sup>5</sup> a counsel followed with such ardour by Alfieri more than two centuries later; in

short, like Dante and Manzoni, Castiglione is of opinion that Italian writers ought to admit the words of the various dialects, provided they are harmonious and expressive, and he repels the pretensions of the Tuscans to impose their idiom on the rest of Italy.

Among the exterior inscriptions on Nostra Signora delle Grazie, is a very remarkable one of Marius Equicola, a gallant warrior and the best historian of Mantua, which commemorates the noble defence of Pavia by Federico Gonzaga, then only twenty-two years of age;<sup>6</sup> it is beside the French balls offered *ex voto*, placed in the church wall; these balls are small, not having at that time attained the calibre of the bolts of Austerlitz, Wagram, Algiers, and Antwerp.

<sup>1</sup> The following passage shows how rude and barbarous France appeared to Italy before Francis I. whom Castiglione styles the father of letters: "Benchè i Francesi solamente conoscano la nobilità delle arme, e tutto il resto nulla estimino, di modo che, non solamente non apprezzano le lettere, ma le abboriscono, e tutti i letterati tengon per villissimi uomini, e pare lor dir gran villania a chi si sia, quando lo chiamano *clero*. Allora il magnifico Giuliano, voi dite il vero, rispose, che questo orrore già gran tempo regna tra' Francesi: ma se la buona sorte vuole che monsignor d'Angoleme (come si spera) succeda alla corona, estimo, che sì come la gloria dell' arme fiorisce e risplende in Francia, così vi debba ancor con supremo ornamento fiorir quella delle lettere." Lib. 1. The presumption forbidden the courtier by lord Federico gives rise to these curious observations on the familiar liberty of the lords at the court of France, even with the king: "Se considerate la corte di Francia, la qual oggi di è una delle più nobili di cristianità, troverete che tutti quelli che in essa hanno grazia universale tengon del prosuntuoso; e non solamente l' uno con l' altro, ma col re medesimo. Questo non dite già, rispose messer Federico: anzi in Francia sono modestissimi, e cortesi gentilhuomini; vero è che usano una certa libertà, e domestichezza senza cerimonia, la qual ad essi è propria, e naturale; e però non si dee chiamar prosunzione, perchè in quella sua così fatta maniera, benchè ridano, e pigliano piacere dei prosuntuosi, pur apprezzano molto quelli che loro pajono aver in se valore, e modestia."

<sup>2</sup> The scene between the monk of Padua and his bishop, narrated by Castiglione, is characteristic and full of humour: the five nuns of a convent that he directed happened to be pregnant; as he was a scholar and a worthy man, his numerous friends endeavoured to excuse him *per la comodità del loco, per la fragilità umana*; the incensed prelate would hear nothing: "What shall I answer to God," cried he, "when he says to me on the day of judgment; *Redde rationem villicationis tue?*" Marcantonio (the monk), nothing daunted, replied: "My lord, you will also answer in the words of the

Gospel: *Domine, quinque talenta tradidisti mihi: ecce alia quinque superlucralus sum.*" The bishop, mollified, could not repress a smile, and he mitigated the punishment of the criminal.

<sup>3</sup> The unintelligible dissertations of the lord Magnifico on form, matter, etc., which were so exceedingly irksome to the lady Emilia, were probably not altogether unlike some elaborate dissertations of the present day. Lib. iii.

<sup>4</sup> Sin through ignorance seems pretty clearly defined in this passage: "Però la virtù si può quasi dir una prudenza, ed un saper eleggere il bene; e l' vizio una imprudenza, ed ignoranza, che induce a giudicar falsamente; perchè non eleggono mal gli uomini il male con opinione che sia male, ma s' ingannano per una certa similitudine di bene." Lib. iv.

<sup>5</sup> Lib. i.

<sup>6</sup> *Cella ferox, Venetus prudens, Elvetius atrox,  
Militi Ticinum cinxerat innumero:  
Aere cavo ignivomis pila ferrea concita bombis,  
Fulminis in morem, moenia diruerat.  
Defensor Federicus adest Gonzaga secundus;  
Hic fussa, hic vallum, solus hic agger erat.  
Ergo servati tanto duci tot ingeminamus,  
Et Mariæ hostiles pontinus hos globulos.  
Marii Equicolæ in obsidione Papiæ IIII  
Idus aprilis MDXXII votum.*

Marius Equicola has also composed a small treatise in Latin, translated into French under the title of *Apologie de Mars Equicolus gentilhomme Italien contre les mesdisantz de la nation françoise*, by Michel Roté, official clerk to the celebrated Renée of France, duchess of Ferrara (Paris, Serlenas, 1550, in 4mo.), a scarce book, dedicated to Giovanni Lascari, Equicola's master. It contains a learned and warm eulogium of the soil of France and the character and courage of its inhabitants. A copy of this translation, bound in parchment with arabesques in gold of the time, is preserved in the library recently created at the palace of Versailles, and it is not ill-placed beside the museum consecrated to all the glories of France.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Pietola.

Two miles from Mantua is Pietola, which a rather doubtful tradition makes the Andes of antiquity, Virgil's country :

Mantua musarum domus, atque ad sidera cantu  
Evecta Andino, et Smyrnæis æmula plectris.<sup>1</sup>

This tradition has, however, obtained generally; Dante has sung of Pietola

E quell' ombra gentil per cui si noma  
Pietola più che villa Mantovana;

and it was visited by Petrarch. Another circumstance seems to increase the literary solemnity of this small village; it was at Pietola, in the ancient palace of the dukes of Mantua, called also the *Virgiliana*, that Cardinal de' Medici, afterwards Leo X., found a secret asylum when he escaped from the French, who took him prisoner at the battle of Ravenna. During the campaign of Italy, Virgil's name was not less advantageous to the inhabitants of Pietola than that of Catullus had been to those of Sermiène; <sup>2</sup> they were indemnified for their losses, and exempted from the war charges. A festival was celebrated by General Miollis; but there is no vestige now left of the pompous obelisk he erected and his fantastical temple of Apollo, with his figures of male and female saints economically metamorphosed into mythological divinities: St. Christopher was converted into Charon; Magdalen, into Venus; St. Ursule, into Minerva, etc.

The building of the *Virgiliana* is much decayed, and the gardens have dwindled into something like a neglected kitchen garden, which greatly needs the attentions of the old man of the Galesus. Besides, I do not know whether the exact realisation of the garden Virgil makes this old man cultivate would not be the kind of monument best suited to Pietola; instead of the ridiculous bower

of Virgil, a teagarden summer-house, over which, by a singular chance, the Gonzaga arms still remained, I should have preferred the shade of the planetree *ministrantem... potantibus umbras*.<sup>3</sup> The nature of the soil does not seem improper for this imitation, and the towers of the citadel of Tarentum (*OEbalia turribus arcis*), forgotten by Delille, would be well replaced and even surpassed by the redoubtable fort of Pietola and the fortifications of Mantua.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Cremona.—Tower.—Cathedral.—Zodiac.—Baptistry.—Churches.—Campi.—Vida.—Public palace.—Surprise of Cremona.—Saint Sigismund.—Pizzighettone.

The road from Mantua to Cremona on the banks of the Mincio still retains the Virgilian aspect of the *Serraglio*,

Mantua vae miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ,

and the same fields must have been shared among the soldiers of Octavius.

The tower of Cremona, which is visible at a great distance, is one of the boldest and most noted among the Gothic towers of Italy.

The cathedral, finished about 1319, has the grand and fantastical character of the time. On the front are some curious basso-relievos of the thirteenth century, representing the twelve signs of the zodiac reversed, and the labours of the field, regarded by the learned and precipitate M. de Hammer as emblematical of his worship of Mithra, and they have had the honour of figuring under that head among the eighty-six monuments of the same religion which he imagines he has discovered,<sup>4</sup> but are only another proof of the mixture of pagan and christian ideas, so common on the churches of the middle ages. Over the great door are the figures of the prophets, the work of Jacopo Porrata, of the year 1274, according to the inscription.

<sup>1</sup> Silius Italicus, *Punic.*, lib. viii. 593. The jealous nationality of Maffei wanted to fix the place of Virgil's birth at the foot of the Veronese hills, between the Volta and Cauriana; another estimable antiquary, S. Viso, (*Notizie storiche Mant.*) pretends that none of Virgil's verses could relate to either Pietola or Cauriana.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, book v. ch. viii.

<sup>3</sup> *Georg.* iv. 446. The property attributed to the planetree by botanists, of purifying the air, would render it still more useful on this insalubrious plain.

<sup>4</sup> See the atlas of his *Mémoire sur le culte de Mithra*, sent to the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres of the Institute of France.



The interior presents some good paintings by Cremonese masters: the *Presentation in the temple*, natural, by Bembo, an artist of the middle of the fifteenth century; the *Christ on the cross*, surrounded with saints, by Malosso, in the best Venetian style; the *Christ before Annas the high priest*, true, touching, majestic, by Cristoforo Moretti; in the choir, a superb *Christ*, colossal, seated on a throne between four saints, and giving his blessing; a pleasing and noble *Sposalizio*; a *Nativity of the Virgin*, by Boccaccio Boccacino, the Raphael of Cremona. The first of these chefs-d'œuvre so enraptured Garofolo, that he immediately attached himself to the author, and studied two years under him before going to Rome. As to the two cavaliers, said to represent the dukes of Milan, and apparently forced on the artist, they are very fine, but somewhat oddly introduced in a *Nativity*. A *Flight into Egypt*, poetic, is not without some exaggeration and refinement, although by Altobello Melone and of the good epoch. A great and admirable *Assumption*, a *Nativity*, which recalls, for its charming effect, the celebrated *Night* of Correggio, are by Sojaro, a worthy pupil and almost rival of such a master. The *Virgin*, *St. Anthony the abbot*, *St. John Baptist* contemplating the infant Jesus on the ground, of a sweet heavenly expression, and wonderful colouring, is by Aleni. A *Crucifixion*, a vast fresco by Pordenone, is extraordinary, the characters are in Spanish costume; in front stands a knight with his sword drawn, who must surpass all those whose *heavy blous* Froissart and Madame de Sevigné so much loved. The four frescos, larger than nature, by S. Diotti, especially the last, finished in 1835, representing *Christ giving the keys to St. Peter*, pass for the best works of this master.

The altar of Saint Nicholas is an esteemed work of two Cremonese artists, Tommaso Amici and Mabila F. di Mazo, of the year 1494, as the inscription states. The white marble altar of Sts. Peter and Marcellinus, an unappreciated performance of a great sculptor of Cremona of the thirteenth century, Bramante Sicchi, is remarkable for the beauty and expression of the figures, the excellence of the perspective, and the elegance of the ornaments, which seem

worthy of the fifteenth century. The choir books, embellished with miniatures executed in 1484, by Antonio Cicognara, are superb. The baptistry, the third monument of Cremona, after the tower and the cathedral, is not less remarkable for its antiquity and construction.

Saint Nazarius, where the brothers Campi are interred, clever artists of Cremona, offers some of their masterpieces; such are the two *Virgins*, one in the clouds, at the high altar, and the other with her son, St. Jerome, and St. Joseph, by Giulio, the eldest, who is as the Ludovico of these Cremonese Carracci.

An excellent painting by their father, Galeazzo Campi, the *Rosary of the Madonna*, is at the church of Saint Dominick. A *Nativity*, regarded as an epitome of the perfections of painting, is reckoned the best work of Bernardino Campi, who appears to be of a different family from the other painters of that name. A *Beheading of St. John*, remarkable for variety in the figures, is by his brilliant pupil, Malosso, who in his turn became the chief of the first school of Cremona, one of the most renowned in Lombardy. The *Death of the Virgin* is by Cesare Procaccini.

The cupola of Saint Abondio is the largest and one of the finest and cleverest works of Malosso, but it was designed by Giulio Campi.

The stuccos of Barberini, representing the *Passion of Jesus Christ*, at the church of Saint Augustine, are esteemed for their lifelike figures. A *Virgin*, by Perugino; a great *St. Augustine*, giving his rules to several religious orders, full of variety, the masterpiece of Massarotti, are excellent.

Saint Peter al Pò is one of the first churches of Cremona, and is attributed to Palladio. The *Divine Virtues* are by Malosso.

Saint Laurence has one of those paintings of Mutius Scævola, which has already struck us as a singular subject for a church: the deed of the haughty Roman seems here, at least, to have some analogy with the martyrdom of the saint, a comparison made by Dante:

Se fosse stato il lor volere intero,  
Come tenne Lorenzo in su la grada,  
E fece Muzio alla sua man severo.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See ante, book VII, ch. iii. <sup>2</sup> Parad. canto IV. 82.

The fine elegant mausoleum of Giovanni Antonio Amadeo, a Pavian sculptor, is said to enclose the relics of Saint Marius and Saint Martha, deposited there by the abbé Antonio Mellio, juriconsult, who is interred below.

In the parish church of Saint Victor, *Jesus Christ giving the ring to St. Catherine*, is one of Antonio Campi's good works.

Saint Pelagia was painted almost throughout by Giulio Campi, at the solicitation of Geronimo Vida, bishop of Alba on the Tanaro, and prior of the monastery. Near the high altar are two inscriptions by this illustrious Cremonese poet, whom Ariosto ranks among the great men that have thrown a lustre on Italy :

..... Il Vida Cremonese,  
D'alta facondia inessiccabil vena.<sup>1</sup>

Vida, who was copied by Tasso, and compared by Pope to Virgil, and associated with Raphael :

A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung :  
Immortal Vida ! on whose honour'd brow  
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow :  
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,  
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!<sup>2</sup>

whose *Christiad* was perhaps imitated by Milton, and his *Ars Poetica* is annexed, not without honour, to those of Aristotle, Horace, and Boileau.<sup>4</sup> Vida composed a hymn in honour of Saint Pelagia, patroness of this parish, but it is not one of his good works. The prison of Sainte-Pélagie at Paris, with its writers, poets, rich debtors, etc., would be a happier

subject, and probably a better source of inspiration.

The public palace, in the great square, has a singular inscription indicative of its being a court of justice.<sup>5</sup> In the great hall is one of Malosso's best paintings; it represents the *Virgin*, her son, St. Ombuono, the patron of Cremona, and the guardian angel of that town.

Cremona has some picture galleries; the most important belongs to Count Ala di Ponzone, and contains several designs by Michael Angelo.

The new market, the gates of Saint Luke and Saint Margaret, are good constructions by S. Voghera, a distinguished architect of Cremona.

The house where Marshal Villeroy was surprised by Prince Eugene still exists at Cremona. Then began the reverses of the latter days of Louis XIV., murmurs were heard even in the palace,<sup>6</sup> and the army with all France amused themselves with songs on the favourite of the *grand roi*.<sup>7</sup>

The church of Saint Sigismund, one mile from Cremona, is worth a visit. This ancient abbey was founded by Francesco Sforza, and his politic marriage with Bianca Visconti, daughter of the duke of Milan, Filippo Maria, was celebrated there. The frescos by Giulio Campi, which cover the entrances and the ceiling of the nave, are full of fancy. The *Ascension of Jesus Christ*, by Solario, so admirable in every point, seems also, by its colouring, worthy of his master, Correggio, whom he knew how to imitate without copying. The ornaments and arabesques between the columns are exquisitely elegant. The *Jonas* thrown on shore by the whale, by Domenico of Bologna, is celebrated for its per-

<sup>1</sup> *Orland.* canto XLVI. st. 43.

The scene of the assembly of demons at the beginning of canto iv of the *Gerusalemme*, and the speech that Tasso's puts in Pluto's mouth, are a literal translation of Vida's *Christiad*.

<sup>3</sup> *Essay on Criticism*, part iii.

<sup>4</sup> If we were surprised at finding that Virgil had never been printed at Mantua, Cremona cannot be accused of the same negligence towards her poet. Vida's *Ars Poetica* not being printed, the municipality obtained the manuscript, jealous to give the first edition at the public expense. Cremona had been honoured with a printing-office nearly half a century; two Italian printers, Bernardino de Misiasis of Pavia and Cesare of Parma had issued there in 1492 the *Libro de Bataglie de Tristano e Lancelotto e Ghalaso e della reina Isola*.

<sup>5</sup> *Hic locus odit, amat, punit, conservat, honorat, Nequitiam, pacem, crimina, jura, probos.*

The regimen of each verb is placed beneath it.

<sup>6</sup> *Mémoires complets de Saint-Simon*, ch. xxii.

<sup>7</sup> Saint-Simon, who has sketched a satirical portrait of Villeroy, adduces some tolerable arguments in justification of his surprise at Cremona. "It is not for him," says he, "who arrived at Cremona on the eve of the surprise, to know that aqueduct and walled-up gate, nor whether imperial soldiers were already introduced and hidden. . . . he could do nothing better than haste to the great square, nor foresee his capture at the turning of a street on going thither." Neither was Villeroy sleeping in security at that moment, as asserted by Voltaire (*Siècle de Louis XIV.* ch. xix.), and often repeated since : "that very morning, at dawn," Saint-Simon

spective. The cupola, a kind of Olympus of saints of the Old and New Testament, one of the first in Italy for variety, number, effect, and keeping of the figures, was painted in seven months by Bernardino Campi. This rapid execution appeared so suspicious to the churchwardens, no great connoisseurs, that before paying the artist they exacted from him a certificate by Sojaro and Giulio Campi, as a security for the merit of the work. At the high altar, the *Virgin* in the clouds holding her son, surrounded by a choir of angels, while below are St. Jerome and St. Chrysanthus, presenting to him the duke and duchess of Milan kneeling, is a chef-d'œuvre of Giulio Campi in Titian's style. The countenance of Sforza is characteristic; Bianca's, timid; behind St. Jerome, is his cardinal's hat hung against the wall. The multitude of grand and excellent paintings at Saint Sigismund's is truly dazzling.

*Pizzighettone*, a fortress on the Serio, a confluent of the Adda, was the first prison of Francis I., after his defeat at Pavia: its frowning aspect is still in unison with such a recollection.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Placentia.—Statues.—Ranuccio.—Public palace.—  
Palace della Citadella.—Library.

Placentia is extensive and deserted. This town has never recovered from its dreadful pillage by Francesco Sforza, in 1448. Then not only the houses were wasted, but the inhabitants were compelled by horrible tortures to deliver up their hidden treasures to the soldiers; women and maidens underwent the extremity of outrage, and ten thousand citizens, reduced to slavery, were sold by auction. This terrible conqueror, whom we have just seen founding a splendid abbey near Cremona, rivalled the excesses of Octavius at no great distance therefrom: many an obscure Melibæus and Meris were then deprived of their heritage: the foreign disorder could also repeat to these sons of misfortune, as the veterans of Rome:

... Hæc mea sunt, veteres migrate coloni.

affirms, "he was dressed and writing in his chamber." (*Ibid.*)

The cost was 44,407 crowns, 8 pauls (8 8½d).

Literary fame seems, however, to have been useful at both these epochs, and the author of the *Annals of Placentia*, Antonio of Ripalta, who, like Virgil, had been reduced to slavery after the loss of all his substance, including his books and manuscripts, was set at liberty by his master, the general of Sforza's galleys.

Notwithstanding the desolation still apparent in Placentia, it is not utterly destitute of splendour: the two great equestrian statues facing each other, before the public palace, representing Alessandro and his son Ranuccio Farnese, maintain that profusion of monuments which belongs to Italy alone. These statues, which the traditions and civic patriotism of the Placentians, who paid for them,<sup>1</sup> still extol, do not appear of very pure taste; the horses' heads might be more noble: though not galloping, their tails, their manes, and the garments of the cavaliers are exceedingly agitated by the wind. The artist is Francesco Mocchi, a Florentine, pupil of his father Horace, and not of Giovanni Bologna, as stated by Lalande and the travellers who have copied him, in making a Bolognese of the great Flemish sculptor. Such has long been the admiration excited by the horses of Placentia, skillfully founded at all events, that in a work composed in 1769, by several poets of the town, for the marriage of Duke Ferdinand I. with the archduchess Maria Amelia, Elisabetta Farnese, queen of Spain, appeared in the fifth canto, and made the following eulogium on the horses:

Il due destrier son questi: a me gli addita  
La torva idea degli avi miei sul dorso:  
Ve' come impazienti alla partita  
Movon del pari il piè, sdegnato il morso,  
Fuoco glittan le nari, e la partita  
Chioma sul collo ondeggia lor nel corso:  
Bieca natura li rimira, e gode  
Sull' arte sol, perchè il nitrir non ode.

One of the two personages, Ranuccio, has been diversely judged by history: Muratori and his followers describe him as a gloomy, austere, avaricious, and cruel prince, but little deserving the *principi optimo* of the inscription. It appears, on the authority of the best historians of Placentia,<sup>2</sup> whose works were composed long after the Farnese family

<sup>1</sup> Poggiali, *Mem. stor. di Piacenza*, t. X, 532; Affò, *Zecca e Mon. Parmig.* 206.



became extinct, that Ranuccio is too severely treated by the illustrious author; he was skilled in war, understood the art of government, loved learning, and was cherished by the Parmesans. The famous conspiracy of 1611, which he was accused of planning, even Muratori has not denied; it is now admitted by all the historians of Parma, and well might Ranuccio suspect the faith of his nobles when he called to mind the fate of his great grandfather, whom they assassinated, and threw out of the window.<sup>1</sup>

The public palace, of the end of the thirteenth century, is of Gothic architecture, majestic and picturesque. The portico of the little square court is much esteemed, as are also the ornaments bordering the windows, in *mattoni* (a kind of bricks), a handicraft of which the secret is apparently lost.

The Farnese palace, called the palace della Cittadella, unfinished, forsaken, dilapidated, still bears witness to the genius of Vignola, and the part completed is sufficient to show what the magnificence of the whole would have been.

The librarian of Placentia was ill when I called to see the library, and his deputy had not the key; consequently I could not obtain access. I was informed it contained thirty thousand volumes, and possessed a palimpsestus of the ninth century, its most precious article being the *Psalterium* of the empress Engelberge, consort of Louis II., written with her own hand in the 847 or 57, which had been carried to Paris.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Cathedral.—Churches.—Environs.—Santa Maria di Campagna.—Italian lapidarian inscriptions.—Road.

The cathedral, rebuilt at the beginning of the twelfth century, is a fine harmonious Gothic structure, unfortunately disfigured by the modern ornaments of the choir and sanctuary. Its paintings have some celebrity: the *Pro-*

*phets*, the *Sibyls* of the cupola, the four frescos of the roof, are chefs-d'œuvre of Guercino; the *Circumcision*, the *Adoration of the Magi*, *St. Joseph sleeping*, by Franceschini and Quaini, of Bologna, pupils of Guercino, are very fine; the four figures, *Charity*, *Truth*, *Modesty*, and *Humility*, by the former, though done at an advanced age, are elegant and graceful. In the sanctuary, the compartment of the high altar is one of Camillo Procaccini's good works, but it is outshone by the other three covered with energetic paintings by Ludovico Carraccio. In the choir, the *Assumption* is also by Procaccini; the archivolt, painted by Ludovico Carraccio, is an admirable imitation of the cupolas of the Duomo and Saint John's at Parma, by Correggio, and its angels, of colossal stature, are well preserved. His two great paintings, the *Translation of the body of the Virgin*, the *Apostles opening her coffin*, taken by the French as a war contribution in 1797, were not restored to the cathedral in 1815, but were placed in the Parma gallery. An able artist of Placentia, the Cav. Gaspardo Landi, one of the best contemporary painters of Italy, has patriotically supplied their places with two paintings on the same subjects. The several chapels present a *St. Martin*, by Ludovico Carraccio; frescos by Fiamminghino, the beauties of which are concealed by an obscure position; a fine *Resurrection*, and a *St. Francis*, by Fiamminghini; the *Ten thousand crucified*, an energetic and superb painting by Andrea Sirani, is perhaps by Elisabetta, his unfortunate daughter; a the *Saviour*, a small *Madonna*, a charming work of Tagliasacchi, a painter of the end of the seventeenth century, whose fortune seems to have been inferior to his merit.

The tower of the cathedral still preserves, fixed in the wall, one of those iron cages of which we have before spoken.<sup>3</sup> The Placentian learned have abundantly discussed the subject of the

<sup>1</sup> A remarkable fact is related by S. A. Pezzana. (Lettera al conte Filippo Linati, circa le cose dette dal sig. Millin intorno la città di Parma, ed. seconda, p. 10.) Duke Ferdinand, after more than a century and a half, feeling some scruple at possessing the property of which the conspirators' families had been stripped, charged a learned juriconsult, Giambattista Comaschi, also celebrated for a tender conscience, to examine the documents

relating to the trial, and this posthumous judge did not doubt the reality of the plot. A like conviction, adds S. Pezzana, has been felt by all who have perused the same papers, still lodged in the archives of the state, and especially by a distinguished magistrate, S. Francesco Melegari, president of one of the tribunals at Parma.

<sup>2</sup> See ante, book viii. chap. vii. and xv.

<sup>3</sup> See ante, book iv, ch. viii, and above, ch. xviii.

cage, without coming to any clear understanding; but it is, at least, another and indisputable proof of the reality of this punishment.

Saint Francis-the-Great is of Gothic architecture, noble and bold. The remarkable paintings are: the *Miracle of the loaves and fishes*, by Marini, a clever pupil of Bernardino Campi; one of Malosso's *Conceptions*, which proves the variety of his talent in such compositions; a *St. Francis de Paule curing a little child*, by an unknown author, and a fine copy of the *Martyrdom of St. Laurence*, one of those astounding chefs-d'œuvre of Titian's old age, buried in the Escorial.

The church of Saint Anthony, formerly a cathedral, rebuilt, retains a fine remnant of its old architecture, the northern Gothic vestibule, called the Paradise. On the ceiling of the sanctuary, the *Eternal Father in the midst of the angels*; an *Old man of the Apocalypse holding a fiery sword in his hand*, are full of spirit, boldness, and imagination. Guercino admired these paintings: the artist, Camillo Gavassetti, of Modena, deceased at an early age, happily drew his inspiration from Michael Angelo and Raphael. The painting of the high altar, and others in the sanctuary, representing divers incidents in the life of St. Anthony of Placentia, are by Robert Lalonge, of Antwerp, called also Fiammingo. In the chapel of the Virgin *addolorata*, the *Nativity* by Giulio Procaccini, is a graceful composition. Near the great door, an old painting on wood, of the *Life and Martyrdom of St. Anthony*, apparently in the Greek style of the eleventh century, may be regarded as a curious monument of the infancy of art.

Saint Augustine, a superb temple, which some have even erroneously supposed by Vignola, has been an hospital or military magazine for thirty years past, but some of the chief inhabitants of Placentia, justly proud of such an edifice, have patriotically maintained it in good repair.

The cloister of Saint John *del Canale* still retains some old and expressive wrecks of painting, of the close of the twelfth century, considered as precious monuments for the history of the art. In the church, a *St. Hyacinth* is by Malosso; in the choir, a small oval *Circumcision*, remarkable, by Gervasio

Gatti, Sojaro's nephew. The chapel of the Rosary is almost another temple: there are two large and esteemed paintings by two of the most eminent contemporary painters of Italy, the *Redeemer* addressing the women of Jerusalem with *Nolite flere super me*, by Landi, and *Jesus presented in the temple*, by S. Camuccini, which exhibits the skilful drawing of that artist, and contributed at the time to his rising reputation. In the chapel of Saint Catherine is the mausoleum of Count Orazio Scotti, surmounted by his bust and some little genii, a good monument by Algardi, who has succeeded better in busts and children than in his enormous Attila of Saint Peter's.

Saint Sixtus, a rich and elegant church, with a double cupola, is the finest in Placentia. The little children of the frescos in the nave, by unknown authors, are graceful. In the sanctuary are the monuments of the empress Engelberge and Margaret of Austria, natural daughter of Charles V., married to Duke Ottavio Farnese, and mother of Alessandro, herself an heroic woman. The busts of these princesses, highly valued works, surmount their monuments. The mausoleum of Margaret is near; it is enormous, decorated with gigantic statues, and pretty much in conformity with the historical character of the princess, who was said to have a beard like a man. The high altar, inclosing the saint's bones, is of extraordinary magnificence. In the choir, the *Massacre of the Innocents* passes for one of Camillo Procaccini's good works; the *Martyrdom of St. Barbara* is by the younger Palma. The *Virgin*, by Taddeo Zuccari, at the chapel of Piety, offers a marvellous expression of grief. The paintings in the chapel of the Virgin, by unknown authors, are remarkable: a *Virgin with the infant Jesus in her arms*, has a freshness of colouring in the flesh that reminds amateurs of Titian's Venus.

At Saint Savinus, a large church, once Gothic, but rebuilt, is a *Virgin dressing the infant Jesus*, with St. Elisabeth, St. John, and angels: this painting is supposed by Bertoja, pupil of Parmegiano, and it is worthy of that graceful painter. At the chapel of the Holy Sacrament are three paintings representing favours obtained by the intercession of the Virgin, the work of Giuseppe, or

perhaps Pamfilio Nuvolone; they are at once full of sweetness, vivacity, and harmony. The lower church, constructed in the tenth century, is interesting: among its square columns, ornamented with elegant capitals, is a very beautiful one of alabaster. On the pavement, a mosaic in white and black stones offers the signs of the zodiac, with Latin inscriptions in Roman characters, but by the archeologists and some learned mosaists, it is attributed to the Greek artists who came to Venice in the seventh century.

I found in Saint Michael, a church not particularly remarkable, a great picture well painted by the duchess Antonia Bourbon, daughter of Duke Ferdinand, to the present moment a nun at Parma, in a convent of Ursulines; it represented St. Ferdinand, her grandfather, and was given by her to the church in 1797. The cathedral of Placentia also possesses a *Virgin alla colonna*, another painting by that august hand. The cultivation of the arts by a woman of such noble blood, amid the misfortunes of her family and her own, is rather affecting; one loves so that union of saint, princess, and artist; and among the multitude of impressions caused in Italy by so many paintings, this is perhaps unique. The duchess Bourbon of Parma, on the proposition of the French consulta at Rome, was succoured by Napoleon, a fact honourable to him and the consulta.

Santa Maria di *Campagna*, a church of the Franciscans, near Placentia, has an admirable cupola painted by Pordenone, as well as many other frescos by him, well preserved; they were cleverly finished by Sojaro, who was able to imitate his predecessor's style so well, that they might be supposed by one hand. Among these numerous masterpieces is the fresco of *St. Augustin*, in which the child holding the doctor's book is so full of grace; the *St. George*, deemed by Lanzi worthy of Giulio Romano; the *Adoration of the Magi*, the *Birth of Mary*. The chapel of Saint Catherine appears the triumph of Pordenone, and

displays his double talent of oil and fresco painting; the *Marriage of the Saint* is a delightful work that Canova, it is said, was never tired of contemplating when he passed through Placentia. Some other paintings are also due to clever artists, such are the *Virgins of Israel meeting David after his victory over Goliath*, by Ludovico Crespi; the *Apparition of an angel*, by Gavasseti; a *St. Francis*, by Camillo Procaccini; a *Salutation of the Virgin*, in two parts, by Camillo Boccaccino, greatly esteemed.

The Franciscans of Santa Maria di *Campagna* had a good library, recently given to their convent by her majesty Maria Louisa; they did the honours of it very well, and several were studying there; but it was not without some surprise that, after the collection of the Fathers and other theological works, I remarked a copy of the *Encyclopédie*, which struck me as a singular present to Capuchins.

At Pigazzano, on a hill not far from Placentia, is a villager's house, for which S. Giordani, a native of Placentia, has composed the following inscription:

Buone genti  
Che abiterete questa casa  
La fece per voi nel 1824  
Francesco del conte Nicolao Soprani  
Impiegandovi la liberalità usatagli  
In testamento  
Dalla contessa Alba zia paterna  
Poich' e' volle con fatto durabile mostrare  
Che gli agricoltori gl' parvero uomini.

This inscription proves, like most of those by this first of the many new lapidarian writers in Italian, that the language, as Perticari pretended, is not, in dignity and precision, inferior to the Latin for the lapidary style.

I went along the lively, charming road from Placentia to Pavia, which is associated with the reverses of the most warlike nations in history, the Romans and the French, both defeated near the Trebbia,<sup>1</sup> the former by Hannibal, the latter by Suwarow, two great captains of remote and barbarous countries.

Trebia  
Annibale Lichtensteinio  
Suwaroffio et Melas victorib.  
Magna.  
Ex. D. augustæ a. MDCCCXXI  
Utilitati populorum  
Ponte imposto  
Felix.

<sup>1</sup> A useful bridge was erected across the Trebbia in 1821: the inscription, by the learned P. Romiro Tonani, a Benedictine of Parma, who died on the 42th of November 1833, esteemed for his lapidary compositions, presents an odd assemblage of names, in its allusion to these different engagements:



## BOOK THE TENTH.

## FLORENCE.

## CHAPTER I.

Road from Bologna to Florence. — Apennines. — Prato. — Aspect of Florence.

The road from Bologna to Florence crosses the Apennines, which, on that side, have an appearance altogether different from the grandeur of the Alps; they present neither the rude sky, nor the harsh green of the firs on the latter; they neither resound with the roar of torrents or cascades, nor the crashing of the avalanche; no majestic rivers or limpid streams originate there; the vegetation is colourless and scrubby, while instead of the bold precipitous peaks of the Alps darting straight upwards to the skies, the Apennines resemble a pile of hills heaped on each other: one would almost say they had been built, and like those edifices that the weakness of man requires ages on ages to complete, they also seem to have been interrupted and resumed.

A very fine storm that I witnessed in August among these gloomy, arid, naked mountains, gave them, however, some animation, and a dash of grandeur; the effect of the rainbow and an Italian sun piercing through the clouds and pouring a flood of light into the valley, was marvellous.

1 Dianzi all' ombra di fama occulta e bruna,  
Quasi giacesti. Prato. ascoso;  
Or la tua donna tanto onor t'aggiunge,  
Che piega alla seconda alta fortuna  
Gli antichi gioghi l'Apennin nevoso;  
Ed Atlante, ed Olimpo, ancor sì lungo,  
Nè confin la tua gloria asconde e serra;  
Ma del tuo picciol nome empì la terra.

*Rime, madrigali*, 360, t. II. Two other madrigals (359 and 364) are inferior to this:

Qui la bassezza altrui divien sublime, etc.  
Prato. re de' prati, e re de' cari, etc.

See also *Rime*, part. I, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323 and 324.

<sup>2</sup> Montaigne wanted to go from Bologna to Rome

This road presents some curious natural phenomena: near Pietra Mala, the frontier of Tuscany, is a spring of cold water, called *Acqua buja*, which takes fire on applying a light, and the little volcano, called *Fuoco del legno*, with its everburning flame of blue by day and red by night; phenomena investigated by Volta, who attributes them to the disengagement of oxygen gas.

Five miles from Florence, on the left, once stood the celebrated villa of Pratolino, built by Prince Francesco, son of Cosmo I., there to receive his mistress Bianca Capello. This voluptuous asylum and the enchantress that dwelt therein were repeatedly sung by Tasso.<sup>1</sup> Montaigne visited Pratolino and its grotto containing a mechanical apparatus that made water start suddenly from every part, even from the seats when one sat down, excited his admiration somewhat unduly.<sup>2</sup> The curiosities of Italy seem to have attracted Montaigne's attention in a greater degree than her arts and literature, of which he has scarcely found time to speak in all his travels, so much was he taken up with his own infirmities and the little disasters they produced. The palace, by the great Florentine architect, Bernardo Buontalenti, the friend, master and confidant of Duke Francesco, was demolished some years

through the Marches of Ancona, but being cautioned by a German who had been robbed by brigands near Spoleto, he took the Florence road. Montaigne has given a humorous account of the interested zeal and roguery of the innkeepers whom he encountered (*Voyage*, t. II. p. 39 et suiv.). Arrived at Florence, Montaigne was admitted, as well as M. d'Estissac, to the table of the grand duke and Bianca. The most accurate portrait extant of the latter, is the one he drew: "Cette duchesse," says his secretary who wrote the narrative of his travels, "est belle à l'opinion italienne, un visage agréable et imperieux, le corsage gros, et de têtus à leur souhait. Elle lui sembla bien avoir la suffisance d'avoir engeolé ce prince, et de le tenir à sa dévotion longtemps... Le Grand-Duc méloit assés d'eau; elle quasi point."

ago; <sup>1</sup> most of the whimsical hydraulic wonders of this Tuscan Marly have disappeared; but the trees, still very fine, survive them. It seems that contemporaries of this kind are commonly too much neglected; trees are even more interesting than ruins, since they lived and felt at the same time as the characters they recall to mind. Despite the artifices and ambition of the adventurous Venetian, the memory of her amours and unhappy end is fresher under the cool shades of the Pratolino than it could be amid the walls and magnificence of her ancient abode. These trees invite to meditation, and are infinitely preferable for the imagination to that squatting colossus of the Apennine, which would be more than fifty fathoms high if erect; this inelegant statue represents Jupiter making rain, and its author's name is unknown. The ostentatious vanities of Pratolino were severely censured by the grand duke Ferdinand II., a learned and philanthropic prince, when he said that with the money wasted there he could have built a hundred hospitals.<sup>2</sup>

The approach to Florence, and its environs, display a more forcible expression of Italy, the Italy of letters and arts; nature there appears brilliant and ornate; the cultivation is perfect; every eminence is studded with charming villas, interspersed with clumps of olive-trees, and such is the abundance of the latter that it may still be said, as in Ariosto's day:

<sup>1</sup> Baldinucci, quoted by the *Florentine Observer* (vol. vii. p. 27 et seq.), relates a curious scene between the poet and the architect of Pratolino, which is not given in Serassi's *Life of Tasso*. A few days after the performance of a piece by Tasso at Florence (perhaps the *Aminta*) with scenery (prospettive) and mechanism by Buontalenti, as the latter was entering his house, he saw a well mounted person, in travelling costume, and of imposing air, alight before his door; having stopped a moment, the stranger accosted him with—"Are you not that Bernardo Buontalenti, the author of the much-valued wonderful inventions, especially the out-of-the-way (*stupende*) machines contrived for Tasso's last comedy?" Buontalenti having modestly answered that it was himself, but that he did not merit so great praise, the unknown, slightly smiling, threw himself on his neck, kissed his forehead, and exclaimed: "You are Bernardo Buontalenti, and I am Torquato Tasso; adieu, adieu, my friend, adieu!" and without giving the thunderstruck architect time to answer, he remounted and galloped off; nor was anything more seen of him, despite

A veder pien di tante ville i colli,  
Per che l' terren vele germogli, come  
Vermene germogliar suole, e rampolli.

Se dentro un mur, sotto un medesimo nome  
Fosser raccolti i tuoi palazzi sparsi,  
Non ti sarian da pareggiar due Rome.<sup>3</sup>

## CHAPTER II.

Fête of Saint Laurence — Florentines. — Fêtes of Laurence. — Barberi. — Improvisatori.

The morrow of the day I reached Florence on my first visit was Saint Laurence, one of the national holidays of the Florentines. Notwithstanding some little occasional excesses, this calm orderly people appeared to me but little like the obese Etrurian, the fat Tyrrhenian (*obesus Etruscus, pinguis Tyrrhenus*) of Catullus and Virgil, or those drunken gluttons of musicians driven from Rome for their intemperance, and who only returned on the condition of eating their fill in the sacrifices where they played on the flute:

Inflavit quum pinguis ebur Tyrrhenus ad aras.

Nor was it less different from that republican and furious people, who ate the bleeding bodies of Guglielmo di Scesi and his son, given up by the tyrant duke of Athens. But if the people of Florence have no longer the seditious spirit and hatred of the nobles, the inconstancy and political vices so frequently the subject of reproach from its successive poets and historians,<sup>4</sup> it still retains the sterling

the most assiduous search made by order of the grand duke, whom Buontalenti had informed of the illustrious poet's appearance.

<sup>2</sup> The expense amounted to 782,000 crowns. *Milizia*, *Memorie degli Architetti*, t. 2.

<sup>3</sup> *Rime*, cap. xvi.

<sup>4</sup> See Dante. "Il popolo di Roma," rightly observes Macchiavel, "godere i supremi onori insieme coi nobili desiderava, quello di Firenze per essere solo nel governo senza che i nobili ne partecipassero combatteva. E perchè il desiderio del popolo romano era più ragionevole, venivano ad essere le offese ai nobili più sopportabili; talchè quella nobiltà facilmente e senza venire all' armi cedeva... Dall' altro canto il desiderio del popolo fiorentino era ingiurioso ed ingiusto; talchè la nobiltà con maggiori forze alle sue difese si preparava, e perciò al sangue ed all' esilio si veniva de' cittadini." (*istor. fiorent. lib. iii.*) "La patura de' Fiorentini," says Varchi, "è d'esser rare volte d' accordo tra di loro." (*istor. fiorent. lib. xiv.*) Among other instances of their revolutions, we may mention, that, being unable to agree in the choice of a gonfalonier, they elected

qualities of the olden times.<sup>1</sup> I have frequently passed through Florence, and once remained there six weeks, and all that I saw has tended to confirm the good opinion I had formed of it; I fancied a resemblance in more than one respect to the moral people of Geneva, such were the order, good sense, economy, taste, and commercial intelligence. The fiery austere Savonarola, the catholic reformer of Florence, was a kind of Calvin.<sup>2</sup> The Florentine nobility, like the higher classes of Geneva, comprises some zealous advocates of social improvement and the diffusion of knowledge,<sup>3</sup> and to it may be ascribed the flourishing condition of the schools for mutual instruction and the establishment of saving banks.<sup>4</sup> Some other features of less importance seem

to continue the analogy: the guttural harshness of the Florentine accent reminds one of the slow drawling tone of the Genevese, and the money of these two cities, badly coined and light, contrasts disagreeably to the traveller with their distinguished civilisation.<sup>5</sup> Both of them attract and detain illustrious strangers in their bosom; their progress is perceptible, and the population of Florence, which was only 82,739 in 1818, amounted to 97,648 in 1836.

This feast of Saint Laurence, inferior, it is true, to that of Saint John the Baptist, the chief festival of Florence, was far removed from the joy and splendour of the ancient feasts of the nobles in the time of the republic, which made the old historian, Goro Dati, say, that it

Jesus Christ, as the Athenians, when after abolishing royalty, they declared Jupiter the only king of Athens, or the Poles, who created the Virgin queen of Poland. See also the satires of Filelfo, and the first scene of D. Garzia d'Alfieri on *i leggeri abitatori di Flora*.

<sup>1</sup> The anonymous author of the *Life of Leo X.*, given in the appendix to the last volume of Roscoe's work, thus eulogises the Florentines: *Magis enim pecunia ac vitæ commodis quam inanibus hujusmodi officiis student.* Dante, praising the old manners of his country, calls it:

Sobria e pudica....

E vidì quel di Nerli e quel del vecchio

Esser contenti alla pelle scoverta,

E le sue donne al fuso ed al pennecchio.

(*Parad. can. xv.*)

Boccaccio, in his fine letter on exile to Pino di Rossi, stigmatises the economy of the Florentines as abominable avarice: "*L'abominevole avarizia de' Fiorentini.*" It seems that the Florentines have always been parsimonious to a certain extent. It is said that the splendour and attendance exacted by the court of Signora Elisa Baccocchi from people so accustomed to frugality made the French government singularly galling to them. The Austrian economy must be more in conformity with Florentine habits.

<sup>2</sup> See book i. ch. ii.; and hereafter ch. xi. on Savonarola.

<sup>3</sup> The *Florentine Observer* inserts, from Manni's *Sigilli*, the characteristic will of that rich merchant of Florence who condemned to a thousand gold florins any of his sons who, from the age of sixteen to thirty-five, should pass a year without dealing or practising some trade, "*per unum annum vagabundus exstiterit, et si neque mercator, neque artifex fuerit, neque aliquam artem licitam et honestam fecerit realiter.*" T. iv. p. 180.

<sup>4</sup> Despite some untoward circumstances, the saving-bank of Florence exhibits a satisfactory result, according to the report read to the bank committee, on the 5th of May, 1830, by its president, the marquis Cav. Cosmo Ridoifi, an enlightened

man, a learned experimental philosopher and chemist, the benevolent founder of a village school of eighteen scholars on one of his estates. It is true that the Florentine spirit must be singularly inclined to adopt this kind of establishment, as it belonged to the ancient manners of the town. The number of deposits was 7138 in 1834, and 7861 in 1835.

<sup>5</sup> The *Zecca Vecchia* (the old mint), on the bank of the Arno, is now a silk-spinning mill. The currency of Florence has been highly esteemed at various epochs. Villani, quoted by the *Florentine Observer* (vol. v. p. 207), relates an anecdote of a dey of Tunis, who, being struck with the beauty of the new florins of Florence, inquired of certain Pisan traders, then very numerous in his state, what those Christians and Florentines were who had such florins: "They are the Arabs of our country," was the answer. The dey, barbarian as he was, did not want penetration, and replied: "But this is no Arab coin; let us see yours;" so that they knew not what to say. He then ordered a Florentine trader to be brought before him, and demanded some account of these Florentines, who were the Arabs of the Pisans, and he learned that Pisa was not half so populous, rich, or powerful as Florence, and that it had no gold coin. The value of these florins seems to have changed, as may be seen by the bitter reproaches that Dante addressed to his fickle countrymen:

Quante volte del tempo che rimembre,

Leggi, monete, uffici e costume

Hai tu mutato, e rinnovato membre?

(*Purgat. can. vi. 145.*)

The money bearing the effigy of Duke Alexander, engraved by Benvenuto Cellini, has been likened to the medals of the Augustan age. Its redoubtable legend, *Has nisi periturus mihi adimat nemo*, was subsequently used on Cromwell's coin. In the seventeenth century, the pastre of Cosmo III. must also have been very fine, if we may judge by its pleasing legend, so different from the preceding: *Ipsa sui custos forma decoria erit.*



seemed as if the earth was a paradise : *che pare che quella terra sia il paradiso* ; nor was it more like the strange divertisements given by Pope Pius II. in 1459, with the tournament and grand bail at which he assisted, and that arena in which were seen the rare gigantic girafe, and as many as ten lions, the degenerate combatants of the Roman circus, whose wrath it was impossible to arouse ; it was not even a shadow of that pompous and somewhat dull ceremony which Montaigne witnessed under the grand duke Francesco I. in 1580. The principal pleasure of the fête was the *Barberi* horse race, a sight that entertained me as little as Montaigne, and which I found not very worthy of the excitement it caused. Though without riders, the horses are not particularly fast, and it is most probable that they would be outrun at the races of Newmarket or our Champ de Mars.

The Florentine improvisatori did not shine much on this occasion ; they seem to have relinquished the barrel of former days, the tripod which they used to mount, and they only declaim now to amateurs in drawing-rooms : some poor devils only, a kind of mountebanks or strolling singers, delivered responsively, and accompanied by a guitar, certain moral common-places, such as to know whether it was better to have an ugly or pretty wife, etc., or some trivial stories not easily understood by a foreigner. The prince of contemporary improvisatori, Sgricci, was living at Florence, a pensioner of the grand duke. I had admired him at Paris, like every body else, as much at least as the breathless rapidity of his utterance permitted me ; I was surprised to find some heavy charges brought against him at Florence ; injustice was pushed to the extent of contesting the reality of his extemporaneous poems. It seems that it is with improvisatori as with the prophets, the ancient sacred improvisatori, who were more successful abroad than in their own country.<sup>1</sup> Notwithstanding Sgricci's talents, extemporaneous composition must have declined at Florence from its palmy state in the sixteenth century, when there existed in that city a literary society

charged by Leo X. to confer the title of poet on the ablest improvisatori and to crown them. Under Sixtus V., Fra Filippo, an Augustine monk, was as the Homer of the improvisatori ; though almost blind from his infancy, he became an illustrious theologian, philosopher, orator, and poet. An ear-witness, the erudite Matteo Bosso, the correspondent of Bessarion and the prudent, scrupulous master of the great Isotta,<sup>2</sup> states that he heard him extemporise in a marvellous manner at Verona, where he was preaching the Lent sermons at the time. One of the subjects that he treated in singing, and accompanying himself on the guitar, was the panegyric of the three illustrious Lombards, as they were then called, Catullus, Cornelius Nepos, and Pliny the younger. On another occasion, he analysed, in a similar way, all the natural history of Pliny the elder ; and it is asserted that he omitted nothing of importance contained in the thirty-six books extant. The decay of this art appeared to me a matter of indifference ; such feats, a kind of magnetism of the brain, which seems rather a shock of the senses and convulsion of the nerves than an inspiration of the mind, have little to do with the poetic honours of Italy.

### CHAPTER III.

Palazzo Vecchio.—Democracy of Florence.—Council chambers.—Imprisonment of Cosmo.—Hall of audience.—Portraits.—Bandinelli's *Hercules* ; Michael Angelo's *David*.—Piazza.—Loggia de' Lanzi.—Orgagna.—Statues.

Florence may be called the capital of the middle ages, and its frowning, solid, picturesque old palace, erected at the close of the thirteenth century, in the days of its prosperity, ornamented with the escutcheons of its different governors painted in fresco under the battlements,<sup>3</sup> and surmounted by its bold and lofty belfry, is singularly characteristic. The architect was Arnolfo di Lapo ;<sup>4</sup> the *Palazzo Vecchio* was skilfully rebuilt by Michelozzo, under the direction of Cosmo de' Medici, and again renovated within for the use of Cosmo II. by Vasari, in such wise, says the latter, that

placed between the implements of a wool-carder and the arms of Napoleon.

<sup>4</sup> See *post*, ch. ix.

<sup>1</sup> Sgricci died at Florence in August, 1836.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, book v. ch. xix.

<sup>3</sup> There are nine escutcheons : the monogram of Christ elected gonfalonier in 1527, is oddly

if the original architects revisited the world they would not recognise their own work. An incident connected with its first construction gives us an idea of the passions and influence of the Florentine democracy at that time: when the foundations were being laid, the people would not allow them to extend over the ground defiled by the house of the Uberti and other factious persons demolished by the populace, who had also expelled the owners, detested as nobles and Ghibelines, and the symmetry of this palace of the seignior, who had ordered its erection, was sacrificed to such a desire.

Immediately after crossing the threshold of this stern palace, one is struck with an agreeable contrast frequently met with in the interior of other Florentine palaces: the portico is formed of columns of stucco with a gold ground, the ceilings are covered with arabesques of Raphael's school, and a porphyry fountain of the most elegant architecture rises in the centre of the court.

The immense council-chamber, executed by Cronaca, to whom it was accorded through the interest of his friend Savonarola, further reminds us of the republican manners and habits of this state, and its mode of government: a thousand citizens deliberated there on public affairs; they formed, as it were, a permanent council of state, while the first magistrate held office for two months only. Such was the rapidity with which this spacious hall, then less lofty, was constructed, that Savonarola said the angels aided as masons. The arched roof, and two great walls are now covered with easy and ordinary paintings by Vasari, representing the war with Pisa on one side, and that against Siena on the other. At the four corners are the under-mentioned paintings, the first and most interesting of them is allied with a fact singularly honourable to the

spirit and civilisation of a people: it represents the reception of the twelve ambassadors sent by the different powers to Boniface VIII. for the celebrated jubilee of 1300, all of whom were Florentines; the pope was so struck with such a encounter, and the fact of this assembly of Florentines governing the universe, that he said they were a fifth element.<sup>1</sup> The painting is by Ligozzi, an able imitator of his countryman Paolo Veronese, as also the *Coronation of Cosmo by Pius V.*, placed at the opposite extremity; the two other paintings are the election of Cosmo I., by Gigoli, and his taking the mantle of the military order of Saint Stephen, by Passignano. There are several remarkable statues in this hall: *Cosmo, the father of his country*; *Giovanni de' Medici*; *Cosmo I.*; a group of *Clement VII. crowning Charles V.*; *Leo X.*; *Duke Alessandro*; and above all, *Adam and Eve*, by Bandinelli; the *Victory*, a noble and vigorous unfinished statue, by Michael Angelo, which was to make part of the mausoleum of Julius II., and a fine marble group of Giovanni Bologna, *Virtue subduing Vice*.

I was curious to visit the site of the tower called *Barberia*, and not *Alberghettino*, as the historians have followed each other in asserting, where the fiery and eloquent Rinaldo degli Albizzi, who had acquired the mastery in the elections of Florence, imprisoned Cosmo, the father of his country, under the guard of Federico Malavolti, the most honourable and delicate of all jailers mentioned in history, as his prisoner affectionately embraced him as an acknowledgment of kind treatment.<sup>2</sup> It was in this narrow space, says Machiavel, that he heard the assembled people, the clashing of arms in the square, and the bell that convoked the *balia*, a kind of commonalty of Florence, enough to make him tremble for his life. Cosmo's confinement was

<sup>1</sup> The list of powers or princes of whom these Florentines were ministers, will probably appear no less singular than the fact itself; they were, France, England, the king of Bohemia, the emperor of Germany, the republic of Ragusa, the lord of Verona, the grand khan of Tartary, the king of Naples, the king of Sicily, the republic of Pisa, the lord of Camerino, the grand-master of Saint John of Jerusalem. The *Florentine Observer*, speaking of the Giraldi palace, quotes a passage from Marmi's manuscript *Diario*, at the Marrucelliana library, to the effect that several Florentine

families settled in Ethiopia; the Giraldi family is probably still in existence there. T. i. p. 218. Another Florentine, far otherwise illustrious than these ambassadors, was at Rome at the jubilee of 1300; it was Dante, who was so enraptured with the sight of the jubilee, that he made it the epoch of his vision.

<sup>2</sup> See, in Machiavel, the simple and touching language in which he addressed Cosmo, on perceiving that, through fear of poison, he had taken no food for four days. *Istor. Fior.* lib. iv.

commuted into a banishment advantageous to his fortune, during which, utterly devoid of the rancour common to political exiles, he never ceased to serve his country by sending secret information.<sup>1</sup> *Barberia*, when shown to me, had greatly fallen from its political destiny : one part was used as a wood-barn; the other was a cabinet set apart for the use of the officers of the grand duke's wardrobe. The several apartments of the old palace, each bearing the name of a Medici, are painted in fresco by Vasari and his school, and reckoned among his good works. The following may be distinguished : *Cosmo, the father of his country, departing into exile; his Return to Florence*, in the midst of the people, women, and children, carrying olive branches and strewing the streets with flowers; also the chamber of Clement VII., where that pope is represented on the ceiling in the act of crowning Charles V.

The door of the hall of Audience, adorned with figures, ornaments, and excellent mosaics in wood, by Benedetto da Maiana, is magnificent; instead of arms, escutcheons, and other usual signs of vanity, the first magistrates of Florence had the portraits of Petrarch and Dante painted on the folding doors, a just homage rendered to the first writers of the Italian tongue, a suitable embellishment for the place where these magistrates received the Florentine people. The paintings of Francesco Salviati, in this hall, representing the *Battles and triumph of Camillus*, pass for the finest work of this too highly extolled Florentine, which his native town contains; and it is particularly noted for the antiquarian learning displayed in drawing the arms, costumes, and everything appertaining to the usages of ancient Rome.

On the ceiling of one of the four rooms composing the apartment of the grand duchess Eleonora, wife of Cosmo I., John Stradan, a painter of Bruges, established at Florence and employed by Vasari, has well represented in oil the virtuous and almost unknown action of the fair Gual-

drada. The emperor Otho IV., having come to Florence for the festival of Saint John, was struck with the exceeding beauty of the daughter of Messer Bellincione Berti de' Ravignani, seated in the circle of ladies, and asked to whom she belonged; Messer Bellincione, who stood near the emperor, having answered before the courtiers that she was the daughter of a man who would permit the emperor to kiss her, the young Florentine rose and indignantly replied : " Father, be less liberal in your promises respecting me, for I will never be kissed but by my lawful lord." Otho, charmed with this virtuous answer, immediately called one of his barons, Guido Novello by name, made him a count, endowed him with Casentino and a part of Romagna, and presented him as a husband to the daughter of the unscrupulous Messer Bellincione. They began the line of the counts Guidi, one of whose descendants (their own valiant nephew Guido Guerra) Dante has placed in hell for the crime of sodomy :

Nepote fu della buona Gualdrada.<sup>2</sup>

In the hall of the Elements, on the second floor, there is a singular and characteristic painting. Envy is there depicted swallowing a viper and scornfully throwing balls (*palle*), the Medici arms, on the ground, which rebound, as a decisive proof that they are not pills, as pretended by the enemies of the trading sovereignty of the Medici, who, from their name, classed them with the medical profession. The inscription *Percussa resiliunt*, ascribed to Leo X., who is also said to have imagined and ordered the picture, is an ingenious allusion to the unstable fortunes of his family.

Another apartment, a kind of store-room, presented an assemblage of portraits in whimsical contrast : many were of the Medici family ; one of Louis XIV. ; one of Bonaparte, which he had left in the isle of Elba, and another of the king of Etruria. This singular chance-collected museum exhibited sovereignty under the

the laborious canon Moreni. (Florence, 1821, 1n 8vo.) This historian details the same facts as Cosmo, whose partisan he continued, although he does justice to Rinaldo degli Albizzi; Machiavel's relation accords with both, and, according to the editor, he followed Giovanni Cavalcanti.

<sup>2</sup> *Inf. cau.* xvi. 37.

<sup>1</sup> In the *Delizie degli eruditi toscani* of Dr. Lami, there is an account of Cosmo's exile and return, composed by himself, and regarded by Giordani (vol. x. of his works) as a model of purity and elegance of style. An unedited narrative of the same events, copied from Giovanni Cavalcanti's manuscript history of Florence, has been published by



most diversified forms : learned under the Medici, grand under Louis XIV., conquering under Napoleon, vain under the grandson of Charles IV.

At the entrance of the old palace are the two celebrated colossal statues : *Hercules slaying Cacus*, by Baccio Bandinelli, and Michael Angelo's *David*. The *Hercules*, the most important of Bandinelli's numerous works, has something of the disdainful haughtiness of that artist, the bitter and envious depreciator of Michael Angelo and the enemy of Benvenuto Cellini.<sup>1</sup> Despite the ordinary exaggeration of Bandinelli's talent, this group is grand : the joining of the neck and body in the figure of Cacus is regarded as admirable ; and Michael Angelo even, to whom a mould of it had been sent to Rome, agreed that it was very fine, but that it was necessary to await the rest. This *Hercules* was placed beside the *David* by order of the vile and scandalous Alessandro de' Medici, duke of Florence, in a transport of rage at the departure of Michael Angelo. But the enslaved Florentines jeered at the statue as a means of avenging themselves on the patron. Among the many jests at the *Hercules*, may be distinguished the comparison of the body to a sack of pine-apples : and this triplet put into the mouth of Cacus :

Ercole, non mi dar, che tuoi vitelli  
Ti renderò con tutto il tuo bestiame,  
Ma il bue l' ha avuto Baccio Bandinelli.

The *David*, which the chisel of Michael Angelo drew out of the enormous block of Carrara marble, where it had lain hid nearly a century,<sup>2</sup> is the first specimen of his style, so terribly grand, but is not among those works due to the

favour and influence of the Medici, they being in exile when it was done. Michael Angelo's patriotism induced him to leave the brilliant and lucrative works of the Vatican to undertake it. It is easily conceived that in such a position, and with the consciousness of his own superiority, the superb young artist behaved with so little ceremony to the senator Pietro Soderini, then gonfalonier, who had found the nose too large : he feigned to retouch it, and with the other hand threw into the eyes of the first magistrate of the republic a cloud of marble dust enough to blind him.<sup>3</sup> The impetuosity with which Michael Angelo executed his statues, even in his old age, has been often remarked ; he lopped off enormous quarters of marble with his chisel ; one might have said that, having discovered the figure he had imagined, he fiercely struggled against the block which resisted his efforts. Vasari and a crowd of writers after him have greatly exalted the beauties of the *David*, so far as to place it above every ancient or modern colossus. These eulogies seem now greatly exaggerated ; it would perhaps be more correct to consider this statue as a study of the author's youth, a sublime attempt, a bold developement of the naked form and anatomical science.

The Piazza of the Grand Duke, before the old palace, has not the great extent of some squares in great capitals, resembling fields or plains, with pavement, posts, and carriages ; but it is rich in wonders of art, and one requires some resolution to traverse it without stopping. Beside the *Hercules* and the *David* is the superb fountain of Ammanato, one of the grandest compositions of modern

<sup>1</sup> Benvenuto Cellini, in his memoirs, omits no opportunity of abusing Bandinelli. The scene between them in the presence of the grand duke is more violent than any literary dispute. One day Benvenuto, in threatening his rival, invited him to make ready for another world, as he meant to despatch him from this. "Provvediti, Baccio, d' un altro mondo, che di questo ti voglio cavare, io ;" Bandinelli answers : "Fa che io lo sappia un di innanzi, sì ch' io mi confessi e faccia testamento, e non muoja come una bestia come tu sei." (Vasari's Life of Cellini.) Benvenuto is more just towards Bandinelli in his *Trattato sopra la scultura*, as he calls him *eccellentissimo artefice*, worthy of a place beside Donatello and Michael Angelo.

<sup>2</sup> Simone of Fiesola had attempted to give this block of marble the form of a giant, but failed.

Some blemishes in the present statue, especially on one of the shoulders, and the want of ensemble in the limbs, seem to have been produced by the strokes of Simone's awkward chisel.

<sup>3</sup> This gonfalonier, the only permanent one the Florentine republic ever had (for this kind of president was elected every two months), seems to have been strangely exposed to the raillery of genius. Machiavel, who had been secretary of the republic under Soderini's administration, wrote the following impromptu verses on his death :

La notte che morì Pier Soderini,  
L' alma n' andò dell' inferno alla bocca.  
E Pluto la gridò : Anima sciocca,  
Che inferno? va nel limbo de' bambini.

sculpture, and the artist's best. The lightness of this colossal Neptune, drawn by four marine horses, is extreme. The equilibrium and movement of the arms has been justly criticised; the Tritons and other little sea deities in bronze are exquisitely wrought. Benvenuto Cellini, Danti, Giovanni Bologna competed for this fountain, and the opinion of Florence had preferred their plans to Ammanato's, which the imperious favour of Cosmo I. ordered to be executed. The statue of Cosmo I. by Giovanni Bologna, the best of the four equestrian statues that a rare combination of circumstances enabled him to execute, is a noble and harmonious monument. The basso-relievos on the pedestal are excellent; one of the minor figures is a portrait of the dwarf at the court of Tuscany.

The *Loggia de' Lanzi* d'Orgagna (for thus he wrote his name, and not Orcagna, as he is commonly called), a prime monument for the history of the art, is the chief ornament of the Piazza of the Grand Duke, and may safely be called the finest portico in the world. The elegance and solidity of the construction, with the grandeur and good taste of the arcades, are much admired. Although the Corinthian pilasters evince the barbarism of the time, such is the merit of the sculpture and cornices that they seem in perfect keeping. Cosmo I., afterwards wishing to complete the embellishment of the piazza, applied to Michael Angelo for a plan, and his answer was, that nothing better could be done than continuing Orgagna's work. Architect, sculptor, painter, poet, this great and prolific Tuscan artist of the fourteenth century seems himself a premature Michael Angelo. Orgagna seems to have prided himself on the variety of his talents, and to have been anxious that posterity should not forget them. For this cause he never omitted inscribing on his paintings *Orgagna sculptor*, and on his sculptures *Orgagna pictor*. The demi-relievo figures of the *Virtues* in marble are not by Orgagna, as stated by Vasari; they were executed about 1368 by Jacopo di Pietro, and there are only six instead of seven. From the arcades of the *Loggia*, the ancient rostra of Florence, the people, convoked by the old palace bell, were harangued; there the installation of the gonfalonier took place; the generals received the baton of com-

mand, and citizens the knightly insignia; thence, too, the decrees of the government were promulgated: these noble arcades took the name they still retain when they were only the quarters of the lancers of Cosmo's guard. This Loggia is ornamented with superb statues.

The *Judith*, by Donatello, despite the illustrious statuary's merit, is deficient in simplicity, nobleness, and ease: one would call it a novice sword in hand. Political events have contributed to the reputation of this statue. Formerly it was in the palace of Pietro 'de' Medici among the masterpieces of art and the literary treasures collected by his family, and was taken therefrom on the flight of that cowardly stupid tyrant, when his palace was sacked, a few days before the entry of our king Charles VIII.; erected in the Loggia of the Signiory palace, it became an allegory and a public monument of the deliverance of Florence, and the following impressive words were then inscribed and are still visible: *Exemplum salut. publ. cives posuere MCCCCXCV*; a popular menace which never disturbed the paternal government of the grand dukes of Tuscany.

The *Perseus*, a masterpiece of Benvenuto Cellini, though somewhat elaborate, is a fine statue. When we recollect the circumstances attending its casting, the spirit with which the artist, exhausted with fatigue, parched up with fever, leaped from his bed to continue and hasten the melting of the bronze, into which he threw all the pewter vessels of his household, his devout and fervent prayer, his sudden cure, and his joyous repast with all his men, this statue becomes a sort of action reflecting the manners of the time, and the character of the extraordinary man that executed it. On the pedestal are four excellent small figures in bronze. Below one of these four little chefs-d'œuvre, the statue of Jupiter standing erect ready to launch his thunderbolts, are inscribed these words, *Te, fili, si quis læserit, ultor ero*, an inscription which seems as suitable to the violent artist as to the god. Cellini, like a true artist, felt that monuments were made especially for the people, when he secretly fixed those figures in their places, notwithstanding the immoderate desire of the duchess (*voglia tanto smisurata*) to keep them in her apartment, and by so doing re-

vived the former enmity of that princess.

The bold group of the *Rape of a Sabine*, by Giovanni Bologna, is in reality little more than an ale-house scene—a husband knocked down, and a soldier running away with his wife. Such however is the power of the beautiful, ever pure, grave, serious, be the subject what it may, that these great stark-naked figures are neither indecent nor ludicrous. The appearance of this group was hailed with rapturous acclamations throughout Italy, though not universally so, if we refer the question to the curious gentleman, who, having travelled on horseback from Rome to Florence for the purpose of seeing it, approached the *Loggia*, and, without dismounting, turned his horse to go back, exclaiming: "Is that the thing they make so much noise about?" *Questa dunque la cosa di cui si fa tanto chiasso?* It is probable that this connoisseur could not see, from his horse, the superb bronze basso-relievo on the pedestal, the *Rape of a Sabine*.

The lion of the *Loggia*, by Flaminio Vacca, a sculptor of the sixteenth century and a studious imitator of the ancients, seems worthy of the Greek chisel; it was the finest production of modern Italy until Canova's celebrated lions. The lion with the lily composes the arms of Florence, and is not less ancient: at the left angle of the old palace and on the steps of its front, there still stands a little old statue of a lion in stone, called *Marzocco*, a popular nickname for thick-headed persons.

Among the six antique colossal statues of women inside the *Loggia*, representing the priestesses of Romulus, there is one with her hand raised to her face, which has an admirable expression of sadness and melancholy.

Two of the first monuments of the Piazza of the Grand Duke, the group of the Sabine and Cosmo's statue, are the works of a Flemish sculptor, the clearest of Michael Angelo's pupils. The Uguccioni palace, built on a superb design by an unknown author, falsely attributed to Michael Angelo, appears decidedly by Raphael; for it is altogether in the style of other palaces at Rome recognised as his works. Florence, distinguished by so many famous artists,

has seen foreign masters from distant countries come and devote their talents to its service, and, in a manner, naturalise themselves there, as if it were the metropolis of glory and genius.

## CHAPTER IV.

*Uffizj*.—Gallery.—Wild-boar.—Michael Angelo's Bacchus.—Copy of the Laocoon.—Giovanni Bologna's Mercury.—Finiguerra.—Horse's head.—Chimera.—Niobe.—Alexander dying.—Michael Angelo's Brutus;—his Satyr.—Portraits of painters.—Casket of Clement VII.—Tribuna.—Venus.—Statues.—Paintings.—Florentine school.—Medals.—Cameos.

The *Uffizj*, now the picture gallery, though at first intended for the magistrates of Florence, who still occupy a part of the ground-floor, is an edifice of good architecture which does honour to the talents of its builders, Vasari and Buontalenti. The three corridors and the twenty chambers of the gallery have not the imposing *coup d'œil* of our gallery at the Louvre. Placing statues, busts, and basso-reliefs between the windows, does not seem a very happy arrangement, as one half is in a wrong light; the small locked-up rooms are more like cabinets of curiosities than the halls of an imperial museum. The paintings of the three corridors are the least remarkable, though several are by great masters. The following may be distinguished: the *Adoration of the Magi*, by Domenico Ghirlandajo; the *infant Jesus standing*; *St. Joseph and an Angel*, by Luca Signorelli; a *St. Lawrence*, a *Magdalen*, by Cigoli; an *Eternal Father*, having just created Adam, by Empoli, an excellent Florentine painter of the sixteenth century, who died in the hospital; a *Bust of a man in black*, of the Venetian school; a *Deluge*, by Francesco Bassano; the *Body of Christ attended by the Marys*, lighted by a torch, by his father Jacopo; *Noah introducing the animals into the ark*, by Jacopo and Francesco; a *Bust of a man* with his hand on a skull, by Titian. Among the statues are: the famous antique *Wild-boar*, in the second vestibule, admirable for its truth and style; the *Two Dogs*, barking, that seem to guard the museum; the most complete collection of emperors' busts; a voluptuous *Leda*; the graceful group of *Cupid and Psyche*; the fine *Ganymedes with*

<sup>1</sup> See *post*, ch. ix.



the eagle; a *Venus* half naked; a superb trunk of a *Faun*; Michael Angelo's *Bacchus intoxicated*, which approaches nearer to Greek perfection than any other of his works; the *St. John the Baptist exhausted by fasting*, one of Donatello's fine works; the celebrated copy of the *Laocoon*, by Bandinelli, affected and formal, which the artist presumptuously vaunted as better than the original, a boast which drew upon him Michael Angelo's sarcastic reply, so applicable to all kinds of imitators and translators: "That he who follows in another's steps cannot very well get before him," (*che chi andava dietro ad alcuno mai passare innanzi non gli poteva*) as well as Titian's caricature, executed in wood by Nicolao Boldrini, which exhibited a large monkey and two smaller ones embraced in the coils of two serpents like the group. Pope Clement VII. however was so well pleased with Bandinelli's copy, that he kept it himself, instead of sending it to Francis I. as he had intended.

The cabinet of modern bronzes is of peculiar beauty. Giovanni Bologna's wonderful *Mercury* seems in reality detached from the earth and launched into the air by Boreas; but its shape has too much of the faun and not enough of the god. The bust of Cosmo I., by Benvenuto Cellini, which he speaks of in his life, is one of his best works. The helmet and shield attributed to Francis I. may have belonged to him, as the salamander is over the helmet, and they both closely resemble his well-authenticated armour preserved in the cabinet of medals at our great library. The shrine presented to the church of the Angels at Florence, by Cosmo and Lorenzo de' Medici, to receive the relics of Saints Protus, Hyacinth, and Nemesius, a chef-d'œuvre of Ghiberti, was barbarously broken up and sold by the pound for old bronze; the fragments have been nearly all collected: the two little angels are full of grace. The *Sacrifice of Abraham*, by the same, is of interest for the history of art; it was presented by him when a competitor for the execution of the baptistry doors, which was accorded to him. Over it is the specimen of Brunelleschi, his generous rival.<sup>1</sup>

The cabinet of bronzes of antiquity and the middle ages is reckoned the richest

after that of Naples. A statue of *Serapis* is admirable. A Roman eagle, which belonged to the XXIVth legion, the heroic witness of ancient bravery, has now a glazed cabinet for its eyrie. A helmet found at Cannæ has an inscription in the unknown characters of some primitive people of Italy, allies of the Carthaginians. A manuscript on tablets of black wax, like one of the same kind in the Geneva library, contains the disbursements of King Philip-the-Fair during a journey, extending from the 28th of April to the 29th of October, 1301. According to some conjectures it is by Joinville's nephew. This manuscript is explained by Cocchi, in his critical letter to Pompeo Neri, of January 24, 1746: the abbé Lebeuf, in an essay on black wax manuscripts, esteems the one at Geneva as much the most instructive, and he even thinks that nothing can be made of the others.<sup>2</sup> The famous *Crowning of the Virgin*, the ancient *Pax* of the baptistry, by Masofiniguerra, the finest of the six *nielli* in the cabinet, is a monument for the history of the arts that throws a lustre on Italy, and proves that we are indebted to it for the first engraving on hollow metal plates, invented in 1452, by the clever goldsmith of Florence, after these first essays. An antique horse's head, being part of a bronze horse, is life itself. The noble and true statue of *Metellus*, called the *Orator*, is deemed one of the best Etruscan statues known. The grand *Chimera*, which its Etruscan inscription associates with the art of that nation, so expert in the working of bronze, is a model of the beautiful, simple and severe, the character of the Tuscan style. It is exceedingly well preserved, and the tail only is modern. Among the smaller figures, a group, celebrated for its execution and the learned interpretations to which it has given rise, has been justly designed under the name of the *Birth of Venus*; the goddess, very small, is in the arms of Love, a grave and powerful genius unlike the wayward Cupid. The fine *Bacchus*, called the *Idol*, likewise Etruscan, placed on a modern base, one of the most elegant works of the fifteenth century, the masterpiece of Desiderio da Settignano, a young man of the greatest promise, who died at the age of twenty-

<sup>1</sup> See *post*, ch. ix.

<sup>2</sup> Mém. de l'Acad. des Insc., t. xx.

eight, the pupil and happy imitator of Donatello.

The earthen vases, if neither so graceful in design nor so brilliantly varnished as those of Nola, are of interest for the history of the art: those of Chiusi, the collection of which is equally rich and unique, and comprises two of extraordinary size, are entirely black, and ornamented with basso-relievos chiefly of subjects taken from the religious traditions of the country: those of Arezzo, of very fine red earth, are more similar to the Roman vases found in the south of France.

In the middle of the room containing the earthen vases, is an affecting melancholy statue of the genius of Death, which has been ludicrously restored as a Cupid and armed with his bow. The earthenware of Urbino, Cagli and Casteldurante, the seat of the dukes of Rovera, was coloured after the designs of Raphael, the Carracci, and other masters. That age seems to have had less of the mechanic and more of the artist; there was less comfort and more grandeur; manufactures were less in quantity, but of better execution.

One would say that Dante had visited the hall of Niobe, created in the last century, when he exclaims at the sight of the finely sculptured figures that he found on the road to Purgatory:

O Niobe, con che occhi dolenti  
Vedev' io te segnata in su la strada  
Tra sette e sette tuoi figliuoli spenti!<sup>1</sup>

The ancients disserted much less on the passions than we do, but there is profound and manifold truth in their manner of expressing them; the pain of Niobe is not the same as in the Laocoon; the horror-struck mother covers her daughter, regardless of the shafts that menace her; the priest of Apollo struggles to free himself as well as his sons; his racking pain has something of menace;

Niobe's is tender, artless, and, despite her anguish, always noble and ideal. After Niobe, the Dying Child is perhaps the most remarkable statue of this great, pathetic scene. The different attitudes of the statues seem singularly to favour the ingenious conjecture of the learned English architect, Mr. Cockerell, who imagined that they had adorned the pediment of a temple of Apollo.

The colossal head called *Alexander dying*, inspired Alfieri with this fine sonnet:

Quel già sì fero fiammeggiante sguardo  
Del Macedone invito emul di Marte,  
Pregno il veggio di morte; è vana ogni arte,  
Ogni rimedio al crudel morbo è tardo.  
Or, se' tu quel, che l' Indo, il Perso, il Mardo,  
E genti e genti bal domo, estinto, o sparte?  
Quei, che credesti a onor divini alzarle  
Pianando a Grecia in cor l' ultimo dardo?  
Tu sei quel desso; e la natia grandezza  
Morendo serbi, qual chi in tomba seco  
Porta di eterna gloria alla certezza.  
Gloria? Oh qual sei di regia insania cieco?  
Gloria a Persian tiranno, ove all' altezza  
Nato era pur di cittadino Greco?

Notwithstanding my little taste and ability for archeological discussions, I should rather incline with two painters of true genius, Plutarch and Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, to see in this affecting, but not very superior bust, Alexander abandoned by the gods. A colossal bust of Jupiter is full of benignity and majesty.

The great painting of *Henry IV. at the battle of Ivry*, by Rubens, is only a rough draught, but it has all the fire that the subject and its hero could impart. In the hall of Baroccio, the soldiers of a *Christ apprehended*, by Sodoma, a great and unequal painter of Siena, brought by his whims and vices to the hospital, are full of expression; the figure of the Saviour has little of the divinity. A *Man with a monkey on his shoulder*, a painting full of gaiety and truth; a *Monk in white*, one of the finest pictures in the room, are by Annibale Carraccio. The *Duke of Nemours* and *Lorenzo*

which Addison supposed to represent the conqueror weeping for other worlds, or some similar circumstances of his history, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre opines that these busts must relate to that circumstance of Alexander's history, in which he bemoans his fate as forsaken by the gods. "I have no doubt," he adds, "that this incident would have determined the excellent judgment of Addison, if he had called to mind Plutarch's observation."

<sup>1</sup> *Purgat.* xii, 37.

a "Plutarch remarks," says Bernardin de Saint-Pierre (t. iii. note 42 of his *Études de la Nature*), that Alexander abandoned himself "to the debauchery that disgraced the conclusion of his angust career, for no other reason than that he thought himself forsaken by the gods.... I should not be surprised at this situation having inspired some Greek artist." After quoting Addison's remarks on this bust, and two others of the same air and attitude,

*de' Medici*, a copy from Raphael, passes for one of the best works of the second Bronzino. The *Woman dressed in blue* is by Andrea del Sarto. A *Virgin* of remarkable effect in the clare-obscure, by Luca Cambiaso, a Genoese painter of the sixteenth century; a portrait of a man, another almost profile, another of a woman, by Holbein, are perfect. An *Old man*, half bust, is by Giovanni Bellini. A *St. Mary Magdalen*, the *empress Galla Placidia changing an idol for a crucifix on a pedestal* (the empress is the portrait of the emperor Leopold's second wife), are carefully finished works by Carlo Dolci, a painter who, in the present day, is more esteemed by amateurs and ladies than by artists. A *Virgin*, full of charms, sweetness, and truth, is by Sassoferrato. A *portrait of a princess*, having some resemblance to Mary Stuart, by Vandyck; Rubens' second wife; his *Bacchanal*, are superb. A *Woman's head* is by Barocccio; a *Young man holding a letter*, hard, but true, by Francia; an excellent painting of the sculptor Francavilla, by Probus; a Philip IV. on horseback, larger than life, by Velasquez. In the middle of this room called Barocccio is a celebrated octagonal table of hard stones, the largest in existence, at which twenty-two artists worked without interruption; it was begun in 1623 on Ligozzi's design, and not finished till 1649: Poccetti drew the design of the little medallion in the centre. In the cabinets of this same room is a collection of drawings, the richest in Europe; they are twenty-seven thousand in number, and as far back as Giotto; there are more than two hundred by Michael Angelo, a hundred and fifty by Raphael, and some by most of the first Italian masters.

The bust of Brutus, rough-hewn by Michael Angelo, well portrays the murderer of Cæsar, the Roman so eloquently painted by the poet :

Vivat, et ut Bruti procumbat victima, regnet.<sup>1</sup>

Below is this dull distich :

Dum Bruti effigiem sculptor de marmore ducit,  
In mentem sceleris venit, et abstinit.

An Englishman, the earl of Sandwich,

<sup>1</sup> Pharsal. vii. 597.

provoked at reading this, replied promptly :

Brutum effecisset sculptor, sed mente recusat  
Tanta viri virtus; sistit et abstinit.

I do not believe that the genius of Michael Angelo experienced these terrors : it is more likely that the natural inconstancy which made him begin and abandon so many works, left Brutus unfinished. This bust is one of the few that Michael Angelo has executed; he has scarcely executed more portraits, which is surprising and to be regretted, when we remember the princes that sought his acquaintance, and the illustrious men he counted among his friends. A Corsican statuary, Ceracchi, pupil of Canova, wished to continue the bust Michael Angelo had begun; an ardent and taciturn friend of liberty, he perished on the scaffold for a conspiracy against Bonaparte, when first consul, whose domination he foresaw; his talents might have led him to glory, and he was more worthy of finishing the Brutus than of attempting the destruction of the new Cæsar, his fellow-countryman. The head of the Satyr that Michael Angelo executed at the age of fourteen in the gardens of Lorenzo il Magnifico, out of a piece of marble given him by the workmen, introduced him to that great man, who, enchanted with such a encounter and the precocity of the infant sculptor, would have him at his table, in his house, and gave him a pension. He found fault with the Satyr for having all his teeth, though aged, a criticism that the prodigious intelligence of the author immediately felt and turned to advantage. Although living at the court of the master of Florence, and his friend, the artist in the end lost nothing of his independence, pride, or solitary habits. The antique works particularly worthy of notice in this room are : a *Sappho*, graceful; a bust of *Solon*, restored by Visconti, and which, till his time, passed for a portrait of a young Roman, the work of another *Solon*, an artist of the Augustan era; an *Old man's head*, of extraordinary preservation; a *Demosthenes*, expressive; a great head of *Pompey*, of porphyry; a *Plato*, authentic; the fragment of a statue of *Païan* marble, perhaps a *Bacchus* or a *Faun*, admirable; a bust of *Scipio*, fine and scarce.



The collection of painters' portraits taken by themselves, the only one of the kind, is curious, although it includes many bad ones. New painters must also experience some hesitation at offering their portraits; as it is the custom when this species of Pantheon gets too crowded, to exile the weakest to some of the grand duke's villas. Raphael's portrait does not appear of his best days. The sight of all these mute countenances of artists once celebrated causes a real emotion. Noble features are generally found to accompany superior genius, and there is some harmony between the respective talents and physiognomies of the painters. For instance: Titian, with his strong expression; Leonardo Vinci, the finest portrait of the whole, full of grandeur and majesty; Paolo Veronese, brilliant, magnificent; Michael Angelo, gloomy, harsh; Andrea del Sarto, chaste, easy, uninspired; the five portraits of the Carracci, rich, varied, among whom Annibale has painted himself thrice differently; Domenichino, holding a book partly opened in his hand, dreamy, suffering, like his character and destiny; Guido, his rival, the favourite of fortune, animated, contented; Giorgione, superb; Tintoretto, wrinkled, rigid; Giulio Romano, with eyes and mouth that speak; Cavedone, with features expressing care and poverty; Vasari, displaying on his breast the collar of the equestrian order of Cosmo I., an emblem of be-ribboned mediocrity; Angelica Kauffman, young, graceful. There are, however, some contrasts: the fine portrait of Holbein is of a hard expression; the pathetic Cigoli has an air of buffoonery; Albano and Carlo Dolce have not the elegance of their productions. The portrait of Marietta Robusti, daughter of Tintoretto, standing against a harpsichord, and holding a music book, though imperfect, is interesting when we recollect the life and divers talents of this young woman.<sup>3</sup> There is one

<sup>3</sup> Vasari gives a singular account of the origin of this portrait. In consequence of a painting ordered of the artist by the monks of Vallombrosa: "E perchè finita l'opera avanzò de' colori e della calcina: Andrea preso un tegolo, chiamò la Lucrezia sua donna e le disse: Vien quà, poichè ci sono avanzati questi colori. Io ti voglio ritrarre, acciocchè si veggia in questa tua età, come ti sei ben conservata, che conosca nondimeno quanto hai mutato effigie,

pleasing portrait, that of Sofonisba Anguisola, of Cremona, a very clever portrait painter of the sixteenth century, who fell blind in his latter days, and of whom Vandyck said that he had learned more of that blind old man than of any seeing one. The portrait of Currado, a good Florentine painter of the fifteenth century, was taken in his eighty-fourth year, and he died at ninety-one, to the last working and teaching. The excellent portrait of Morto da Feltro is probably a bad likeness; the skull towards which the figure points its finger has procured it the surname of *Morto*. The portrait of Giovannà Fratellini, a Florentine of the seventeenth century, is singularly affecting, from its expressing her love and sorrow as a mother and artist: she has painted herself in the act of making the portrait of her only son and pupil, who was cut off in the flower of his age. The English painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, has represented himself holding a roll of paper inscribed: *Disegni dell' immortal Buonarroti*, a mark of his admiration of that great man whom he so little imitated. The portrait of Canova, by himself, is praised by his admirers.<sup>4</sup> In the centre of this apartment is the famous Medici vase, on which the sacrifice of Iphigenia is sculptured: Agamemnon has a veil over his head, but it does not cover his face as those of Timanthes and a basso-relievo in Grecian style, sculptured on a *puteal* of this same gallery. A hermaprodite lying on a lion's skin is full of ardour and voluptuousness.

The two rooms full of pictures by painters of the Venetian school present several chefs-d'œuvre of its first masters. In the first are: the grand portrait of the condottiere Gattamelata, by Giorgione; *St. Catherine*; the *Annunciation*; the *Martyrdom of St. Justine*, unfinished, but full of genius and boldness; *Esther before Ahasuerus*, by Paolo Veronese; the two superb portraits of *Francesco della Rovera and his duchess*, by Ti-

e sia per esser questo diverso dai primi ritratti. Ma non volendo la donna, e se forse aveva altra fantasia, star ferma, Andrea quasi indovinando esser vicino al suo fine, tolta una sfera, ritrasse se medesimo in quel tegolo tanto bene, che par vivo e naturalissimo."

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, book viii, ch. 5.

<sup>3</sup> See *ante*, book vi, ch. 18.

<sup>4</sup> See *ante*, book v, ch. 29.

tian; the *Virgin*, with St. Francis by her side, by Polidoro Caravaggio; a pretty *Portrait of a youth* with feathers on his head; a *Man seated*, by Paris Bordone; a fine *Portrait of a man holding a book*, by Pordenone; a fine *Dead Christ*, by Giovanni Bellini; a very beautiful *Figure in Spanish costume*, erroneously taken for the portrait of Saint Ignatius, by Giambattista Morone; the *Family of Bassano*, a kind of household picture, remarkable for truth, nature, and variety: behind is his master Titian and his wife; a *Landscape*, by the same, with shepherds and flocks; the portrait of the Venetian admiral and general Venieri, by Tintoretto; four fine busts by Paolo Veronese, Paris Bordone, Tinelli, and Campagnola. In the second room: the sketch of the *Battle of Cadora*; the *Virgin*, and *St. Anthony the Hermit*; a magnificent portrait of Giovanni de' Medici, captain of the black bands, not unlike Napoleon's head; the *Virgin* in red, and St. Catherine; an undressed woman holding flowers, called *Flora*; the *St. Catherine of the wheels*, a brilliant portrait of the queen of Cyprus, Catherine Cornaro, by Titian; the *Marriage of Cana*, by Tintoretto; his admirable portrait of old Sansovino, which recalls and justifies the motto he had inscribed in his studio: *Disegno di Michelangiolo, e colorito di Tiziano*; the *Conversion of St. Paul*, by Pordenone; *Moses proving the burning coals and the gold*; the *Judgment of Solomon*; a *Holy society*, a kind of allegory not easily understood; a *Knight of Malta* holding his chaplet, by Giorgione; an *Old man* seated, with a book in his hand, a *Bust*, both full of truth, by Morone; a *Warrior*, by Sebastiano del Piombo; a *Man playing on a guitar*, by Moretto; *St. Paul's head*, rough-drawn; *Jesus Christ on Calvary*, admirable for sorrow, by Paolo Veronese; *Christ dead and the three Marys*, by Bassano; a *Red-haired man*, superb, by Paris Bordone.

The cabinet of gems consists of more than four hundred hard stones, comprising several engraved by Benvenuto Cellini, or in his style; eight basso-relievos mounted in gold, one of which presents a view of the piazza of the Grand Duke, are by Giovanni Bologna. The most precious article is the famous crystal casket of Clement VII., on which Vale-

rio Vicentino, the ablest engraver of his day, has miraculously chased the *Passion* in seventeen compartments: his daughter had assisted him in this exquisite work, a present from the pope to Francis I., on the marriage of his niece Catherine of Medicis with the younger brother of the Dauphin, afterwards Henry II.; one of the most remarkable monuments of the perfection of the arts in the sixteenth century, the loss of which France must deeply regret. The court of France was long so indifferent towards objects of art, as to make presents of them. The casket of Clement VII. was probably thus thrown away; but my endeavours failed in discovering the epoch at Florence, nor could I ascertain when it was lodged in the gallery.

The paintings of the French school are some of the worst of their respective authors. The following may be distinguished: *Theseus finding at Trezena the marks of his origin*, by Poussin; the fine portraits of J. B. Rousseau, by Largillière; of Alfieri and the countess d'Albani, by M. Fabre. On the back of the latter two, Alfieri has written, with his own hand, two sonnets, living portraits of himself and friend. Under the sonnet on his own portrait, signed with his initials V. A., is this furious inscription, which I perhaps ought not to copy: *Scampato oggi ha du' anni dai Gallici carnefici tiranni*. Madame de Sévigné and her daughter, by Mignard, have neither the charm nor the beauty of the originals; an antique *Venus*, called *della Spina*, in the middle of the room, is an elegant, delicate work.

The Flemish school offers many celebrated names, but no prime painting, except a fine large Claude Lorrain, the *Sun setting in the sea* with a view of the Medici villa. The head of the apostle *St. Philip*, by Albert Durer, is in beautiful style. Several portraits by Holbein represent men of merited celebrity: Zuinglius, the moderate Swiss reformer; Sir Thomas More; Francis I., a very small figure, admirable for delicacy of touch; a caricature by Callot, which ought to have been put with the French school, is very humorous.

Among the paintings by Italian artists may be remarked: the *Virgin*, *St. John* and a *bishop*; a pleasing *Portrait* of an old man wearing red fur, by Paolo

Veronese; a small portrait of Parmegiano by himself, in the middle of a painting containing eight other portraits; a circular shield on which is a horrific painting of *Medusa's head*, by Michelangelo di Caravaggio; a bust of the Virgin pressing the infant Jesus to her breast, full of grace, by Cignani; *Men and Women singing* in a fresh rural scene, by Guercino; the *Virgin with her son*, who is embracing the little St. John, by Schidone; a *Man's bust*, by Tintoretto; the *Annunciation*, one of Garofolo's masterpieces.

The celebrated *Tribuna* of the Florence gallery strikes the visitor on his entrance, as the sanctuary of the arts: a mysterious light reigns therein, the cupola is incrustated with mother of pearl, the pavement, with precious marble, and it unites some of the greatest masterpieces of ancient sculpture and painting; the *Venus* of Cleomenes, set in the middle, seems the divinity of this sanctuary. Notwithstanding the affectation of arms, which are modern, it is impossible to cease admiring that voluptuous, Grecian, mythological modesty, but certainly not maiden modesty, which some good people have wished to discover in the goddess of Gnidus.

The four other antique chefs-d'œuvre are: the little *Apollo*, perhaps the most perfect model of the graceful ideal; the *Rotator*, so natural and true, which, after being Cincinnatus, Manlius, and two or three other Romans, then the slave who discovered the conspiracy of Tarquin's sons, or that of Catiline, seems decidedly the Scythian ordered by Apollo to slay Marsyas; the group of *Wrestlers*, unique of its kind, and admirable for vigour, precision, and anatomical skill; the *Faun*, gay, animated, lightsome, the head and arms of which were very cleverly restored by Michael Angelo, and in his own manner.

It must be owned that the scarcity of Michael Angelo's easel pieces makes nearly all the merit of his *Virgin* with the infant Jesus and St. Joseph. Michael Angelo disdained painting in oil as a woman's occupation, only fit for idlers and persons with nothing to do: *Arte da donna e da persone agitate ed infingarde*. Titian's two *Venuses* are admirable; especially the one holding flowers, which is truly sublime in colouring: the voluptuous languor of her features wonder-

fully expresses the vague passions of a young woman. If the charms of the countenance do not answer the perfection of the form, it may arise from the figure being a portrait, and it has been supposed that of the duke d'Urbino's mistress, who had the whim to have it taken in this way. These two great *Venuses*, lying naked, of a beauty so blooming and real, and the antique *Venus*, the elegant furniture of the *Tribuna*, give this cabinet an aspect not over decent: one might call it a public boudoir. The portrait of Beccadelli, nuncio at Venice, holding a brief of Julius III., has the air and finesse of a Roman prelate; it was painted by Titian in his seventy-fifth year. *Nostra Signora on a pedestal*, *St. Francis and St. John the Evangelist standing*, may be esteemed one of the most finished works of Andrea del Sarto. A *Holy family*, with St. Catherine, is one of the most exquisite, varied, and harmonious pictures of Paolo Veronese. Of six paintings by Raphael, five are immortal chefs-d'œuvre, differing in kind; the two *Holy families*; the *St. John in the desert*, vigorous and inspired, but time has darkened the landscape too much; the graceful *Fornarina*; and the portrait of Julius II., a powerful expression of the strength of mind and genius of that pontiff; "It frightens one," said Vasari, "just as if he was living: *Faceva temere il ritratto a vederlo, come se proprio egli fosse vivo*." Charles V. after his abdication, by Vandyck, is fine portrait composition: he is riding on horseback, bareheaded, on the beach of an agitated sea; in the absence of the storms of the world, which he regrets, he seems to seek and contemplate those of the ocean. *Duke Francesco d'Urbino*, armed, is a good work by Baroccio. The *Virgin adoring the infant Jesus* is reckoned the best of the four paintings by Correggio. *Herodias receiving the head of St. John Baptist*, by Leonardo Vinci, offers a dreadful contrast of joy, that of the dancer and the grinning headsman.

Two rooms are destined to paintings of the Florentine school,—a school at once so simple, correct, elegant, and graceful. In the first room, the *Head of Medusa*, by Leonardo Vinci, unfinished, appears at once terrible and bizarre: the face is foreshortened, and there is life in the snakes only. A *portrait of Bianca Capello*, by the earlier Bronzino, of for-



bidding looks, and high-coloured, does not ill agree with the bacchic habits of that lady, mentioned by Montaigne.<sup>1</sup> The small *St. Francis receiving the stigmata*, by Cigoli, the most valuable of the many paintings on the same subject by this intimate friend of Galileo, whom he often consulted, has a penetrating expression of pain and confidence. The *Birth of St. John Baptist*, by Giovanni of Fiesole, a Dominican, known by the appellation of Fra Angelico, has all the sweetness and grace of that primitive master. In the second room are admired: *St. Yves*, the patron of advocates, seated, receiving the petitions of widows and orphans, a harmonious and touching composition, perfect in colouring, by Empoli; a fine male portrait, half length; the portrait of *Cosmo the elder*, of excellent physiognomy; *Joseph presenting Jacob to Pharaoh*, by Pontorno: these several works were executed before he ruined himself by imitation, and in his first style, of which Michael Angelo said that, had he been able to maintain it, he would have raised the art to the very heavens; the *Virgin, St. John, St. Anne*, and several monks, one of the great and fine paintings of Fra Bartolommeo; the *Virgin, St. Victor, St. Bernard, St. John Baptist, and St. Zanobi*, by Domenico Ghirlandajo, and by his worthy son Rodolfo; two incidents from the *History of St. Zanobi*, which have some heads that have been thought worthy of Raphael; the *Martyrdom of St. Stephen*, superb, the most perfect in colouring of all Cigoli's paintings, which Pietro of Cortona esteemed, in his day, the best picture in the churches of Florence. Notwithstanding the unbounded praises lavished on the *Descent of the Saviour into Limbo*, boasted as the chef-d'œuvre of the first Bronzino, it is equally deficient in attraction, nature, and truth.

The works of such eminent writers as Holstenius, Vaillant, Spanheim, Mezzabarba, Occone, Noris, Gori, Eckel, Sestini, have made amateurs sufficiently acquainted with the fine selection of articles composing the Florence cabinet of medals, consisting of about fifteen hundred, which are judiciously classified. The collection of cameos, ancient as well

as modern, the principal pieces of which may be seen in the two publications of the Florence Gallery, is the richest known, and amounts to more than four thousand.

## CHAPTER V.

Laurentian library.—Vestibule.—Staircase.—Stained glass.—Catalogue.—Virgil.—Pandects.—Tacitus.—Decameron.—Courlier's blot.—Cicero's letters copied by Petrarch.—Notes by Politian.—Dante's letter;—his portrait.—Discourse on *True Friendship*.—Alfieri's manuscripts.—Miniatures.—Syriac Gospels.—Laura's portrait.—Missal.—Galileo's finger.—Elci collection.

The Laurentian library, one of those institutions that stand pre-eminent in the annals of literature, was long considered the richest in Europe. Its destiny, at first so fluctuating,<sup>2</sup> was ultimately fixed in 1571, when Cosmo I. charged Vasari with the completion of the building intended for its reception, which had been commenced by Michael Angelo. The vestibule and staircase are of a meagre, capricious, and fantastic style. The staircase was constructed in Michael Angelo's absence, and he seems to disown the invention of it in the following passage of his answer to Vasari, written from Rome: *Mi torna ben alla mente come un sogno, una certa scala, ma non credo che sia quella che pensai allora, perchè mi torna cosa goffa*. The interior is of an architecture by far more regular and judicious. The windows of coloured glass, designed by Giovanni d'Udina, pupil of Raphael, are extremely elegant, and diffuse a mysterious light favourable to meditation and study. According to the customs of the times the manuscripts are laid wide open on desks, to which they are fastened by a little chain, an arrangement that must singularly strain the binding and impair its freshness and beauty. They were disposed in this way by the two first librarians of the Laurentian, the senator Baccio Valeri and Giovanni Rondinelli. The uncomfortable benches put before and between the eighty-eight desks (*plutei*) for the students, the rude aspect of those bulky volumes with their chains, bespeak the literary manners of another age. The Laurentian contains manuscripts only, and the number is about

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, ch. 4.

<sup>2</sup> See *post*, ch. xi. on the ancient library of the convent of Saint Mark.

nine thousand. Bandini's catalogue of Greek, Latin, and Italian manuscripts, the fruit of forty-four years' labour, is a real masterpiece of method, accuracy, and criticism. One can only wish that the long promised continuation by the present learned librarian, S. Furia, may equal it. The catalogues of oriental and Hebrew manuscripts have been given by Assemani and Biscioni. The most celebrated manuscripts are:—

The Virgil of the fourth or fifth century, a parchment quarto, the oldest manuscript of Virgil, admirably preserved, and only wanting the first pages, which Faggini supplied in 1771, and barbarously paged them in Arabic figures; the absent leaves were miraculously discovered in the Vatican some few years since by S. Mai. This manuscript was Heyne's authority for using the orthography prevalent during the republic (*is* for *es*, *o* for *u*), still followed in some editions, a pedantic usage, as this old orthography injures the harmony of the verse;

The *Pandects*, apparently of the sixth or seventh century, said to have been taken at the siege of Amalfi by the Pisans in 1135, two folio parchment volumes, written in a good sized and very legible character. The origin and authenticity of these famous *Pandects* have given rise to numerous conjectures. Many scholars have supposed this copy to be one sent into Italy by Justinian, and perhaps of Trebonian's writing, as the several Greek prefaces have neither full points nor commas; of this opinion was Politian, who has learnedly corrected them, and a copy with his autograph notes is now at the Laurentian; others have supposed that they came direct from Constantinople to Pisa through a commercial medium, or that they were brought over to Ravenna by some exarch. At all events they are the oldest known, and may be regarded as the original of all our *Pandects*. Gino Capponi has been praised for his moderation, because, when named governor of Pisa after obliging it to surrender through famine, he only carried off these *Pandects*. It seems that the irreparable loss of such monuments, the treasures of the city's olden glory, must have been no less galling than pecuniary exactions, and perhaps more. When the *Pandects*

were brought to Florence in 1406, they were deposited in the Palazzo Vecchio; during the republic, they were never shown but by permission of the Signiory and by torchlight; Budé saw them in this manner when going to Rome with the French legation. They were afterwards kept, as well as the acts of the Council of Florence, now also at the Laurentian, in the wardrobe of the grand duke; an officer of the court held the key, and communicated it only under certain formalities now fallen into desuetude; one volume lies open covered with glass; the other is kept close, and the privilege of touching its leaves is granted by the librarians with great courtesy and discernment;

The two manuscripts of *Tacitus*: the first of the year 395, if its concluding note may be trusted, though the Benedictines have fancied they could recognise therein a Lombard hand of the tenth or eleventh century; a remark modified by Ernesti and others, who, though they confessed this manuscript to be only a copy of that of 395, think it as ancient as the ninth, seventh, or even sixth century; the second *Tacitus*, likewise of rather doubtful date, is that of Corwey, which first supplied the five first books of the *Annals* and rectified many passages in the books previously published, one of the most brilliant literary acquisitions of Leo X., miraculously discovered in a convent at the extremity of Westphalia by the apostolic receiver Angelo Arcimboldi, whom the generous pontiff rewarded with a present of 500 sequins;

The famous copy of the *Decameron*, said to have been transcribed in 1384 by Amaretto Mannelli, which has given him some degree of celebrity since the loss of the original.<sup>a</sup> It must be acknowledged, however, that Boccaccio's friendship for Amaretto, and the bonds which united him to his family, are too conjectural to authorise a belief, after such a lapse of time, that this copy and accompanying notes are by him. The *Decameron*, which had circulated freely in manuscript, and in print during the first century of that invention, subsequently, after the council of Trent, excited the suspicions of the court of Rome. At the Laurentian is preserved the curious correspondence between the

<sup>a</sup> *Nouv. Traité de diplomatique*, t. III, p. 278, 80.

<sup>a</sup> See post, ch. XIV.

four Florentine commissioners named by Cosmo I., the grand duke, the prince of Tuscany, and the Roman censors who performed their functions under the pope's immediate superintendence; this grave negotiation about a collection of tales, resulted in the printing at Florence by Junte, seven years after, of an official edition, called the *Deputies'*, which only enhanced the value of the complete copies.

After these first illustrious manuscripts come a multitude of others of historical or literary importance: a *Plutarch* of the ninth or tenth century, is in a fine state of preservation, but the second volume is missing. I examined the manuscript of *Longus*, noted for the inkstain by Paul-Louis Courier, done through *étourderie*, according to a declaration in his hand attached to the manuscript. With all my deep sympathy for such an excellent writer and a character so independent, I must own that, at first sight, the appearance of this huge blot, unskillfully attacked with muriatic acid, seemed to condemn him; perhaps a false sense of national honour, or the wounded self-love of the librarians may have induced them to enlarge the spot: of all the virulent and culpable accusations of Paul-Louis, this is assuredly the only one that we ought not totally to reject.

The voluminous collection of ancient Greek historians reminds us of the noble protection accorded by Francis I. to literature and science: the Latin translation of a first volume in folio, printed at Paris (1544), was dedicated to him by Guido Guidi, a Florentine noble who practised medicine with great skill, whom he had appointed his chief physician, and called to the medical professorship of the Royal College. The Dutch philologist and alchemist, James Tollius, was to translate the rest still inedited. The completion of such a work seems an honour that belongs to France; but the governments of the day take no interest in the matter, and for a long time past, no one has presented himself at the Laurentian with the intention of undertaking it.

The copy of Cicero's *Epistolæ Familiares* in Petrarch's hand, transcribed from the ancient manuscript now also in the Laurentian, which he first discovered

in the library of the chapter at Verona,<sup>1</sup> as well as the *Epistolæ ad Atticum*, prove how devoted he was to the Roman orator. These copies are moreover remarkable for calligraphy and workmanship. The binding of the *Epistolæ* is only of Cosmo's time: the old wooden covers of this volume so often handled by Petrarch had so wounded him by falling repeatedly on his left leg, that he narrowly escaped amputation, so rude and almost murderous were literary pursuits at that period. This volume has still, as before, brass clasps and corners, but they would not produce such a wound.

A fine *Horace* of the twelfth century belonged to Petrarch; he bought it in 1347, as stated by an inscription in his hand: there are also some few notes added, which appear about as void of interest as the doubtful ones in the Virgil of the Ambrosian. A paper manuscript, very defective, contains several of his Latin autograph epistles, addressed to some of his many protectors.

The *Terence*, containing many pages of remarks in Politian's hand, had been, as his inscription purports, collated by him at Venice in 1491, with Bembo's celebrated ancient manuscript now in the Vatican. We may see, by those remarks that a blundering binder has partially mutilated, and a multitude of others covering the manuscripts of the Laurentian, the impassioned ardour with which this illustrious scholar was enabled by the munificence of the Medici, to devote himself to the study, explanation, and propagation of the masterpieces of antiquity.

A quarto manuscript of P. Orose's *History*, mutilated at the beginning, is nearly a thousand years old.

It was at the Laurentian that Dante's superb letter was discovered at the end of the last century; it is written in Latin to one of his relatives, a monk, and he therein refuses, despite the pains of fifteen years exile, to return to Florence on condition of making the *amende honorable* in the cathedral, asking pardon of the republic, and paying a fine; notwithstanding its bad Latinity, it is an admirable monument of the poet's strength of mind, the most eloquent commentary on his verses, and a key to the secret of his genius.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book vi. ch. 15.

<sup>2</sup> This letter is not autograph. The hand-writing

of Dante is utterly unknown. The letter in the Laurentian, inserted by Foscolo in his *Essays on*



The voluminous commentary on Dante by Benvenuto da Imola, of 1375, notwithstanding its errors, is interesting and useful. This disciple of Boccaccio had occupied for ten years at Bologna one of those Dante professorships that were founded throughout Italy,\* and he had shown himself not unworthy such an honour.

The vulgar Dominican, author of the *Ottimo commento della Divina Commedia* recently published at Pisa, 1827-9, 3 volumes octavo, apparently a contemporary of the poet, is a specimen of the learning of those who were then called scholars in Italy, and enables us to perceive how far Dante was superior to his age.

The discourse of the illustrious Bruni Aretino against his former friend Nicolao Niccoli, an arrant libel which happily for his memory has never been printed, does little honour to the literary manners of the time, as it shows to what violence and invectives two of the most cultivated minds of Florence could give way.

Among the unpublished manuscripts of Marsilio Ficino may be remarked: Commentaries on Plato's *Philebe*, his *Parmenides*, *Sophist*, *Timeus*, *Phædo*; treatises *De divino furore*, *De virtutibus moralibus*, *De quatuor sectis philosophorum*; *Questions on Mind*; a translation of the *Hymns* of Orpheus, and *Sayings* of Zoroaster, the works of his earliest youth; an Italian version of Dante's *Monarchia*, etc., different works proving the ardent activity of the first literary men of the revival.

Despite the rather common-place facility of the versification of the *Paradisus*, a poem by Ugolino Verini, it derives some interest from the detail of Florentine affairs, and the author's sincere respect and affection for the Medici, whose arms adorn this brilliant manuscript, and many others beside at the Laurentian. Ugolino was surpassed by his son Michele Verini, a young poet of great promise, deceased at the age of seventeen, a martyr, as it is said, to his chastity, as if death could ensue from such a cause at that age; he possessed

the friendship of Politian and Lorenzo de' Medici, who sometimes went to supper with this family, for the literary protection of Lorenzo was plain, plebeian, familiar, and altogether unlike the distant and ostentatious encouragements accorded by the munificence of princes. The two manuscripts of the *Hermaphrodite*, by Panormita, but too plainly prove the justice of the censure, with which the moral public, Poggio, Filelfo, and Lorenzo Villa, who wanted to have the author burnt with the book, had overwhelmed this obscene collection, dedicated to Cosmo I.; it was printed at Paris for the first time in 1791, doubtless as an additional proof of the conquest obtained over prejudices at that epoch. The manuscript is prefaced by a letter from Guarino of Verona, which singularly attempts to defend all these infamies by quotations from Saint Jerome.

The troubadour manuscripts of the Laurentian, though some are acknowledged to be faulty, have been sagaciously employed by Raynouard, who has discovered therein some important variations and a few pieces found nowhere else. One of these manuscripts of the fifteenth century, well written and in good preservation, once belonged to Benedetto Varchi and Carlo Strozzi, whose names it still bears.

The manuscripts of Dante are very numerous, and at the end of one of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, are two short pieces in his honour; the first speaks of his glory and his misfortunes; the second gives his physical portrait, which is in strict conformity with the portrait traced by Boccaccio in his life of the poet.

Fu' l nostro Dante di mezza statura,  
Vesti onesto, secondo suo stato,  
Mostro un pò per l' età richinato,  
Fè mansueta, e grave l' andatura.  
La faccia lunga, poco più che misura,  
Aquilin naso, e 'l pel nero, e ricciuto,  
E' l mento lungo, e grosso, e 'l labro alzato,  
E grosso un pò sotto la dentatura.  
Aspetto maninconico, e pensoso,  
Cigli umidi; cortese, e vigilante  
Fu negli studi, sempre grazioso;  
Vago in parlar, la voce risonante,  
Diletto nel canto, e in ogni sono,

*Petrarch*, p. 47, was not, as he supposed, discovered by him. The abbé Mehus, the creator of the literary history of Florence, had mentioned it to Dionisi, canon of Verona, who published it (Anecd.

V. Veronæ, 4790, p. 476). M. Villemain has given a perfect translation of it, t. I. p. 355, of his *Cours de littérature française* for the year 1830.

\* See post, ch. xii.

Fu in gioventù di Beatrice amante ;  
 Et ebbe virtù tante,  
 Che il corpo a morte meritò corona  
 Poeticha, e l' alma andò a vita bona.

Giovanni Villani's portrait of Dante is less flattering, and probably incorrect, as he honours him with *un tratto suo schifo e sdegnoso, e a guisa di filosofo non grazioso coi laici*, a description very different from the contemporary picture of the poet painted at the Duomo.<sup>1</sup>

The little volume of poems on friendship shows the manners of the fifteenth century. The singular fact therein recorded seems the first instance of academical prizes. Pietro de' Medici, by the advice of the great architect Leone Battista Alberti, issued a proclamation that he would decree a silver crown wrought in the form of a branch of laurel to the author of the best essay on *true friendship* in Italian verse: the competitors were to recite their poems in the church of Santa Maria del Fiore, and, as a mark of respect to Pope Eugene IV., who was then holding his council at Florence, it was proposed to make the apostolic secretaries judges of the day. In Sunday, October 22, 1441, the collegiate officers, the judges, and the poets, with a splendid cortege, repaired to the church, which was magnificently decorated: the seignior, the archbishop, the ambassador of Venice, a countless host of prelates were present at the ceremony; the people of Florence filled the church. But when the prize was to be adjudged, the secretaries of the pope, under the pretext that several of the pieces were of nearly equal merit, and that it was impossible to decide, adjudged the crown to the cathedral, a stupid decision, still less rational than the sharing of prizes often adopted by the French Academy, and which excited the utmost dissatisfaction, not only among the poets, but throughout the whole city. The six candidates (*dicitori*) were Francesco d'Altobianco degl' Alberti, Antonio degl' Agli, afterwards bishop of Fiesole, Mariotta Davanzati, Anselmo Calderoni, Francesco Malecarni, Benedetto de M., Michele d'Arezzo. The rapid cursory view of the different essays may not be uninteresting. Degli Alberti asserts that Phocion, *Pericles*, the two Brutuses, and

Camillus, who all delivered their country, with all their virtue, labours, and genius, could never have accomplished their purpose and acquired eternal fame, if they had not found friends; he is somewhat pedantic, and continually quotes the ancients. Degl' Agli, whose discourse is perhaps the most remarkable, has imagination; he seems full of the Platonic notions then so general in Florence. The discourse of Davanzati is a cold dissertation only; that of the Florentine Malecarni, entitled *Trionfo di Amicizia*, is curious; it has some poetry and allegories on friendship, to which he gives a car and retinue, followed by Arthur, Tristan, Isota, Lancelot, Ginevra. The piece of the last *dicitore* is not finished.

The editions of Homer, Virgil, the Greek tragedians, and Aristophanes, on which Alfieri studied so earnestly towards the end of his life, were presented to the Laurentian by M. Fabre, who had received them from the countess of Albani, as well as his manuscripts. I examined the manuscript of the tragedies. Few authors have laboured their works so much as Alfieri; one volume contains the plot of the tragedy in prose; such was Racine's method; it contains sketches, half French half Italian, of the *Filippo*, and *Polinice*, and in Italian only of the *Antigona*, *Agamennone*, *Oreste*, *Rosmunda*, *Maria Stuart*, and *D. Garzia*; a second volume presents the tragedy versified, with remarks on feeble passages and those requiring correction; the third volume is a fair copy, with some further corrections in Alfieri's hand. The complete publication of those manuscripts and various readings not included in his posthumous works, would afford an interesting literary study. I perused the French sketch of a *Charles I.* written at Paris, which Alfieri began after the *Filippo*, and abandoned about the middle of the third act, at the trial scene, when, as he himself avowed, his heart and hand were so chilled that he could proceed no further. Alfieri, in the strange dedication of his *Agis* to Charles I., again points out the failing of that subject. When Charles first appears in the second act, Alfieri designates him as *un roi prisonnier, opprimé, philosophe, peu coupable, qui a l'âme grande et le cœur bon*; he is probably not very correct in ascribing philosophy to

<sup>1</sup> See *post*, ch. ix.

Charles I. An autograph note by Alfieri, dated Florence, 1798, on the title page of one volume, imports that five volumes only of the manuscripts he left in France in 1792 had been returned to him : *Ma non però dal pubblico loro (Francesi), ma sottratte da un privato per restituirmele*. This restitution, that Alfieri unjustly forgot at a subsequent day, was due to Ginguené, then ambassador at Turin, as may be seen by two of his letters and Alfieri's answers ; a correspondence that does honour to the memory of the French writer. The indifferent translations of the *Æneid* and *Georgics* are among these manuscripts : Alfieri had even begun to translate the *Bucolics*, though his stern genius seems little adapted for such an undertaking.

The miniatures in a great number of manuscripts at the Laurentian render them curious monuments of the different ages of painting. The twenty-six miniatures of the precious Syriac Gospels are still, after more than twelve centuries, in wonderful preservation. The affecting history of the adulterous woman is not in these Gospels, nor the interpretation of the words *Lama Sabachthani*. The manuscript was executed in 586, in the monastery of Saint John, at Zagba, a town of Mesopotamia, by the calligrapher Rabula ; in the eleventh century it passed into the convent of Santa Maria of Maiphuk, then to that of Santa Maria of Kannubin, and in 1437 to the Laurentian. The Syrian scribes, like the Greek, Latin, and Arabic, were accustomed to put a note relative to themselves at the end of their works : Rabula piously entreats the reader to pray for him. The same request has been observed on many manuscripts of the Koran. The *Bible*, in a folio of 1029 pages, must be of about the middle of the sixth century, as its patient copyist, the benedictine Cervandos, of the convent of San Salvador, on Mount Amiat beyond Siena, is mentioned in the annals of the Benedictine order, by Mabillon, in the year 541. One of the most elegant and most authentic portraits of Laura is on an ancient manuscript of the *Canzoniere*, which, if not taken from life, was perhaps copied from the contemporary portrait by Simone Memmi. The portrait of Petrarch, with a laurel crown over his cowl, is much less pleasing. A copy of the *Gospels* in gold letters, with long figures

on a gold ground likewise, was formerly at the cathedral of Trebisonda ; Bishop Alessio Celabene saved it when that town was sacked by the Turks, and presented it to Julius II., as a memento, amid the pomps of Saint Peter's, of the misfortunes and dispersion of the Greek nation. One of the finest works of the fourteenth century is the *Missal*, which, with nineteen choir books of the old convent degli Angeli (eighteen of these have fallen victims to an act of barbarous cupidity), was so greatly admired by Leo X., when he came to Florence after his election, and who had long wished to see it on account of the high eulogium he had heard of it from his father Lorenzo the Magnificent. Certain Camaldulite monks were the artists of these brilliant miniatures, small paintings admirable for expression, truth, grace, and variety, in which the perspective and draperies even are so well drawn, as may be seen by a *Procession through the streets of Florence*. The volumes of the Laurentian may be ascribed to Dom. Lorenzo, pupil of Taddeo Gaddi, the Raphael of this nice and delicate art, which the leisure, quietude, and patience of a cloister alone could cultivate.

Galileo's finger is exposed to view in a glass bottle placed in the middle of the room ; this finger, with which perhaps he had shown the satellites of Jupiter, this relic of science was purloined from the tomb of its martyr at Santa Croce, by Gori the antiquarian ; at the sale of his museum, Bandini bought it ; after having been mislaid for some time, it was found again and deposited at the Laurentian in 1803.

The valuable collection of first editions of the Latin and Greek classics, formed by the Cav. Angelo d'Elci, of Siena, which he constantly carried with him and augmented during his various travels over Europe, was bequeathed by him in 1818 to the Laurentian, and will be a worthy complement to the manuscripts of that library. The Elci collection possesses also the first editions of the biblical writers of the first century of printing ; nearly all the Aldine editions with the anchor ; the miscellany called *Memoriale* of Pannartz. The finest book of the collection is perhaps one of the two vellum copies of the Florence *Lucian*, with a

<sup>1</sup> See *post*, ch. xlii.



magnificent miniature of Lorenzo de' Medici. This volume came from the Riccardi library; Elci obtained the use of it during his life from the grand duke, on the condition of leaving it with his books to the Laurentian. A new room in the form of a rotunda is intended for the reception of these bibliographic treasures; it will be as a monument consecrated to Elci, much more effectual in preserving his memory than his satires and epigrams, or even his edition of Lucan and his elegant Latin poems.

## CHAPTER VI.

Riccardi library.—Pliny.—Ancient universality of the French language.—Anecdote of Dante.—Poggio's manuscripts.—Constanzia Varano.—Summaries of the history of Florence.—Strozzi's will.—Autographs.

The Riccardi library is now the property of the town, and has been public from 1811. It consists of twenty-three thousand volumes and three thousand five hundred manuscripts. Founded in 1558 by Riccardo Romolo Riccardi, pupil of the illustrious Pietro Vettori, it was considerably enlarged by the donation of another Riccardi, the canon Gabriele, who died sub-dean of the cathedral in 1789, and his collection alone amounted to eighteen hundred manuscripts. The editions of the fifteenth century are pretty numerous. The most remarkable are the *rarissime* editions of the *Bible* of Rome (1471-72); of Oppian's *Haliuticon* (1478); and a *Bible* of Venice (1492) with small autograph notes by Geronimo Savonarola. The most important manuscripts are of the middle ages and the revival; several of the classics are also very remarkable.

The manuscript of Pliny's *Natural History*, in folio, of the ninth or tenth century, is the oldest extant; it has not been collated: although damaged at the beginning, in the middle, and at the end, it might supply some useful various readings in this encyclopedia of antiquity.

*Cæsar's Commentaries*, corrected by Julius Celsus, of the twelfth century, were taken by the Genoese from the king of Arragon, when beaten by their fleet on the 12th of August, 1435.

The *Virgil*, of the fifteenth century, defective at the commencement, is or-

namented with elegant figures in perfect preservation.

A precious old *Terence* came from the library of the convent of Saint Mark, as stated in an inscription, and Cosmo de' Medici had inherited it from Nicolao Niccoli.

Politian caused the treatise of Pelagonius, *de Re veterinaria*, to be copied from an ancient manuscript, as a curious inscription by him testifies: *Hunc librum de codice sane quam vetusto Angelus Politianus, Medicæ domus alumnus, et Laurenti cliens, curavit exscribendum. Dein ipse cum exemplari contulit, et certa fide emendavit. Ita tamen ut ab illo mutaret nihil, ut et quæ depravata inveniret, relinqueret intacta, neque suum ausus est unquam judicium interponere; quod si priores institutum servassent, minus multo mendosos codices haberemus. Qui legis, boni consule, et vale. Florentiæ anno MCCCCLXXXV. Decembrinse.* This manuscript is perhaps the only one extant of Pelagonius, a writer of the fourth century, cited by Vegetius; it was printed at Florence in 1826 in 8vo., with an Italian translation by Professor Sarchiani.

The troubadour manuscripts are curious: extracts have been made by Count de Caylus, and now form a part of the collection of M. de Sainte-Palaye, lodged in the library of the Arsenal at Paris.

The manuscript history of Venice, from its origin to 1275, translated from ancient Latin chronicles into French, presents a curious fact: the author, Martin de Canale, declares in his introduction that he chose that language "parce que la langue françoise cort parmi le monde, et est la plus délitable à lire et à oïr que nulle autre." Brunetto Latini gave the same reasons when he composed in French, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, his enormous encyclopedian *Trésor*, which Napoleon once thought of printing with commentaries. It is hence evident that this superiority and universality of our language existed long before our literary chefs-d'œuvre and the momentary ascendancy of our arms.

On the title-page of the manuscript of Dante's *Treatise on the catholic faith*, we are informed that it was composed by that illustrious and most famous doctor and poet of Florence, according

<sup>1</sup> See *post*, ch. xi.

as he had answered the inquisitor of Florence, respecting his creed. This poet, now so much admired for his christianity and faith, was then suspected of heresy, and a monk of Monte Oliveto, Matteo Ronti, underwent the humiliation of being reduced to the condition of a layman by his superior for having translated the *Divina Commedia* into Latin verse. On a folio manuscript of the *Rime*, following a quatrain is the narration of a tolerably scandalous anecdote, characteristic of the manners of that epoch, and exhibiting the poet under a new and different aspect.<sup>1</sup> A fine manuscript of the *Commedia*, of 1498, contains some remarks in verse, that show the temper and disposition of some of its former owners; one laments that by asking the return of the volumes he has lent, he loses both the volumes and the borrower's friendship; another more generous writes that the book is for himself and friends; another, moralising, complains of the poverty he suffered in his youth, and the inutility of riches now he is old.

At the end of a manuscript of Petrarch's *Triumphs*, an inscription states that it was finished on the 22nd of June 1402 at the *Stinche*, the prisons of Florence. The same inscription is found on some other manuscripts, touching mementos of consolations drawn from study.

The narrative, already printed several times, of the travels of Fra Oderigo Trigoli, who started from his convent at Padua in 1318 for Constantinople and

the East, contains some strange adventures and singular observations.<sup>2</sup>

The numerous inedited Letters of Poggio, deposited at Riccardiana, have supplied the lawyer Tonelli, who translated Shepherd's *Life of Poggio* from English into Italian, with some new facts and the means of rectifying many errors. These curious letters present a picture of the hasty, impassioned, petulant manners of literary men at the revival; their publication would be interesting, and would do honour to the government of Tuscany, which is rich and has but few expenses.<sup>3</sup> Among Poggio's unpublished letters are several from his most intimate and most constant friend, Nicolao Niccoli, in which he gives an account of his discovering various fragments of the ancients at Mount Cassino, and the care he took in transcribing them. We there learn the high price of manuscripts at that epoch: a Lactantius cost 12 florins; the Letters of Saint Jerome, 45; a Bible, 40; some of Cicero's Discourses, 14, etc. A letter written from London explains the motives that induced him to quit the court of Rome for England; in another he declares his wish to revisit his country; the portrait he gives of the English of the fifteenth century is not very flattering; he represents them as more occupied with the enjoyments of the table (*gola*) and their pleasures than the pursuit of learning, and the few who cultivate letters as barbarians more skilled in sophisms and disputation than in true science; some letters contain cu-

<sup>1</sup> Questi quattro versi fè Dante sendo in corte d' un signore, e usando spesso familiarmente in casa, s' accorse più volte che un frate di San Francesco, che era un bellissimo cristiano, e valentissimo uomo, e reputato di spiritual vita, usava in detta corte, e andava spesso a visitare la donna del signore, rimanendo con lei molte volte solo in camera, e a uscio serrato. Di che Dante, parendogli questa una non troppo onesta dimestichezza, e portando amore al detto signore, non fè se non che con bel modo lo disse al signore, e marito di costei. E lui gli disse come costui era tenuto mezzo santo. Il perchè Dante tornato l' altro di allui, e quel frate in quel medesimo dì, e in quella medesima ora giunse, e fatta poca dimostranza col signore, andò a visitare la madonna. Dante, come il frate fu partito, veduto dove egli andava, s' accostò al signore, e dettè questi quattro versi, i quali feciono che il detto signore onestamente dette moto, che d' allora innanzi il detto frate non andò più a vedere la moglie senza lui. E que' versi fece scrivere in più luoghi del suo palagio. E' versi sono questi:

Chi nella pelle d' un monton fasciasse  
Un lupo, e fralle pecore mettesse,  
Dimmi, cre' tu, perchè monton paresse,  
Ch' egli però le pecore salvasse?

<sup>2</sup> Andel in Ermenia maggiore, e pervenni ad Arzelone, dove presso a una dieta è il fiume del Paradiso detto Eufrates. In questa terra sentì che una grande donna lasciò per suo testamento, che de' beni suoi si facesse un munistero di meretrici, che sempre fossero apparecchiate a servire agli uomini in ogni carnalitate, e questo fece per l' anima sua maladetta. Di quindi venni al monte dove è l' arca Noè, e volentieri sarei salito alla cima del monte, avvegnachè mai non si trovò chi vi potesse salire, ma perchè non volli aspettare la carovana, non me ne volli provare.

<sup>3</sup> A first volume of Poggio's Latin letters was generously published by S. Tonelli in 1832, at his own expense; the edition was five hundred in number.

rious relations of researches after antiquities and excavations made at Alatri, Tusculum, and Ostia. In a letter to the bishop of Winchester's secretary, Poggio, in his old age, speaks of his young wife with enthusiasm, and, later, he boasts to his friend Carlo Aretino, of her giving birth to his last son, the finest of all, notwithstanding his seventy years.

The manuscript containing the Latin discourses and letters of Costanza Varano, a contemporary and correspondent of the great Isota,<sup>1</sup> demonstrates that the learned ladies of the fifteenth century, who were accustomed to harangue popes and kings, had a kind of public character and a degree of power of which we can now scarcely form an idea. The first of these discourses, which are more distinguished for erudition than eloquence, is the celebrate speech publicly addressed to the people of Camerino, when Costanza brought thither her brother Rodolfo, to whom that domain had been restored in consequence of an oration pronounced by her when only fourteen, before Bianca Maria Visconti, wife of Count Francesco Sforza.

An autograph manuscript of Machiavel offers the summaries of his History of Florence, carefully written and well arranged; he appears to have made them for his own use, and they ought to be printed with his works. It is somewhat singular that they are bound up with a series of familiar dialogues in German and Italian, as witty as such compositions generally are in the different grammars.

There is one sublime manuscript, the ancient copy of the Will of Filippo Strozzi, the last avenger of Florentine liberty; he wrote this will in prison just before stabbing himself with a sword he had discovered there, and addressed it to the *freedom-giving God*, whom he entreats, as nothing better could be done, to admit his soul to the company of Cato and other brave men who could not survive their country's liberty: *Deo Liberatori. Per non venir più in potere de' maligni inimici miei, ove, oltr' all' essere stato ingiustamente e crudelmente straziato, sia costretto di nuovo per violenza de' tormenti dire cosa alcuna in pregiudizio dell' onor mio, e degli innocenti parenti ed amici; la qual cosa è accaduta a questi dì allo*

*sventurato Giuliano Gondi: Io Filippo Strozzi mi sono deliberato, in quel modo che io posso, quantunque duro (rispetto a l' anima) mi paia, colle mie mani finire la vita mia. L' anima a Iddio, somma misericordia raccomandando, umilmente pregandolo, se altro di bene darle non vuole, che le dia almeno quel luogo dove è Catone Uticense, ed altri simili virtuosi uomini, che tal fine hanno fatto, etc.*

The tragedy of the *Conversion of Saint Mary Magdalen*, since printed, although accompanied *con un' aria musicale alla maniera antica*, is another proof that *Mysteries* were still represented in Italy after *Sophonisba* and *Rosmunda*; <sup>2</sup> this tragedy was composed by Riccardo Riccardi, for the wedding of the prince of Tuscany, D. Cosmo de' Medici.

The Riccardiana possesses many autograph manuscripts by celebrated writers of different kinds. A *Defence of Savonarola*, in quarto, by Giovanni Francesco Pico della Mirandola; the partial *History of Florence*, by Jacopo Nardi, which was not printed till after his death, and even then with suppressions; the *Canzoni* and other *Rime* of Chiabrera, several of which are addressed to Riccardo Riccardi; Galileo's *Treatise on fortification and military architecture*, preceded by letters to Christina, Don Benedetto Castelli, monsignor Dini and others, and his discourse on the ebb and flow of the sea; some inedited works of its worthy librarian Doctor Lami, and forty volumes of letters addressed by the learned of his time to that laborious scholar.

## CHAPTER VII.

Marucelli library. — *Mare magnum*. — Magliabechiana library. — Catalogue.

The Marucelli library was founded in the year 1751, and is the least ancient of the public libraries of Florence; it may be regarded as a branch of the Laurentian, being near it, and under the same management. Its founder, whose name it bears, was a learned and virtuous prelate, who, while living, had placed his books at the disposal of scholars of narrow means; and he appears to have

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book VI. ch. xix.

<sup>2</sup> See *post*, book XI. ch. I.



been anxious to secure their use to the same class after his death; according to the touching inscription in the Marucelliana: *Publicæ et maximæ pauperum utilitati*. It is to be regretted, however, that this library is only open three days a week, without counting the numberless close days in all Italian libraries. It contains forty-five thousand volumes; the manuscripts, few in number, are rather historical and diplomatic than literary. There are preserved the manuscripts of the two Salvini, of the laborious antiquarian Gori, and of the senator Buonarrotti. The most interesting manuscript is the *Mare magnum*, a kind of encyclopedian dictionary, or general *Index* in a hundred and twelve folio volumes, composed by Marucelli, of all subjects treated of in the works he had read, a vast repertory, which might be useful in making researches.

The Magliabecchiana is the grand library of Florence: it contains a hundred and fifty thousand volumes, twelve thousand manuscripts, and receives a copy of all works printed. Independently of the different libraries successively added to it, as the Marmi, Gaddi, Biscioni, Palatine, Lami, that of the abbey de' Roccettini of Fiesole; a part of the Jesuits', and those of Santa Maria Rovella and Strozzi, the Magliabecchiana was increased by the libraries of convents suppressed under the French administration. The founder Magliabecchi, librarian of the grand duke Cosmo III., was a goldsmith on the old bridge till his fortieth year, and he became one of the most active and zealous bibliographers that ever lived: he was so much occupied with his books, that he even took his meals and slept in the midst of them, among the fleas and spiders; but like many brothers of our order he had the fault of reading little more than the titles:

Perchè de' libri il frontespizio ha letto,  
Si crede esser fra' dotti annoverato.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Menzini, sat. III.

<sup>2</sup> Catalogus cod. sæc. xv. impressorum bibliothecæ Magliabecchianæ. Flor. 1793, 94, 95, 3 part. in fol. <sup>3</sup> See *ante*, book vi. ch. xii.

<sup>4</sup> Landino died there in 1504, nearly eighty-one years old. His body has remained uncorrupted and is still shown there; it may be reckoned the best preserved in Europe. An inscription of eight Italian verses commemorates his life and works, and alludes to the phenomenon of his corpse. A

The catalogue compiled by Cocchi, first librarian of the Magliabecchiana, may be profound and *methodical* in its arrangement, but it is not very clear, and renders research difficult enough; he has viewed all that the human mind can know under three aspects: words, things, and moral or sacred facts, and has consequently laid down four great divisions, namely: belles-lettres, philosophy, and mathematics; profane and ecclesiastical history, each subdivided into ten parts; whence it results that his whimsical catalogue begins with the grammar and ends with the Bible. An excellent catalogue of the editions of the fifteenth century has been published by the librarian Ferdinando Fossi,<sup>2</sup> aided by the present learned and obliging librarian, the abbé Follini. The most remarkable are: two copies, one on vellum, of the Mayence *Bible* (1462), one of the earliest and most splendid productions of typography, which confirms our remark on the primitive beauty of that art;<sup>3</sup> the first *Homer* that Florence had the honour of printing before all other places (1488), a vellum copy offered and dedicated to Pietro de' Medici, adorned with his family arms executed in a superb frame, and with rich miniatures; twenty leaves however are wanting, and have been replaced by manuscript pretty closely imitating the ancient impression: the *Epistolæ familiares* of Cicero (1469), vellum, the first book printed at Venice; the celebrated *Dante*, with the diffuse but still esteemed commentary of Cristoforo Landino (Florence, 1481), for which he received a palace, *alla collina in Casentino*,<sup>4</sup> a brilliant copy, vellum paper throughout, embellished with *nielle* with the arms of the republic, and presented by Landino to the Florentine senate; the *Deo gratias Decameron*:<sup>5</sup> a written note on the copy of the *Deputies'* edition mentions their names;<sup>6</sup> the *Florentine History*, of Leonardo Aretino, translated into Italian by Donato Acciaiuoli (Venice, 1476),

Bolognese, captain Gavignani, pulled out two of his teeth in 1532, and took them away as a relic. A priest mutilated the body in another way for decency's sake, when he learned that the princess Violante Beatrice of Bavaria was coming to see it; and the princess, struck with so strange an act, humorously said that its author ought to undergo the *lex talionis*.

<sup>5</sup> See *ante*, book vii. ch. xii.

<sup>6</sup> They were Francesco Cattani da Diacceto, An-

a very fine vellum copy of the first edition, which ends with the words *Laus immortalis Deo*; one of the two copies on vellum paper of the scarce edition of the *Museum* and the *Gnomæmonothicæ* (Florence, about 1500); the *Anthologia* of Lascaris (Florence, 1494), a magnificent copy, with medallions painted at the corners imitating antique cameos, a present to Pietro de' Medici; one of the five splendid vellum copies of the *Argonautica* by Apollonius of Rhodes (Florence, 1496), ornamented with rich miniatures and arabesques. A manuscript of 1342, by Petrarch's old master Convevole di Prato, who through poverty was tempted to pledge Cicero's treatise on *Glory* lent him by his pupil, which has never been found since; this manuscript contains a long Latin poem addressed to King Robert, written in the time of Benedict XII., in which Italy personified prays the king for aid amid her overwhelming ills: Convevole surpasses Petrarch in flattering Robert, for he goes to the extent of comparing him to Jesus Christ.

The materials of the *Biblioteca degli scrittori Fiorentini e Toscani*, by the irascible and impetuous physician and philologist Cinelli Calvoli, friend of Magliabecchi, have been reduced to twelve folio volumes by the canon Biscioni; they prove the learning and indefatigable application of that writer, notwithstanding the troubles of his whole life. In the manuscript-room, is a *Nostra Signora*, a fine work by Carlo Maratto.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Scientific and literary cabinet of M. Vieusseux.—  
Scientific and literary characters of Florence.

Beside these old storehouses of erudition, Florence possesses a modern establishment of great interest, the cabinet of M. Vieusseux, which singularly increases the pleasure of one's stay in the town, and ought to receive one of the earliest visits of every enlightened traveller. There may be found the principal journals, reviews, and remarkable

novelties, that appear in Europe. Such an establishment in the centre of Italy must ultimately advance the improvement and progress of the country. It must be acknowledged, that the Italians already appreciate the advantage of these means of instruction: while the old worthless academies of versifiers and pedants, the titles of which were in some instances no less ridiculous and fantastic than their labours, are declining or quitting the stage, learned societies are springing up, devoted to the observation of facts and tending to the public good. It is no rare thing to find, in the smallest towns, men occupied in the study of the exact and natural sciences, forming collections, and holding their humble meetings, without assuming the diploma and outward show of academicians.

There was a meeting at M. Vieusseux's, one evening every week, of the most distinguished literary men of Florence: the abbé Zannoni, antiquarian of the Gallery, secretary of the academy della Crusca, and a scholar of the first rank;<sup>2</sup> S. Micali, historian of Italy before the Roman domination; the old abbé Sestini, the Pyrrho or Bayle of numismatics;<sup>3</sup> S. Niccolini, an orator and brilliant tragic poet, but too declamatory, whose pieces are more relished at Florence than elsewhere in Italy; the ingenious and elegant Giordani; S. Baldelli, biographer of Boccaccio;<sup>4</sup> professor Ciampi, hellenist; S. Tommaseo, an eager partisan of the new literary doctrines, and too irreverent towards the first Italian masters; S. di Forti, an exact, severe logician; S. Capei, a learned jurisconsult; S. Valeriani, a true polyglot; S. Libri, a great mathematician, now a Frenchman, professor at the College of France and the Institute; S. Gazzeri, an excellent chemist and most lucid professor, a man whose simplicity and candour require a Fontenelle to paint them; the canon Borghi, a celebrated lyric poet and happy translator of Pindar; S. Pananti, an original writer and poet, whose recital of a short captivity at Algiers is full of interest, and who has seen his eloquent imprecations

tonio Benivieni, Ludovico Martelli, Vincenzo Borghini, Baccio Valori, Agnolo Guicciardini, Jacopo Pitti, Bâstiano Antinori and Baccio Baldini.

<sup>1</sup> See ante, book ix. ch. xlii.

<sup>2</sup> Died August 13, 1832, and was not replaced in

1838: S. Migliarini, of Rome, a learned numismatist, has lately been charged with the preservation of the medals.

<sup>3</sup> Died in 1833.

<sup>4</sup> Died in April, 1831.

for the destruction of that haunt of pirates heard by France; S. Raffaele Lamfruschini, an enlightened economist and zealous promoter of infant schools, now so numerous in Italy.

## CHAPTER IX.

Duomo.—Arnolfo di Lapo.—Cupola.—Brunelleschi.—Pavement.—Tombs.—Statues.—Paintings.—Choir.—Michael Angelo's last work.—Gnomon.—Sacristy.—Pazzi.—Campanile.—Zuccone.—Saint John.—Doors.—Ghiberti.—Cossa.—Altar.—Bilgalo.—Dante's bench.

Santa Maria del Fiore, the duomo of Florence, one of the most remarkable edifices in Europe, and the first great church built free from the Gothic taste, though not altogether in the ancient, is a work of Arnolfo di Lapo, the architect of the Palazzo Vecchio. On reflecting that at this very epoch the seignior had the city encircled with a third wall, the baptistry covered with marble, and the granary called the *Saint Michael's Tower* erected, one is forcibly struck with the number and splendour of such undertakings. The grand and beautiful monuments of Florence date from the republic, and the Medici themselves constructed no building but the much less solid one of the *Uffizi*. The decree of the Florentine republic, which orders the reconstruction of this temple, is memorable: a senatus-consultum of ancient Rome could not be more noble than this decree of the city of Florence in the thirteenth century, the text of which is still regarded as a model of purest Italian: *Atteso che la somma prudenza di un popolo d'origine grande, sia di procedere nelli affari suoi di modo, che dalle operazioni esteriori si riconosca non meno il savio, che magnanimo suo operare; si ordina ad Arnolfo, capo maestro del nostro comune, che faccia il modello o disegno della rinnovazione di Santa-Reparata, con quella più alta e sontuosa magnificenza, che inventar non si possa, nè maggiore, nè più bella dall'industria e poter degli uomini; secondochè da' più savi di questa città è stato detto e consigliato in pubblica e privata adunanza, non doversi intraprendere le cose del comune, se il concetto non è, di farle corrispondenti ad un cuore, che vien fatto grandissimo, perchè composto dell'animo di*

*più cittadini uniti insieme in un sol volere.* Arnolfo di Lapo, one of the great men of modern architecture, the creator of the Florence school of architecture, was worthy the choice of his fellow-citizens. The substantial structure of the Duomo is still admired, despite its nakedness. The opinion of the time attributed earthquakes to currents of subterranean water; therefore Arnolfo had deep wells dug within the building to counteract their effects. According to a tradition existing at Florence, the artist is stated to have thus proudly addressed his monument: "I have preserved thee from earthquakes; may God preserve thee from lightning!"

Though the work was never interrupted, Santa Maria del Fiore was a hundred and sixty years in building, and consequently exhibits the progress, improvement, and decline of the art. Arnolfo's successors were Giotto, Taddeo Gaddi, Orgagna (though it is not known what parts are his), Lorenzo Filippi, and lastly the illustrious Brunelleschi, whose prodigious cupola, the model of Saint Peter's at Rome, and more solid, though spoiled by his incompetent successor Baccio d'Agnolo, is the masterpiece. The most glorious homage this cupola has received is doubtless that rendered by Michael Angelo, who marked out himself the place of his own tomb in the church of Santa Croce, in such manner that, when the doors were open, one could see from thence the daring monument which his lofty independent genius had imitated. If the mild temperature of Saint Peter's excites admiration, Brunelleschi seems no less than Michael Angelo to have created the climate of his duomo: I cannot forget the delightful coolness that reigned there during the burning heats of July and August 1834. History has handed down Brunelleschi's discourse which he delivered in one of the conferences that preceded the construction of the cupola of the Duomo; it would be difficult to speak with greater modesty and address, to explain more clearly the difficulties of work, or to throw more embarrassments in the way of one's competitors. One feels that Brunelleschi, the architect, sculptor, painter, goldsmith, clockmaker, geometrician, was also an orator: 'nor

\* Brunelleschi applied himself also to the most



did he exhibit greater tact in his harangue than in his retreat, and all his conduct throughout the consultations attended by the most famous architects of Europe, whose presence had been solicited by the merchants of Florence from the sovereigns of France, England, and Germany. At last, after unheard of vexations and a rigorous captivity, he obtained the sole direction of the works. As a watchful captain disposes and encourages his soldiers, so did Brunelleschi in person direct every workman and examine the quality of the materials; day after day he invented new machines and shorter expedients, and when the cupola was complete, except the exterior of the drum and lantern, he died on the scene of his exertions.<sup>1</sup>

Though without a front,<sup>2</sup> Santa Maria del Fiore is of an extremely noble and harmonious aspect; the marble of various colours with which the whole building is lined produces the most brilliant effect. Over the side doors are several remarkable basso-relievos: a *Virgin* with two angels, in marble, by Giovanni Pisano; an *Annunciation* in mosaic, by Ghirlandajo, and the singular *Assumption*, called at Florence the *Mandorla*, because the Virgin is represented on a medalion in the shape of an almond (*Mandorla*): it is the work of Nanni di Antonio di Banco, and one of the good sculptures of the fifteenth century. It may be observed that the angel in the upper part of the basso-relievo holds under his arm one of those rustic instruments (something like a

hautboy) which are played at Rome in advent by the joyous and devout mountaineers called *Pifferari*, who come down from the Abruzzi and Calabria, and with which they accompany the airs or popular duets sung before the images of the Madonna.

On entering the church one is struck with the beauty and brilliancy of the pavement and the various-coloured marble, a charming performance, by an uncertain author, which seems like a garden enamelled with flowers. Such a decoration is worthy the church *del Fiore* and the cathedral of Florence, one of the cities of Europe where the luxury of flowers is carried to the highest pitch, and which retains the lily in its arms. This lily was at first white, afterwards red; this change, the consequence of revolutions, is regretted by Dante:

. . . . . Che' l' giglio  
Non era ad asta mai posto a ritroso,  
Nè per division fatto vermiglio.<sup>3</sup>

The lily is said to have always grown wild in the vale of Florence; it still flourishes there, and sometimes may be seen shooting out of old walls like our gilliflowers.

The duomo has some illustrious tombs: such is Brunelleschi's; the sepulture of his family was at Saint Mark; he has been most properly buried within the walls that so loudly proclaim his glory. The characteristic epitaph is by Marsupini,<sup>4</sup> his portrait as a citizen of Florence

abstruse questions of philosophy; he frequented the conferences where they were discussed, and was considered at Florence as one of the rudest antagonists in that kind of argumentation. Dante was as his daily food, and he commonly supported his conclusions with some of that poet's verses. He moreover appears to have been facetious and fond of pleasure: he was a principal actor in the pretty novel of *Grasso legnajuolo*, composed about 1450 by an author now unknown. From the researches of Mazzuchelli and Bandini, Brunelleschi has been, conjointly with Domenico da Prato, recognised the author of the romantic poem of *Geta e Birria*, imitated from the *Amphitryon* of Plautus.

<sup>1</sup> The colossal statues of Arnolfo di Lapo and Brunelleschi, well executed by S. Ludovico Pampaloni, a young Florentine sculptor, have been very suitably placed facing the duomo by the *Deputazione dell' opera* (the fabric of the church), in front of the *Canonica*, one of the corners of the place, the coolest, and best *ventilati*, which I recommend to travellers who may be at Florence during the great heats,

<sup>2</sup> This imperfection is owing to the successive pretensions of some of its architects. Giotto pulled down a part of Arnolfo's front that he might make it more uniform with the architecture of the steeple. The rest was destroyed through the caprice of the *provveditore* Benedetto Uguccioni, whom Buonaiuti had persuaded to execute a more elegant front; but it was afterwards found impossible to agree on the choice of a plan. A hundred years later, the front of the duomo was painted in fresco by certain painters of Bologna, for the marriage of Prince Ferdinando, son of Cosmo III., with Violante of Bavaria. The fantastic design, as far as can be now ascertained, for the fresco is almost effaced, was by Passignano. Although it contrasts with the architecture of the church and steeple, it is not destitute of merit.

<sup>3</sup> *Parad. cant. xvi. 153*

<sup>4</sup> D. S.

Quantum Philippus architectus arte dædalea valuerit, cum hujus celeberrimi templi mira testudo, tum plures aliæ divino ingenio ab eo adinventæ machinæ documento esse possunt. Qua-

is by Bugiano, his pupil. The tomb of Giotto, the restorer of painting, perfectly the same as Brunelleschi's, is beside it; the bust is by Benedetto da Majano. The inscription, very fine, which might have been taken from the verses of Dante, Petrarch, or Boccaccio's prose, was composed by Politian, at the command of Lorenzo de' Medici. The mausoleum of Marsilio Ficino, the first, the most intelligent interpreter of Plato, and chief of the Platonic Academy founded by Cosmo de' Medici in his palace, represents him holding a folio volume in his hands; this zealous disciple of the Greek philosophy was canon of the cathedral: his tomb was erected at the cost of the state; the bust is by the able sculptor Andrea Ferrucci of Fiesole. The three neighbouring monuments of Brunelleschi, Giotto, and Marsilio Ficino singularly honour Florence, setting it forth as the real cradle of the arts and philosophy, and showing how deeply we are indebted to that city.

The tomb of Antonio d'Orso, bishop of Fiesole, and afterwards of Florence, is surmounted by his statue; he is seated with hands crossed, and his quiet attitude reminds one much more of the *savio* than the *valeroso prelato* vaunted by Boccaccio, who when the emperor Henry VII. besieged Florence, appeared on the breach at the head of his armed clergy and people animated by such an example, and put the hostile army to flight. The Tuscan poet, Francesco da Barberino, the fellow-disciple of Dante at the lectures of Brunetto Latini, who had been admitted doctor by Orso, erected this mausoleum to his memory; it is remarkably elegant for the time, has no inscription, but an inexplicable basso-relievo which has hitherto been the despair of the learned.

The monument of Pietro Farnese, general of the Florentines, by Jacopo Orgagna, is very fine: he is represented in a basso-relievo sword in hand, fighting

on a mule, his horse having been killed, and gaining the victory on his new and baseborn steed.

The bronze shrine of Saint Zanobi of Florence, one of the first preachers of christianity in Tuscany, bishop of Florence, a contemporary of Saint Ambrose and descendant of Zenobia, queen of Palmyra, is ornamented with popular basso-relievos by Ghiberti, representing divers of the saint's miracles; it is impossible to imagine anything more chaste or graceful than the six angels or Fames (as you chose) sustaining the crown of the upper part of this elegant and simple shrine.

The great statues of *St. James Major*, by Sansovino, *St. Philip* and *St. James Minor*, by Giovanni dell'Opera, are among the best in the church; the *St. John Baptist*, by Benedetto da Rovezzano, despite a little confusion in the drapery, is not without nobleness. The *St. Mark* seated is the masterpiece of Nicolao d'Arezzo, a great sculptor of the fourteenth century. *St. Andrew*, by Andrea Ferrucci, is a fine statue notwithstanding the exceeding fullness of the folds. The statue of Poggio, by Donatello, is now in the interior of the duomo; it was formerly on the front among the group of apostles; Poggio was then sometimes taken for one of his neighbours, to whom the roll of paper in his hand might give him some resemblance, and vulgar devotees have burnt more than one taper before the image of this mocker at churchmen, the licentious author of the *Facetiae*. In the chapel of Saint Joseph, the *Saint*, a picture by Credi, a Florentine artist of the fifteenth century, is highly esteemed. The vast paintings of the cupola, by Vasari and Federico Zuccari, chiefly taken from the *Divina Commedia*, presenting above three hundred figures, are more extravagant than grand, and strike solely from their size. These figures are fifty feet high; Lucifer's is even much larger, and, as Zuccari says, *si smisurata*,

propter ob extimias sui animi dotes singularesque virtutes, XV kal. Maias anno MCCCCXLIV, ejus B. M. corpus in hac humo subposita grata patria sepeliri jussit.

Philippo Brunellesco antiquæ architecturæ  
Instauratori.

S. P. Q. F. civi suo benemerenti.

Cui quam recta manus, tam fuit et facilis,  
Naturæ deerat, nostræ quod defuit arti;  
Plus licuit nulli pingere, nec melius.  
Miraris turrem egregiam sacro aere sonantem,  
Hæc quoque de modulo crevit ad astra meo.  
Denique sum Iotius: quid opus fuit illa referre?  
Hoc nomen longi carminis instar erit.

<sup>2</sup> Giorn. VI. nov. III.

<sup>1</sup> Ille ego sum, per quem pictura extincta revixit,

*che fa parerel e altre figure di bambini.*  
The witty Lasca ridicules these paintings, which in his opinion spoil Brunelleschi's cupola for the Florentines :

Non sarà mai di lamentarsi stanco,  
Se forse un dì non le si dà di bianco.

The green hued frescos on the tomb of sir John Hawkwood, an English condottiere, who with his company passed from the Pisan to the Florentine service, were highly prized by Vasari, notwithstanding the fierce controversy respecting the manner in which the horse trots, lifting his two off feet at the same time. This colossal work of Paolo Uccello, an artist of the fifteenth century, so called from his great predilection for birds with which he filled his house and his pictures, is perhaps the first instance of a great boldness in painting, and it certainly is not infelicitous. Such was Hawkwood's reputation for bravery, that his sovereign, Richard II. of England, asked and obtained his bones of the Florentines. Sachetti mentions a true *condottiere's* jest of his. Two lay brothers, who went to see him at his chateau of Montecchio near Cortona, gave him this pious salutation : *Dio vi dia la pace*, to which Hawkwood replied : *Dio vi tolga la vostra elemosina*. The monks were rather puzzled by this answer, and asked him its meaning : *Non sapete che io vivo di guerra*, said he, *e che la pace mi farebbe morir di fame?* One circumstance shows his cold blooded cruelty. Having given up Faenza to be pillaged by his men, he found two officers fighting in a convent for a young and lovely nun, and to end the dispute, Hawkwood killed the unfortunate girl.

The bust of the famous organist Antonio Squarcialupi, by Benedetto da Majano, and its elegant epitaph by his friend Lorenzo de' Medici, attests the passionate enthusiasm of the Florentines for music, and the importance of that art in their city, then so famous for philosophy and literature.

Against the wall, near a door in the side nave, is an old painting by an unknown author, apparently of the time, representing Dante standing, in a red

gown, with a laurel crown over his cap, and holding an open book in his hand; the physiognomy is expressive of kindness and good nature; on one side is a view of ancient Florence, on the other an allusion to the three parts of his poem, with a singular inscription by the poet and scholar Caluccio Salutati :

Qui cœlum cecinit, medlumque, imumque tribunal,  
Lustravitque animo cuncta poeta suo,  
Doctus adest Dantes, sua quem Florentia sæpe  
Sensit consiliis ac pietate patrem.  
Nil potuit tanto mors sæva nocere poetæ,  
Quem vivum virtus, carmen, imago facit ;

this worthless monument is the only one erected by the Florentine republic to the man who had thrown so great a lustre on his country.

The choir, in marble, executed by the order of Cosmo I., and ornamented with eighty-eight figures in basso-relievo by Bandinelli and his pupil Giovanni dell' Opera, is admirable. No one has hitherto been able to explain what characters these superb figures are intended to represent, and they are probably the creations of the authors' fancy. The high altar and sculptures adorning it are also by Bandinelli; the very fine wooden crucifix is by Benedetto da Majano. Behind this altar is Michael Angelo's last work, a pathetic *Piety*, an unfinished group, brought from Rome, and intended by its author for his own tomb, which he purposed preparing at Saint Mary Major. The very simple inscription alluding to this subject is extremely touching, as it marks the close of the glorious life and indefatigable old age of this great man. The celebrated *Piety* of Saint Peter's was one of the earliest works of Michael Angelo's youth : it is remarkable to see this stern genius begin and end his career with a subject so tender and soothing.

The celebrated gnomon of the duomo was reckoned by Lalande, in this case a perfectly competent judge, the greatest astronomical instrument in the world. This fine meridian was traced as early as 1468 by the Florentine physician, philosopher, astronomer, and mathematician, Paolo Toscanelli, a man of searching innovating spirit; he corresponded with Columbus, and his scientific re-

<sup>1</sup> Multum profectò debet musica Antonio Squarcialupi organistæ; is enim ita arti gratiam conjunxit, ut quartam sibi viderentur charites musicam ascivisse sororem. Florentina civitas grati

animi officium rata ejus memoriam propagare, cuius manus sæpe mortales in dulcem admirationem adduxerat.

Civi suo monumentum posuit.



searches were of great service to that navigator; in fact his grand discovery was indirectly due to Toscanelli, who had persuaded him to try the western passage to India.

The bronze doors of the canons' sacristy, covered with glazed earthen basso-relievos, by Luca della Robbia, are of marvellous beauty. These doors were intrepidly and opportunely closed by Politian and the other friends of Lorenzo de' Medici, who ran to his assistance, after the murder of his brother Giuliano by Bandini and Francesco Pazzi, when wounded and defending himself sword in hand, the sacristy offered him an asylum. Politian, like most literary men and artists of that epoch, was a man of resolution whose courage equalled his talent. I regret that Alfieri has not introduced him in his fine tragedy of the *Congiura de' Pazzi*, even at the risk of deranging the succinct monotonous symmetry of its characters. The piece of the Italian tragedian, inspired by his hatred, his childish dread of the Medici (*del Mediceo giogo*), could not escape an unhappy catastrophe, as its heroes, in spite of the noble sentiments he gives them during four acts, must according to history come to the gallows at last. The conspiracy of the Pazzi, the Brutus and Cassius Florentine merchants, like all republican conspiracies against popular chiefs, strengthened the almost absolute power of the Medici, as such vain efforts have ever produced and hastened the loss of liberty.

The *Campanile* of the duomo of Florence, of German Gothic architecture, was erected by Giotto; after more than five centuries, this wonderful structure, so highly adorned, so brilliant and light, the first of steeples and finest of towers, still stands firm and upright, a remarkable fact in a country where more than one leaning tower shows the unstable nature of the soil, which clearly proves that this creator of modern painting was no less skilled in the art of building. Charles V. so greatly admired the *Campanile*, that he would have liked to put it under a glass cover that it might only be seen on certain days; and Politian has sung its praises in Greek and Latin verse: *fine as the Campanile*, is a favorite simile of the Florentines, who, like the inhabitants of all other Italian cities, are proud of their monu-

ments. The *Campanile* is ornamented with excellent sculptures: there are six statues by Donatello; one in particular is perfect; it represents Fra Barduccio Cherichini, instead of an apostle as often stated, and was called *lo Zuccone* (the bald) by its creator, a name it still retains; seen from the elevated point of view for which it was made, one might take it for a Grecian statue, so fine is the expression of the drooping head, so majestic are the outlines, so noble the drapery. The authors of the *Memoirs* of Donatello relate that in his transport at the completion of his *Zuccone*, which he reckoned his masterpiece, the artist, like another Pygmalion, said to his huge Galatea: *favella, favella* (speak, speak). The different basso-relievos of Andrea Pisano are worthy of the best days of sculpture: the *Cavalier fleeing*; the *Boat rowed by two youths* who pass an old man, are primitive chefs-d'œuvre full of nature and expression. On the side of the *Campanile* towards the cathedral, are two basso-relievos by Giotto, and five by Luca della Robbia.

The church of Saint John, formerly a cathedral and afterwards a baptistry, was first founded in the sixth century, by the great and amiable queen Theodolinda,<sup>1</sup> when Tuscan was subject to the Lombards. Then vast quantities of antique ruins afforded builders stones ready-hewn, with wrecks of capitals and columns; these numerous fragments, differing from each other, are united in the baptistry, and one stone may be seen there bearing a fine Roman inscription in honour of Aurelius Verus. The tradition of the antique style, a kind of reminiscence of good taste then passed away, may be discovered in the plan, in the simplicity of the elevation and arrangement, and even in the covering of the monument.

The doors and bronzes of Saint John are regarded by Cicognara as the finest works in the world. If Dante, who rails so violently against his countrymen, by whom he had been proscribed, so enthusiastically celebrates the monuments of his country, what would he have said of this brilliant baptistry, he who so feelingly remembered the old one!

..... nè maggiori  
Che quei che son nel mio bel San Giovanni? a

<sup>1</sup> See book IV, chap. lii.

<sup>2</sup> *Inf. can. XIX. 47.* See also *Parad. xv. 131.*

The oldest of the three doors, to the south, executed between 1330 and 1339, is by Andrea Pisano, the ablest pupil of Nicolao; though since eclipsed by the two neighbouring doors, by Ghiberti, which are perhaps imitations, it then appeared marvellous. The seignior of Florence went in procession from their palace to visit it, accompanied by the ambassadors of Naples and Sicily, and the artist received the signal honour of the *cittadinanza*. The door by Andrea, presenting the history of Saint John and different Virtues in twenty compartments, is still worthy of admiration. The *Visitation*, the *Presentation*, are simple compositions in good taste: the women have an air of gracefulness, propriety, timid embarrassment full of charms. Among the Virtues, *Hope*, a winged figure with extended arms, is full of ardour for the attainment of its desires; the *Prudence*, on the contrary, calm and motionless, has a double face, one a young girl's, the other a man's of mature age; in one hand she holds a serpent, and in the other a book. The naked parts and drapery of these two figures are perfect.

Michael Angelo declared that the middle door, by Ghiberti, was fit to be the gate of Paradise. "Ghiberti," said he on other occasion to a friend, in justification of his celibacy, "left immense property and many heirs; but who would now know that he ever existed, if he had not made the doors of the baptistry? his wealth is dissipated, his children are dead; yet his bronze doors are still standing." These celebrated doors, like the cupola of the duomo, the result of one of those European competitions already mentioned, were confided to him when only twenty-three; and according to Vasari, they occupied him no less than forty.\* Among the competitors was Brunelleschi, then

twenty-four years of age, who eagerly proclaimed his conqueror; this young and generous rival solicited the work for him alone, and even refused to take any part therein; Ghiberti, however, displayed no gratitude for this delicate conduct, when, a powerless rival, he sometime after wished to assist in constructing the cupola. The two superb doors of Saint John were ordered by the seignior and the *priori* or heads of the Merchants' Confraternity, after the cessation of the dreadful plague of 1400, to embellish the temple of the protector of Florence. The finest monuments in Italy are in most cases connected with religious or patriotic motives. The outlay for these two doors was 40,000 sequins, which would now be many thousands more. Such works and the erection of the duomo with the superb temples of Santa Croce, Santa Maria Novella, and the Holy Ghost,<sup>3</sup> commanded at the same epoch by this small commercial state, amid wars, calamities and seditions, are splendid testimonies of the Florentine taste and genius for the arts, and the liberality of its government; they prove that a mercantile spirit and republican forms do not always exclude splendour and dignity from public works.

The principal door of the baptistry presents subjects from the Old Testament, in ten compartments; around it are small elegant figures of prophets, sibyls, some excellent busts, among which a bald-headed one in the centre of the cornice is the author's, and another is Bertoluccio's, his master and father-in-law, a clever goldsmith of Florence who had assisted him. The *Creation of Adam and Eve*, the subject of the first compartment, is a noble, graceful, and poetical composition: the woman does not issue from a rib, but is raised by four little angels; God receives her, and a group of angels in the air seem to

\* Benvenuto Cellini makes Francis I. use nearly the same language, respecting a door of his making (*Vita di B. Cellini*, t. II. p. 165), so closely were Christian fervour and the thoughts of salvation connected with the arts at that period.

<sup>2</sup> Vasari's assertion has been contradicted, but it is confirmed and explained in a learned memoir by S. Vincenzo Follini, librarian of the Magliabecchiana, on some difficulties in the history of the baptistry doors, which was read at the academy della Crusca, on the 13 of January 1824. Ghiberti's numerous writings respecting his art, the artists of his day, and the works executed by himself, are in

the library confided to the care of S. Follini. They are more interesting for the history than the theory of the art; and Cicognara has published the most curious and important portions of them in his history of sculpture. A large and beautiful work on Ghiberti's chef-d'œuvre was published at Paris in 1837, by Aimé André; its title is: *Porte principale du baptistère de Florence, gravée sous la direction de M. Blanchard*, a large folio with eleven plates representing all the compartments of that magnificent work.

<sup>3</sup> See *post*, ch. xii., xiii. and xiv.

survey her with love and respect as the fairest work of creation. *Moses receiving the Tables of the law, Joshua passing the Jordan*, with a greater number of figures, perfectly and most distinctly executed in their diminutive proportions, are equally admirable in their way. The side door represents the *Life of Jesus Christ*. The compartment of the *Resurrection of Lazarus* is sublime: the Lazarus, erect, tombless, statuelike, enveloped in his shroud, a chrysalis phantom, whose limbs can only be traced indistinctly, is a new and bold creation: the calm dignity of the Saviour, the eagerness of Magdalen, the gratitude of Lazarus' relatives, the cool contemplative air of the disciples accustomed to such miracles, complete by their contrasts the effect of this wonderful composition. The bronzes of Ghiberti, true pictures in every thing but colouring (if painting, the art of illusion, had not its limits distinct from statuary), are models of taste, nature, purity, and harmony; a single fact is sufficient for their glory: Cicognara states that Raphael himself made them his study and a source of inspiration.

A good and true statue of *Saint John*, with joined hands and one knee on the ground, by Vincenzo Danti, is over the old door of the baptistry. Over the principal door, is the *Baptism of Christ*, and the statues of Contucci da Sansovino, a fellow student and rival of Michael Angelo, are of pure and noble taste; the angel, by Spinazzi, a powerless imitator of the antique, amid the decline of the last century, is one of his good works. The porphyry columns placed on each side this door and the iron chains fastened thereto, recall at once the alliance and wars of Florence and Pisa: the columns taken from the Saracens by the Pisans were presented by them to the Florentines, as an acknowledgement of the fidelity the latter had displayed in protecting the city, menaced by Lucca, during the expedition; the chains, on the other hand, once served to close the port of Pisa, and were a barbarous conquest of the Florentines. The three statues of the third door are the finest and most

classic in Florence; they are by Rustici, pupil of Leonardo Vinci, who is said to have supplied the model. The author quitted Italy, aggrieved by the injustice of the magistrates, who, with that administrative severity of which there are too many instances, misappreciated his wonderful performance, and refused to pay him more than 400 crowns, instead of 2000 which his statues well merited. His arbitrator was Michael Angelo; Ridolfi, chief of the consuls dell' *Uffizio*, contented himself with taking Baccio d'Agnolo for his.

The interior of the baptistry is very fine. The wooden statue of Magdalen by Donatello, though perhaps too bony, too anatomical, is admirable for grief, compunction, and penitence. The mausoleum of the infamous and adventurous Baltassare Cossa, a pirate, general, poet, and pope under name of John XXIII., deposed by the council of Constance, ordered of the same artist by Cosmo I., Cossa's friend, is noble and simple. The inscription *quondam papa* remains, notwithstanding the complaints of Pope Martin V.; Cossa's successor, who thought it ambiguous: he wished that the dignity of cardinal only should be mentioned, in which Cossa died; and the *priori* are said to have answered *quod scripsi, scripsi*. Donatello had no necessity to put religious emblems on the statue of *Hope*, one of the three divine virtues of the mausoleum; the sprightly touching expression of her features is enough to make her known. The *Faith*, by Michelozzo, is not ill placed beside the two fine statues of his master, who perhaps made the model and directed the execution.

The statues of papier mâché round the church, are by Ammanato. Apollinios, a Greek painter, and Andrea Tafi, his pupil, who made the great figure of Christ, began the mosaics of the cupola, which were completed by Jacopo da Turrita, Taddeo Gaddi, Alessio Baldovinetti, and Michael Angelo's illustrious master, Domenico Ghirlandajo. The altar front, of silver, enriched with enamel and lapislazuli, on which divers incidents in the life of Saint John are

<sup>1</sup> Ser Giovanni Fiorentino relates that if a person had been robbed of any article, on approaching these columns, he there saw the thief and the stolen property. The Pisans had offered the choice of a wrought metal door or these columns. Dissatisfied

at the preference of the latter, they destroyed by means of fire and smoke, says Ser Giovanni, the kind of tint that made them valuable. *Il Pecorone*, Giorn. xii. nov. 2.



represented, the most classic piece of goldsmiths' work known, is a splendid and curious monument of the magnificence of the Florentine republic; it was begun in 1366, but not finished till 1477; artists of the highest order were engaged on it, as Michelozzo di Bartolommeo, Maso Finiguerra, Sandro Botticelli, Antonio Salvi, and Antonio del Pollajolo, for boldness of design and anatomic skill, regarded as a forerunner of Michael Angelo.<sup>1</sup> Two small pictures in mosaic most delicately worked are part of this precious altar; they are allusions to the principal holydays of the year, and were deemed, by Gori the antiquary, remarkable proofs of the sacred antiquity of the Florence baptistry.

Beside Saint John, the *Bigallo*, an hospital for foundlings and orphans, has on the altar of its chapel a fine Madonna in excellent preservation, by Alberto Arnoldi, a Florentine sculptor of the fourteenth century, wrongly ascribed by Vasari and other writers to Andrea Pisano; for grace and expression it is altogether worthy of him.

In a side street, close to the houses, is a spot religiously preserved, where there formerly stood a bench on which Dante used to sit; the words *Sasso di Dante* are inscribed there; perhaps, there he mused over the factions and anarchy of Florence, and created his *Inferno*.

## CHAPTER X.

Saint Laurence.—Chapels.—Cosmo the elder.—Old Sacristy.—Chapel of the Tombs; of the Medici.—Pedestal.—San Giovannino.—Ammanato.—Laura Battiferri.—Padre Inghirami.—Lo Scalzo.—Andrea del Sarto.

The old church of Saint Laurence was rebuilt by Brunelleschi in 1425. If there are any inaccuracies, they may be attributed either to some fault in the first foundation, or the errors of those who completed it after the artist's death. The fine disposition of the architectural lines is greatly admired there. Previously columns had been employed, either as they were found ready made, or such as the locality obliged them to be made, without any attention to beauty of form or the due proportions of each order: here

for the first time, the Corinthian order reappeared with all the regularity of its proportions and the elegance of its capital.

The twenty-four chapels of Saint Laurence are ornamented with paintings by able Florentine artists; such are the *Visitation*, by Veracini; the *Sposalizio*, by Del Rosso, painter to Francis I., poisoned in France; a *St. Laurence*, by Lapi; a *Christ on the Cross* with Sts. Jerome, Francis, and Magdalen, by Ottaviano Dandini; a *Nativity*, by Cosmo Roselli; the *Adoration of the Magi*, by Macchietti; *St. Laurence*, *St. Ambrose*, *St. Zanobi*, done in one night by Francesco Conti, for the gratification of his protector the marquis Cosmo Riccardi; a *St. Sebastian*, by Empoli, who has portrayed the Florentine senator Leone Nerli in the person of the martyr; *St. Arcadius on the cross and his companions*, a pleasing composition for the figures and landscape, by the natural and elegant Florentine painter of the sixteenth century, Sogliani, under which are some charming figures by Bacchiacca. The *Infant Jesus* and the marble sculptures of the chapel of the Holy Sacrament, by Desiderio da Settignano, are admirable for taste and truth.

The marble crucifix at the high altar is not, as stated, the crucifix of Benvenuto Cellini, now at the Escorial; it is by Baccio da Montelupo.

In the centre of the church a broad pavement of porphyry, serpentine, and other marble, covers the tomb of Cosmo the elder; on it are these words: "Here reposes Cosmo de' Medici, surnamed *Father of his country* by a public decree; he lived seventy-five years, three months, and twenty days." In the vault is an equally simple inscription stating that the tomb was erected to him by his son. Such moderation on the tomb of this great man is very affecting, when we remember that he was for thirty years the able chief, the absolute master of the government of Florence, and that he was destined to give his name to the most brilliant age of modern literature and art. Cosmo has been diversely judged: Machiavel, Sismondi, and Niccolini especially in his *Elogium of Alberti*, have treated him harshly; Comines

<sup>1</sup> Cicognara, *Stor. dell. Scult.* lib. iv. cap. xv. Pollajolo is reputed the first who seriously studied the structure of the human body by the help of

anatomy, and introduced that study in the teaching of drawing.

pretends "that his authority was mild and amiable, such as was necessary in a free city." Rousseau said to Bernardin de Saint-Pierre: "I have been much inclined to write the history of Cosmo de' Medici. He was a private individual who became the sovereign of his fellow-citizens by making them happier. His good deeds alone procured his elevation and maintained it." Such was the well-ordered liberality of Cosmo, that when he died almost every Florentine of note was his debtor for considerable sums. A circumstance less remarked shows that his riches likewise gave him political influence abroad equal to that of our most powerful bankers and capitalists: when the Venetians entered into a league with Alfonso of Aragon against the Florentine republic, he withdrew his funds from Venice and Naples, and forced the allies to remain quiet.

The old sacristy was erected from the design of Brunelleschi; it seems a little temple of itself. The medallions of the cupola, the evangelists in stucco, the small bronze doors, an ewer, a bust of St. Leonard, and especially the elegant tomb of Giovanni de' Medici, son of Averardo and his wife Piccarda, are by Donatello. This Giovanni, father of Cosmo the elder, may be regarded as the author of his family's fortune; his immense wealth acquired by commerce and the generous use he made of it, procured him a great political ascendancy; and after having been ambassador at Venice, in Poland, and at Rome, he became gonfalonier of the republic. He founded this very church of Laurence, which encloses the masterpieces of so many illustrious artists. A fine inscription commemorates his glory, his services, and his virtues especially. Two paintings are remarkable: a *Nativity*, by Raffaele del Garbo, and a *St. Laurence*, by Perugino. The porphyry mausoleum of Giovanni and Pietro de' Medici, the two sons of Cosmo the elder, a famous work

of Andrea da Verracchio, is an admirable monument of the magnificence of Lorenzo and his brother Giuliano; the bronze ornaments are cast and chased with exquisite art, that has never been surpassed.

The *Martyrdom of St. Laurence*, near the door of the cloister, is a fine fresco of the first Bronzino; four marble statues are by Donatello, and Poccetti, the Paolo Veronese of Florence, has painted a tabernacle at the extremity of the temple.

The two bronze pulpits, from Donatello's designs, executed by his pupil Bartoldo, are incomparable works. The *Descent from the Cross*, a basso-relievo on one of the pulpits, for the attitudes, forms, variety, and force of expression, recalls the basso-relievos of antiquity.

The new sacristy, the first and one of best architectural performances of Michael Angelo, which he did when about forty, already announces, by the ordonnance of the pilasters of the second story, his independence and originality in this art as in all others. The soft still light which falls from the lantern on the statues of the tombs, leads to and increases the profound, melancholy impression they produce. These celebrated sepulchres of Giuliano de' Medici and Lorenzo duke of Urbino, the most extraordinary chefs-d'œuvre of Michael Angelo's chisel, have done more honour to the author than to the princes they enclose, who were vulgar and obscure, although sculptured by this grand artist and sung by Ariosto, a fact which may possibly explain and justify the no-meaning and uncertainty of the allegorical figures embellishing their mausoleum. Some nice judges can discover in these figures neither the character nor beauty of the antique; but they can well bear their absence, like the characters of Shakespeare, when they are true and pathetic. Virgil's expression, *vivos ducent de marmore vultus*, is perfectly applicable

Si merita in patriam, si gloria, sanguis, et omni  
Larga manus, nigra libera morte forent,  
Viveret heu patria casta cum conjuge felix  
Auxilium miseris, portus et aura suis.  
Omnia sed quando superantur morte, Johannes  
Hoc mausoleo, tuque Piccarda jaces,  
Ergo senex mœret, juvenis, puer, omnis et ætas.  
Orba parente suo patria mœsta gemit.

See *Variétés italiennes*.

<sup>2</sup> See his fine ode to Philiberta of Savoy, Giu-

liano's widow: *Anima eletta, che nel mondo folle*. Giuliano seems however to have merited praise for the generosity and sincerity of his character and his patronage of letters; he is also one of the colloquists in Bembo's *Dialogo della lingua italiana*, and Count Castiglione's *Cortegiano*. The duke of Urbino was much less deserving the verses of Ariosto:

Nella stagion che 'l bel tempo rimena,  
Di mia man posì un ramuscel di lauro....



to this amazing sculpture. What a singular effect of Michael Angelo's talent! the most unfinished and least animated figure, *Night*, is the most lifelike. Among the many verses, Latin and Italian, composed for these statues, an eternal mania of poetising everything still common in Italy, may be cited the Strozzi's quatrain :

La Notte che tu vedi in sì dolci atti  
Dormir, fu da un Àngelo scolpita  
In questo sasso, e perchè dorme, ha vita ;  
Destala, se nol credi, e parlerattì.<sup>1</sup>

Michael Angelo's answer is a courageous opposition to the power that oppressed Florence :

Grato m' è il sonno, e più l' esser di sasso :  
Mentre che il danno e la vergogna dura,  
Non veder, non sentir m' è gran ventura ;  
Però non mi destar : deh ! parla basso,

Charles V., in the ecstasy that he felt from contemplating the figures of these two monuments, was surprised that he did not see them rise and speak. The head, the gesture of the statue of Lorenzo, the *Thought (Il Pensiero)* of Michael Angelo, are terribly, menacing; they are well suited to the precocious tyrant, the worthy father of Catherine of Medicis and of that bastard Alexander who destroyed the liberties of Florence. Some persons make the genius of Michael Angelo a kind of science, or art, understood by a small number of adepts only. There seems to me some strange mistake in such a notion. The effect of this chapel is instantaneous, complete, irresistible; and it produces profound emotion without any lengthened study.

Adjoining the prodigy of the tombs, are some objects that merit notice in the new sacristy. The altar and chandeliers were executed by Michael Angelo. The group of the *Virgin and her son* is also by him; there is indeed some singularity and confusion in the draperies, but the figure of the Virgin is simple and natural, and the brisk movement of the infant Jesus perhaps justifies the extraordinary energy of his muscles, and his truly Herculean form. On each side of the Madonna are two statues by pupils

of Michael Angelo, and of which, according to Vasari, he even made the models: *St. Damian* is by Raffaello da Montelupo; *St. Cosmo* is the chef-d'œuvre of Fra Montorsoli, who assisted his illustrious master in making the tombs.

The chapel de' Medici, behind the choir in the church of Saint Laurence, was built from the designs of Don Giovanni de' Medici, brother of the grand duke Ferdinand I. The architecture of Michael Angelo's chapel of the Tombs singularly depreciates this princely performance: the octangular form of the cupola has been much criticised, and deservedly. The grand duke Ferdinand is said to have had the project of placing the Holy Sepulchre there, which the famous emir Faccardin, governor of Druzes, and a self-styled descendant of Godefroi de Bouillon, when at Florence in 1613, had promised carry off for him. The works of the Medici chapel have been in progress more than two centuries; it is encrusted with jasper and granite, and presents the arms of all the Tuscan cities in fine stones. The colossal frescos of the cupola, the finest and richest cupola that painting has ever embellished, were accorded to S. Benvenuto a celebrated Florentine master, who completed them in 1836, after nine years' labour: the subjects, judiciously selected from the Scriptures, are in strict conformity with the sepulchral destination of the chapel.

Two of the tombs in the Medici chapel are remarkable: that of Ferdinand I., resplendent with the finest marbles, but of the wretched architecture of the times; the statue, by Giovanni Bologna, is an expressive and accurate likeness of that excellent prince, the patron of letters and the arts, who had the glory of fixing the Venus of Medicis at Florence. The second tomb, by Tacca, Giovanni Bologna's best pupil, and in his style, is that of Cosmo II., Ferdinand's worthy son, deceased in his thirty-first year, the protector of Galilee, who was invited by him from Padua, named first mathematician of the university of Pisa, without being obliged to profess or reside, and created his private mathematician and philosopher.

<sup>1</sup> Vasari pretends that the author of this quatrain is unknown; it is, however, generally ascribed to Giambattista Strozzi, a poet of the sixteenth century,

noted for some fugitive pieces extremely graceful and delicate.



The tomb and statue which Paolo Giovio ordered for himself in his will may be seen in the cloister of this church. The architecture of the monument, by Francesco San Gallo, is in tolerably good taste; the mean, satirical, unbishoplike physiognomy of the statue well accords with the character and writings of the person it represents.<sup>1</sup>

In a corner of the Piazza of Saint Laurence is the pedestal ornamented with the celebrated basso-relievo of Baccio Bandinelli, and one of the best works of that epoch, despite some few imperfections. This pedestal was intended for the statue of Giovanni de' Medici, called the *Great Devil* in his lifetime, and of the *black bands* after his death, because his soldiers, the choicest of the Italian troops, wore mourning for him. The various excesses of military recklessness and rapine so energetically expressed in this basso-relievo are not unsuited to the monument of such a captain.

The convent and beautiful church of Saint Giovannino were founded and built by the grand Florentine sculptor and architect Ammanato, who gave all his wealth to the Jesuits, and, feeling excessive religious scruples on account of the harmless nudity of certain statues he had made, consecrated his latter years to the erection of this church and works of piety. According to his desire, he reposes in the chapel of Saint Bartholomew, with Laura his wife, natural daughter of the legist Battiferri; this lady was celebrated for the purity and elegance of her sacred poems, and her correspondence with most illustrious men of the day, such as Caro, Varchi, Bernardo Tasso, Pietro Vettori; she was publicly acknowledged by her father, who secured his whole fortune to her, and was unwilling that any but a man of superior talents should become her husband. The front of the church, regular, is esteemed. Among the good paintings of the chapels, may be distinguished, in that of Saint Bartholomew, *Christ, the Apostles and the Canaanitish woman*, by the second Bronzino; the *St. Bartholomew*, leaning on a stick, is the portrait of Ammanato, and the old woman behind the Canaanite, Laura Battiferri; in the chapel of Saint Francis Xavier, the *Saint preaching to the in-*

*fidels*, one of the best works of Currado, a Florentine painter of the sixteenth century.

The convent is now occupied by the Scolopi, successors of the Jesuits, learned and estimable monks who have introduced some useful reforms in the teaching of letters and the physical and mathematical sciences. The P. Giovanni Inghirami passes for one of the first astronomers in Europe, and his geometrical map of Tuscan is an excellent and unique work.

The celebrated frescos in clare-obscure, by Andrea del Sarto, at the Compagnia dello Scalzo, executed at divers epochs, are like the history and epitome of his talent: the *Baptism of Jesus Christ* shows his first style; the *Virgin visiting St. Elizabeth*, his progress; the *Birth of John the Baptist*, his perfection. They demonstrate that this artist, surnamed the faultless painter (*Andrea senza errori*) is in reality more admirable for nature, purity, grace, than power, originality, imagination. Two of these frescos, *St. John receiving his father's blessing*, and the *same met by the infant Jesus on a journey*, were executed by Franciabigio, pupil of Andrea del Sarto, while his master was gone to France, and appear worthy of him. Time, damp, restorers, and perhaps ill-will, have greatly impaired these paintings, but the progress of their decay seems to have been arrested since the Academy of Fine Arts has taken them under its care.

## CHAPTER XI.

Saint Mark.—Pico della Mirandola.—Pollitian.—  
Convent.—Savonarola.—Old library of Saint Mark.  
—Annunziata.—Chapel.—The Villani.—Gallery.  
—Cloister.

Saint Mark is remarkable for some masterpieces of art and the most illustrious tombs of the revival. The interior architecture of the church is for the most part by Giovanni Bologna, who also made a statue of *St. Zanobi*, the chapel of Saint Antoninus and his statue; but the cupola of the former and several figures are by the second Bronzino. In the church, an admirable *Transfiguration*, which might be supposed by a greater master, is by Paggi, a Genoese painter, by birth a patrician, who, when

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book iv. ch. viii.

forced to fly his country for murder, found an asylum for twenty years at Florence.

The brilliant chapel of the Serragli has six excellent paintings : the *Last Supper*, the most remarkable, is by Santi Titi, pupil of Bronzino, the best Florentine painter of his time : the Christ and Judas form a superb contrast of divinity and crime ; the *Miracle of the manna*, by Passignano ; *Abraham's sacrifice*, by Empoli ; the *Miracle of the loaves and fishes*, by Currado ; and *St. Paul raising a child from the dead*, by Biliberti.

The great *Crucifix*, painted on wood with a gold ground, over the principal door, is by Giotto.

The tomb of Pico della Mirandola is covered with a pompous and foolish inscription, hyperbolically extolling his vast renown ;<sup>1</sup> though this prince died before completing his thirty-second year, his learning was prodigious ; after profoundly studying the Egyptian, Hebrew, Chaldean, Greek, Latin, Arabian, and cabalistic creeds, he determined to go alone and barefoot to preach the gospel throughout the world. The elegant and pure Platonic poet, Geronimo Benivieni, his friend, and a zealous partisan of Savonarola,<sup>2</sup> deceased at the age of more than eight-nine years, wished to be laid near the prince della Mirandola, as stated in his touching epitaph, so widely different from the one preceding it.<sup>3</sup> The tomb of Politian, who quitted life two months before Pico della Mirandola, the aid and dearest partner of his toils, has only a wretched faulty epitaph (it makes him die in 1499 instead of 1494), unworthy such a sepulture. This great scholar, this friend, this Virgil of the Medici, had expressed a wish to be interred in Saint Mark, clothed in the habit of

the Dominican order, a desire that was fulfilled by Roberto Ubaldini, a monk of the convent and perhaps the confident of the mysterious calamity that caused his death.<sup>4</sup>

The convent of Saint Mark, from the designs of Michelozzo, presents some fine lunettes in its two cloisters, painted in fresco by Pocetti, Pietro Dandini, and the old Gherardini : among the numerous paintings of Fra Bartolommeo, who was a monk of Saint Mark, a *St. Vincent* has been thought worthy of Titian or Giorgione for its colouring. In this convent I saw the cell of Geronimo Savonarola, prior of Saint Mark, to which this dark enemy of the Medici always retreated when Lorenzo, whose family had founded the convent, came to visit it or appeared in the garden. It was shown me by an old Dominican, a very good sort of man, who doubtless had but little resemblance to the religious tribune of Florence and the intrepid foe of the abuses of the Roman court, a monkish demagogue who had such a prodigious ascendant over his fellow-citizens, that he one year induced them to renounce the carnival, and at his eloquent voice huge pyramids of books, paintings, musical instruments, with cards and dice, were burnt in the square before the old palace ;<sup>5</sup> and the greatest painter of Florence, shocked at the seductions of his art, threw his voluptuous works into the same fire, took the habit of Saint Dominick, and had no glory thenceforward but under the name of Fra Bartolommeo, or the *frate*. Savonarola had real talents as well as popular power. In his youth, he had composed Italian verses as a relaxation from theological studies and the reading of Saint Thomas. Varchi has preserved this republican stanza addressed to the people of Flo-

<sup>1</sup> Joannes jacet hic Mirandula : cetera norunt  
Et Tagus et Ganges ; forsan et antipodes.

<sup>2</sup> Benivieni had degraded his talent so far as to compose religious verses to dance tunes, a kind of spiritual rondos which were sung during carnival on the piazza of the convent of Saint Mark.

<sup>3</sup> Hieronymus Benivienus, ne disjunctus post mortem locus ossa teneret, quorum in vita animos conjunxit amor, hac humo supposita ponendum cur.

<sup>4</sup> He left a memorial containing a relation of the circumstances attending Politian's last moments. See Roscoe's *Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*, ch. x. and No. lxxviii in the appendix.

<sup>5</sup> The scarcity and excessive price of the first editions of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, are owing to these book auto-da-fe. At the one in 1498, accompanied with a *Te Deum*, and presenting a greater quantity of precious objects than the last, in 1496, especially some antique busts, there was observed a Petrarch so highly embellished with gold and miniatures that it was valued at 50 crowns. The folio Venice *Decameron* (1471), extremely scarce, was purchased by the marquís of Blandford in 1812 for 2260 pounds sterling. This perhaps is the highest price ever paid for a book ; it has since passed into Earl Spencer's library, at the price of 91*l.* 15*s.*

rence, which he wrote up in capitals in the grand council chamber, in opposition to all negociations with the banished Medici: a threatening notice, to which the Florentine historian attributes the condemnation of Carlo Cocchi, who was beheaded for bruiting their recall:

Se questo popular consiglio, e certo  
Governo, Popol. della tua cittate  
Conservi, che da Dio t'è stato offerto,  
In pace starai sempre e 'n libertate;  
Tien dunque l'occhio della mente aperto,  
Che molte insidie ognor ti sien parate,  
E sappi, che chi vuol far parlamento  
Vuol torti delle mani il reggimento.

Machiavel, who had listened to him unmoved, speaks favourably of Savonarola in his Discourses on Livy, though one of his letters informs us that he doubted his sincerity, and he has poetically depicted the Florentines as wrapt up in his words: *involti con la sua parola*. Michael Angelo read his works with pleasure. Comines, an able judge, who visited him at his reformed convent of Saint Mark, styles him a worthy man, and he was well versed in his whole history, for Savonarola leaned towards the French alliance, and when he preached on the means of making his country happy, he was accustomed to say: *gigli con gigli dover fiorire*. The passage of a sermon of the second Sunday in Lent, which was intercepted by the weeping and exclamations of the congregation and the orator's tears likewise, is very pathetic; a passage on the plague, in another sermon, is boasted by the Italians as a masterpiece full of poetry. Florence is indebted to the sermons of Savonarola for the establishment of the Mont-de-Piété. Until the middle of last century, flowers (*fiorita*) were scattered about the spot where he was executed in the piazza of the grand duke. It must however be confessed that Savonarola's closing scene did not answer to the unshrinking boldness of his life, for this fiery preacher then appeared nothing but a weak and cowardly fanatic and a faithless martyr.

Saint Mark also presents us the tomb of a much less fearful personage, the antiquarian Gori, an indefatigable scholar;

he was, too, a man of the world, priest, poet, and musician. His marble sepulchre, with an inscription, surmounted by his bust, is in the first cloister.

The celebrated old library of the convent, composed of the books of Niccolao Niccoli,<sup>1</sup> of Florence, and devoted to public use by Cosmo de' Medici, who must be regarded as the real founder, was classified by Tommaso di Sarzana, then a poor and learned priest, who afterwards became a great pope, under the name of Nicholas V., and laid the foundations of the Vatican. The composition that he put forth on this subject served as a model for the classification of many other libraries in Italy. The convent of Saint Mark thus seems to have originated the first catalogue. This public library was pillaged, like the other property of the Medici, by the people and the army on the entry of Charles VIII., and afterwards by another still more furious enemy of that family, Savonarola, who made presents of many articles to the cardinals and other powerful persons, to shield himself from censures and excommunications; the precious wrecks after going to Rome returned to Florence, and were the beginning of the Laurentian, where they still remain.

On the Piazza dell' Annunziata is the equestrian statue, by Tacca, of Ferdinand I., third grand-duke of Tuscany, the best and most beloved of the Medici dynasty. The noble clemency of his government is well figured by the king or queen of the bees amid a swarm, placed on the base, with the motto, *Majestate tantum*. The merit of the statue is greatly inferior to that of the prince: the man and horse are truly fabricated of bronze rather than flesh; the sphinxes of the fountain appear less feeble and more lifelike, possibly because we cannot compare them with an original. The block of violet granite from the isle of Elba, forming the pedestal, is superb. The statue of Ferdinand was founded with cannon taken from the Turks by the knights of Saint Stephen; a fact somewhat whimsically expressed in the inscription on the horse's belly, by which we are told that

<sup>1</sup> The Latin, Greek, and Oriental manuscripts collected by Niccoli, many of which were copied by himself and enriched with his commentaries, amounted to about eight hundred, according to

Poggio (Niccoli's funeral oration. Op. Basil edition, 1538, p. 270); four hundred only reached the convent of Saint Mark. It seems difficult and would be interesting to trace out the others.



*the metal was taken from haughty Thrace.*

The first door of the portico which precedes the church of the Annunziata has three good paintings by Antonio Pollajolo, Poggi, and Lomi. The lunettes of the court serving for vestibule are by able Florentine masters; there are the *Assumption*, by Del Rosso: among the apostles contemplating the Virgin, the St. James in pilgrim's garb is the portrait of the celebrated poet Berni, still the best writer of the bad style that passes by his name: the *Visit of the Virgin to St. Elizabeth*, by Pontorno; the *Sposalizio*, by Franciabigio, not finished: the monks having uncovered it too soon, on occasion of a holiday, the artist, ashamed and indignant, had already struck several blows with a hammer in order to destroy it; he was prevented from effecting his fatal purpose, but would never resume his work, and no one has since presumed to touch it; the *Birth of the Virgin*, by Andrea del Sarto: the first of the two women who visit the mother is the portrait of Lucrezia del Fede, his wife; his *Adoration of the Magi*, in which the figure turned towards the spectator is Sansovino, and the man leaning on the latter, his own portrait; a *Nativity*, by Baldovinetti, perfectly natural; *St. Philip Benizzi taking the habit*, by Cosmo Roselli, left incomplete at his death; the same saint *giving his shirt to a naked leper*; *Card-players struck by lightning* for despising his reprimands; *St. Philip delivering a demoniac*; a *Nun devoutly putting the tunic of the same saint on some children*, by Andrea del Sarto: the old man, clad in red and supported by a stick, in the last fresco, is the portrait of Andrea della Robbia.

The church, horribly modernised, no longer retains its numerous old *ex voto* offerings, a host of manikins covered with rich habits suspended to the roof, and representing illustrious personages. Clever artists did not disdain on some occasions to work on these figures. Among those of the Annunziata was the duke Alexander, by Benvenuto Cellini;

the cord by which it was attached broke one day, and such accidents, seemingly of no unfrequent occurrence, rendered a visit to the Annunziata rather perilous at that period.

The celebrated chapel *della santissima Vergine annunziata*, founded by Pietro, Cosmo's son, is dazzling with gold, silver, and precious stones; the head of the Saviour, at the altar, is by Andrea del Sarto; an *Annunciation*, a fresco of 1252, by the Florentine Bartolommeo, much venerated in Florence, which has only been retouched in the drapery, is remarkable for the time. This *Virgin* then appeared so marvellous to the people of Florence, as to give rise to a report that it was painted by angels descended from heaven, while the artist had fallen asleep for the express purpose.

The ceiling of the church painted by Volterrano, is very fine. In the other chapels may be observed: *St. Nicholas*, the *Virgin*, and *saints at her feet*; the last is Empoli's finest work; the *Blessed Piccolomini saying mass*, by Pietro Dandini, agreeable and well composed; a *Piety*, sweet, noble, simple, which surmounts the tomb of Baccio Bandinelli and his wife in his chapel: this group had been begun by a natural son of the mettlesome artist, a clever helpmate to his father, whose oddities and ill-treatment obliged him to leave for Rome, where he died; Bandinelli resumed the work; he has given his own likeness in the figure of Nicodemus, and was determined this time, without too great temerity, to oppose his *Piety* to Michael Angelo's group placed behind the altar in the choir of the cathedral; a *Crucifix*, after Giovanni Bologna, in the chapel of the Virgin del Soccorso, erected at the expense and on the plans of that indefatigable artist, and for which he made, when above eighty, the two Genii holding extinguished torches, sitting on his tomb: the epitaph signifies that he had in a manner opened and consecrated this last to Flemish sculptors and architects, his fellow-countrymen; a *Resurrection*, by the first Bronzino; the *Virgin and saints*, by Perugino; the *Birth of the*

<sup>1</sup> Joannes Bologna Belga. medicor.

Princ. nobilis alumnus, eques militiæ I. Christi,  
Sculptura et architectura clarus,  
Virtute notus, moribus et pietate

Insignis, sacellum deo,

Sep. sibi cunctisque Belgis eorumdem

Artium cultoribus p. an Dom. MDCIV.

*Virgin*, by the second Bronzino, with an inscription of the year 1602, in which he affectingly apologises for his inability to do better on account of his age: an incident from the *Life of the blessed Manetto*, by Cristoforo Allori, his son, the third Bronzino, executed with such skill that Pietro di Cortona declared that if all the paintings in the world were lost, this one would be sufficient to revive the art and lead it to perfection: the old man turned towards the spectator is the portrait of his father; the grand mausoleum of Bishop Angelo Marzi, an able minister of Cosmo I., by Francesco San Gallo: the prelate's stern physiognomy has some analogy with the policy and unbending authority of his master; the *St. Philip Benizzi*, by Volterrano; a fine wooden crucifix at the Villani chapel, in which repose three clever historians and excellent writers: the first, a tradesman of Florence, magistrate, statesman, and even bankrupt; the second less known; the third, a man of letters only, surnamed the *Solitary*; an *Assumption*, by Perugino or Albertinelli; *Christ between the two thieves*, a superb composition of more than natural size, full of soldiers and horsemen, the chef-d'œuvre of John Stradan; a copy of the *Last Judgment* of the Sixtine Chapel, by the second Bronzino: the portrait of Michael Angelo is beside the body reviving with handed eyes, and wrapt in a white sheet; the frescos representing *Christ disputing in the temple and expelling the sellers*, also by the second Bronzino, which contains the portraits of Pietro Vettori, Vincenzo Borghini, the Augustine monk Ludovico, Petrarch's friend, the first Bronzino, and other literati and artists.

The gallery and cupola of the Annunziata, in a rotunda-like shape, as large in the vault as the Pantheon, without windows or openings, a structure of most extraordinary effect, due to the magnificence of Ludovico Gonzaga, marquis of Mantua, is, despite Vasari's censures, one of the wonders of Florence and Alberti's best work. The cupola, painted by Volterrano in his old age, is esteemed for invention, drawing and colouring; and the basso-relievo of the tabernacle was executed by Thorwaldsen.

Outside the church, the oratory of

Saint Sebastian presents the *Martyrdom of the saint*, the masterpiece of Antonio Pollajolo, one of the best works of the fifteenth century, which, though imperfect in the colouring, is remarkable for the beauty of the horses, the science of the naked parts, the expression of the saint's countenance, which is a portrait of Cino Capponi: an archer vigorously straining to draw his bow is admirable.

The magnificent cloister of the Annunziata is from the designs of Cronaca. The lunettes are by the first masters. The *Miracle of the drowned man revived*, by Poccetti, is reckoned one of the best paintings in Florence. *Pope Alexander IV. approving the Servites' Order*, by Matteo Rosselli, is of rare merit. The celebrated *Madonna del sacco*, admired by Michael Angelo and Titian, is a masterpiece for grace, nature, and purity, by Andrea del Sarto.

The monastery of the nuns of Saint Mary Magdalen de' Pazzi presents: its court, of the architecture of Antonio San Gallo, praised by Vasari, and, in the Neri Chapel, some excellent pictures by Poccetti.

The church of Saint Michael Visdomini, built from Orgagna's plans, and reconstructed since, has a *Virgin with divers saints*, by Pontormo, a happy and free imitation of Andrea del Sarto his master, who sent him away, being jealous of his talents.

The side door of the oratory of Jesus the Pilgrim or *de' Pretori*, is from Michael Angelo's designs. In the interior is the tomb of the celebrated burlesque priest Arlotto, vicar of Saint Cresci at Maciuoli, near Fiesole, deceased at the age of ninety-seven, an Italian Rabelais without genius, whose epitaph may be considered one of his facetiæ: *Questa sepoltura il Pievano Arlotto la fece fare per se, e per chi ci vuole entrare. Morì a' xxvii di febbrajo del mccccclxxxiv.*

The oratory of Saint Clement, a dependance of the old monastery, is curious for its frescos by Stradan, representing sundry particulars of the history of Christ, and for the portraits of Cosmo I., his consort, and the princes of that family, ever torn by dissensions, a misfortune tyrants sometimes experience.

<sup>1</sup> See *post*, ch. xvii.

## CHAPTER XII.

Piazza of Santa Croce.—Fountain.—Santa Croce.—Tombs of Michael Angelo, Machiavel, Galileo.—Dante's monument.—Other tombs.—Alfieri.—Lanzi.—Leonardo Aretino.—Chancellors of the Florentine republic.—Mausoleum of Marsuppini.—Filicaja.—Taddeo Gaddi.—Pulpit.—Cloisters.—Saint Ambrose.—La Badia.—Or-San-Michele.—Dante professorships.—Gonnelli.

The piazza of Santa Croce witnessed, about the middle of the thirteenth century, the formation of the popular authority of Florence, when the richest citizens, weary of aristocratic insolence and oppression, assembled there, took arms, deposed the podestà, and, after dividing themselves into twenty companies according to their respective quarters, each of which had a chief and a standard, replaced the podestà by a new judge with the title of captain, formed his council of twelve *anziani*, and created, in the very heat of a riot, the constitution which during ten years was the source of so many honourable actions. This square is now the rendezvous of the masqueraders and follies of the carnival.

The marble fountain in the piazza of Santa Croce, one of the few fountains in Florence, ill-supplied, furnishes almost the only potable water in the town, where everybody drinks the unwholesome tartarous water of his own well, which produces the leaden hue and liver diseases of the inhabitants.

Santa Croce, built about the end of the thirteenth century, by the great architect of the Florentine republic Arnolfo di Lapo, has been restored on the designs of Vasari. This vast church, naked, gloomy, severe, lighted by superb Gothic windows of stained glass, filled with illustrious tombs, has been justly entitled the Pantheon of Florence; and truly so good a company of departed great is not elsewhere assembled. In contemplating the mausoleums of Michael Angelo, Machiavel, and Galileo, within so small a space, humanity seems aggrandised. The religious character of the edifice is almost lost in its national character and the religious feelings of another kind inspired by genius; but the faculties accorded to such men supply a new motive for admiring the hand of Providence.

Michael Angelo's mausoleum is deficient in unity and grandeur, although the three statues that adorn it are by able sculptors;

each having paid greater attention to the effect of his particular statue, than of the whole. The statue of *Architecture*, the best, is by Giovanni dell' Opera, pupil of Michael Angelo, and may be taken as a specimen of the state of the art at his death; the *Sculpture*, in the middle, by Cioli, seems rather asleep than afflicted; the *Painting*, by Lorenzi, has a kind of affectation and coquetry ill-suited to the gravity of such a monument. The body of Michael Angelo, who died at Rome aged ninety, was directed by the pope to be buried at Saint Peter's; but Cosmo de' Medici, jealous of such a conquest, had it clandestinely removed by night and transported to Florence in a package of merchandise; he furnished the marble for the mausoleum, and a magnificent funeral was decreed for the grand artist; Varchi pronounced the funeral oration, and genius was in this case as highly honoured as power.

The ashes of Machiavel, deposited at Santa Croce, remained nearly three centuries without receiving any honourable distinction; the present was not erected till 1787, and it is a singular fact, that an English peer, Nassau Clavering, Earl Cowper, the editor of his works, in quarto, headed the subscription, formed by Florentines and approved by Leopold. The only figure on the tomb, by Spinazzi, intended for both *Policy* and *History*, is of indifferent taste; it seems to pronounce the words of the proud but not exaggerated inscription written by Doctor Ferroni: *Tanto nomini nullum par elogium*.

Galileo's mausoleum was erected at the epoch when taste was most corrupted, of which it unfortunately gives too much evidence, as the chief sculptors of the time assisted in its execution. The bust of Galileo, by Foggini, is less bad than the rest. Galileo, who lived nearly seventy-eight years, was born the very day and hour that Michael Angelo died. When I saw these two tombs facing each other, it seemed to me that in the new career of philosophy and science, the torch of genius had never ceased to shine at Florence, and that it then passed without interruption into the hands of the Tuscans.

To supply the place of Dante's tomb, the absence of which at Santa Croce recalls the famous incident of the images of Brutus and Cassius, a colossal cenotaph has recently been erected to him.



This monument is now only a magnificent testimony that Dante is not there. The composition is uncouth enough; the dilatory tears of *Poetry* over this boneless urn seem ridiculous after five centuries: the contemporary tears of sculpture on the tomb of Michael Angelo, though badly expressed, were natural and true. If Florence were cruel to Dante, *parvi Florentia mater amoris*,<sup>1</sup> it must be owned that she has long sought to repair the injustice. In the year 1396, a public monument was decreed him, in the hope of obtaining his remains from Ravenna. Other applications and a new decree, of the year 1429, are kept in the archives *delle riformazioni*. At last in 1519, another request was addressed to Leo X. by the Florentines; among the signatures is the name of Michael Angelo, a passionate admirer of the poet whom the genius of this Dante of the arts so much resembled,<sup>2</sup> and who consecrated verses to the poet that he would not have disavowed.<sup>3</sup> I do not think there is any apostil comparable to that of Michael Angelo asking to build Dante's sepulchre at Florence, in these words: *Io Michel-Agnolo scultore il medesimo a vostra santità supplico, offerendomi al divin poeta fare la sepultura sua condecante e in loco onorevole in questa città*. Sig. Ricci, a Florentine artist now living, professor of sculpture at the Academy of Fine Arts, obtained from fortune the honour coveted by Michael Angelo; it is a matter of regret that his talents have not proved altogether equal to the task. This poor monument has not however been erected in vain, as we owe to it the fine verses of Count Jacopo Leopardi, one of the first contemporary poets of Italy,

<sup>1</sup> Expressions attributed to Dante, and engraved on his tomb. See book XII. ch. v.

<sup>2</sup> This document, still preserved in the *Archivio diplomatico*, has been given as well as the decree of 1429, by the editor of the Life of Dante, by Mario Filelfo, MS. of the Laurentian, published at Florence in 1828, in 8vo.

<sup>3</sup> See the two sonnets:

Dal mondo scese al ciechi abissi e poi.  
Quanto dirne si dee non si può dire.

<sup>4</sup> Canto II. *Sopra il monumento di Dante che si prepara in Firenze*. Florence, 1831. Count Leopardi, of an ancient family of Recanati, a scholar and author in verse and prose, died at Naples of the cholera, on the 28th of June 1837, aged forty years. His *Opere letterarie morali*, a fourth edition of which was

on the love of Italy and her ancient glory.<sup>4</sup>

After the great tombs of Michael Angelo, Machiavel, and Galileo, come others worthy of a place in their train. The vast mausoleum of Alfieri, a masterpiece by Canova, with stern Grecian character so conformable to the poet's genius, is rather cramped between the tomb of Michael Angelo and Machiavel. The bitter satirical epitaph written by himself, and already published repeatedly, is not thereon;<sup>5</sup> the only inscription is as follows:

Victorio Alfieri Astensl  
Aloisia e principibus Stolbergis  
Albania comitissa  
m. p. c. an MDCCXC.

It was among these tombs, near which he reposes, that Alfieri first felt the love of glory stir his breast; near the close of his life, his mind worn with feeling, labours, and study, he again came to meditate at Santa Croce, and was seen there by another poet, the ardent, melancholy, contemplative Foscolo, who has eloquently painted his pale austere aspect:

..... E a questi marmi  
Venne spesso Vittorio ad ispirarsi.  
Irato a' patrj Numi, errava muto  
Ove Arno è più deserto, i campi e il cielo,  
Desioso mirando; e poi che nullo  
Vivente aspetto gli molcea la cura,  
Qui posava l' austero, e avea sul volto  
Il pallor della morte e la speranza.

Beside these great names is another of gigantic magnitude: near the holy-water vase, an almost obliterated inscription indicates the burial-place of a Bonaparte.<sup>6</sup>

The mausoleum of the senator Filippo

published at Paris after his death by MM. Louis de Sinner and Ugoni, are reckoned by Manzoni the most profound work of the kind produced in Italy during the present century.

<sup>5</sup> He had it inscribed, as well as the touching epitaph of the countess Albani, his friend, on two little tablets of *scagliola* (See post, ch. xx.) like a dyptich, and he called it his last book (*Alfieri liber novissimus*), as lettered on the back.

<sup>6</sup> The Bonaparte family had resided in Tuscany (See post, book XIX. ch. IX.). It has been stated that an uncle of Napoleon's, a country priest, still dwelt in his village some few years since: a lover of quietude, he refused the proffered honours of his powerful nephew, and, like Rousseau's vicar, he perhaps answered: "Mon bon ami, je ne trouve rien de si beau que d'être curé." *Émile*, liv. IV.

Buonarrotti, deceased in 1733, president of the jurisdiction of ecclesiastical affairs, a learned antiquarian and botanist, who, independently of his printed works, has left about sixty manuscript volumes on Greek and Latin antiquities, from which he had drawn materials for his publications; a medal with the legend *Quem nulla æquaverit ætas*, was struck for him while living by a friend; this tomb of the erudite nephew of Michael Angelo is much less illustrious than his uncle's close by, and the proud legend of the president's medal would be more fitly placed on the artist's tomb.

The tomb of Lanzi is associated with reminiscences of virtue, science, and taste; I could not contemplate it without gratitude and respect, as I have gained much information from his excellent History of painting in Italy, with which I have in a manner lived for several years past.

The mausoleum of the celebrated scholar and historian Leonardo Bruni Aretino, by Bernardo Rossellini, is simple, noble, elegant, and passes for one of the best works of the fifteenth century. The basso-relievo of the *Virgin*, above, by Verrocchio, is also much esteemed. This illustrious Aretino, so different from his disgraceful namesake, is represented lying on his tomb, crowned with laurel and holding on his breast his Latin History of Florence as a monument of his patriotism. He was buried in this manner by decree of the seignior. This scholar first supported the opinion, re-adopted in our days, that the Italian was as old as the Latin, that they were both employed at the same time at Rome, and that, if the latter were the language of the learned and the orators, the former was the dialect of the people. Bruni Aretino was chancellor for the second time when he died; at the council of Florence, he had harangued, in his official capacity, the emperor Paleologus and the Greek patriarch in their own lan-

guage; had he lived longer, he would have been gonfalonier.<sup>a</sup> When we see literary pursuits lead to such honours, and the office of chancellor, the second in the republic, successively confided to such learned men as Leonardo Aretino, Coluccio Salutati, Carlo Marsuppini, Poggio, Benedetto Accolti, Landino, Bartolommeo Scala, it is easy to account for the ardour for study at that time, and it is impossible not to admire a state wise enough to employ such men.

The tomb of Francesco da Barberino and his son has an inscription in Latin verse attributed by tradition to Boccaccio:

Inclita plange tuos lacrymis Florentia cives;  
Et patribus tantis fundas orbatâ dolore.  
Dùm redeunt domini Francisci funera mente  
De Barberino et nati: nam judicis omne  
Gesserat officium, sua corda cavenda reatu  
Sed satis excedit natum; quia doctus utroque  
Jure fuit genitor, sed solo filius uno,  
Scilicet in causis quæ sunt secularibus arte.  
Hoc sunt sub lapide positi, quibus ultima clauso  
Perfida mors oculos, paucis dilata diebus  
Strage sub æquali, quæ totum terruit orbem  
In his senario quater aucto mille precentis.

The author of the Decameron borrowed the subject of some of his novels from the *Fior di novelle* of Francesco da Barberino, like Dante, one of Brunetto Latini's pupils, a scholar, theologian, and celebrated jurisconsult, author of a moral poem, entitled *I Documenti d'amore*, of the *Reggimento delle donne*, and a skilful miniature-painter. Barberino died of the awful plague of Florence in 1348, aged eighty-four years; his writings, rather curious than pleasing, have contributed to the formation of the Tuscan language, and procured him the honour of being placed by the Academy della Crusca in the rank of the classics.

The tomb of Nardini, a celebrated violinist, the pupil and friend of Tartini, and Paganini's master, is near Machiavel's; despite its pompous inscrip-

<sup>a</sup> The funeral oration was delivered by Gianozzo Manetti, a great scholar of the revival, who thought proper to introduce, on the subject of Leonardo's crown, a long digression of five quarto pages in very small type, on the eight kinds of crowns known to the ancients. It was no doubt to destroy the effect of this luckless panegyric, that Filelfo, Aretino's loving friend, published another discourse noble, pathetic, and well composed, a true contrast with Gianozzo's, which proved so excessively irksome to his learned audience.

<sup>a</sup> Aretino seems also to have been an agreeable narrator. To dissipate the sadness produced in a party at Florence by hearing read Boccaccio's novel of Ghismonda, he recited the history of Stratonice and Antiochus, now cleverly adapted for our lyric stage, and one of the chefs-d'œuvre of French music. See *Novelle di vari autori*, t. II, p. 86, *la Novella di messer Lionardo d'Arezzo*.

tion and Nardini's talent, it seems utterly frivolous amid these majestic sepulchres.

The mausoleum of Count Joseph Skotnicki, a Pole and lover of the arts, who died at thirty-three of a consumption, one of the best works of S. Ricci, is affecting; it was raised by his young widow: a lyre and pencils, in allusion to Skotnicki's talents, with a fine female figure representing conjugal fidelity at the foot of a column surmounted by a funeral urn, form all the monument. The Pole it encloses, notwithstanding the quiet obscurity of his life, seems worthy to rest among the glorious dead of Santa Croce, since the immortal example of courage and sacrifice his country has displayed.

The elegant monument consecrated to the countess Albani by S. Fabre, is the work of one of our first French architects, the late M. Percier, not less distinguished by his talents than his unassuming simplicity; the statues and ornaments by Santarelli and Giovanozzi da Settignano, Tuscan sculptors, are worthy of the monument.

The tomb of Ubertino de' Bardi, captain of the Florentines, by Giotto, one of Giotto's grandsons, is, though somewhat dry, a work of sculpture and painting, singularly new, natural, poetical, and diversified.

The tomb of Antonio Cocchi is interesting when associated with the various works of that learned physician, philosopher, antiquarian, man of letters, the friend and correspondent of Boerhaave and Newton.

The mausoleum of Carlo Marsuppini, the masterpiece of Desiderio da Settignano, is full of grace, taste, softness, and elegance. Marsuppini, a famous professor in his day, has left nothing but a few poems and writings not above mediocrity: he was Filelfo's enemy, and succeeded him in his professorship, after basely effecting his exile from Florence. When one reflects on the ordinary execution of the tombs of Machiavel and Galileo, it is sad to see that unequal fate has devoted one of the wonders of art to Marsuppini.

Doctor Lami merited, by his extensive knowledge, the tomb he has obtained at Santa Croce; a great scholar, profound divine, laborious librarian, whose life was, however, full of quarrels and adventures.

The mausoleum of Pompeo Signorini,

of Florence, Leopold's sagacious counsellor, on which is the statue of *Philosophy* weeping, is another esteemed work of S. Ricci.

The mausoleum of the senator Filicaja deserved to be transferred from the church of Saint Peter to Santa Croce; it is allied with noble recollections of virtue, religion, genius, patriotism, and the loftiest song the love of Italy has inspired.<sup>1</sup>

Santa Croce is also remarkable for its different chefs-d'œuvre of painting and sculpture. Over the great door of the front, a bronze statue of *St. Louis*, not the great king, but an archbishop of Toulouse, is by Donatello, and little worthy of him. In the interior, over the principal door, Giotto has painted a Crucifix on a wooden cross. His *Virgin crowned by the hand of Christ*, a graceful artless picture, is one of the earliest monuments of the revival. In the Cavalcanti chapel, an *Annunciation*, full of nobleness and modesty, one of Donatello's first works, fixed his reputation. The *Christ entering Jerusalem*, by Cigoli and Bili-berti, his best pupil, is regarded as the finest painting in the church. A *Trinity*, by the former, is also highly praised. The chapel of the Medici, ordered by Cosmo, the father of his country, and executed by Michelozzo, offers a *Madonna*, a basso-relievo in burnt earth, by Luca della Robbia, and a picture by Filippo Lippi. In the sacristy, the frescos of Taddeo Gaddi, the pupil, the Giulio Romano of Giotto, are superb; it is absolutely impossible not to be struck with this beauty and primitive grandeur of the art. The astonishing cupola of the Niccolini chapel is the chef-d'œuvre of Volterrano, who was patronised by that family; the different statues of this chapel are among the best of Francavilla, a Frenchman brought up in Italy, too often an unhappy imitator of Michael Angelo. The wooden *Crucifix* by Donatello, though esteemed by some connoisseurs, seemed to me stiff, mean, and justly censured by Brunelleschi, who reproached him with having put a peasant on the cross; the rustic physiognomy contrasts, too, with the fine embroidered garment. The *Supper at Emmaus*, by Santi Titi, is fine in the colouring. Lastly, the marble pulpit, ornamented with bronze, by Benedetto

<sup>1</sup> Italia, Italia, o tu cui feo la sorte, etc.



da Majano, is superb : two basso-relievos, *St. Francis offering to pass through the fire in presence of the sultan*, and his *Death*, are singularly expressive and pathetic.

In the first cloister of the convent of Santa Croce is the magnificent chapel of the Pazzi, built from Brunelleschi's designs and adorned with works by Luca della Robbia. The second cloister is also by Brunelleschi, and the *Cenaculum*, of the refectory, by Giotto.

The church of Saint Joseph has a very fine *Nativity*, by Santi Titi.

Saint Ambrose, one of the oldest churches of Florence, which existed in 1001, was rebuilt in 1716. There may be seen a superb tabernacle by Mino di Fiesole ; the *Miracle of the Holy Sacrament*, by Cosmo Rosselli, the most known of his works, a fine fresco remarkable for the prodigious number of its characters, several of which are portraits of eminent men of the fifteenth century, such as Politian, Marsilio Ficino and Pico della Mirandola.

The vast court of the church of Saint Magdalen de' Pazzi, by Giuliano San Gallo, was extolled by Vasari for the beauty of its Ionic columns and the capitals, imitated from an antique marble capital found at Fiesole. In the chapter-room of the superb monastery are several frescos of saints by Perugino.

Saint Simon recalls a remarkable instance of religious dissimulation, in the person of a Portuguese Jew, Francis Giorgi, who feigned himself a Christian for several years, practiced law at Florence, erected to his family the monument still bearing his name, and took flight to return to Judaism. The principal paintings of Saint Simon are : the *Martyrdom of St. Laurence*, an excellent work of Giambattista Vanni, sur-named the "gentleman painter," but its only good point is the original reflection of the fire on the bystanders ; the *St. Jerome*, by Marinari, a clever pupil of Carlo Dolci ; a fine *St. Nicholas*, by Francesco Montelatici, called from his quarrelsome temper *Cecco bravo* (Bully Frank) ; *St. Francis in a swoon*, supported by two angels, by Vignali, pupil of Rosselli and imitator of Guercino.

The pyx of the high-altar, incrustéd with precious stones, is by Cennini.

The church of Saint Procul has some remarkable works : a *Visitation*, by Ghirlandajo, to which the Florentine painter Ferretti has so cleverly added a glory of angels, that his manner can hardly be distinguished from Ghirlandajo's ; a *Virgin*, a *St. Anthony the abbot*, and *St. Barbara*, by Pontormo ; an *Annunciation*, by Empoli ; a *Madonna*, by Giotto.

The celebrated church and convent of Badia offer some of the first chefs-d'œuvre of the art, by Mino di Fiesole, viz. : the renovated tomb of Ugo, marquis of Tuscany, ancestor of Machiavel, one of the founders of the convent, a just and pious man, called somewhat pompously the Great, who, in the hunting-season, visited the shepherds and peasants incognito to learn the public opinion of his government, and whose eulogium is regularly pronounced every year in each of the seven monasteries he founded :

Glascun che della bella insegna porta  
Del gran barone il cui nome e 'l cui pregio  
La festa di Tommaso riconforta ; <sup>2</sup>

the splendid mausoleum of Bernardo Giugni, sent on an embassy with the great citizen of Florence Neri Caponi, and afterwards gonfalonier. A fine *Assumption* is by Vasari ; an earthen basso-relievo, by Luca della Robbia. In the cloister, the *St. Benedict throwing himself naked among thorns*, in one of the lunettes, is by the second Bronzino ; a *Crucifix*, a good fresco of the refectory, by Sogliani. The small altar of one chapel presents more excellent sculptures by Mino di Fiesole.

The vast church of Saint Firenzo has nothing particularly remarkable but the fine painting of the *Crucifixion of the ten thousand Martyrs*, by Stradan, retouched by Buonamici, a clever artist, but a dreadful man, whose crimes sent him to the gallies, where he became a very good marine-painter.

The collegiate church of Or-San-Michele (Saint Michael's garden) a detached gothic edifice, is one of the noblest, most characteristic in Florence,

<sup>1</sup> See the instructive work on *Machiavel, his genius, and his errors*, by M. Artaud. Paris, 1833, two vols. in 8vo, ch. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Dante, *Parad.* can. xvi, 127.

and combines the masterpieces of her first artists. Erected after the celebrated plague described by Boccaccio, the architects were Giotto and his worthy pupil Taddeo Gaddi. Among the bronze and marble statues occupying the niches of each front, statues consecrated to the patron saints of the different corporations of the trades, may be remarked *St. Matthew*, by Ghiberti, which manifests the study and successful imitation of the antique, whereas in the *John Baptist* of the adjoining front he merely surpassed his contemporaries; three statues by Donatello, *St. Peter*, *St. Mark*, admired by Michael Angelo, who had addressed it with: "Mark, why do you not speak to me?" *Marco, perchè non mi parli?* the *St. George*, so youthful and spirited, the finest figure of Or-San-Michele, and perhaps even of modern art; *St. Luke*, by Giovanni Bologna; *St. Thomas*, by Verrocchio, attributed also to his great disciple Leonardo Vinci, well composed, but rather dry in the draperies; and the *St. John* evangelist, one of Baccio da Montelupo's best works. In the interior is the fine group of *St. Anne*, the *Virgin* and *infant Jesus*, by Francesco San Gallo. The superb tabernacle containing the miraculous image of the Virgin, painted in the thirteenth century by Ugolino di Siena, is one of Orgagna's most celebrated wonders, and one of the monuments of that luxury of the arts to which the thrifty spirit and republican government of Florence were no obstacle. The magnificence of the Medici has been widely celebrated; but it must be confessed that they only followed the usages of popular government, that this splendour was in the manners, and that these politic masters were compelled to employ it as a means of domination. Despite the calamities of the times, the tabernacle of Or-San-Michele cost the heavy sum of 80,000 gold florins.

On Saint Anne's day, July 26, 1834, I saw Or-San-Michele decorated with the twenty-one ancient gonfalons of the major and minor crafts of Florence, white, blue, and red banners covered with armorial bearings, which floated on

the outside of its old walls in the commemoration of the attack, for which the afternoon prayer bell was the signal, and expulsion of that mean tyrant Gauthier de Brienne, oddly called the duke of Athens, who had no defenders but his guard, the butchers, some few of the populace, and the four families of the people who had elected him. At night the old edifice was full; it glittered with the light of tapers illuminating the airy pyramids of its brilliant tabernacle; it echoed with religious songs, and one might there have fancied himself in the halcyon days of the Florentine seignior.

The old church of Saint Stephen recalls the early days of the literary glory of Florence. It was in this church that Boccaccio, afflicted, exhausted, overwhelmed by the death of his dear Petrarch, filled the first chair founded by the Florentine republic for the interpretation of Dante. It was there that, amid democratic disorders, he boldly reproached his fellow-citizens in public with their vices, their love of lucre, and excited them to glory and virtue. The Dante professorships, afterwards multiplied throughout Italy for more than four centuries,\* have ceased in our days through the Austrian influence: the last successor of Boccaccio at Florence, was professor Sarchiani, of the Academy della Crusca, who died in 1821 aged seventy-five, a clever Greek and Latin scholar, a man of strict principles and gentlemanly manners, who defended the truth of christianity against the writings of the French philosophers, and composed some papers on political economy for the philanthropic minister Tavanti. Some works in the church of Saint Stephen are esteemed: the *Conversion of St. Paul*, by Morosini; *St. Philip*, and the *Marriage of St. Catherine*, by Francesco Bianchi; *St. Nicholas*, by Matteo Roselli; the *Virgin*, *St. Augustin* and other saints, by Santi Titi or Cigoli; and the fine bronze basso-relievos of *St. Stephen's Martyrdom*, by Tacca. The statue of *St. Stephen* in a niche is by Gonnelli, a Tuscan sculptor of the seventeenth century, who fell blind at twenty, but continued to cultivate his

\* Boccaccio began his course of lectures October 23, 1373. Filelfo afterwards delivered the same course at the Duomo. When we recollect Dante's invectives against the vices of the clergy and the

excesses of the Roman court, it is difficult to conceive how, notwithstanding the usage, churches were then chosen for these meetings.

art; his busts were even noted for resemblance, so far, says Baldinucci, an eye-witness of this prodigy, had the sense of feeling supplied the loss of sight. Gonnelli made from memory the portrait of a young girl whom he had loved before his blindness, and the likeness was perfect. Cardinal Palotta put this pretty distich beneath his bust :

Giovan, ch' è cieco, e Lisabetta amò,  
La scolpi nell' idea che amor formò.

### CHAPTER XIII.

Santa Maria Novella.—Door.—Cimabue.—Ghirlandajo.—Brunelleschi's Crucifix.—Tombs.—Spaniards' chapel.—Great cloister.—Greek paintings.—Apothecaries.—Trade, letters, and public employ compatible at Florence.—Potenze.—Ognisanti.—Holy Sepulchre.—Trinity.—Column.—Holy Apostles.—Altovitoli mausoleum.—Lorenzo Lorenzini.—Santa Maria Maggiore.—Short-sightedness of the Florentines.

It is at Santa Maria Novella that Boccaccio places the meeting of the seven Florentine damsels, after the plague of 1348, who, to divert themselves, go into the country and recite the merry, touching, satirical, and something more than voluptuous novels composing the Decameron : the name, and ornamental, smiling aspect of this church, which Michael Angelo in his admiration called his wife (*la sua sposa*), seem now to have some connection with the most agreeable and interesting of all tale books. The first architects of Santa Maria Novella were the lay brothers da Ristoro Campi Sisto, Florentines, and a third monk, Fra Jacopo Zolenti da Nippozzano, great architects of the thirteenth century, pupils of Arnolfo di Lapo, the last of whom is designated in the Necrology of the church, under the unassuming title of *Magister lapidum*. The door, one of the finest ever seen, is by Alberti, who appears to have executed the front also.\* This front has two astronomical curiosities : the first, a marble dial intended to measure the celestial arc included between the tropics, the oldest meridian in Europe ; the second, Ptolemy's armilla ; they were

placed there by the Dominican Ignazio Danti, mathematician and astronomer, cosmographer to Cosmo I.

Santa Maria Novella is not less interesting for its paintings and sculptures than its noble architecture. *St. Lawrence*, the chef-d'œuvre of Macchietti, a Florentine painter of the sixteenth century, has been much and deservedly praised : the soldier near the emperor is the artist's portrait. A *Deposition*, a *Purification*, by Maldini, of the same epoch, are good in design, perspective, and colouring. *St. Raymond resuscitating a child*, by Ligozzi, is not without effect. The soldiers in the *Martyrdom of St. Catherine*, by Bugiandini, were drawn by Michael Angelo, to expedite the work, the author being a slow, hesitating painter and a ridiculous egotist, whom he made his laughing-stock. The celebrated *Madonna*, by Cimabue, the first monument of the revival of the art at Florence, excited prodigious enthusiasm at its first appearance and was borne in triumph by the people, amid the flourishing of trumpets, from the painter's studio to this church. Charles of Anjou, brother of Saint Louis, on his way to Tuscany after being crowned king of Sicily by the pope, came with all his court to see this Madonna in Cimabue's studio, situated near Saint Peter's gate. It is supposed at Florence that the name of *Bongo allegri* by which this quarter is still known, is derived from the joyous concourse of men and women attracted by the king's visit, and glorious triumph of the Madonna.

The frescos of the apostles *Philip* and *John*, by the younger Lippi, please more by their accompaniments than the figures, which are true likenesses, but common. The immense frescos of the choir, by Ghirlandajo, explain Michael Angelo, his pupil, and the Sistine chapel : it is even probable that Michael Angelo assisted therein ; the men in the distance leaning against a terrace, in the compartment of the Virgin, are attributed to him ; this strange pupil, instead of paying his master, was paid by him ; and from his fourteenth year he received ten florins annually for his assistance. The numerous figures in the frescos are near-

\* M. Quatremère thinks that only the gate is by Alberti, and looks on him as altogether foreign to the demi-gothic architecture of the front. S. Niccolini, according to Pozzetti, is of the contrary opi-

nion, and he thinks that Alberti conformed to the primitive style of this front. (Éloge de Léon Baptiste Alberti, pages 98, 99, and note 35.)



ly all portraits of learned men or distinguished Florentines; but these are elevated, ennobled. A group of four persons, in the compartment of the *Life of St. John Baptist*, represents Politian who is raising his hand; Marsilio Ficino, as a canon; Gentile de' Becchi, bishop of Arezzo, who is turned towards the last, and Cristoforo Landino. In the compartment of the *Virgin*, the girl followed by two women is the celebrated Ginevra de' Benci, one of the beauties of her day. On the same side, the man in a blue coat with a red cloak, in the *Joachim driven out of the temple*, is Ghirlandajo. These frescos, ordered by the Florentine noble Giovanni Cornabuoni, who is also there with his wife Francesca di Lucca Pitti, cost only a thousand florins, and were finished in the year Lorenzo the Magnificent died. The following inscription, on the wall, well expresses the glory and prosperity of Florence: *Anno 1490, quo pulcherrima civitas opibus, victoriis, artibus, ædificiisque nobilibus, copia, salubritate, pace perfruebatur*

The wooden *Crucifix* of Brunelleschi, a heartrending expression of suffering, was a fine lesson given by him to Donatello, after his ignoble *Crucifix* of Santa Croce. The following incident is a faithful picture of the almost rustic simplicity of artists' manners at the time. The two friends were going to dine together, and Donatello carried the eggs and other provisions for the repast in his apron; when conducted unwittingly by Brunelleschi before the crucifix he had privately executed, Donatello could not help exclaiming with the frankness of real talent: "You have the gift of making Christs, and I peasants," and in the height of his admiration he let go his apron, and scattered his eggs and dinner on the floor.

The vast frescos of the Strozzi chapel, representing *Hell* and *Paradise*, by Andrea Orgagna and his brother Bernardo, an imitation of Dante, whom Andrea passionately loved, manifest the progress of the art; they have, especially the former, the warmth, fire, movement, and sublime fantasies of the poet. The man placed in the *Hell* with a paper on his cap, is the town bailiff who had levied a distress on the artist. In the *Paradise* there are some pretty women's heads apparently portraits. The *Woman of*

*Samaria* is a good picture by the second Brozino. The grand *Crucifix* over the entrance door is one of Giotto's best works.

The tombs of Santa Maria Novella are remarkable for their historical associations and as works of art. The fine monument of the blessed Villana delle Botti, which has two such graceful little angels, according to Cicognara, ought to be restored to Bernardo Rossellini. Sacchetti speaks familiarly of this blessed Villana, a very holy woman (*mulieris sanctissimæ*), as the epitaph states: "She was my neighbour," says he; "a young Florentine who dressed like her fellows; and we celebrate her festival already:" *Fu mia vicina e fu giovane fiorentina, pur andava vestita come l'altre, e fannone già festa*. The elegant inimitable mausoleum of the elder Filippo Strozzi, the enemy of the Medici and father of the Florentine Cato, is reckoned the masterpiece of Benedetto da Maiano. Over the tombs of cardinals Nicolao and Taddeo Gaddi, executed at Rome from Michael Angelo's designs, is a basso-relievo by Giovanni dall'Opera, perhaps the purest work of that declining epoch. The tomb of Antonio Strozzi, a learned juriconsult, is of Andrea Ferrucci's old age, assisted by two clever artists of Fiesole, Silvio and Boscoli, who were likewise employed by Michael Angelo. Latin and Greek inscriptions indicate the burial-place of the Greek patriarch Joseph, who died suddenly at Florence after the council in which he was a zealous advocate of the union, and is said to have left his adhesion in his handwriting. Ghirlandajo seems fitly interred near his admirable paintings. There are several literary tombs of considerable fame: as those of the elegant old historian Francesco Giambullari, the Herodotus of Florence, who started the whimsical notion that the Tuscan was derived from the Hebrew, the Chaldean, or some other tongue spoken in the kingdom of Aram; of Lippi, a painter and poet, true almost to vulgarity, the witty author of the *Malmantile*; and lastly, of the indefatigable librarian Magliabecchi.

In the *Chiostro verde*, several subjects from the life of Adam and Noah are fancifully painted in fresco by Paolo

<sup>1</sup> See ante, ch. vii.

Uccello, who has however succeeded in rendering the trees and animals with so much truth that he might be surnamed the Bassano of the first age of the Florentine school. The vast and elegant chapel of the Spaniards, by Fra Jacopo Talenti da Nippozzano, offers some fine poetical frescos by Taddeo Gaddi and Simone Memmi, the friend of Petrarch, who has addressed two sonnets to him :

Quando giunse a Simon l' alto concetto.  
Per mirar Policleto a prova fisso.

For all Vasari and the vulgar opinion, the portrait of Laura under the semblance of Pleasure, and that of Petrarch by Memmi, cannot be authentic, as is clearly proved by the clever critiques of Lanzi and Cicognara. The pretended portrait of the poet represents him as less portly, less canon-like by far than his other portraits, and its wanton air is utterly irrelevant to such a lover. On the ceiling, some subjects from the *History of Jesus Christ*; the *Descent of the Holy Ghost in the Cœnaculum*, by Taddeo Gaddi, are the best works of the fourteenth century.

The fifty lunettes of the great cloister representing the memorable actions of St. Dominick, St. Peter Martyr, St. Antoninus, and St. Thomas Aquinas, are by Florentine artists of the Bronzino school: the women are of singular beauty. The most remarkable of these paintings, after several retouchings, is perhaps *St. Catherine* delivering a condemned prisoner, by Paggi. Among the portraits of the most eminent Dominicans placed in this cloister, Savonarola's may be remarked near the lunette of the *Birth of St. Dominick*, by Poccellti.

The frescos of the Greek painters, Cimabue's masters, are nearly effaced; their subterranean chapel was used as a storehouse for the planks used for hustings at the *Barberi* races, on the festivals of Saint John and Saint Laurence. These paintings may be interesting for the history of the

art, but it must be confessed that they are singularly stiff and cold, and Cimabue's merit consists in his having adopted and established a more easy and natural style.

The dispensary of the Dominicans of Santa Maria Novella enjoys some celebrity, and appears well managed. These brutal inquisitors, who in bygone days burned men alive, now distil simples. The profession of apothecary is ancient and reputable at Florence. We may see by some of its apothecaries, who also practiced medicine, that in the best age of literature, trade formed no discordant union with the cultivation of letters and the exercise of the highest public offices: the famous burlesque poet Lasca, the founder of the Academy della Crusca, had been an apothecary,<sup>2</sup> as well as the great scholar, politician, and historian, Matteo Palmieri, who was several times ambassador, and even became gonfalonier of the republic; and the learned philologist, academician, and excellent comic poet Gelli, was a hosier (*calzajuolo*) all his life.

Among the paintings by clever Florentine masters in the church of Saint Paulino, may be distinguished: the *Conversion of St. Paul*, and his *Martyrdom*, fine frescos by Domenico Udina.

The oratory of the confraternity of the *Bacchettoni* has some good paintings: the *Assumption* and *St. Hippolytus in a tree preaching*, by Giovanni di San Giovanni; *St. John Baptist*, *St. John Evangelist* and *St. Philip de Neri*, with angels, by Volterrano. Two busts over the room containing the relics are by Donatello.

Saint Martin, an antique monument, is allied with the two greatest names of the priesthood and the empire: being founded by Charlemagne, and repaired by Hildebrand.

On the front of the church Saint Lucy *sul Prato* is the strange inscription, *Imperator Ego vici præliando lapi-*

<sup>1</sup> Stor. pit. t. ii, p. 316, and Stor. del. scult. t. iii, p. 322. Cicognara has also incontestably refuted the anachronism of those who regard this figure as being possibly the portrait of Flammetta, Boccaccio's mistress, on account of the flames encircling the neck. Boccaccio did not go to Naples, and therefore could not have seen Flammetta before his twenty-eighth year, in 1341, as proved by the dedication of his *Thesoid*, and Memmi had finished this chapel nine years before.

<sup>2</sup> Lasca alludes to his trade in the following verses from his *Rime* :

Da che son causati tanti mali,  
Se non da pesche, fichi, e simil frutte,  
Che mi fanno spacciare i serviziali?

Lasca's shop, nearly facing the baptistry, still exists, and bears the same sign *del moro*.

*dibus*. Anno 1544; which records one of those vile stone-throwing conquerors of the Powers (*potenze*), games or rather combats in which the populace of Florence amused themselves in summer, under chiefs with the grotesque titles of duke, marquis, emperor, king, Grand Turk, and sometimes, under favour of the tumult, maltreated passengers and broke open shops. The Powers, instituted by the duke of Athens, were revived by another tyrant, duke Alessandro de' Medici, imposed on the city by the arms of Charles V. and Clement VII. The inscription of Saint Lucy doubly attests the ancient and common alliance of despots with the mob. The *Nativity*, by Ghirlandajo, is one of this great master's best works.

The church of the Ognissanti has some good paintings: the *Virgin between St. Joachim and St. Anne*, by Pietro Dandini; a fresco of *St. Jerome*, by Ghirlandajo; a *Conception*, by Vincenzo Dandini; *St. Diego d'Alcala*, simple and agreeable, by Ligozzi; *St. Anthony of Padua*, by Veli; *St. Bonaventure receiving the communion from an angel*, *St. Bernardin of Siena between two angels*, by Fabrizio Boschi; *St. Andrew*, by Matteo Roselli. The excellent frescos of the first cloister represent the *Life of St. Francis*: fifteen of these lunettes are by Ligozzi, two by Guidoni, father and son, five by Giovanni di San Giovanni: the finest by Ligozzi, and his best fresco, is the *Conference of St. Francis and St. Dominick*: the artist has ironically written the following words on the breast of one figure: *A confusione degli amici*, that is, of the envious, according to the melancholy but tolerably just interpretation of Lanzi, as if to reproach the monks for having confided some of the lunettes to his rival Giovanni di San Giovanni. The portraits of the most celebrated Franciscans painted on the pillars, by Francesco Boschi and his uncle Fabrizio, except Cardinal Cozza's, by Meucci, seem in truth, almost all living.

The oratory of the Holy Sepulchre, formerly a chapel of Saint Pancras church, is a chef-d'œuvre by Alberti. This monument, at once bold, elegant, and severe, contains an exact imitation of the Holy Sepulchre, ordered of the great architect

by Giovanni Ruccellai, a rich and pious Florentine merchant, who had sent to Jerusalem for the express purpose of taking the measure and model of the tomb "which alone will have nothing to give up at the end of time."

The church of the Trinity, by Nicolao Pisano, is of a simplicity approaching nakedness, but still greatly admired by Michael Angelo. The front is by Buon-talenti. The steeple, an extraordinary structure of 1398, rests on the wall of the church. The *St. John Baptist preaching* was painted by Currado in his eightieth year; an *Annunciation* is by the clever Camaldolite artist Lorenzo. The frescos representing divers subjects from the *History of St. Francis* are by Ghirlandajo. The ingenious pulpit of Buon-talenti is highly esteemed; the bronze basso-relievo of the *Martyrdom of St. Laurence*, by Titian Aspetti, and the wooden statue of *St. Mary Magdalen*, begun by Desiderio da Settignano, and finished by Benedetto da Majano.

On the square before the church is a fine granite column, surmounted with a colossal porphyry statue of Justice, insolently erected by Cosmo I. in commemoration of his victory over Florentine liberty at Montemurlo.<sup>1</sup> The column was taken from the Thermæ of Caracalla, and given to Cosmo by Pope Pius IV.: the statue is by Tadda, to whom Cosmo himself is said to have communicated the secret of giving his tools a harder temper. This statue at first appeared too slender, and was in consequence draped with a kind of bronze mantle falling from its shoulders, which gives the monument more richness and harmony.

The small church of the Holy Apostles, very ancient, being of Charlemagne's time, is of such elegant proportions that Brunelleschi studied it when he built the church of the Holy Ghost. A *Conception* has been reckoned the best work of Vasari; it has been partially injured by a miserable painter employed to bring Adam within the bounds of decency. The tomb of Addo Altoviti, a Florentine patrician, by Benedetto da Rovezzano, is one of the most remarkable monuments of the art for excellence of design, taste of ornament, and perfect execution.

The front and all the clumsy magnificence of Saint Gaetano, erected about

<sup>1</sup> Chateaubriand's *Itinerary*.

<sup>2</sup> See post, book XIX. ch. i.



the middle of the seventeenth century, announces the general decline of the arts in Italy. The *Saint and St. Andrew of Avellino adoring the Trinity*, is by Matteo Roselli, as well as a *Nativity*, his masterpiece, in which the shepherd holding a dog is the portrait of the Florentine painter Alfonso Boschi. A peasant surnamed the *Giuggiola* (the jujube), supplied the portrait of the old king in the fine *Adoration of the Magi*, by Vannini. The *Exaltation of the cross* passes for one of Biliberti's best works. The *Martyrdom of St. Laurence* is by Pietro di Cortona. One tomb is a memento of affecting misfortunes, that of Lorenzo Lorenzini, pupil of Viviani, a kind of Galileo, less conspicuous and more persecuted, who, though innocent, was confined nine years in the fortress of Volterra; during his long seclusion, he composed, unaided, a remarkable work on conic sections, consisting of four large manuscript volumes in folio, still unpublished, now at the Magliabecchiana.

The church of Santa Maria Maggiore has some good paintings, *St. Albert assisting some Jews in danger of drowning* (as Saint Mark, not less tolerant, saved a Saracen from shipwreck<sup>1</sup>), by Cigoli; *St. Francis stigmatised*, by Pietro Dandini; an *Elijah*, on the ceiling, by Volterrano, the foreshortening of which recalls, for illusion, the celebrated *St. Roch* of Tintoretto. The tomb of Brunetto Latini, author of the *Trésor* and Dante's master, was formerly in this church; the tomb of Guido Cavalcanti and Salvino degli Armati, the inventor of spectacles, who died in 1317. This discovery ought to have taken place at Florence: the shortsightedness of the Florentines has long been proverbial:

Vecchia fama nel mondo li chiama orbi.<sup>2</sup>

Bartolommeo Soccini of Siena remarking to Lorenzo de' Medici, who was shortsighted, that the air of Florence must hurt the eyes: "And that of Siena the brain," replied Lorenzo. At the election of Leo X., whose eyes were very bad also, the Roman satirists thus interpreted the inscription of Saint Peter, MCCCCXL: *multi cæci cardinales creaverunt cæcum decimum Leonem*. Two

of the greatest Florentines, Michael Angelo and Galileo, became blind at last. Ménage seems to take up the opinion of Soccini, when he attributes this defective vision to the keenness of the air, especially in winter: <sup>3</sup> it is caused more probably by the dazzling reflection of the sun on the large flagstones of the pavement.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Holy Ghost.—Florentine mystery.—Choir.—Sacristy.—Pietro Vettori.—Carmine.—Masaccio.—Fra Ambrogio.—Saint Felix.—Don Basilio Nardi.—Malmaritate.—Saint Felicity.—Paterins.—Angelica Paladini.—Sacristy.—S. Barbieri.—Andrea del Castagno.

The old church of the Holy Ghost was destroyed in 1471 by an accident characteristic of the spirit and manners of an epoch. On the arrival of Galeas Sforza, duke of Milan, his consort, and all their court, three public spectacles, real *mysteries* with machinery and decorations marvellously executed by Brunelleschi, were performed before them, and this very church was selected for the representation of the last, the Descent of the *Holy Ghost on the Apostles*, and the fire used therein consumed the edifice. The multitude, Machiavel tells us, were not backward in ascribing this untoward event to the wrath of heaven, incensed at the unbounded licentiousness of Florentine manners. The historian of Florence, in speaking of this corruption, which was aggravated by Sforza's courtiers, with truly catholic zeal exclaims against the general consumption of meat during Lent; an infraction of ecclesiastical discipline never before seen in that town.

The present church of the Holy Ghost, by Brunelleschi, for simple ingenious architecture, is the first in Florence, and one of the most admirable chefs-d'œuvre inspired by the antique at the era of the revival. This church was completed after the great architect's death, and Vasari says, that but for the curse of those who always spoil the best beginnings, it would have been the finest temple in the world. The choir and high altar are of extraordinary magnificence. The sacristy, a real temple, from Cronaca's designs, is not less remarkable: a Ma-

<sup>1</sup> See ante, book vi. ch. vii.

<sup>2</sup> Dante, *Inf.* xv. 67.

<sup>3</sup> *Modi di dire italiani*.

*donna*, very fine, is by Filippo Lippi; a *Dead Christ*, in bronze, by Giovanni Bologna. The different chapels offer some good paintings and some curiosities: a wooden statue of *St. Nicholas*, by Sansovino; *Jesus expelling the traders from the temple*, a small painting by Stradan, which has a multitude of figures full of life and agitation; *St. Stephen*, a masterpiece of Passignano; another fine *Madonna*, surrounded with figures representing persons of the Capponi family, by Lippi; a good *Madonna della Cintola*, of wood, by Donatello, which is only seen in the first week of September; the *Adoration of the Magi*, by Lomi; several *Martyrs*; a touching *Adulterous woman* covering her face with her gown, by the second Bronzino; the exquisite ornaments of the inner chapel of the Holy Sacrament, by the best artists of the fifteenth century, forming a striking contrast with the balustrade and external embellishments of the next century. The *Magdalen in the garden*, by the same Bronzino, in the Cavalcanti chapel, is the portrait of a great Florentine lady, loved by Pietro Bonaventuri, the husband of Bianca Capello: being created master of the wardrobe and established at the court of the grand duke his wife's lover, this hero of romance sunk into infamy, became an intriguer, and perished by assassination, the victim of this lady's relations. Nobler recollections are attached to the celebrated orator, critic, professor, and excellent citizen of Florence, Pietro Vettore, one of the great men of the revival, interred in this same church. The organ is highly extolled for the power and effect of its harmony.

In the cloister of the Holy Ghost, a private burial-place, a plain marble slab, sculptured by S. Bartolini, marks the grave of Napoleon-Louis Bonaparte, who was born at Paris in 1805 and died at Forlì in April 1831: the French inscription alluding to the qualities and talents of this noble youth, was composed by

his father; it is pathetic, but too long and little fit for a monument. Below is an old stone of the Bonaparte family marking their place of sepulture when living in Tuscany, before passing into Corsica, and thence through war, glory, empire, and exile.

It was to the convent of the Holy Ghost, the second cloister of which is by Ammanato, that Boccaccio bequeathed his library: the building intended to receive it had been erected by the celebrated Florentine Nicolao Niccoli, an ardent propagator of letters in his country and a friend of Poggio. The manuscript of the *Decameron*, left by Boccaccio to Fra Martino da Signa, and after him to the convent of the Holy Ghost, has disappeared; it is supposed to have perished in the conflagration of 1471, or in some of the voluntary fires lighted by the fanatical eloquence of Savonarola.

Some few feet of wall painted in fresco will make the church *del Carmine* live for ever in the annals of art. This primitive painting of Masolino da Panicula (who improved the clare-obscure), Masaccio and Filippo Lippi, is already perfect; of these three able masters the two first died young. The Nero on his throne, condemning Sts. Peter and Paul, who defend themselves nobly as apostles and Roman citizens, is spirited, beautiful, impassioned; it is Bonaparte or Talma; the mute prætor listening to the sentence may recall Tacitus. The *Crucifixion of St. Peter* is excellent for naked, drawing, and clearness; in the *Baptism*, the celebrated figure of the man without clothes who seems quaking with cold, makes one shiver to look at him; the *Deliverance of the saint* is resplendent; the *Adam and Eve* were copied by Raphael in his *Loggia* without alteration. This chapel of the Holy Sacrament is as the source of the grand Italian painting; it was there that Leonardo Vinci, Michael Angelo,<sup>2</sup> Andrea del Sarto, Perugino, Raphael, and Fra

and gave him a blow on the face which left a cicatrice to the day of his death (*Vita*, i. 31-2). Annibale Caro composed these verses on Masaccio's frescos, and Michael Angelo's study of them:

Pinsi, e la mia pittura al ver su parl;  
L'atteggiassi, l'avviva, le diedi il moto,  
Le diedi affetto: insegni il Buonaroto  
A tutti gli altri, e da me solo impari.

<sup>1</sup> The manuscript at the Laurentian, as we have elsewhere stated, is the copy attributed to Manelli. See *ante*, ch. v.

<sup>2</sup> Cellini asserts that he learned from Torrigiani, afterwards burnt in Spain, that Michael Angelo and he went from their childhood (*fanciulletti*) to draw in the chapel *del Carmine*, where Michael Angelo was accustomed to laugh at the other students, but that he (Torrighiani) was less patient

Bartolommeo, studied and formed their taste; and these admirable artists seem less surprising after such a precursor as Masaccio.

The choir *del Carmine* presents a classic and harmonious cenotaph by Benedetto da Rovezzano, consecrated to the gonfalonier Pietro Soderini: the ashes of that ridiculous and insignificant statesman,<sup>1</sup> who died at Rome, are not there, and the monument loses nothing by their absence. The rich Corsini chapel attests the decline of taste, and the angels of the principal basso-relievo by Foggini, with awkward wings and affected mien, are far removed, notwithstanding the skilful workmanship and truth of the flesh, from the nobly beautiful angels of the Baptistry doors and the shrine of S. Zanobi, by Ghiberti.

The first cloister of the convent *del Carmine* has some good lunettes by Ulivelli; the second an *Elijah's sacrifice*, one of Poccetti's best works for grace and power of colouring.

A monk *del Carmine*, Fra Ambrogino, after declaiming against the French administration, on the suppression of convents, has acquired, by dissembled humility and pretended miracles, a certain reputation for sanctity; he cures the sick, assists ladies in childbed, and even dabbles in prophecy. This monk, a little hale old man, distinguished by no virtue or superior quality, has a peculiar tact in supporting his ridiculous impostures. Fra Ambrogino's credit has however diminished latterly, and his only dupes now are the very dregs of the Florentines, who escort him through the streets, or fall prostrate before him and kiss his hand.

The very ancient church of Saint Felix, now parochial, has a fine fresco by Giovanni di San Giovanni, *St. Maximus, bishop of Nola, offering the saint a bunch of grapes*, and *Jesus saving Peter from drowning*, by Salvator Rosa. An old abbot of this church, Don Basilio Nardi di Casentino, compared to *Peter the Hermit* of the *Gerusalemme*, was celebrated for his courage, and reputed one of the first captains of his day; his exploits even procured him, when returning from Cosentino, a kind of popular triumphal entry. Having been excommunicated by the pope and deprived of

his abbey, Lorenzo de' Medici caused him to be reinstalled and obtained his absolution. Don Basilio, after commanding the forces of the republic for thirty-nine years with the trifling pay of 6 libri 13 soldi per day, died at Florence in 1542, and was interred in the abbey of Saint Felix. Part of the monastery of this martial Camaldulite is now an asylum for women unhappily married (*mal maritate*), a benevolent institution, founded by charity and managed by the public authorities. It was customary at Florence till the beginning of last century to compel the girls of the town entered in the registers of the magistrate then called *dell'onestà*, to attend a sermon preached in the cathedral on the Thursday of the fifth week in Lent, which sermon was intended to reclaim them by depicting the ignominy of their lot. But those who were so inclined scarcely knowing what course to adopt, the society *delle Rimesse convertite*, under the invocation of Mary Magdalen, and composed of rich and charitable persons, was established to afford these unfortunates an asylum, which in 1580 took the too respectable name of *Conservatorio delle mal maritate*. The present house seems more conformable to the title.

The church of Saint Felicity, ancient, but rebuilt about the beginning of last century, is one of the most interesting in Florence. In the square is the new statue of *St. Peter martyr*, placed about the same epoch on the old repaired column, which had been surmounted by a former statue, then destroyed, a monument erected to the saint as a memorial of the defeat of the Paterins, heretics of the thirteenth century, a kind of Manicheans, or Italian Albigenses, who in their chimerical ideas of abstinence and perfection, looked on meat, eggs, and marriage as so many evils. The victory of Saint Peter shows the extent of ecclesiastical power and ascendancy at that time, as the Paterins were zealously supported by the podestà of Florence; their army was twice beaten out of the city in this square of Saint Felicity and at the Trebbio, near Santa Maria Novella. Saint Peter, tall, young, robust, bearing a white flag surmounted by a red cross, animated the combatants by his eloquence. His standard is preserved in the sacristy of Santa Maria Novella, and shown to the people every

<sup>1</sup> See ante, ch. III.



year on his festival, the 29th of April.

On entering the church, to the left of the *Loggia*, is the tomb and basso-relievo of natural size of the illustrious banker, citizen, and magistrate of Florence, Barduccio Cherichini. An adjacent mausoleum contrasts with this eminent sepulchre; it was erected by the archduchess Maria Maddelena of Tuscany to the young Arcangiola Paladini, a poet, painter, singer, improvisatrice, and celebrated embroiderer. The inscription by Andrea Salvatori evinces the taste of the age in its elaborate elegance:

D. O. M.

Archangela Palladina Joannis Broomans

Antuerpiensis uxor,

Cecinit etruscis regibus, nunc canit Deo,

Vere Palladinia, quæ Palladem acu,

Apellem coloribus,

Cantu æquavit musas.

Obiit anno ætatis suæ XXIII, die XVIII,

Octobris MDCXXII.

Sparge rosas lapidem; celesti innoxia cantu

Thusca jacet siren, Italia musa jacet.

Arcangiola Paladini, stated by Lanzi and his copiers to be from Pisa, was the daughter of Filippo Paladini, of Pistoia, a painter of some eminence. The sculptor of the mausoleum, Bugiardini, seems to have had some similarity of talent and destiny with the woman whose tomb he adorned: a poet and musician, he, too, was cut off, full of promise, in the flower of his youth, and has left but a small number of works. This artist was the victim of a stupid joke. He occasionally went to dine in the country with the clergyman of Impruneta, where a cat was served up to him in a ragout: the laughing of the guests apprised him of the trick, and on returning home he experienced such violent convulsions of the stomach that in his efforts to vomit he broke a blood-vessel. The chapel of the illustrious Capponi family, which has escaped the last restoration of the church, presents a *Deposition from the cross*, by Pontormo, who painted the cupola also, with the aid of his pupil, the second Bronzino; a fine portrait of St. Charles Borromeo, from life, is reputed an accurate likeness; the marble ornaments and mosaic in wood that surround them, are from Vignola's designs; of the famous stained glass windows of earlier times, the Capponi arms

alone remain. At the chapel of *St. Felicity*, the martyrdom of that illustrious Roman matron, of that Christian mother of Machabees and her sons, is by S. Berti, a good Florentine painter now living, and is one of his esteemed works. A fine wooden *Crucifix*, in the chapel so called, is by Andrea di Fiesole. Three paintings in the choir are: the *Crucifixion*, by Lorenzo Carletti; the *Nativity*, by Gherardo dalle Notti; the *Resurrection of Christ*, by Tempesta. In the Guicciardini's chapel are two inscriptions consecrated to the historian by his descendants, for he had expressly forbidden any funeral oration or epitaph. Another inscription commemorates the talents of a Pietro Guicciardini, deceased in 1567, who had been ambassador at Rome and in France at the court of Henry IV. An inscription in the Mannelli chapel pretends that this ancient Florentine family came from Rome and is descended from the Manila family: the supposed transcription of the *Decameron*<sup>1</sup> and their relations with Boccaccio have conferred more lustre on the Mannelli than the fabulous antiquity of the origin. Over the small door of the church, may be remarked a portrait in mosaic of Alessandro Barbadori, uncle of Urban VIII, an ingenious work by Marcel of Provence. The painting by Volterrano at the altar of the Assumption is superb. In the chapel of Saint Louis, the *Royal saint receiving the poor at his table*, an image of the evangelical popularity of that royalty, is reckoned one of Pignone's best paintings; it was honoured by the elogium of Luca Giordano, and the burlesque bard of the Bucchereid, Bellini, created for its author the term of *arcipittorisimo de' buoni*. At the chapel of Saint Raphael, the *Archangel restoring the aged Tobias to sight*, is a good work by Ignatius Hugford, a painter of the last century, born at Florence of an English father. A fine fresco of Poccetti, in the chapel of the Assumption, represents the *Miracle of St. Maria della Neve*, when snow was seen to fall at Rome, in the middle of summer, on the Esquiline hill. The sacristy is an able and highly esteemed structure, which has been supposed by Alberti and is worthy of him.

The church of Saint Felicity is the parish church of the grand duke. In

<sup>1</sup> See ante, ch. v. and xiv.

1827 a series of Lent sermons were preached there which were of extraordinary effect. The preaching of S. Barbieri, at once evangelical and philosophical, seems peculiarly adapted to an age of enlightenment which he by no means fears, but on the contrary regards as likely to make religion shine with additional glory. S. Barbieri makes no Latin quotations in his sermons, but, like Bossuet, he translates the passages of Scripture with the most felicitous simplicity. This ecclesiastic, formerly a professor at Padua, the favourite pupil of Cesarotti, and likewise the author of an estimable poem on the *Seasons*, obtained a real triumph by the unction, the pathos of his sentiments, and the gravity, though rather professor-like, of his delivery. Independently of an immense Italian audience, doubtless but little acquainted with this order of ideas, foreigners, men of different communions, attended and relished the discourses of this meek and philanthropic Savonarola, then the only subject of conversation.<sup>1</sup>

The old parish church of Saint Nicholas has some excellent paintings: *Abraham's sacrifice*, by the second Bronzino; the *Virgin* and several saints, one of Gentile da Fabriana's works, of whom Michael Angelo said that his name agreed with his talent, an old Florentine master who had the glory of forming the Bellini, the creators of the Venetian school; in the sacristy, the *Virgin and St. Thomas*, a fresco by Ghirlandajo.

The door of Saint Lucy de' Magnoli is ornamented on the outside with divers figures, some of the first sculptures of Luca della Robbia. This church has some old paintings; the *Virgin, St. Lucy, and other saints*, one of the few works of Andrea del Castagno, assassin and artist, a perfect Italian character of the fifteenth century: Castagno had learned the secret of oil painting, till then unknown at Florence, of Domenico of Venice, whose heart he had won by his assiduities and protestations of friendship; anxious to be the sole possessor of such a secret, he waited till night and smote Domenico with his own hand, who, full of confidence, wished to be taken to the traitor whom he thought

his friend, and died in his arms. Public opinion at the time was deceived as well as Castagno's victim, and his crime would have remained unknown but for his confession when dying, at the age of seventy-four. It was Castagno, who, after the archbishop of Pisa and other accomplices of the Pazzi had been strangled and hung by their feet to the windows of the old palace, was charged by a decree of the vindictive seignior to paint their punishment on the front, and on the very place where they had suffered it, as if to prolong this too transitory pain. Such a subject suited the sanguinary artist, and he treated it so cleverly as to obtain the surname of Andrea degl' Impiccati (of the Hanged).

## CHAPTER XV.

Palace.—Florentine architecture.—Sale of wine.—Riccardi palace.—Luca Giordano.—Academy della Crusca.—Chapel.—Lorenzino de' Medici.—Gherardesca palace.

The architecture of the palaces of Florence seems singularly grand, solid, and gloomy: the masses of rocks that abound in the country, and served for the colossal constructions of Etruscan antiquity, were also used by the first Florentine architects; the public manners, the quarrels of powerful families, the continual riots, contributed likewise to the erecting these fortress-like edifices.

Such is the long-existing spirit of order and the trading propensity of the people of Tuscany, that in these superb palaces there is commonly a small wicket between two windows on the ground-floor where the noble master's wine is sold: when a customer knocks the wicket opens, and he puts in his *fiaschetti* with the regular price, and immediately receives it filled. This selling, which it would be silly to laugh at, is a vestige of old manners, at the time every Florentine was a tradesman, and it ought to displease no one in a state where even since the establishment of the grand-dukedom, the princes have nominally made part of one of the XIV Arts. The same custom of retailing at one's town house the wine produced on the estate

<sup>1</sup> The sermons of the abbé Barbieri were printed at Milan in 1836-7, 4 vols. 42mo, and they stand the test of reading. The most remarkable are the

sermons on the Passion, the Trinity, the Eucharist, Confession, and Prayer.



was common in antiquity, and existed under Louis XIV. at Paris among the lawyers, whose estates were always most prudently managed. In a pretty play by Dancourt, *La Maison de campagne*, a magistrate, M. Bernard, tired of regaling the visitors attracted to his house, feigns to metamorphose it into an hotel, and he answers his wife, a vain, extravagant woman, whom this arrangement annoys: "Is it not just as well to sell my wine in the country as to retail it by the pot at Paris, like most of my brethren?" Apartments also are let in the Florentine palaces, and the price is not over dear. Mr. Cooper, whose elevated poetical talent has condescended to give a minute description of the hotels and the common affairs of Italian life, occupied a fine furnished apartment on the first floor in the front, composed of ten rooms beside kitchen, etc. for 60 dollars (13*l.*) a month.

The Riccardi (formerly the Medici) palace, by Michelozzo, is one of the most imposing, characteristic edifices of Florentine architecture. Erected by Cosmo the elder, it became the asylum of the refugee Greeks of Byzantium and Athens, and the cradle of science, letters, and modern civilisation: when I entered, my thoughts were occupied with the grandeur of such recollections, and I was somewhat disappointed on finding the offices and administration of the land-tax installed there. The Riccardi palace, which was occupied by the descendants of Cosmo, and was the temporary abode of Leo X., Charles VIII., and Charles V., had been sold to the government in 1804. The last day of Cosmo were full of sorrow: this father of his country, who had no doubt loved power, lost Giovanni, the son in whom his hopes chiefly centred; and the ill-health of Pietro rendered him unfit for business. It was shortly before his death that he exclaimed with a sigh, when carried into the apartments of his splendid palace, "This house is too large for so small a family."

The entablature of the Riccardi palace, although rich, is rather massive; in the court, the eight marble basso-relievos imitated from antique stones and cameos, are an exquisite work by Donatello. The gallery is celebrated for its

ceiling in fresco, a masterpiece of Luca Giordano, surnamed the *Proteus* of painting, from his clever imitation of different masters; the greatest painter of the seventeenth century, but not free from the faults of that epoch. The work, a prodigy of ease, brilliancy, and imagination is a poetical allegory on the vicissitudes of human life, mixed with mythological stories, and oddly crowned with the *Apotheosis of the Medici*.

In the gallery of the Riccardi palace are held annually the sittings of the Academy della Crusca, the oldest of its kind, a grammatical tribunal that censured Tasso, as the French Academy Corneille, and like the latter the object of eternal pleasantries, but nevertheless still justly honoured; this Academy has terminated and is constantly improving its useful Dictionary, the true model of all dictionaries; it still counts among its members several men of merit and diversified celebrity, such as SS. Niccolini, Bencini, Furia, Follini, Boni, academicians, and Giordani, Parenti, Gargallo, Manno, corresponding members. This academy has been often wrongfully accused of a disposition to impose its decisions on Italy as rules of language; it has no such pretension, but is simply devoted to the conservation of the Tuscan idiom in its purity.

The chapel of the Riccardi palace offers three curious works of Benozzo Gozzoli, a worthy pupil of Fra Angelico; a *Glory*, a *Nativity*, and an *Epiphany*: never, perhaps, has gold been so profusely lavished on the robes of persons painted in fresco; the figures, costumes, furniture, harness of the horses, are of such truth, that the spectator is ready to imagine he is gazing on an apparition of the fifteenth century.

On the site of the old stables was the house of Lorenzino de' Medici, in the street *del Traditore*, whither he one night enticed and assassinated his cousin Alexander, the first duke of Florence, who supposed he was going to an assignation with a lady he loved. The action of this strange conspirator, composing canzonis, sonnets, and antique dramas, dressed as a Greek, the vile confidant of his enemy's libertinism, who instantly took flight like a coward and left his house to be pillaged and demolished by the people;—this daring action was without result: as at Rome after Cæsar's

<sup>1</sup> See *post*, book XI*v.* ch. v.



death (the duke Alexander had only his vices), "il n'y eut plus de tyran, et il n'y eut pas de liberté." The causes which had destroyed it in Florence still existed, and Strozzi was in one of those illusions common to political exiles, when embracing Lorenzino on his arrival at Florence, he cried : "This is our Brutus and the deliverer of his country !"

The vast Capponi palace, of Fontana's architecture, presents in the saloon sundry incidents from the history of the three Capponi, Florentines so devoted to the honour, power, and independence of their country. The present marquis Capponi, one of the most enlightened men in Italy, and one of the noblest characters of our time, may fearlessly contemplate the actions of his ancestors; he is worthy to imitate them, and only wants their fortune.

The Gherardesca palace, once the property of the celebrated gonfalonier and historian of Florence Bartolommeo Scala, recalls the name of one of the oldest families in Europe. Ugolino, whose fearful history is represented in a basso-relievo of the court, was a member of it. In the middle of the garden, the finest at Florence, an erect statue contrasts with the basso-relievo; it was consecrated to his father by Count Gherardesca, himself an excellent father, philanthropist, and distinguished agriculturist, and bears this plain inscription: *Al conte Cam. Gherardesca il figlio riconoscente*: it may be seen by this touching domestic monument that the destiny of the present generation of the Ugolini is happier and sweeter than the lot of the captives in the tower of Famine. Although, since Dante's sublime picture, the imagination allows sons only to Ugolino, he had a daughter, like her father a Guelf, to whom a Ghibeline lady addressed this witty repartee, given by Sacchetti. Ugolino's daughter, walking one day in March near the castle of Poppi with the daughter of Bonconte da Montefeltro, one of the old Ghibeline chiefs who had been defeated thereabouts, said to her, as she pointed to the country: "See how luxuriant the corn is! I would wager that the land still feels the benefit of that defeat!"—"Very likely," answered the Ghibeline lady; "but before these crops are ripe, we may all die of hunger."

## CHAPTER XVI.

Lenzoni house.—Italian literary society.

The house of Signora Carlotta Lenzoni Medici, well worthy this last name and the neighbourhood of Santa Croce, presents a statue of *Psyche* by S. Tene-rani, a sculptor of Carrara, one of the most graceful and poetical performances of modern sculpture in Italy, very pleasingly described by S. Giordani: *la prima afflizione d'un cuore innocente, ossia una Psiche*. The amiable mistress has one of those Italian drawing-rooms that assemble every night the literary men of the town and well-educated people of fashion, and become real academies, without pride, constraint, or pedantry. The imagination moreover is singularly charmed at hearing announced in these saloons the immortal names of Buonarroti, Perruzzi, Alberti and others, borne by men of merit, who in the absence of glory have obtained esteem, and whose family traditions are sometimes worth collecting. In these old and true Italian societies, there are sometimes literary readings totally unexpected, no previous announcement having been given, where one is allowed to be candid. The pastimes, songs, stories, all the intellectual diversions painted by Castiglione in his *Cortegiano*, and by Bargagli in his *Vegghie sanesi*, are still kept up in these parties of hearty amusement and mirthful gaiety. These ladies, so natural and lively, are moreover capable of most gravely discussing questions of ancient or modern literature, the fine arts, or the present interests of civilisation, and conversations on these subjects occasionally start up in the midst of these pastimes and are treated in a superior manner. The deep learning and literary talents of the Italian ladies of the sixteenth century may still be found among those of the present epoch. Despite my numberless involuntary omissions, I have already had the pleasure of mentioning the names of some few, and I hope henceforth to do them less wrong. Florence has produced and possesses some of the most distinguished. Signora Carniani Malvezzi, married at Bologna, a good poetess and able Latinist, has translated some of the philosophical and

<sup>1</sup> *Grand, et décad. des Romains*, chap. xii.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, book v. ch. xix.

political works of Cicero with great felicity, and her translation of the *Repubblica* is even superior to that of Prince Odescalchi; in a different kind, her translation in verse of Pope's *Rape of the Lock* is esteemed for its elegance and harmony; this lady is still engaged in composing an epic poem on the expulsion of the duke of Athens from Florence, and the cantos already published have made the public anxious for the rest. Signora Fantastici Sulgheri Marchesini, improvisatrice of Florence, justly celebrated, has successfully translated parts of Bion and Anacreon. Independently of the Italian women noted for their writings, there is a multitude of other merely lovers of learning, who relish and duly appreciate good works, are conversant with modern and ancient languages, have even followed scientific lectures, and, with all this learning, have not the slightest trace of presumption, vanity, or affectation; in fine, they have that quiet sterling merit spoken of by La Bruyère, "qu'elles ne peuvent couvrir de toute leur modestie."

## CHAPTER XVII.

Martelli,—Pandolfini,—Borghese palace.—Balls.—Society.—Altoviti,—Peruzzi,—Ruccellai (*strada della Scala*) palaces.—Platonician Academy.—Ruccellai (*della Vigna*).—Corsiini.—Vecchietti.—Strozzi,—Cronaca,—Gondi palaces.

The Martelli palace has some paintings by eminent masters, among them a *landscape* by Guaspere Poussin; a *Sorcerer's car*, by Giulio Romano, and the great *Catiline's Conspiracy* by Salvator Rosa, too highly vaunted, from which the one in the Pitti palace has perhaps been copied. Two exquisite statues are by Donatello: the *St. John Baptist*, and the *David*, so noble, graceful, and lifelike, one of the most admirable masterpieces of the Italian chisel, by the artist when a guest of the Martelli family, to a member of which, Roberto, the richest of the Florentine marchants, he had been indebted for his education.

The Pandolfini palace was erected after the designs of Raphael for the bishop of Troja, Gianozzo Pandolfini, his friend, a virtuous prelate, says an historian of the time, detested by the other prelates of Florence, who were for the most part abandoned to vice. It is impossible to find a more judicious, elegant,

or noble specimen of architecture: the entablature which gracefully crowns the palace is ranked with the truly classic models.

The palace of Prince Borghese, formerly the Salviati, has been repaired, painted, decorated, and furnished with the utmost magnificence in the space of six months, and this excessive despatch has strangely injured the taste and perfection of the works of art. The balls given at the palace of Prince Borghese, on the opening of its gallery and thirty-one saloons, were perhaps the finest in Europe. Balls were given in the ordinary apartments every week. This splendid hospitality towards the numerous strangers attracted to Florence, among whom there are ten thousand English, was exercised by the prince and his family with noble charming politeness; it is impossible to forget the enchanting amenity of the princess A\*\*\*\*\*, a French lady, and the worthy inheritor of the name of La Rochefoucauld, the friend of Lafayette and Sévigné. The aspect of these balls was really rather English than Italian, so great was the preponderance of English ladies.

The Altoviti, now called the Visacci palace, which belonged to the famous Rinaldo degli Albizzi, was ornamented externally by the senator Paccio Valori, librarian of the Laurentian, with twenty figures of illustrious Florentines; a patriotic and popular means of maintaining the memory of ancestors, ever sacred at Athens and Rome, which contributed so much to their glory, and which, being different from mere pride of birth, is too much neglected by the moderns.

The Peruzzi palace, of Tuscan architecture, is simple and majestic: the arcade deserves notice, as well as the *Loggia*, now walled up. In the saloon are two great and good paintings opposite each other. The first and the best, by Coccapani, represents the reception, in the house of Giotto Peruzzi, of King Robert of Sicily, who came to Florence in 1310 to reconcile the Guelphs and Ghibelines. The second, by Vincenzo Dandini, is Rodolfo Peruzzi receiving in his house the emperor Paleologus, although the fact was impossible; Rodolfo Peruzzi, banished as an accomplice of Rinaldo degli Albizzi in causing the exile of Cosmo, died abroad in 1435, three years before the Greek emperor visited

Florence. The Peruzzi, who have given so many celebrated and excellent citizens to Florence, are among the eminent names of the commercial history of Europe. The company of the Bardi and Peruzzi were creditors of the English monarch, in 1339, whose riches were not augmented by the victories of Creci and Poitiers, for the sum of 1,000,365 gold florins (611,520*l.*); and their bankruptcy produced a violent shock, which was long felt, in the trade of the town; the transactions of modern bankers with crowned heads seem less disastrous.

The Strozzi, formerly the Ruccellai (*strada della Scala*) palace, was built by the illustrious writer and citizen of Florence, Bernardo Ruccellai, on the design of Alberti: its double *Loggia* is the first monument in which the classic system of Greek architecture re-appeared with all its purity. This place recalls the brightest days of Florence, and one of the grand epochs of philosophy and letters. It was in this palace, under its porticos and in the celebrated gardens (*orti oricellarii*), then adorned with precious wrecks of antiquity recently discovered, that the Platonic academy founded by Cosmo de' Medici assembled and was hospitably entertained; this learned body so favourable to the advancement of thought, was the first that rebelled against the despotic sway of Aristotle, and it seems to have given the signal for the enfranchisement of the human mind; it is there that Machiavel read to the eager youth of Florence his immortal discourses on Titus Livius; there, too, this prodigious genius, at once Molière and Montesquieu, and the first military writer after Cæsar, had his *Mandragora* performed to them, with scenery painted by Perugino, Francia-bigio, and Ghirlandajo;<sup>2</sup> there *Rosamunda* was performed, the second modern tragedy,<sup>3</sup> written by a Ruccellai; there Fabrizio Colonna taught the Italians the art of war which they had too

much forgotten or badly practised;<sup>4</sup> there the conspiracy against the absolute power of the Medici was plotted, when the liberty of Florence, like that of ancient Rome, except in manners, was only the dream of exalted, ardent, utopian minds. The aspect of the Ruccellai gardens now contrasts with such reminiscences: I did not find the velvet turf, the deep shade, nor the trees planted by Bernardo Ruccellai, which Fabrizio Colonna could not recognise; these gardens are arranged in the English manner with little mounds, a pond nearly dry, Gothic fabrics, a setting sun, a kind of copper turned upside down, daubed on the wall, and a poor brick colossal statue of the Cyclop Polyphemus: the *Urania* alone, a good statue by S. Ricci, has the slightest resemblance with the chef-d'œuvre of antique sculpture that decorated the gardens of Ruccellai.

The Martellini palace presents several remarkable objects: a patera by Donatello; the painting of the *Advancement of the Sciences and Arts*, the best work of Meucci, a passably good fresco painter of the last century.

The Ruccellai (*della Vigna*) palace, by Alberti, still belongs to the family whose name it bears: the front is admired. The origin of the Ruccellai, so eminent in the history of Florence and of literature, seems singular: the name is said to be derived from the manner of dying wool or silk violet-colour (*a oricello*), a process they brought from the Levant, about 1300, whither they already traded.

The ancient palace of the counts Acciajoli, who were the last dukes of Athens, and afterwards rivals of the Medici, was a good hotel in 1828, kept by a French woman, madame Hembert, who has since moved her establishment. Without having the luxury of the Schneiderff palace, this inn would certainly be preferred by Montaigne to the *Agnolo*: he would experience none of the nuisances of that day, nor be obliged,

<sup>1</sup> Ammirato, quoted by the *Florentine Observer* (t. v. p. 457), speaks of this catastrophe in the following manner, book ix of his history: "Onda per li danno di molti altri mercanti, che come piccoli rivi entravano in questo gran mare, il male divenne tosto pubblico, e in particolare la città di Firenze, e i suoi cittadini ne sentirono allora, e molto più appresso gran documento." The Buonarroti ruined by the failure of the Bardi, had for partner the celebrated writer and historian Gio-

vanni Villani, who was declared insolvent and thrown into prison.

<sup>2</sup> The effect of the piece was so extraordinary, that the fame of it reached Rome, and Leo X., curious to witness these performances, invited the Florentine actors thither: such too, was the beauty of the scenery and decorations, says Giovio, that he paid the expense of removing them.

<sup>3</sup> See *ante*, book v. ch. xxiv.

<sup>4</sup> See Machiavel's *Art of War*, book first.



in order to escape them, to have his bed made on the dining table.<sup>1</sup>

The vast Corsini palace is inhabited by the prince and his brother the Cav. Neri Corsini, enlightened men: the former has been a senator; the latter, counsellor of state under the empire, is now home minister of Tuscany, and has an opportunity of applying the principles acquired in that excellent school. The gallery is the first private one in Florence, and was politely shown me by the prince's eldest son, an amiable young man; it has some curious paintings: two of the oldest portraits of Dante and Petrarch; the cartoon of Julius II., by Raphael, perhaps superior for expression to the portrait of the *Tribuna*. The *Poetry*, a highly-extolled figure, by Carlo Dolce, although fine, did not appear to me sufficiently inspired.<sup>2</sup> Power and passion are deficient in this graceful, ingenious, timid painter, who was so much embarrassed on his wedding day that he ran away.

The Vecchietti palace, from the designs of Giovanni Bologna, is a monument of his gratitude towards Bernardo Vecchietti, his host, protector, and friend; he also made the little satyr in bronze placed *al canto de' diavoli*, which served to hold the flags in the popular games of the *Potenze*.

The Strozzi palace is regarded as the chef-d'œuvre of the prodigious and imposing architecture of Florence, which has never been surpassed or even equalled for strength and grandeur. The entablature of Cronaca,<sup>3</sup> who finished the palace begun by Benedetto da Majano, is the finest produced by the architecture of modern palaces, and has immortalised its author. Vasari has taken pleasure in boasting the perfection attained by the architect in preparing and binding together the blocks that compose this vast coping, imitated from an antique ruin of Rome, but in larger proportions, as well as the care with which the works were conducted from beginning to end. So accurate, indeed, were all his measures,

that this grand whole does not seem an assemblage of stones, but as if cut out of a single block. Nearly three centuries have passed away since Vasari, and the eye cannot yet discover the slightest trace of disunion to contradict this eulogium. The solid structure is a daring defiance of time by man. This palace, erected by Filippo Strozzi the elder, seems as new as when first built; the name of the founder is not obliterated, and if no extraordinary causes of destruction intervene, it will long answer his noble ambition to perpetuate his memory. The large iron rings for holding lamps (a privilege only accorded to the illustrious families of Florence) are the work of a clever smith, Nicolao Grosso, surnamed Caparra, from his custom of never undertaking any work without an advance of earnest money (*caparra*), and whose name and interested surname have seemed worthy of passing to after ages.

The Orlandini *del Beccuto* palace, now one of the most magnificent of Florence, formerly belonged to the Chiarucci family, who there received the adventurous Baltassare Cossa;<sup>4</sup> it was rebuilt about the close of the sixteenth century, after passing into the Gondi family, whose arms are still visible. Our famous Gondi, the coadjutor, although born in Brie, really possessed the turbulent and factitious genius of Florence, and he even seems, by his character, talents and the manners of the early part of his life, to have greatly resembled Cossa, who, like him, died a cardinal, and reformed.

The tower *de' Ramaglianti* has become quite a museum through the exertions and taste of S. Sorlei, a goldsmith, who inhabits it, and most obligingly allows it to be seen on Sundays: beside gems, medals, bronzes, statues, basso-relievos there collected, an *Assumption*, in basso-relievo, is reckoned one of Luca della Robia's chefs-d'œuvre.

brated sculptor Pollajolo, owed the humorous surname by which he is known, to the habit he had contracted of eternally talking about his journey to Rome and residence there. How like are we to Cronaca now-a-days, and certainly without being half so interesting as that great artist!

<sup>4</sup> See *ante*, ch. ix.

<sup>1</sup> The expense at the *Agnolo* was then (1581) 7 reals (about 4s 4d.) for a man and horse, and 4 reals for a man only.

<sup>2</sup> A very well executed copy on porcelaine is by M. Constantin, and may be seen in the hall of Flora at the Pitti palace.

<sup>3</sup> In English, the Chronicle. Cronaca, whose real name was probably that of his relative, the cele-

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Pitti palace.—Court.—Canova's *Venus*.—Gallery.—Library.—Galileo's manuscripts.—Boboli.—Rivers, by Giovanni Bologna.—Casino of Leblanc.

The Pitti palace, begun by Brunelleschi, was finished for the abode of Cosmo I. Compared with the imposing old republican palace of the Seignior, built on a confined spot prescribed by the people,<sup>1</sup> this monument seems a good expression of the political contrast of the two epochs, and the architecture of its lengthy front has all the stately gloom and oppressive uniformity of absolute power. The awe-striking aspect of the Pitti palace but little resembles the princes who, for nearly a century, have governed Tuscany with so much sagacity, mildness, and wisdom, and who make that happy country the political oasis of Italy.

The celebrated court of Ammanato, rich, majestic, is the masterpiece of its kind, though its style is not very pure, and proves that the epoch of decline had already begun. The court of our palace of the Luxembourg seems only a heavy monotonous imitation of it. The grotto, supporting a gushing fountain on its roof, is tastefully decorated, and is one of the most picturesque portions, and the best imagined, of this harmonious whole.

The great hall on the ground floor is curious for its frescos, the most important work of Giovanni di San Giovanni, a rapid, fantastic painter. On the ceiling are several allegories on the marriage of Ferdinand II. with the princess of Urbino, Vittoria della Rovere, and on the walls, several incidents from the life of Lorenzo de' Medici, as a patron of letters; some particulars are whimsical: a *Satyress* holding crowns in the air in token of victory; Mahomet, sword in hand, is on the point of exterminating the Virtues; beneath him a harpy holds the Koran in her hand; philosophers and poets flying, several of whom stumble and fall, take refuge with Medici; Homer, groping his way to the gate of Florence, is most naturally expressed; at this gate are also Sappho bedrugged by a Fury, and behind, Dante in a red robe, thrown headlong

from the stairs leading to Parnassus; in the group of philosophers sits Empedocles, deploring the loss of his works. The walls of this hall were finished after Giovanni di San Giovanni's death, by Cecco Bravo, Vannini, and Turini. The first has represented Lorenzo de' Medici in the costume of gonfalonier of the republic, welcoming Apollo and the Muses presented to him by Fame and Virtue; the second has placed him in his casino of Saint Mark with a number of young artists and Michael Angelo, who is showing him his satyr's head; and the third in his villa of Careggi, surrounded by the members of the Platonic academy, among whom may be recognised Marsilio Ficino, Pico della Mirandola, and Politian. The gracefulness and truth of the four basso-relievos imitating marble which support the roof, are much admired; they were invented and executed by Giovanni di San Giovanni. In an adjoining apartment are also fourteen little frescos on tiles by the same artist.

Canova's *Venus*, despite its renown, the honours it received, the enthusiasm it excited when brought to Florence to replace the absent Venus of Medici,<sup>2</sup> the surname of *Italiana* conferred by the public voice, the numerous copies made of it by himself and others,<sup>3</sup> the beauty of the marble, the excellence of the naked, struck me as vulgar in expression and mien; larger than the antique statue, it is less ideal and divine; above all it has not the same voluptuous bashfulness: one might call it in plain terms a *grisette* wiping herself. Perhaps, too, the curtains, the dim light of the cabinet where it is placed, the glasses which reflect it on all sides, contribute still further to give it that air of a boudoir figure which speaks more to the senses than the soul, and make it appear still more terrestrial and modern.

The Pitti gallery is one of the first, and perhaps the choicest galleries in Europe. The most eminent masters have contributed their different masterpieces to this wonderful selection, viz.: Salvator Rosa, several *Marine views*, his famous *Catiline's conspiracy*, much too highly extolled, there being nothing Roman or an-

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, ch. lii.

<sup>2</sup> Canova's delicate modesty would not permit his statue to be placed in the gallery on the old pedestal of the Greek Venus, but by its side, out of respect for the illustrious exile.

<sup>3</sup> There are three repetitions of the Venus, possessed by the king of Bavaria, the marquis of Lansdowne, and Mr. Thomas Hope.

tique about it; his celebrated view called the *Philosophers' landscape*;—Garofolo, *St. Jerome*;—Titian, his *Mistress*, called Titian's fair one, like his *Venus* at the *Tribuna*; the *Portrait of Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici*, in Hungarian costume; *Pope Sixtus IV.*; *Charles V.*;—Pietro di Cortona, a part of the ceiling in the hall of Apollo, his most esteemed work, finished by his pupil Cyrus Ferri;—Paolo Veronese, his *Wife*; the superb portrait of *Daniele Barbaro*;—the third Bronzino, the *Miracle of St. Julian*, his best painting; the cool and passionless *Judith*, a fantastic sentimental picture, in which the heroine is the portrait of his mistress, the woman-servant, her mother's, and the severed head of Holophernes, his own;—Ligoli, the famous *St. Francis, musing*; his *Descent from the cross*, in a more elevated and noble style than belongs to him; the *Sacrifice of Isaac*, one of his good works; the *Ecce homo*, his chef-d'œuvre;—Andrea del Sarto, a *Descent from the cross*; the *Dispute on the Trinity*, both very fine; an *Annunciation*, in which the Virgin seems prudish and irritated rather than holy and touched; several *Assumptions*;—Raphael, the portraits of *Maddelena Doni* and her husband *Angelo*; the *Madonna della Seggiola*, the harmony and elegance of which the rival engravings of Morghen and Garavaglia cannot render; the *portrait of Leo X.*, between the cardinals Giulio de' Medici and Rossi, notwithstanding the admiration of more than three centuries, has always appeared to me to offer a strange contrast with the reputation for elegance accorded to both the painter and the pontiff; this father of letters and arts, this Pericles of modern Italy, were it not for the Roman purple, would have the air of a toping parson, and his insignificant cousin the cardinal, his successor, appears less common than he; another *portrait of Julius II.*, perhaps by Giulio Romano; the *Madonna del Baldacchino*; *Tommaso Fedro Inghirami*, secretary of the college of cardinals, called the Cicero of his time, who, although clothed in purple, was never cardinal; the small sublime *Vision of Ezekiel*; the *portrait of Cardinal Bibiena*; the *Madonna of the Grand*

Duke;—Rembrandt, his valuable *portrait*;—Carlo Maratto, a good *St. Philip of Neri*;—Vandyck, an excellent *portrait of Cardinal Gui Bentivoglio*;—Rubens, the allegory of the *Ravages of war*, so full of life and truth; his *Four Philosophers*, presenting his portrait and his brother Filippo's, those of Grotius and Justus Lipsius, near whom he has not forgotten to place the two ruling passions of that learned man, tulips and his dog Saphir;—Carlo Dolce, *St. Peter weeping*; *St. Andrew*;—Luca Giordano, a *Conception*;—Bourguignon, a *Great Battle*, one of his best productions;—Michael Angelo, the terrible *Fates*, so grave, thoughtful, and severe;—Fra Bartolommeo, the fine gigantic *St. Mark*, which he made to refute the critics, who blamed his figures as too slender; the *Virgin on a throne with several saints*, one of his fine pictures;—Leonardo Vinci, a woman's portrait called the *Nun*, sweet, tender, melancholy;—Domenichino, a *St. Mary Magdalen*;—Giulio Romano, the little *Dance of Apollo and the Muses*, so magically coloured, and its figures seem to dispute for gracefulness and truth with antique sculpture;—Sebastiano del Piombo, the *Martyrdom of St. Agatha*;—Rosso, the *Virgin and some saints*, bold in effect, skilful in design and colouring;—the first Bronzino, a portrait of *Don Garzia*, when a boy, the hero of Alfieri's tragedy;—Tiarini, *Adam and Eve mourning the death of Abel*, a composition worthy of this pathetic painter.

The library of the Pitti palace, the old library of the grand duke Ferdinand III., a curious and passionate amateur of scarce books, has now more than eighty thousand volumes.\* The collections of Rewiczky and Poggiali laid the foundations, and it has been constantly augmented with the best and finest works in Italian, English, French, and German. The following may be remarked: the collection of the *Variorum* in the three sizes; the greater part double, common size, and large paper; the collection *ad usum Delphini* complete; the collection of Elzevirs, perhaps one of the richest known; the selection of authors quoted by the Academy della Crusca, the most

\* See ante, ch. iv.

† This library must not be confounded with the Mediceo-Palatino library, formerly at the Pitti pa-

lace, and which was divided by Leopold among the different public libraries of Florence.



complete extant. The works on art, the books of natural history with coloured plates; the voyages, chiefly on large paper, are superb; the collection of geographical maps is perhaps the finest ever made. A collection of ancient Italian mysteries is precious. The copies on vellum or on blue paper are pretty numerous. A considerable collection of Italian books of the fifteenth century comprises some of the rarest, and perhaps a few unique, not being mentioned by bibliographers.

The manuscripts, all Italian, are about fifteen hundred in number, and many of them are interesting. A small parchment book of a hundred and one pages, in Tasso's writing, and in a large hand, contains the first sketch of sundry lyric poems; it is full of alterations and erasures, some sonnets are written twice over, and one as many as four times. This volume, which belonged to the library of the marquis di Lieto, was bought at Naples, about 1815, by S. Molini, a bookseller of Florence, and sent by him to Paris; it was put up for sale at Silvestre's rooms, and bought for the grand duke at the price of 4,000 francs. The collection of the unfortunate poet's letters, which had belonged to Serassi, and was in his writing, includes one written from Mantua to Giambattista Licino, which yields farther particulars of his distress. We learn from it, that the learned Tarquinia Molza, of whom we have spoken, doubtless absorbed by study or sentimental dissertations,<sup>1</sup> and less punctual than madame de Tencin, forgot to send him the small-clothes she had promised him, and he consequently had no change of dress; that a pair of the silk ones given him by the duke, as well as a doublet, although new and embroidered, could not be worn a fortnight, and that he knew not what to do, being without money.<sup>3</sup>

Machiavel's manuscripts are contained in six boxes in the shape of folio volumes, which, besides different documents in his hand, contain original letters and the instructions with which he was charged by the republic, as well as a great number of letters addressed to him by important

personages. The correspondence of Machiavel, like that of all other men who have had great influence over the age they lived in, was very extensive, and is not all published. A part of it is in the British Museum, proceeding either from the fine autograph collection formed by S. Salvi di Brescia, a learned bibliographer, or from the three volumes bought at Florence by Lord Guilford, and sold by auction at London in 1830 by the heirs of that worthy nobleman.

The manuscripts of Galileo, his correspondence, the works published against him with annotations in his hand, the manuscripts of Viviani, his pupil, of Toricelli and the academicians *del Cimento*, put in perfect order and making more than three hundred volumes, are the most remarkable manuscript collection of the Pitti library. Among the manuscripts of Galileo are found his thoughts on Tasso: Galileo was an ardent admirer of Ariosto; it is asserted that he knew his whole poem by rote; he preferred him to all poets ancient and modern, and in his old age he wrote to Francesco Rinuccini, that he had read the flight of Angelica fifty times; he is therefore most unjustly prejudiced against Tasso. These Thoughts, written in his twenty-sixth year, when professor of mathematics at Pisa, unwisely brought to light two centuries after his death (he having neglected to publish them), do not add an iota to his glory; his critique is harsh and insolent, his quodlibets are college jests, and he even accuses Tasso of incapacity in descriptive poetry. Galileo was himself a correct writer, and his examination of Tasso is too much confined to style and language; like Boileau, he is too much provoked by his tendency to false taste and tinsel, the character of the *Seicentisti*, who so closely followed Tasso, and exaggerated his faults.

The solemn Boboli, the garden of the Pitti palace, laid out by Tribolo and Buontalenti, with its majestic amphitheatre, its statues and fountains, seems rather a creation of art than the work of nature. It has been imitated and surpassed at Versailles. The undulating

<sup>1</sup> Published in 1821 by S. Bernardoni, then owner of the collection, which he has now ceded to the grand duke.

<sup>2</sup> See *Variétés italiennes*—Tasso's prison.

<sup>3</sup> Delle calze promessemi dalla signora Tarquinia avrei gran bisogno, perchè non posso mutarmi;

ed un pajo di ormisino, donatemi dal serenissimo signor principe col giupponi, benchè siano nuove e tutte adornate, io credo che si straccieranno in quindici giorni, e non avendo deuari, non so come mi fare.

surface seems favourable to the irregular kind, and the French administration made an attempt to introduce it; but the trees when untrained became so mixed and interlaced as to injure each other, and fell into utter disorder. In 1814, the old system was reestablished, and the democracy of the English garden gave way for the aristocracy of the quincunx, high hedges, and straight alleys. About the end of Cosmo I.'s reign, these gardens, of so dull and stately an aspect, witnessed the nocturnal pleasures of his beloved daughter Isabella, her son Francesco, the lover of Bianca Capello, of their courtiers and ladies: their present appearance seems to contrast with such recollections. Boboli afterwards assumed a kind of innocence, by the experimental cultivation practised there by the grand dukes of Tuscany: Francesco I. planted it with mulberry trees, to propagate them for distribution among the inhabitants; and Ferdinand II. was the first to cultivate the potatoe there. The gilliflowers of Boboli are supposed the finest in Europe.

The greater part of the many statues of Boboli speak but too plainly of the declining epoch in which they were executed; but there are some good works; such are: in the fantastical grotto constructed by Buontalenti, with the front by Vasari, an *Apollo* and a *Ceres*, by Baccio Bandinelli: the last begun for an *Eve* that was intended to be placed at the high altar of the cathedral; four great statues of prisoners rough-hewn by Michael Angelo, and intended for the tomb of Julius II.; in the midst of the pool called the fountain of Neptune, the *Triumph of the god*, in bronze, by Lorenzo Stoldi da Settignano; at the top of the great alley, a figure, by Giovanni Bologna, finished by Tacca and Salvini, another metamorphosed statue, which was at first intended to represent Giovanna of Austria, wife of the grand duke Francesco I., and which was turned into *Plenty*, for the marriage feasts of Ferdinand II. his successor; in the pineapple garden, a *Clemency*, nearly naked, by Baccio Bandinelli, which must not be confounded with that lady in a court dress, decorated with the order of the Golden Fleece, and holding in one hand

arrows, in the other flowers, a kind of allegory, the sense of which is lost, and seems scarcely worthy of regret; near the walls of the town, a large bust, perhaps of *Jupiter*, one of Giovanni Bologna's first works; a group of *Adam and Eve* after their fall, much admired, by Michael Angelo Nacerino, a Florentine; and, especially, at the fine fountain of *Isoletto*, the colossal group of the three rivers, a chef-d'œuvre at once grand and elegant, by Giovanni Bologna.

The heights of the Boboli garden are noted for their view of Florence. I confess that I infinitely prefer the view from the casino of a compatriot, M. Leblanc, a man of modest merit: that is the place to contemplate Florence and its charming environs. The aspect of this city, though not extensive, is singularly grand, historical, and poetic: what edifices can equal her *Duomo*, her *Palazzo Vecchio*, her *Santa Croce*! This latter church, from its austere form and walls, seems truly, in the midst of so many noble fabrics, like the mausoleum of genius. The noise of the city is not the vulgar cry of the streets, but a kind of buzzing as of bees, which invites to reverie. I have more than once saluted Florence from this smiling hill, and I loved to repeat there with him who sung her great men and her glory:

Qui Michel Angiol nacque? e qui il sublime  
Dolce testor degli amorosi detti?  
Qui il gran poeta, che in sì forti rime  
Scolpi d' inferno i planti maladetti?

Qui il celeste inventor, ch' ebbe dall' ime  
Valli nostre i planeti a noi soggetti?  
E qui il sovrano pensator, ch' esprime  
Sì ben del Prence i dolorosi effetti?

Qui nacquer, quando non venia proscritto  
Il dir, leggere, udir, scriver, pensare;  
Cose, ch' or tutte appongonsi a delitto.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Houses of Cellini, — Zuccari, — Michael Angelo, — Giovanni Bologna, — Alfieri, — Viviani, — Galileo, — Machiavel.

Few cities offer so many illustrious modern houses as Florence. The house where Cellini was born and acquired his

\* Alfieri, Son. XL. It must, however, be acknowledged that there is much exaggeration and injustice

in the three last verses, as they are applied to the mild and liberal government of Leopold.

name of Benvenuto,<sup>1</sup> was in the street *Chiara nel popolo di San Lorenzo*. His dwelling-house, a present from Cosmo I., in which the memorable founding of the *Perseus* took place,<sup>2</sup> was in the street del Rosaio: inscriptions on marble slabs perpetuate the memory of these facts.

The house of Federico Zuccari was in the street *del Mandorlo*: the embossed architecture, invented by him, still bears witness to the caprice of his taste.

In the street called *Ghibellina*, a name associated with the wars, discords, and proscriptions of Florence, in this town now so quiet,<sup>3</sup> is the house of Michael Angelo, the first of these celebrated abodes, still inhabited by a descendant of Michael Angelo, the Cav. Cosmo Buonarroti, a distinguished magistrate, president of the *Magistrato supremo* of Florence, who did me the honours of it with the greatest courtesy. This house has become a noble monument of Michael Angelo's glory. In the gallery formed, at an outlay of 12,000 crowns, by his nephew, an illustrious disciple of Galileo, author of the fanciful grammatical comedy of *Fiera*,<sup>4</sup> a series of pictures represents divers incidents of his life. These paintings were executed by the most eminent artists of the time, but some of them are far from excellent: Michael Angelo presenting the plan of the Laurentian library to Leo X., by Empoli, is, I believe, the best. During the three fourths of a century that this prodigious man, who undertook at once the *Last Judgment*, the *Moses*, and the cupola of Saint Peter's, held the sceptre of the arts, seven popes loaded him with wealth and honours; he was solicited by Francis I., Charles V., Alfonso d'Este, and the republic of Venice; Soliman even wanted him to unite Europe and

Asia by a bridge over the Dardanelles; and he by himself was like another power. In this house may be seen his first performances in painting and sculpture. A sketch of the *Virgin suckling the infant Jesus*, is extraordinary for the vigour and avidity of the child; an expressive *Christ on the cross*, in red chalk, is quite surprising for its finished execution when we remember the impatient talent of the artist. Michael Angelo painted with the left hand, like Holbein, and sculptured with the right. He adopted this habit from necessity, the handling of marble having so far weakened his right hand, that he was obliged to colour with his left. The question as to which of the two arts he most excelled in is not easily decided: Cicognara and some other writers think him greatest in painting; M. Quatremère seems to think otherwise. An unscientific person can only speak of his impressions, and I confess that the chapel of the Tombs affected me much more than *Last Judgment*, which, it is true, is much impaired by time. When, in addition to these, we call to mind the dome of Saint Peter's, and his poems, so passionate, religious, energetic, and, as his genius, so Dante-like, he really seems, as the poet has beautifully expressed it, the *four-souled man*, *uom di quattr' alme*.<sup>5</sup> The precious autograph manuscript of Michael Angelo's poems, preserved in his house, is composed of pieces that he sent to the brothers del Riccio, his friends, to be corrected. This manuscript, but partially communicated and little known, is extremely curious, from the numerous reflections, by turns melancholy, gay, and familiar, with which it is interspersed, giving it almost the interest of memoirs; from it

<sup>1</sup> Cellini's father and mother expected a daughter, whom they had already named Santa Reparata, because his mother, after having been eighteen years married, and miscarried of two sons, had a daughter next, and during her pregnancy had fancied she was to have a second. Giovanni Cellini's father, seems to have been as gallant and romantic as his son; he had married the object of his love, and as Lisabetta's father and his own, like true Florentines, quibbled about the dowry, Giovanni, who had been secretly listening, burst on them, exclaiming: "Ah mio padre, quella fanciulla è desiderata e amata, e non i suoi danari: tristo a coloro, che si vogliono rifare in sulla dote della lor moglie; e siccome voi vi siete che lo sia così saccente, non potrà lo dunque dare le spese alla

moglie, e soddisfarla ne' suoi bisogni con qualche somma di danari, non manco che il voler vostro? Ora io vi fo intendere, che la donna ha da esser mia, e la dote voglio che sia vostra." *Vita di B. Cellini*, t. i. p. 7.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, ch. iii.

<sup>3</sup> This name comes from the *Ghibellina* gate, erected by the order of Guido Novello, the new podestà, when after the battle of Montaperti, gained by the Sienese over the Florentines, the Ghibellines obtained the sway in Florence.

<sup>4</sup> This piece has five days divided into twenty-five acts: the characters of the prologues of each day are metaphysical entities, such as Industry, Commerce, Interest, etc.

<sup>5</sup> Pindemonte, *Il mèrito vero*, sermone.



we can gain a much more intimate and accurate acquaintance with Michael Angelo than from his two apologetic Italian biographers, Vasari and Condivi, and even his last dry history by M. Quatremère; sometimes he jests about the severity of his censors who make a real butchery (*macello*) of his verses. A bundle of *Ricordi*, likewise in Michael Angelo's hand, containing even the expenses of his journey to Venice in September 1529, and the measure of the marble he had ordered at Carrara, proves that, with all the fire of his genius, he was methodical and careful, and managed his affairs with great regularity. A fair copy of his poems, with corrections in his own hand, is another valuable manuscript belonging to the Cav. Buonarrotti. Among the papers in the bundle of *Ricordi* is a letter from Michael Angelo's nephew, addressed to Cosmo I., respecting the erection of the mausoleum in Santa Croce, containing this singular wish: he desires that the figure of sculpture may have the first place, on account of the preeminence which he asserts his uncle to have accorded to that art over painting, an opinion in unison with his letter to Varchi, in which he pretends that sculpture is to painting what the sun is to the moon. He seems to have prided himself more in his talents as a sculptor, and among the different manuscripts of the Buonarrotti house I observed several letters signed *Michel-Agnolo Buonarrotti scultore*. This singular and unjust preference of Michael Angelo's may however be explained by the character of his painting, which is anatomical, confused, agitated, terrible, and destitute of the touching philosophy of Raphael and Poussin. If the poetical talent of Michael Angelo seems to have some analogy with the force of Dante, it has by times all the grace and delicacy of Petrarch: the following are the last verses of a madrigal (one can hardly fancy Michael Angelo making madrigals) extracted from the manuscript of his *Rime* and first published in 1833 by the author of Luisa Strozzi:

Che degli amanti è men felice stato  
Quello, ove il gran desir gran copia affrena,  
Che una miseria di speranza piena.

<sup>1</sup> See his *Memoirs*, respecting this word.

<sup>2</sup> The Florentine senator Nelli, who died at the end of last century, pretended to have certain

The first marble sculptured by Michael Angelo, when eighteen years of age, not Hercules fighting the Centaurs, as stated by Vasari (since that is only an unfinished part of a horse), but a fantastic youthful composition, presents already some admirable details: such are the figure pulling another by the hair, and the one behind striking with a club. In the choir of the Duomo of Florence we saw the artist's last work; it seems to me that it might be most fitly placed beside this; there would be something pleasing in contemplating and comparing them in this house, another temple of which Michael Angelo is the deity.

The Quaratesi house was the residence of Giovanni Bologna, Michael Angelo's most illustrious pupil; he received it from the grand duke Francesco I., the lover of Bianca Capello, a mean degraded prince, whose bust is over the door.

Near the old Gianfigliazzi palace, occupied by the count of Saint Leu, and opposite the Casino of the nobility, is the small but more illustrious house of Alfieri; he dwelt there from 1793 to 1803, the epoch of his decease. The air, the prospect, the comforts of this house had restored to him, he writes in his living *Memoirs*, a great part of his intellectual and creative faculties, excepting his dramatic powers (*tramelogédie*)<sup>1</sup> which his seventeen chefs-d'œuvre had doubtless exhausted.

Near the church of Santa Maria Novella, in the street *dell' Amore*, a graceful surname not easily traced to its origin,<sup>2</sup> is the house of Vicenzo Viviani, the last, the faithful pupil of Galileo. He rebuilt this house with the pension conferred by Louis XIV., and put thereon, with the bust and elogium of his master, in places contrived for that purpose, the felicitous inscription *Ædes à Deo date*, an ingenious monument of his gratitude towards a great man and a great king.

The house of Galileo at Florence was not far distant from that since rebuilt by his loving pupil; it was on the *Costa*, near the fortress of Belvedere.

The small house occupied by Machiavel, as stated by an inscription, is in the street *de' Guicciardini*, opposite the

proofs that the action of the *Mandragora* passed in this street, from which the name is derived.

vast black palace of the historian, his dear and constant friend, who, notwithstanding the difference between their dwellings and dignities, appreciated the merit of his illustrious neighbour, and treated him precisely as his equal.<sup>1</sup> It was there that Machiavel died, poor, in discredit with his party, on the 22nd of June 1527, aged fifty-eight, killed by excessive doses of pills that he had administered himself, supposing them efficacious against his stomach complaints.<sup>2</sup>

## CHAPTER XX.

Academy of Fine Arts.—Great number of artists.—  
Scagliola.—Society de' Georgofili.—Fine stones.—  
Bartolino's studio.

The Florence Academy of Fine Arts is one of the most splendid establishments of the kind in Italy. Perhaps it is an evil to stimulate that excess of culture which generates mediocrity.<sup>3</sup> Inspiration is then less frequent, and art seems to sink into a trade; thus, at all epochs, and particularly at Rome under the last emperors, the great number of artists was a token of decline. The multitude of poets, the immensity of the armies, the great number of statesmen have not been more favourable to the genius of poesy, war, or government.

The celebrated Raphael Morghen, deceased on the 8th of April, 1833, at the age of seventy-two, was, to the end of his life, professor of copper-plate engraving to the Academy of Fine Arts. From his advanced age he was often unable to leave his house, and the pupils went to consult him there. He was worthily replaced by Garavaglia, whom an apoplectic fit carried off in the prime of his talent, on the 26th of April, 1835, at the age of forty-six.

Under the vestibule are four basso-relievos of glazed earthenware, by Luca della Robbia. A *Flight into Egypt*, in fresco, by Giovanni di San Giovanni, formerly at the chapel della *Crocetta*, is one of the best of the time; it was praised

by the artist's master, Matteo Rosselli, notwithstanding the ingratitude of his pupil, who had left him and executed this work without his knowledge. In the apartment of the statues are a great number of designs, and among them several by Fra Bartolommeo, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Andrea del Sarto. In the gallery, the finest in Florence after the two great Uffizi and Pitti galleries, the paintings are arranged according to their epoch, so as to trace the history of the progress and decline of painting. The following may be remarked: A *Descent from the cross*, the chef-d'œuvre of Fra Angelico; a *Baptism of Christ*, by Andrea Verrocchio, with an angel, the first on the right, by his pupil, Leonardo Vinci, when a boy, whose precocious talent so much discouraged his master as to make him abandon painting for sculpture, to which alone he thenceforward applied; a *Nativity*, one of Credi's best works; a superb *Assumption*, by Perugino; his *Dead Christ*, which has such fine old men's heads and touching holy women, a pathetic composition that the artist despaired of ever equalling; the four great figures of *St. Michael*, *St. John Baptist*, *St. Gualbert*, the founder of Vallombrosa, and of *St. Bernard*, cardinal, one of Andrea del Sarto's most delightful paintings; a *Resurrection of Christ*, by Raffaellino del Garbo, and behind, a fresco in clare-obscure by Andrea del Sarto; a *Christ dead* extended on the Virgin's knees, by Fra Bartolommeo; the *Virgin appearing to St. Bernard*, his first work after embracing a conventual life, when he wished to renounce his art and only returned to it at the urgent request of his superior, having passed four years without touching a pencil; a singular painting of *Jesus Christ bewailed by the holy women*, by Plantilla Nelli, a Dominican nun, who was prevented by the rigid regulations of her order from having men for models, and was obliged to take the nuns of her convent instead, so that the figures of the saints have female shapes and

<sup>1</sup> See a letter of Guicciardini, in which he jestingly reproaches Machiavel for adding the word *illustriissimo* to his address, and tells him that he exposes himself to the title of *magnifico* in retaliation.

<sup>2</sup> These pills, according to the recipe written by Machiavel at the end of a letter to Guicciardini, to whom he recommended them, were chiefly composed of aloes; taken in moderation, they would

have been harmless enough; they seem to resemble the *ante cibum* pills of Franck, etc. See the analysis of them minutely given by M. Artaud, t. II, p. 200, 201, and 202 of his *Machiavel, his genius, and his errors*.

<sup>3</sup> The number of pupils in this academy has exceeded three hundred; fifty only were devoted to painting.

physiognomies; a *St. Francis* by Cigoli, with which is connected a story not very honourable to his feelings as a man, were it not explained by the painter's passion for truth: while Cigoli was in some embarrassment about expressing the languor of the saint's features, a pilgrim, worn out with hunger and fatigue, presented himself, asking alms; the artist, enchanted with this lucky chance, entreated him to sit a moment; the pilgrim consented, but almost immediately swooned; Cigoli, instead of relieving him, took advantage of his condition to give the face of the saint the fainting expression so much admired.

At the bottom of the new room intended for sculptures, a sublime *St. Matthew*, a sketch of a great marble statue by Michael Angelo, recently discovered in the *Opera* of the Duomo, seems still further to increase his immense glory.

The busts and basso-relievos of the court are also by Luca della Robbia, his brothers, and nephews; and under the portico are the models of the two groups of the *Sabine* and *Virtue subduing Vice*, by Giovanni Bologna.

At the Academy of Fine Arts there is a school of *Scagliola*, modern mosaic regenerated and perfected in the last century by the celebrated P. Henry Hugford, a monk of Vallombrosa, a hermit artist, brother to the painter.<sup>1</sup> With this new species of stucco, brilliant and unchanging paintings are there executed, representing flowers, animals, landscapes, and buildings.

The palace of the Academy of Fine Arts is the seat of the illustrious academy de' Georgofili, found in 1753 by D. Ubaldo Montelatici, an agricultural monk, who has long defended the sound doctrines of public economy in Tuscany; the country is partly indebted to this body for its prosperity and improvement. This agricultural society has almost become an institution by independent digressions and superiority of some of the papers it publishes. I had the honour to be present, in 1834, at the sitting of the first Sunday in August, when two of the most distinguished members spoke, Professor Gazzeri and the marquis Cav. Cosmo Ridolfi. The discourse of the

latter, although strained, excited a deep interest, and seemed full of new and practical views.

The manufacture of hard stones, a celebrated and splendid branch of Florentine industry, which produced the fine tables of the Pitti palace, the large octagonal table of the gallery, the works of the Medici chapel, is still kept up by the grand duke on his own account, and is still worthy of its reputation.

The studio of S. Bartolini, independently of the artist's talent, the first sculptor in Tuscany and one of the best in Italy, is curious for the quantity of historical statues and busts of living characters made by him: their number is said to be not less than six hundred dispersed over the old and new worlds; so that this studio presents a real contemporary iconography. I admired there the fine *Charity*, destined for the Pitti gallery, a group somewhat larger than life, noble, natural, and touching. The gigantic statue of Napoleon seems without destination; the artist had offered it to the town of Ajaccio, but the authorities preferred a bronze copy of the unlucky figure on the Column; this fine poetical marble statue does not, it is true, present either the frock coat or the little hat, which would have presented great difficulties even to Bartolini's talent. By some singular freak of fortune, I remarked beside the heroic statue in imperial costume, the mausoleum consecrated by the archduchess Maria Louisa to Count Neipperg:<sup>2</sup> the princess, strangely enough habited as an Amazon, is singing the general's exploits to a lyre; a basso-relievo represents him wounded and losing an eye at the battle of Hohenlinden, a French victory that I found pleasure in contemplating even on this foreign monument.

The studio of S. Ricci presented some years ago the superb Greek group of *Ajax raising the body of Patroclus*, which he had been charged to repair.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### Egyptian museum.

The Egyptian museum, collected in Egypt during the years 1828 and 1829,

<sup>1</sup> P. Hugford seems to have been instructed in this work by a monk of la Badia di Santa Reparata di Marradi; P. Belloni, another monk of his order,

who died before him, and Lamberto Gori, who had for successor Pietro Stopponi, were also his pupils.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, book ix. ch. xl.



by S. Rosellini, the disciple, companion, and successor of our Champollion, is not extensive but choice and curious. The mummy of one of those Greeks who settled in Egypt under the Ptolemys is in such wonderful preservation that the hands and thighs may still be traced under the very clean bandages covering them. We may also form an idea of the oddness of the Greek costume at that epoch by the full faced portrait of the deceased painted on the mummy. A Scythian war chariot, of beech, without iron or other metal, a rude trophy taken by an Egyptian, had been deposited in his tomb. The painting on one of the steles or columns represents a woman seated before an altar, with her favorite monkey under her chair; a taste for these pets seems to have been common among the Egyptian ladies. Another basso-relievo on a funeral stele, sixteen hundred years anterior to the Christian era, represents the goddess who bore the two names of *Justice* and *Truth*, and presided at judgment of the after state; it came from the tombs of the kings, who were the first subjected to this noble and terrible deity. One stele, of excellent workmanship, presents the scribe Amentiba and Dgioa his wife, after their decease, sitting and receiving funeral homage from their three daughters. A stone stele shows a Ptolemy presenting two vases to Isis: although it suffers from the bad taste that prevailed under the Ptolemys, an epoch of decline in Egyptian art, it has the merit, perhaps, of being unique for its small proportions. A great painting offers one of those funeral banquets that the Egyptian gave to their relations and friends, after depositing the mummy in the tomb: the men are served by slaves, the women by maid-servants, and at the end of the room are a set of harpers. Twelve paintings larger than life, with explanatory hieroglyphics, still retaining a singular freshness of colouring, commemorate the exploits of Ramses I. over the Scythians, in the fifth year of his reign, 1565 years before our era. A large fragment of *arenaria* stone, found in Nubia near the second cataract, goes back almost to Abraham's days. There we see the Pharaoh Osortasen, to whom the god *Mendu* (the Egyptian Apollo) conducts, with their hands tied, various nations of Ethiopia, each of whom

has the name of his natal place inscribed. This antique stele may be regarded as an important monument for both the history and ancient geography of Africa.

## CHAPTER XXII.

Theatres of La Pergola,—Cocomero,—Goldoni,—Alferi.

The different singers, both male and female, that I have successively encountered at Florence, have always appeared to me but little removed from mediocrity, except Signora Pisaroni, Signora Grisi, and Crivelli, who presents the phenomenon of an excellent singer at the age of sixty. The performances in 1826 at La Pergola, a large house built of brick and ill-sounding, were the opera *Il Nemico generoso*, and the ballet *l'Orfana della selva*, which, according to an Italian usage, was mixed up with opera. The dancers of both sexes, equally bad, in order probably to be better understood, thought proper to make symmetrical jests; all these arms thrown out at the same time and in the same manner, seemed as if moved by one wire, and gave one the idea of large puppets. Perhaps there was among these dancers, though they little suspected it, some vague tradition of the antique chorus which only made one character, whose sentiments were expressed by uniform gestures and words. In 1824 the tenor Reina, who has some merit, and Signora Giulia Grisi, since so justly appreciated at Paris, enraptured their audiences. At the extraordinary performance for the latter's benefit, the first act of *Semiramide* was played: the Florentine accent of the chorus-singers made German of this Italian, and the Italian proverb, *to sing like a choir*, was never more correct.

The theatre of Cocomero is not so magnificently provided as the opera of La Pergola. I heard *Zelmira* sung pretty well there in 1826. The figurants were merely soldiers tricked out in jackets and antique helmets, but retaining below their large black German gaiters:

. . . . . Turpiter atrum  
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne.

The Goldoni theatre, something like

our Variétés, was raised on the ruins of the illustrious Annalena's house, and of the convent which she founded after her husband's murder by the gonfalonier of Florence, and the death of her son,<sup>1</sup> which convent was sold by the French administration. The kind of dramas performed there contrast strangely with the heroic memory of that unfortunate woman.

The French comedians maintained at the expense of M. Demidoff, a rich and beneficent Russian nobleman, many years resident at Florence, played vaudevilles. These actors were not very excellent; our *fionfions* seem horribly hoarse and screaming beside the pure and harmonious accents of the Italian tongue, except in the mouths of the choirs of La Pergola.

The opening of the Alfieri theatre, the old Santa Maria theatre, which took place on the 25th of November 1828, was a masked ball; there was no hearty merriment; affected gaiety, mincing grimaces, undress costumes, made up the show, and this Italian masked ball, to which all Florence flocked, was but a bad parody of those at the Opera of Paris.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

The hospital of Santa Maria Nuova.—Confraternity of Mercy.—Brotherhood of Saint Martin.—Amerigo Vespucci.—Museum of physics and natural history.—Galileo's telescope.

The hospital of Santa Maria Nuova, the oldest of the great hospitals of Italy, and one of the finest in Europe, was founded in 1287 by Folco Portinari, a generous citizen of Florence, the father of the heavenly Beatrix of Dante, whom a daughter so poetical has rendered more celebrated than his charitable and useful foundation. The present architecture of the front is by Buontalenti and Parigi, his pupil. The Florentine medical school, honoured by Redi, and doctor Cocchi, the zealous propagator of his reform, appears worthy of such masters by the wisdom and simplicity of its doctrines.

The Confraternity of Mercy, founded about the middle of the thirteenth century,

when the plague ravaged Florence, is one of those institutions peculiar to catholicism, and which it alone can conceive and establish. The members composing it, among whom are the highest nobles, who can only be simple brothers and are excluded from the grades and dignities of the brotherhood, devote themselves to aid the wounded and carry them to the hospital, where they continue to tend them. By times you see one of these brothers quit the most brilliant circles, warned of some accident by the bell of the Duomo. At this summons of charity, he hastens to assume his religious uniform, a black gown and hood, with a chaplet suspended, a monastic costume that conceals all inequality of rank. This man of the world, born amid all the luxuries of life, takes one end of the litter; he paces slowly through the streets of the town loaded with his suffering brother, and he passes, without regret or surprise, from the drawing-room to the hospital. The Confraternity of Mercy is divided by quarters, and one of the members collects donations every month. Similar societies exist in the towns of Tuscany, but the principal is fixed at Florence.

There is another charitable institution worthy of respect, the brotherhood of Saint Martin, one of those ancient establishments of Italy already mentioned,<sup>2</sup> intended to relieve the bashful poor. The society of Saint Martin was created at Florence in 1441 by Fra Antonio, a Dominican, who assembled twelve honourable citizens to whom he delivered the statutes, one article of which commands every description of gift to be converted into money, that the unfortunate may not languish in want.

The small hospital of Saint John of God, praised by Howard, comprises the ancient Vespucci palace, the abode of the fortunate navigator who gave his Florentine name to the New World. The inscription put on the gate of the monastery by the monks of Saint John, more than a century ago, is the only memento now existing in Florence of this famous man,<sup>3</sup> whose renown far surpasses his glory.

The museum of physics and natural

<sup>1</sup> See Machiavel, *Ist. flor.*, lib. vi.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, book v. ch. vii.

<sup>3</sup> Amerigo Vespucci patricio Florentino ob repertam Americam, sui et patriæ nominis illustra-

tori, amplificatori orbis terrarum. In hac olim Vespuccia domo a tanto domino habitata, patres Sancti Joannis de Deo cultores gratæ memoriæ causa p. c. an. sal. CDCCXIX.

history is curious. Several rooms contain the different parts of the human body in wax coloured, and not too faithfully. The sight of all the muscles, viscera, entrails, arteries, of all this materiality, all this reality of our being, has something dreadful. I infinitely prefer the charming collection of shells, one of the most complete in existence. The telescope executed under Galileo's directions, and used by him, the great lens with which the *Academy del Cimento* first burned diamond, are preserved at this Museum. This first and glorious attempt at a telescope, as well as an eyeglass of Galileo's in the possession of Prince A\*\*\*\*\*, are however very inferior to the telescopes and spying-glasses of the present day. The nephew of Michael Angelo, to do homage to the memory of his master Galileo, has celebrated the invention of the telescope in the following verses of his comedy of *Tancia*, natural in the mouth of a peasant :

Far crescere sì le rose et le persone  
Che chi mira un pulcino, un' oca crede :  
La luna un fondo di tin mi pareva,  
E dentro monte e pian vi si vedeva.

The observatory over the Museum still prided itself in our compatriot Pons, the great explorer of comets, carried off from his speculations, somewhat selfish and accidental, in the month of October 1831. These establishments have since been directed by two distinguished men of Modena, the celebrated astronomer Amici, successor of Pons, and the clever natural philosopher Nobili, who died on the 17th of August, 1835, at the age of fifty-one years.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

House of Industry.—*Stinche*.—Prisons.

Mendicity is forbidden at Florence to all but the blind. Though judiciously managed, the house of industry does not appear very flourishing. The mendicity asylum under the French administration succeeded still worse. Establishments of this kind meet with obstacles from the national habits, the indolence, negligence, and uncleanness of the people, that are not found elsewhere than in Italy. The house at Florence will accommodate about eight hundred indi-

viduals; in 1828 there were six hundred and ten, one third of whom were old or infirm. The food is good and abundant, the bread excellent. The articles manufactured there are pretty well made, especially the carpets imitating English; but they cost more than they produce. It was the same with the cloth manufacture, which has been abandoned, as it was unable to compete with French fabrics.

The *Stinche* were thus called from the name of a castle of *Valdigreva* in Tuscany, the inhabitants of which having revolted from the Florentine republic, were subdued, brought to Florence, and confined altogether in this building, regarded by Varchi as one of the most remarkable of the town. It afterwards became a celebrated debtors' prison. The laws of Florence, as usual with free and commercial people, were severe against debtors; the debts therefore increased proportionally with the time, a sure means of rendering debtors insolvent at last. One of the celebrated prisoners of the *Stinche* was Dino di Tura, a burlesque and satirical poet of the fourteenth century, who seems to have been there often; he accuses the magistrate charged with their superintendence of a grasping disposition :

De' poveri prigion viene in sua mano  
La carità, e ne tien nuova foggia;  
Noi che stiamo in prigion ce n' avvegghiamo.

Over the very small and only door of the *Stinche*, surrounded on all sides with high walls, was the charitable inscription *Oportet misereri*, which the populace translated by *Porta delle miserie*. In July, 1834, I found workmen busily engaged in demolishing the *Stinche*, which was not effected without great difficulty, owing to the thickness of the walls and the solid structure of the old building. The government had sold the *Stinche* to a company, who changed the aspect of that doleful place, by establishing a circus there for equestrian representations, which began the same month; fine houses and a superb theatre have since been reared on the spot, as well as apartments intended to the Philharmonic Society.

The public prisons are at the *Bargello*, a gloomy old palace built by Arnolfo di Lapo, opposite the splendid new Bor-



these palace, a common contrast in towns, where pleasure, wretchedness, and crime are closely buddled together. It was in the court of the Bargello that the wise Leopold burnt the numerous old instruments of Florentine torture, among which, probably, was the wooden horse that had questioned Machiavel without getting any answer.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Gate at San Gallo.—Ponte alle Grazie.—Horse's epitaph.—Gate of Saint Nicholas.—Old bridge.—Florentine goldsmiths.—Corridor.—Camilla Martelli.—Group of Hercules and the Centaur.—The Trinity and Carraja bridges.—Arno.—Porte al Prato.—Calcio.—Engineer-artists.

The gate at San Gallo was built in the year 1739, to commemorate the accession of the house of Lorraine to the throne of Tuscany, at the death of Gaston, the last of the Medici, a negligent and frivolous prince, who had only presided his council three times during a reign of fourteen years. It was by this gate that the new sovereign Francis II. and his consort, the great Maria Theresa, made their entry. Although copied from the arch of Constantine, this Lorraine triumphal arch, the work of M. Giadod, architect of Nancy, with inscriptions by the learned Valentin Jameray Duval, is very far inferior in grandeur and character to the Roman arches; but it was not, like them, and most monuments of the kind in Europe, erected by the woes of humanity, and instead of a haughty oppressive domination, it recalls the government of paternal and beneficent princes.

The gate *alla Croce*, repaired some years ago, has a remarkable fresco by Ghirlandajo on the side towards the town.

The *Ponte Rubaconte* or *alle Grazie*, from a design by Lapo, owes this latter name to the chapel of the Virgin, which has been rebuilt several times. In the small houses built on this bridge were born two celebrated men, the blessed Tommaso de' Bellacci, a Franciscan monk, and the elegant but somewhat

insipid Menzini, a poet of the seventeenth century:

Or chi tra tre mattoni In Rubaconte  
Nacque, e pur vorrà farsi a noi simile.<sup>2</sup>

On the piazza *de' Giudici* is a singularly pathetic inscription, composed by the learned patrician of Venice, Carlo Cappello, ambassador at Florence, in memory of his horse killed in the siege of 1529, and interred there with his carapisons of velvet, a monument of his master's gratitude for the services of this Venetian Bucephalus, which seems as if it could hardly belong to such a town.<sup>3</sup>

The gate of Saint Nicholas, erected in 1325, ornamented with a fresco by Bernardo Gaddi, is the only one in Florence that retains its original height and old majesty. The patriotism of the middle ages had then decorated the other gates of the town with statues of illustrious Tuscans, and Petrarch's was at the gate of Saint Nicholas, which leads to Arezzo, his country.

The old bridge was built by Taddeo Gaddi, in 1345. There seems to have been a bridge at the same place from the time of the Romans. The shops on the old bridge, by a decree of the captains of the quarter in the year 1594, were reserved for the goldsmiths, who still occupy them. But that trade, as now existing in Florence and everywhere else, has not the least similarity to the Florentine gold manufacture of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when it was allied by the number, the grandeur, and style of its productions to all the arts of design; when it was like an apprenticeship and school for sculpture; when such men as Brunelleschi, Donatello, Ghiberti, proceeded from its workshops and warehouses; and when it was practised by a Cellini.

Over the old bridge passes that long ugly corridor of nearly a half-mile in length which crosses Florence and forms a communication between the Pitti palace and the Gallery; the original project was to carry it as far as the Annunziata. The work was executed for

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, ch. xvii.

<sup>2</sup> See Menzini, sat. viii.

<sup>3</sup> Ossa equi Caroli Capelli  
Legati veneti

Non ingratus herus, sonipes memorande, sepulchrum

Hoc tibi pro meritis, hæc monumenta, dedit  
Obsessa urbe

MDXXXIII, id. Martili.

Cosmo I. by Vasari, who is somewhat vainglorious in his Life because he finished this sad structure in less than five months. It was when visiting the works that the gloomy Cosmo met with the young Camilla Martelli in a house about to be pulled down. The poverty of her father, and dread of such an aspirant made her the mistress of Cosmo; she was at last married, through the imperious exhortations of Pope Pius V., who had accorded the title of grand duke to Cosmo, and whom Camilla had secretly solicited to interfere; but she was never publicly recognised. The bright days of Camilla ended with Cosmo's life; a few moments after his death, she was driven from the palace by Francesco I., who, considering his connexion with Bianca Capello, might have been less cruel to such a mother-in-law; she was confined in the rigid monastery of the *Murate*, where her ill-temper and the violence of her despair made her insupportable. The numerous *novenæ* of the nuns to the Virgin, to be delivered from the demon that turned their convent upside down, were heard, and the reluctant nun, transferred to San Monaca, where she had been brought up, only quitted it once for the marriage of her daughter Virginia with Cæsar d'Este, duke of Modena; worn with regret and sorrow, she died there in a state of imbecility.

At the foot of the bridge, over a fountain which serves as its base, is the fine group of *Hercules and the Centaur*, by Giovanni Bologna, discovered in 1600, an admirable conclusion for the list of good sculptures in the fifteenth century, a chef-d'œuvre set in a narrow crossing among the pails of water-carriers, and respected by the people.

The bold, light, and elegant bridge of the Trinity, the finest in Florence, has only three arches and is by Ammanato; it presents the first model of the elliptic arch, which may be censured when needlessly employed, but which Ammanato thought he might employ here more happily as it was recommended by necessity, to prevent the effects of the sudden swellings and inundations of the Arno, which had swept away the old bridge in 1557. The statues of the *four Seasons*, which are not deficient in boldness, are *Winter*, by Taddeo Landino, *Autumn* and *Summer*, by Caccini, another Tuscan sculptor of no

great excellence, and *Spring*, by Francavilla.

The bridge *alla Carraja*, the oldest public monument of the Florentine seigniory, dates as far back as the middle of the thirteenth century, and was finished at the expense of the celebrated manufacturing convent of the *Umiliati*, monks who gave the woollen trade so great an impulse in Tuscany, and were then established at the neighbouring town of Ognissanti. This bridge, which seems to have derived its name from the frequent passing of cars, was also repaired by Ammanato, after the inundation of 1557, the ravages of which extended even to the town.

The Arno, the first river in Tuscany, with all the sweetness and almost poetry of its name, is but a tortuous devastating torrent :

Un fiumcel che nasce in Fatterona  
E cento miglia di corso nol sazia,

says Dante describing its numerous windings.<sup>1</sup> The soil it washes down gives the stream a yellow hue, and the water is not drunk at Florence.

The gate *al Prato* owes its name to the meadow where the young Florentines formerly amused themselves with different games, and particularly the *Calcio*, said to be revived from the Greeks, a noble game at ball, to which only soldiers, gentlemen, lords, and princes were admitted. It was at the gate *al Prato* that Benvenuto Cellini, charged with fortifying it during the war against Siena, had that singular dispute with the Lombard captain guarding it, to whom he could not make his system of fortification understood. The defences of the other gates were confided to other artists. Michael Angelo had been named director-general of the fortifications of Florence when it was besieged in 1529 by the imperial and pontifical forces.<sup>2</sup> Near this same gate *al Prato* is the fortress *da Basso*, built by Clement VII. to control the Florentines, a monument of San Gallo's science. Other great artists of this epoch, most of them endowed with such diversified talent, were also engineers, and distinguished themselves by the same kind of works.

<sup>1</sup> *Purg. cant. xiv.*

<sup>2</sup> See post book xi ch. vi.

## BOOK THE ELEVENTH.

ENVIRONS.—PISA.—LEGHORN.

## CHAPTER I.

Avenue of the *Poggio imperiale*.—Arcetri.—Tower and house of Galileo.—Montici.—Guicciardini.

The avenue of the *Poggio Imperiale*, formed of yews, pines, cypresses, and old oaks, the first, I believe, of palace avenues, is a kind of natural monument, imposing, and even somewhat dull, which contrasts with the charming variety of the *Cascine* or Royal Farms. This palace was formerly the Barocelli villa. It is said that a member of that ancient family, Tommaso Barocelli, most devotedly attached to Cosmo I., having gone from his villa to meet his master returning from Rome, was so enraptured on learning he had received the title of grand duke from the pope, that he died of joy, an instance of enthusiasm in servitude that must appear strange now-a-days! The Poggio afterwards passed into the Salviati family, and was pitilessly confiscated by Cosmo with the other property of the rebels and exiles; he gave it to his daughter, the thoughtless and unfortunate Isabella, the victim, probably, of her husband's too well founded jealousy. Among the solemnities common to Poggio as well as other palaces of princes, it is stated that the grand duchesses, tutoresses of Ferdinand II., caused to be played, when Prince Stanislas, brother of the king of Poland, staid a short time there in 1625, a tragedy of *Saint Ursula*, which, though it has not reached us, could be nothing more than a kind of *mystery*, that must have seemed an odd performance, as Italy had already possessed, for more than a century, the *Sofonisba* and *Rosmunda*. This piece of *Saint Ursula* was followed by a ball, in which more than a hundred ladies took part, and a

superb *balletto di cavalli*, executed at night in the neighbouring meadow, transformed into an amphitheatre and illuminated. In this same meadow, half-way along the road leading to the convent of *La Pace*, took place, on the 12th of March 1530, during the siege of Florence, the famous duel between Ludovico Martelli, the challenger, and Giovanni Bandini, who seemed to fight for their country, while they were only rivals in love,<sup>1</sup> a duel presenting a perfect picture of the manners and spirit of chivalry, so minutely detailed by Varchi, a true historian of the descriptive or picturesque school. It was in this same meadow, too, that Redi fables Ariadne as conducted by Bacchus, who, goblet in hand, sings to her the elogium of Tuscan wines and men of letters, friends of the author, in the *Bacco in Toscana*, a fine and celebrated dithyramb, though somewhat redundant, as such compositions always are :

Dell' Indico oriente  
Domator glorioso il dio del vino  
Fermato avea l' allegro suo soggiorno  
Al colli etruschi intorno :  
E colà dove imperial palagio  
L' augusta fronte in ver le nubi innalza,  
In verdeggianti prati  
Colla vaga Arianna un dì sedea,  
E bevendo e cantando,  
Al bell' idolo suo così dicea, etc.

In the palace is a fine fresco by Matteo Roselli, representing the illustrious actions of the Medici, which has been cleverly cut away from a demolished ceiling and preserved in another room. The new chapel of the Virgin, by S. Caciali, has on its ceiling a vast fresco of the *Assumption*, by S. Nenci, one of the best living painters of Florence, and his most important work.

<sup>1</sup> The woman they loved, from what has since been ascertained, was named Marietta Ricci, the wife of Nicolao Benintendi; Martelli was the preferred rival. His friends entreated Marietta to visit him after the serious wounds he had received, and

she obtained permission of her husband, who had no suspicions whatever. This interview, instead of comforting Martelli, as was hoped, caused him such violent emotion as seems to have hastened his death.



Above the Poggio is the pretty hill of Arcetri, sung by the poets for its delicious white wine :

La verdea soavissima d' Arcetri,<sup>1</sup>

and immortalised by the residence, the prison,<sup>2</sup> and the death of Galileo. On the road is the tower called *di Galileo*, a peasant's house and rustic observatory, whence the view of Florence and the environs is very fine. The little house, now the Bonajuti villa, in which that great man dwelt ten years, seemed to me agreeable and worthy the surname of *gioiello* (jewel) which it formerly bore. Towards the end of his life, he received the youthful Milton there, then only a scholar and elegiac poet. There may be seen the chamber of the illustrious captive, hung with ordinary leather, and furnished with plain chairs, as well as the little terrace on which he used to pass hours together. It was perhaps there that he lost his sight at the age of seventy-four, when, despite his old age and misfortunes, he continued, with unwearying courage, his tables of Jupiter's satellites :

Vien quegli occhi a mirar che il ciel spiarno  
Tutto quanto, e lui visto, ebb' disdegno  
Veder oltre la terra, e s' oscurarno.<sup>3</sup>

Galileo also composed at Arcetri, *Il Trattato della meccanica*, augmented and corrected, which appeared in 1634, and the *Discorsi e dimostrazioni intorno a due nuove scienze attenenti alla meccanica, e i movimenti locali con un' appendice del centro di gravità di alcuni solidi*, the manuscript of which he entrusted in 1636, to the count de Noailles, then returning from his embassy at Rome, and he transmitted it to the Elzevirs, who printed it in quarto, in 1638.

<sup>1</sup> Redi, *Bacco in Toscana*.

<sup>2</sup> Galileo dated all his letters written at Arcetri directly after his return from Rome and his condemnation, from his *carcere di Arcetri*; a fact which proves, as well as the difficulties opposed to his making a will, that, notwithstanding the numerous and distinguished visits he received, he remained all his life under the care of the inquisition. He hired this house at fifteen crowns a year of Esau Martellini, his pupil. See the *Vita e commercio letterario di Galileo Galilei*, by G. B. Clemento de' Nelli, Lausanne (Florence), 1793 (1820), two volumes quarto. This compilation, curious

Galileo, a lover of the country, who could read only in the book of nature, and regarded towns as prisons of the human mind,<sup>4</sup> occupied this house from the end of December 1633 to his latest day, Wednesday the 8th of January, 1642, the very year of Newton's birth : we have seen that he entered the world two days before Michael Angelo's death ;<sup>5</sup> so that it may be said that genius was destined to precede and to follow him.

Not far from Galileo's house, on another agreeable hill, called *Bellosguardo*, at Montici, is the ancient villa of Count Bardi, of Michelozzo's architecture, which was the abode of Guicciardini ; he, too, ended his days there after having been an actor in the events of which he wrote the history. The table used by him when writing his history is religiously preserved ; and we are told that he laboured with such ardour as to pass whole days without eating or sleeping. Although in profound retirement, Guicciardini seems to have been poisoned :<sup>6</sup> a new and fatal example that seems to make the destiny of historians of those times run parallel with that of their heroes.<sup>7</sup> Despite the fatigue caused by his long periods, the author of the *History of Italy*, like all statesmen who have written history, has well explained and wisely judged the actions of which he writes. The loyalty and impartiality of his narratives are perhaps unique, for himself is no more spared than many of his culpable contemporaries. The last act of Guicciardini's life was honourable and pure : although a partisan of republican government, he stood forth alone in the council, after the murder of Duke Alexander, for the monarchical form, which he caused to be adopted when he saw that nothing else could guarantee his country against revolutions and civil war.

enough, though interrupted and left incomplete by the author's death, rectifies many inaccuracies of Targioni Tozzetti, on Galileo's residence at Arcetri.

<sup>3</sup> Monti.

<sup>4</sup> Viviani, *Vita del Galileo*, p. 68.

<sup>5</sup> See *ante*, book x. ch. xli.

<sup>6</sup> See the authority of the wise and veracious Florentine historian, Bernardo Segni, cited by S. Rossini, p. 67, of his *Saggio sulle azioni e sulle opere di F. Guicciardini*, prefixed to the fine Pisa edition, of 1822-24, 8 vols. 4to. pl.

<sup>7</sup> See *ante*, book v. ch. xxi.

## CHAPTER II.

Cascine.—Villa del Boccaccio.—Alessandra Scala.—Badia.—*Tipografia Fiesolana*.—S. Inghirami.—Mozzi and Ricasoli villas.—Fiesole.—Mino.—Capuchins.

The agreeable promenade of the *Cascine* (Royal Farms) on the banks of the Arno, with its pines, holm-oaks, grass-plots, pheasants, and rustic palace, is far superior to the generality of those ordinary rendezvous of the vain idlers of great cities. The hour of this citizen promenade varies with the seasons; the equipages are numerous, and many of them have *chasseurs*: the vanished greatness of thrones and theatres comes in contact there.<sup>1</sup> The circus of the *Cascine* with its carriages full of elegant women is charming to the eye; the common people, too, who repair thither on Sundays, are remarkable for their bearing, good mien, becoming dress, and I think there is less difference nowhere between those who go on foot and the occupants of carriages.

On the road to Fiesole, beside the Mugnone torrent, the Palmieri villa de' *Trevisi* stands conspicuous, called also the *villa del Boccaccio*, the retreat, during the plague of Florence, of the company of women and young people who tell the stories of the Decameron. This villa, repaired and renovated, is at present only a large plain English house; it cannot be compared to the *bellissimo e ricco palagio* of Boccaccio, then decorated with all the art and magnificence that one would suppose to belong to a villa of the sixteenth century, and offering *un bello e gran cortile nel mezzo, e con logge e con sale e con camere, tutte, ciascuna verso di se bellissima, e di liete dipinture ragguardevole e ornata, con pratelli dattorno e con giardini maravigliosi*. This villa takes its name from the learned Matteo Palmieri, of whom we have already spoken.<sup>2</sup> The philosophical or rather theological poem of Palmieri, although not printed, acquired some celebrity from its condemnation by the inquisition: the author asserts therein that our souls are the

angels that remained neuter when Satan rebelled.

The Guadagni villa, repaired, was the abode of Bartolommeo Scala, the illustrious gonfalonier and historian of the republic, who obtained the title of privy counsellor and secretary of four princes, one of whom was our Louis XI. But the chief honour of Scala springs from his daughter, the celebrated Alessandra, pupil of John Lascaris and Demetrius Chalcondylas, a woman of great beauty, learning, and poetical talent, the Corinne of Florence, who triumphantly replied in Greek epigrams to the Greek epigrams of Politian, the rival lover of the young and unfortunate Byzantine poet Marullo Tarcagnota, whom she had preferred.

La Badia, a superb foundation by Cosmo the Elder, of Brunelleschi's architecture, is now occupied in part by the *Poligrafia Fiesolana*. The manager and proprietor is S. Inghirami, brother of P. Inghirami, a man of high birth, who became an antiquary and printer of his own works. This philosopher, full of learning, humility, and resignation, received me in the midst of festoons of printed sheets drying on lines, and he did not appear to me degenerate from his noble stock. S. Inghirami, a designer, engraver, and lithographer, teaches his young workmen himself, and executes the plates of his learned publications. In the ancient refectory, a fresco by Giovanni di San Giovanni, a composition at once grave and grotesque, represents the Lord ministered to by angels in the desert, in which the artist has introduced some female angels; the demon whom the angels are endeavouring to keep off is the figure of the butler of La Badia, who had given the artist stale wine that he might not get drunk while at his work. He has also foolishly muffled this demon monk in a capuchin's gown, to express his dislike of the good fathers for begging so often.

The hotel delle *tre Puzze* was the residence of the irascible doctor Lami; there, in the excitement of wine, he wrote his two Latin Satires and his *Dialoghi d'Aniceto Nemesio*, another satire

<sup>1</sup> Some few years ago, Florence was inhabited by most of the princes of Napoleon's family, by the empress of Haiti, Christopher's widow; and his daughter, and by Signora Catalani.

<sup>2</sup> See ante, book x. ch. xlii.

against the Jesuits, in which he consents to pass for a fool provided others were no better than himself. Opposite this house is a well-supplied fountain, by Baccio Bandinelli; this beautiful work was a present from the artist, whose pretty villa, now neglected, was in the vicinity.

The fine Mozzi villa was erected by Giovanni de' Medici, son of Cosmo the elder, on the plan of Michelozzo. Lorenzo the Magnificent assembled there the literati of his time; it was there that Politian retired after the vexations and obstacles thrown in his way by maternal intermeddlings, as it happens sometimes, with the education of his protector's children. Freed from his embarrassing functions, he deliciously sung his new leisure and independence in these verses, which recall the subject and poetry of the *Georgics*:

Hanc, o cœlicolæ magni, concedite vitam;  
Sic mihi delicias, sic blaudimenta laborum.  
Sic faciles date semper opes; hac improba sunt  
Vota tenus; nunquam certe, nunquam illa precabor,  
Splendeat ut rutilo frons invidiosa galero,  
Tergeminaque gravis surgat mihi mitra corona.  
Talla Fœsuleo lentus meditabar in antro  
Rure suburbano Medicum, qua mons sacer urben  
Mœniam, longique volumina despicit Arol;  
Qua bonus hospitium felix, placidamque quietem  
Indulget Laurens, Laurens haud ultima Phœbi  
Gloria, jactatis Laurens fida anchora musis:  
Qui si certa magis permiserit otia nobis,  
Afflabor majore Deo, nec jam ardua tantum  
Silva meas voces, montanaque saxa loquentur,  
Sed tu (si qua fides) tu nostrum forsitan olim,  
O mea blanda alitrix, non aspernabere carmen,  
Quamvis magnorum genitrix Florentia vatum,  
Doctaque me triplici recinet facundia lingua.

It was in this same villa that the conspiracy of the Pazzi was to have broken forth during the festival that Lorenzo gave, on Sunday, April 26, 1478, to Cardinal Riario, nephew of Pope Sixtus IV., their accomplice, but they deferred the time, to prevent the escape of Lorenzo's brother Giuliano, who was kept away by indisposition. Although more than fifty were privy to the plot, it was not discovered till on the very point of execution, a fact, as Machiavel re-

marks, a quite miraculous in the history of conspiracies.

The convent of Saint Jerome is now the Ricasoli villa. In the church, which has been repaired, are a *St. Jerome* by S. Sabatelli; a painting by Fra Angelico, a Dominican, the honour of Fiesole; a very ancient *Nostra Signora*, with the infant Jesus, signed by the Greek painter Andrea Rico of Candia. The tomb of Francesco Ferrucci was designed by himself in 1576, and he also sculptured the porphyry medallion; the inscription cut by himself purports that he is the first who wrought that hard substance, *ad excitanda suorum municipum ingenia*, for sculpture was then professed by most of the inhabitants of Fiesole. Ferrucci's pretensions, though with a strange degree of vanity he has thought proper to mention in his will also, are very probably unfounded, and without speaking of antique chefs-d'œuvre, Tadda had previously executed the statue of Cosmo I. in porphyry, on the column of the piazza della *Trinità*, at Florence.<sup>3</sup> There are several admirable basso-relievos by Andrea Ferrucci: the lion stopping short at the sight of St. Jerome, while the other brothers fly in terror, the Miracle of the mule kneeling before the Holy Sacrament, expressive and elegant; the two angels flying on each side of the cross might be supposed, for science, boldness of attitude and foreshortening, to be Michael Angelo's.

Fiesole, the cradle of Florence,<sup>4</sup> has no interest now but in its literary associations, its prospect, the sculptures of the cathedrals, and its little pile of stones mistaken by Niebuhr for the ruins of a colossal Etruscan edifice, and which is only the remains of a not very ancient Roman theatre. Erected on the ruins of the ancient and once powerful Fiesole, which Cicero attacked, in the senate, for its pomps, its banquets, and the villas built by its inhabitants, *tanquam beati*,<sup>5</sup> the aspect is modern and void of character; the great square, the renovated seminary, the rebuilt churches, give it merely the appearance of an ordinary little Italian town. The population is

<sup>1</sup> *Sylva, Rusticus.*

<sup>2</sup> *Discorsi*, lib. III. ch. vi.

<sup>3</sup> See *ante*, book x. cap. xlii.

<sup>4</sup> The banished Dante eloquently alludes to this origin of his hardhearted fellow-citizens, in these lines:

Di quell' ingrato popolo maligno,  
Che discese de Fiesole ab antiquo,  
E tien ancor del monte, e del macigno.

*Inf. can. xv, 65.*

<sup>5</sup> *Catli. II, 9.*



little more than two thousand souls. Boccaccio's *Ninfale Fiesolano*, which I had taken with me and attempted to peruse, I found exceedingly dull-reading, despite the beauty of its style : perhaps the personal allusions to the ladies then living at Fiesole, which are now totally unintelligible, rendered it more agreeable at the time. It has been supposed an allegorical relation of some convent adventure. This insignificant poem has, however, some interest in a scientific point of view, as it is said to be the first in which fossiles are mentioned.

The cathedral, a curious monument of the middle ages, was begun by Bishop Jacopo Bavaro in 1028 and finished about the middle of the thirteenth century. The front, of the fourteenth century, is due to the celebrated and holy bishop Andrea Corsini, whose pulpit is still preserved and venerated. The solid combination of the stones forming the architrave of the gates exhibits some skill in building. The patrons of the church are Sts. Peter and Romulus, a strange association of the names of the two different founders of Rome. At the entrance is a stone sacred to the memory of a peasant of Fiesole, Filippo Mangani, a hind of the canon Vincenzo Capponi, who profited so well by the lessons of the famous physician, anatomist, and mathematician Benedetto Bresciani, of Florence, during the latter's residence at his villa. The following anecdote, though unauthenticated and merely another proof of that allowable pride of the Italians, which strives to attach all glory to their land, is sufficient as a specimen of Mangani's acquirements. It happened that a Mr. Henry Newton, author of a quarto volume of Latin epistles and prayers, was English minister at the court of Tuscany, and his name being confounded with that of the great Isaac, one day when he visited Bresciani at Fiesole, our peasant sought an interview with him and made such prompt and accurate answers to certain geometrical questions and even some of Newton's theorems that the ambassador suspected a trick, and imagined that a learned professor was concealed under the rustic garb of Mangani; being undeceived in this particular, he loudly expressed his delight and admiration of such wonderful knowledge. An old painting is of Giotto's time; a *St. Donatus*, bishop of

*Fiesole*, the *Martyrdom of St. Thomas*, are fine paintings by Volterrano. The little altar, tomb, and chapel of the bishop of Fiesole, Leonardo Salutati, sculptured by Mino di Fiesole, may be ranked with the chefs-d'œuvre of art: the figures of the altar are full of grace, sweetness, and ease; the bust of the bishop is admirable for life and truth.

The church of Santa Maria Primerana, anterior to the tenth century, presents a *Crucifixion*, with Magdalen, the Virgin, and St. John Baptist, a very fine basso-relievo of glazed earthenware, by Luca della Robbia. The antique picture of the Madonna, on wood, is the work of the Greek painter Luca Sancio or Santio, who has been mistaken for St. Luke, a fact that may partially account for the numerous Virgins supposed to be painted by that Evangelist.

The church of Saint Alexander, bishop of Fiesole and a martyr, built in the sixth century, with a noble portal, has been recently repaired. Were it not for the fifteen fine Ionic columns of cipoline marble, procured from some antique edifice in the neighbourhood, it would be difficult to recognise the most ancient basilic of Tuscany, through the new brilliancy of its masonry and whitewashing.

Outside the church is a fine wreck of Roman antiquities: a pedestal in white Luni marble with an inscription in characters of the best time, mutilated and illegible through the incrustation of some relic.

The vast convent of the Franciscans which overlooks Fiesole, has the garden, prospect, and picturesque appearance of other Capuchin convents, and also some good frescos by Nicodeme Ferrucci, the favourite pupil and clever assistant of Passignano. These Franciscans can boast many virtuous and distinguished men; and among them Nicolao da Uzzano, a Florentine noble who devoted part of his fortune to the relief of the poor, the founding of the Cappel hospital at Fiesole, and the erection of the palace *della Sapienza*, near the piazza of Saint Mark.

## CHAPTER III.

Demidoff villa.—Spinning-mills.—Poggio di Cajano.—Saloon.—Paintings.—Margaret of Orleans.—Unhappy matrimonial alliances of the Medici.

The modern villa of Demidoff or San Donato, hastily constructed from 1828 to 1830, badly situated, without architecture, surmounted by a clumsy cope and ridiculous as a villa, has become respectable from its recent appropriation to industrious and benevolent purposes. Those apartments and galleries that I had seen, since the death of Commander Demidoff, encumbered with the rich furniture formerly exposed to the curiosity of strangers in his town house, have been transformed, under the sagacious management of his second son, into useful factories where the hand of indigence is occupied in spinning silk; the gardens in the English style are planted with mulberry trees, and the mean casinos and little fabrics are now productive hot-houses where the strongest races of silkworms are propagated and reared. A powerful steam engine sets in motion the fifty mills of this vast manufactory, which is not less remarkable for order than activity. An infant school and a school of mutual instruction, where the silk manufacture is taught as a recreation, are part of this foundation, by which M. Anatole Demidoff seems to have perpetuated the abundant alms bestowed by his father on the poor of Florence, which procured him such affecting popularity. The day of his death, the multitude, apprised of the danger, repaired to the Demidoff palace and the church of Saint Nicholas close by; there they demanded the exposition of the Holy Sacrament, which was instantly accorded, and the crowd joined in the services: Demidoff himself, being informed that a great number of persons unable to enter the church were kneeling on the pavement in the street, appeared at his balcony, and expired in the sight of the praying multitude. A well-merited mausoleum, the work of Bartolini, has been decreed to him at San Donato; but the composition is fantastic in some respects: the statue of the commander represents him leaning on the shoulder of his weeping son Anatole, while on the other side a little girl is

laying a crown of flowers at his feet, which is meant to express that filial and popular gratitude attended his deathbed; and among the four colossal statues placed on the basement of lapis-lazuli, as a pendant to the allegorical figures of *Mercy* and *Encouragement of the arts* are the *Muse of feasting* and the *Mines of Siberia*. The two basso-relievos are clearer and truer: the first shows Demidoff levying a regiment at his own expense to repel the invaders of the Russian soil in 1812; the second expresses the pathetic scene of his last moments.

The villa and domain of Cajano were sung by Politian, exactly as a descriptive poet of the last century would have done, at the end of the poem entitled *Ambra*, that he had composed in honour of Homer:

Macte opibus, macte ingenio, mea gloria Laurens,  
Gloria musarum, Laurens! montesque propinquos  
Perforas, et longo suspensos excipis arcu;  
Prægelidas ducturus aquas, quæ prata supinum  
Lata videt Podium, rigulis uberrima lempis;  
Aggredere tuta novo piscosique undique septis  
Limitibus, per quæ multo servante molosso  
Plena Tarentinis succrescunt ubera vaccis;  
Atque aliud nigris missum (quis credat?) ab Indis  
Ruminat ignotas armentum discolor herbas.  
At vituli tepidis clausi scæntibus intus  
Expectant tota sugendas nocte parentes,  
Interea magnis lac deusum bullit ahenis,  
Brachiaque exertus senior, tunicæque pubes  
Comprimat, et longa stecandum ponit in umbra.  
Utque piæ pascuntur oves, ita vastus obeso  
Corpore, sæ calaber cavea stat clausus olenti,  
Atque aliam ex alla poscit grunnitibus escam.  
Celtiber ecce sibi latebrosa cuniculus antra  
Perforat; innumerus net ærica vellera bombyx,  
At vaga floriferos errant dispersa per hortos,  
Multiforumque replent operosa examina suber;  
Et genus omne avium captilvis instrept alis.  
Dumque Antenorei volucris cristata Timavi  
Parturit, et custos Caplioli gramina tondet,  
Multa lacu sæmersat anas, subitaque volantes  
Nube diem fuscant Veneris tutela columbæ.

The solid bridge of iron rods thrown over the Ombrone in 1833, the Artesian well, the first attempted in Tuscany, which, it is true, after five months' boring, did not succeed, would, no doubt, with the other works of the Poggio, have been marvellously described in the ingenious Latinity of Politian. Lorenzo de' Medici has also celebrated this villa, one of the first monuments of his magnificence, which he had rebuilt by Giuliano San Gallo. The ceiling of the great hall is reckoned by Vasari the

<sup>1</sup> See his pretty piece entitled *Ambra*, from the name of an islet submerged by an irruption of the

Ombrone, a muddy little river that passes by Cajano.

largest yet executed by the moderns. Leo X. had embellished it with superb paintings by the first Florentine masters. The subjects are antique, but all allude to the history of the Medici: Cicero's return from exile, by Franciabigio, recalls Cosmo's triumphant entry into Florence; the presents and rare animals sent from Egypt to Cæsar, by Andrea del Sarto, the finest of these paintings, the Sultan's presents to Lorenzo; the repast offered to Scipio by the king of the Numidians, Syphax, by Pontormo, the reception given to Lorenzo by the king of Naples; lastly, in the Titus Flaminius refusing, before the assembly of the Achæans, the ambassador of the Etolians and King Antiochus, and breaking the league, by the same Pontormo, we recognise Lorenzo arresting the projects of the Venetians in the diet of Cremona.

The Poggio of Cajano witnessed the tragical and mysterious end of Bianca Capello and her lover. This same villa was the refuge of the graceful, witty, and capricious princess Margaret of Orleans, when she resolved to leave for ever her sombre lord, the grand duke Cosmo III. After having left Cajano for the monastery of Montmartre and the court of Louis XIV., Margaret died in Paris at an advanced age, another instance of an unhappy and ill-sorted alliance between the Medici family and the house of France.

The gardens of the Poggio, lately laid out in the English style, contrast disagreeably with the Italian and French reminiscences of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries attached to the villa.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Careggi.—Feast of Plato.—Death of Lorenzo the Magnificent.—Saint Stefano—tra l'Arcora.—Quiete.—Eleonora di Montalvo.—Petraro.—Scipione Ammirato.—Topala.—B. Varchi.—Castello.—Bartolini Villa.—Porcelain manufactory.

Careggi, two miles from Florence,

although for fifty years a private country house, and now the Orsi villa, still exists in its primitive state; built by Cosmo the Elder, with Michelozzo for his architect, it has the aspect of a large square tower, with an elegant interior portico. This villa, one of the most renowned for historical associations, which, under Lorenzo de' Medici, became one of those sanctuaries where ancient poetry and philosophy found such fervent adorners—this illustrious villa, in 1834, was let furnished, at 25 sequins a month (11l.), to two old English ladies, whose people un pityingly repulsed from the house, and even the gardens, all Platonic pilgrims. The image of Plato was erst inaugurated in these gardens, laid out like the groves of Academus, but in purer air,<sup>2</sup> and every year, on the 7th of November, the anniversary of his birth was celebrated there, and at Florence, by a sumptuous banquet, as the practice was at Athens twelve centuries before.<sup>3</sup> Careggi witnessed the pastimes and literary familiarity of Lorenzo and his friends Pico della Mirandola, Politian, and Marsilio Ficino, who ended his days there. In the gardens of Careggi, Lorenzo was perhaps the first to cultivate a collection of uncommon plants.<sup>4</sup> In this place, so intimately connected with the Medici, Leo X. passed his infancy, and two of the most illustrious characters of that family, the Father of his Country and Lorenzo the Magnificent, are buried. There, too, the latter, attacked with a fierce and unknown disease<sup>5</sup> in the forty-third year of his age, when dying pressed the hands of Politian, who turned away his eyes suffused with tears, and was leaving the apartment to give free vent to his grief; Lorenzo called him back and expressed his regret that Pico della Mirandola had not visited him once during his illness; and when the latter arrived, conversing with them on books and philosophy, he said gaily that death

<sup>1</sup> Madame de Sévigné seems to insinuate that she had intended to captivate him: "Je suis persuadée," she writes to her daughter, "qu'elle aimerait fort cette maison, qui n'est point à louer." Let. of July 3, 1675.

<sup>2</sup> Plato established his academy in an unhealthy locality, strangely imagining that the powers of the mind were strengthened by bodily debility.

<sup>3</sup> It is stated by Marsilio Ficino (*Epist.* lib. ii. ad Jacob. Braccioli.) that Bandini presided in the banquet at Florence, Lorenzo de' Medici at Careggi.

The accuracy of this date (November 7) as the anniversary of Plato's birth and death has been contested, with some justice, by P. Odoardo Corsini.

<sup>4</sup> A detailed catalogue of this collection is given in an elegy by Alessandro Bracci, addressed to Bernardo Bembo, and published by Roscoe in the appendix to his *Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*, from a manuscript in the Laurentian. Several of these plants from Asia and Africa are not known to botanists of the present day.

<sup>5</sup> It has been quoted as a singular instance of



ought to leave him some few days to complete the library he intended for them. A contemporary relates a very different scene,<sup>1</sup> that followed this pathetic parting; the haughty Savonarola, the implacable enemy of the usurpation of the Medici, entered, after a second summons by Lorenzo: "I would confess, but am withheld by three sins, which almost drive me to despair."—"What are they?"—"The first is the sack of Volterra, in which many maidens were violated and unbounded excesses committed; the second, the confiscation of the *monte delle Fanciulle*, which has caused a great many young women to remain unmarried for want of portions; the third, the affair of the Pazzi, in which many innocent persons perished."—"Lorenzo, yield not to despair, for God is merciful, and he will grant you grace if you observe the three things I submit to you."—"What are they?"—"The first, that you have a strong and living faith that God can and will pardon you."—"My faith is great."—"It is further necessary that every thing you possess unjustly be restored to its rightful owner, as far as may be, only leaving to your sons what is necessary to private citizens of Florence." After reflecting a moment, Lorenzo replied, "It shall be done."—"Lastly, Florence must be restored to liberty and popular government as under the republic (*a uso di repubblica*)." Lorenzo turned away and answered not. And Savonarola departed without continuing the confession farther.<sup>2</sup>

The antique church of Saint Stephen in *Pane* has taken the additional name of *tra l'arcora* from some arcades, the remains of a large Roman aqueduct in the neighbourhood.

The convent *della Quiete* deserves the name from its peaceful and solitary site. It was founded in 1650 by the celebrated Eleonora Ramirez di Montalvo, of Spa-

nish extraction, a lady illustrious for her charity and poetical talents: her little witty *canzoni*, her lives of the saints in *ottava rima*, with divers easy natural compositions, are still cited by the Italians for elegance and purity of style. The ladies of this convent, who have the management of a seminary of young girls, do not make vows, but there is not a single instance of one leaving the order. Although the seminary *della Quiete* was originally intended for young ladies of condition, handiwork and housewifery are expressly prescribed by the regulations of the foundress. I did not observe in this convent the exceeding frivolity and affectation of accomplishments found in certain fashionable convents and adopted as a means of destroying the prejudices of the world against a too strict education.

The palace of *La Petraja*, purchased by Ferdinand I., embellished by Buon-talenti, which commands such an admirable view of Florence and its environs, has some good paintings by Volterrano in its interior court, representing actions of the great dukes of Tuscany, and at the high altar of the chapel a fine *Holy Family*, by Andrea del Sarto, in a bad light. The famous fountain of Tribolo was reckoned by Vasari the finest of fountains, for taste in the figures and richness of ornament. It was at La Petraja that the celebrated scholar Scipione Ammirato, after a wandering romantic life, wrote, under the direction of Cosmo I. and his son Ferdinand, the history of Florence, the best of his works, which procured him the surname of the *New Livy* from the Academy della Crusca. Ammirato, however, had the grievous fault of envying Machiavel, whose admirable *Florentine History* he attacked as inaccurate and tedious, a calumny censured with so much fury and exaggeration by Alfieri on the margin of his copy of Ammirato.<sup>3</sup>

fatality, that his physician, the celebrated Pietro Leoni of Spoleto, who was also addicted to astrology, in despair at the death of Lorenzo, threw himself, or was thrown by Pietro de' Medici in a passion, into a well at Careggi, which is still pointed out, an end which accorded with the horoscope he had drawn of himself.

<sup>1</sup> Vita di Padre Girolamo Savonarola scritta da fra Pacifico Burlamacchi Lucchese.

<sup>2</sup> This republican discourse of Savonarola, related by the enthusiastic author of his Life, Prince

Giovanni Francesco Pico della Mirandola, nephew of the famous Pico, is contradicted by Roscoe (ch. x. of the *Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*); but it has been again asserted as true by a recent Italian author, Pompilio Pozzetti, who has written two dissertations on the work of Roscoe, whom he has also erroneously made a doctor.

<sup>3</sup> This curious manuscript note has been copied and given by M. Artaud, t. II, p. 473 of his *Machiavel*: "Signor Ammirato, quando si è prete, italiano, schiavo, e vigliacco, non si scrive istorie....

Topaja, a small villa built by Cosmo I., now a storehouse and cellar dependant on the mansion of La Petraja, was the abode of Benedetto Varchi, an historian, orator, and poet, comic, lyric, and satirical; he there composed his independent history under the roof of that absolute master, who seemed charmed with it.

The palace of Castello, belonging to the Medici before their elevation to the sovereignty, was considerably enlarged under Cosmo I., by Tribelo, who also made another fine large fountain, which has a *Hercules strangling Anteus*, by Ammanato.

The grotto is curious and presents the birds and animals sent by the sultan of Egypt to Lorenzo the Magnificent, sculptured in marble of various colours. Among them is a girafe, which had already began those European voyages in later years so common with that animal.<sup>1</sup>

The Bartolini villa has a great number of good frescos by San Giovanni.

The porcelain manufactory belonging to the marquis Leopoldo Ginori-Lisci, founded in 1740 by his grandfather the marquis Carlo, is the most important in Italy, occupying a hundred and twenty workmen, and is well worth a visit. Truly it does not resemble the brilliant and royal factory of Sèvres, with its vases, statues and pictures; but it is a good and lucrative private establishment, which, without pretending to any great luxury, produces very useful and pretty articles. This fabrication, also, appears most appropriate there, as a grand duke of Tuscany, Francesco I., the weak husband of Bianca Capello, but a clever chemist, was the first in Europe who succeeded in imitating the porcelain of China.

e molto meno si taccla Machiavelli come fol a carta 96 di questo volume 3, di esser poco verace; vil verme, osi tu non che parlare, pur rimlrar lo leone!"

<sup>1</sup> See, on the appearance of the first girafe in Europe, ch. ii. of book x.

<sup>2</sup> . . . . . Vallombrosa;

(Così fu nominata una badia  
Ricca e bella, nè men religiosa,

## CHAPTER V.

Vallombrosa.—Feast.—Aspect.—Saint Gualbert.—Hugford.—Paradisino.—Road.—Culture.—Peasant of the Val d'Arno.

I was at Vallombrosa on the feast of the Assumption; there was a grand dinner at the convent, attended by the priests and many Franciscan monks of the neighbourhood. That day, in pursuance of a long-established and affecting custom, the monks had been allotting dowries to some poor girls. Outside, for all but the dancing, it was the fair of Saint-Germain or Saint-Cloud; there were improvisatori singing alternate couplets to the immense gratification of their audience. Although this popular feast in the very bosom of solitude, this contrast of woods and rocks crowded with people, was not destitute of sweetness or charms, it seemed to me that I lost the severe aspect of Vallombrosa. Setting aside all effect produced by the festivity I witnessed in those places, I do not believe they ever can appear horrible. Vallombrosa has indeed some resemblance to our Grande Chartreuse; but it is a Chartreuse of the Apennines, less wild than that of the Alps, with an Italian sky and a view of the sea; the superb and gloomy firs that environ the abbey were planted in quincunx some centuries ago, and consequently have a regular and symmetrical rather than savage magnificence: the waters have been ably directed, and the *Vicano* there is less a torrent than a fine cascade. Vallombrosa has been wonderfully sung by the three greatest poets who have visited it: Ariosto,<sup>2</sup> Milton,<sup>3</sup> Lamartine.<sup>4</sup> Benvenuto Cellini says that he made a pilgrimage to Vallombrosa to thank God for his success in the execution of certain figures. He started from Florence, guided by his workman Cesare, and chanting hymns and prayers: a strange pilgrim who

E cortese a chiunque vi venia.)

*Orl. cant. xiii, 36.*

<sup>3</sup> Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks  
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades,  
High over-arch'd, imbower.

*Parad. Lost. i. 303.*

<sup>4</sup> L'Abbaye de Vallombreuse, Harmonie xi.

seems to have occupied himself during his journey more about gold and silver mines and fortifications than devotion.<sup>1</sup>

Although the monk who received me was rather taken up with the company at the convent, he showed himself as in the times of Roger and Bradamante, when the convent did not exist, *cortese a chiunque vi venia*. I asked him for the Life of Saint Giovanni Gualbert, founder of the order of Vallombrosa, a scarce book, ornamented with pretty engravings. He left me several hours shut up alone in the convent, for every body was either at church or at table, and I could go about as I pleased, reading my quarto *Life of the Saint*, an interesting history with a touch of romance. Independently of his virtues and his character, it must be owned that this monk of the eleventh century, who belonged to a rich and noble family of Florence, was a good judge of the beauties of nature, when, while on a pilgrimage, he fixed his retreat in such a spot, near these majestic forests, picturesque rocks, and clear murmuring fountains.

The entire building, reconstructed in 1637, with the *Campanile* of the church and a kind of belfry towering above it, is not destitute of grandeur. The church is magnificent and ornamented with precious marbles. Above the convent is the Hermitage called *il Paradisino*, or the *Celle*, situated on the point of a precipitous rock, whence the eye discovers the Arno, the fertile plains through which it winds, Florence, and the sea. The clever artist in *scagliola*,<sup>2</sup> P. Hugford, was rector of the *Celle*; he had formed in this nestlike hermitage, a library, and small gallery, where he worked undisturbedly, for many a long year, at his charming mosaics, real works of patience. The beautiful pavement of the chapel was executed by P. Dom Bruno Tozzi, a learned botanist, Hugford's predecessor.

Although I did not ascend to the Camaldulites, whence, according to

Ariosto, both the Mediterranean and Adriatic may be seen :

Appennin scopre il mar Sciauo e il Tosco,

I have rambled over the environs of Vallombrosa. I had gone thither on foot from Pelago by a way inaccessible even to mules, and which offered me new and diversified aspects of the Apennines. On my return I took the ordinary road, through the woods of firs and chesnuts. I went over the fields and saw some agricultural establishments belonging to the monastery. These monks are certainly not *retrograde*; we have seen them portioning girls; their land is admirably cultivated; and they introduced potatoes into Tuscany. This precious tubercle, as our agricultural societies say, grows well at Vallombrosa, and the potatoes of this convent have still some repute.

The guide I had taken was one of those peasants of the *Val d'Arno*, with a charming daughter, a brunette, dressed in silk, a true type of Italian beauty,<sup>3</sup> lodged in a pretty house with a separate room for the girl, possessing that sweetness and elegance of rustic manners which seem revived from the shepherds of Arcadia, speaking that pure primitive Tuscan, the tongue of Dante and Boccaccio, which Alfieri studied in these fields, and which my barbarian ear could not appreciate. It is nevertheless under the shade of a convent, under what is called absolute power, that this astonishing civilisation flourishes, a prodigy that must excite the envy of freer and more civilised countries.

## CHAPTER VI.

Bastion by Michael Angelo.—Church of Saint Saviour.—San Miniato Monte.—Cardinal of Portugal's tomb.

Near the steep road leading to the hill of San Miniato are the remains of the bastion and fortifications raised by Mi-

<sup>1</sup> Cesare's uncle, a physician, surgeon, and something of an alchemist (*pizzicava alquanto d'alchimista*), a very amiable old man of seventy, showed him at Bagno, his country, a mine of gold and silver; he also pointed out to him, near the Camaldulite convent, a secret passage by which the Duke of Urbino was enabled to surprise the castle of Poppi. *Vita di Benvenuto Cellini*, t. II. p. 345-6.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, book x. ch. xx.

<sup>3</sup> It is true that Ariosto in his delightful portrait of Alcine makes her fair, but he gives her black eyes :

Sotto duo negri e sottilissimi archi  
Son duo negri occhi. . . . .

*Ort. can.* VII, st. XII. See book XIII. ch. XIV.



chael Angelo.<sup>1</sup> This great artist, who hastened to shut himself up in Florence to repel the attack of foreigners, afterwards refused to build the citadel that Duke Alexander wished to erect for the oppression of his fellow-citizens. The well-planned works of Michael Angelo enabled the inhabitants to make frequent and effective sorties, and kept the army of Charles V. and Pope Clement VII. in check for eleven months; though it amounted to thirty-six thousand men, and the Florentines had only sixteen thousand beside volunteers. The means employed by this engineer of genius to protect the beautiful steeple of San Miniato from the enemies' balls have been cited as remarkable; he enveloped it with woollen mattresses, and a piece of cannon placed on the same steeple fired on the besiegers with impunity. Varchi and other historians have falsely attributed to fear the precipitate voyage Michael Angelo made to Ferrara; it is now known that he was sent by the signiory to the duke, and this perilous mission across the imperial and pontifical lines must be added to the other marks of courage that he displayed during the siege.

The church of Saint Saviour, not far distant, of Cronaca's architecture, was much admired by Michael Angelo, who surnamed it *la bella villanella* (the beautiful villager) on account of its pure, simple, and rustic character.

The majestic basilic of *San Miniato al Monte*, a curious monument of the architecture of the middle ages, was erected in 1043 by Hildebrand, bishop of Florence, assisted by the emperor Saint Henry and his consort Cunegunda. The two rows of columns dividing the three naves were extracted from the ruins of antique edifices. In the chapel of Saint James, the mausoleum of the Cardinal of Portugal, the chef-d'œuvre of Antonio Rossellini, an artist of Florence highly praised by Michael Angelo, is noble and graceful. The little cupola of the same chapel has some exquisite basso-relievos by Luca della Robbia, which Vasari

esteems his best work. The enclosure, called *la Confessione*, which contains the ashes of Saint Miniato and other martyrs, is of elegant architecture. In the sacristy, several frescos representing subjects from the *Life of St. Benedict* are the best preserved work of Spinello, pupil of Taddeo Gaddi, an eccentric painter who died of fright at the apparition in a dream of the Lucifer of a *Fall of Angels*, a painting now lost, which he had executed for a church of Arezzo, his native place.

## CHAPTER VII.

Chartreuse.—Acciajoli.—Dom Fortunato.

The Chartreuse of Florence is one of those vast monuments founded in the middle ages by the most illustrious personages. There was one commonly in all large towns. These enduring and holy asylums, open to the disappointed and repentant, were fitly placed near large crowds of men, and offered a religious separation from society for those unfortunates who now rush headlong into suicide. The Chartreuses have also a singular charm for the imagination, which loves this contrast between the noisy agitation of the world and the silent calm of seclusion. The founder of the Chartreuse of Saint Laurence, a kind of citadel on an eminence, built by Orgagna, was Nicolao Acciajoli,<sup>2</sup> a Florentine, minister of King Robert, loved by his niece the princess of Tarento, and grand seneschal of the kingdoms of Sicily and Jerusalem, to whose favour and frowns Boccaccio showed himself equally indifferent,<sup>3</sup> as Dante had grown weary of the hospitality of Can Grande's palace.<sup>4</sup> These first and great men of letters, with the exception of Petrarch,<sup>5</sup> appear to have had more dignity than their successors of the revival or ages following. The tombs of the haughty Acciajoli and his family, in the subterranean chapel, are regarded as the most curious monuments of the Chartreuse. The noble Gothic mausoleum of the seneschal was executed by Orgagna,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book x. ch. xxiv.

<sup>2</sup> He took his name from the trade in steel (*acciajuolo*), which his family followed.

<sup>3</sup> Acciajoli had invited him to court that he might write his history; indignant at the disrespectful manner in which he was received, Boccaccio went away and disappeared. The report

then spread that he had retired to the Chartreuse of Naples, as may be seen in a sonnet by Sacchetti. *Life of Boccaccio* by Tiraboschi.

<sup>4</sup> See *ante*, book v. ch. x.

<sup>5</sup> See *ante*, book vii. ch. viii.

<sup>6</sup> The *Florentine Observer*, adducing several instances of bodies preserved uncorrupted, states that

and the head is sublime. The laudatory inscriptions of the mausoleum are widely different from the satirical portrait of Acciajoli drawn by Boccaccio, whom he had sent to dine in the servants' hall. The three sepulchral stones of his son Lorenzo, his father, and his sister, Lapa Acciajoli, wife of Manent Buondelmonti, covered with their figures and basso-relievos attributed to Orgagna, despite the incorrect taste of the age, have an ingenuous, true, and touching expression; the draperies are worthy of the best times of sculpture. The sepulchral stone of Cardinal Angelo Acciajoli is an exquisite work by Donatello and Giuliano San Gallo. The frescos of Poccetti, representing divers subjects from the Life of Saint Bruno, pass for his chef-d'œuvre. The Chartreuse of Florence is now occupied by six monks, who seem all but miserable amid the splendour of their monument, the lands belonging to the convent having been sold. I was received by the monk appointed to entertain strangers, the only bond that unites these hermits to the world, and their chargé-d'affaires here below. This personage, Dom Fortunato by name, who enjoys some celebrity at Florence, has left a pleasing impression on my mind. He is a wit and a scholar, speaks English and French, and even knows the Hebrew; he has a select library in which were *Elegant Extracts* and other English books, presents from English ladies, who had doubtless been highly pleased with this amiable man. I passed some time with him in a charming little room garnished with flowers, at the end of his terrace, and distinct from the pretty apartment of four rooms which it is the fashion to call a cell in the Chartreuses of Italy. We conversed about his past life, with which I was acquainted: Dom Fortunato has been in succession a lawyer, auditor, professor of belles-lettres, cavalier servente to a widow, and Carthusian. "I have been unfortunate," said he; "I am a little Comminges;"

and when I expressed my surprise that he did not endeavour to marry the widow, he frankly stated his reason, "that he had no taste *pour le mariage*." Dom Fortunato was for some time general of the Chartreuse of Pisa; it may be easily conceived that, with his relish for society, he preferred to the honours of the generalship in that secluded convent, the condition of a simple Carthusian at the gates of Florence, near the high road to Rome, where he could receive the visits of ladies and travellers of distinction:

Le désert est-il fait pour des talents si beaux?

In Dom Fortunato I found the complete model of the despised and calumniated Italian priest: guileless, inconsiderate, changeable, but still a good priest and sincere believer; naturally inclined to grimace, but unconsciously, without hypocrisy, and perfectly in unison with the manners, spirit, and character of his nation.

## CHAPTER VIII.

San Casciano.—Machiavel's villa.

San Casciano is a large town about seven miles from Florence on the road to Siena, on a pleasant and well cultivated hill. But at the *Campana*, the present indifferent inn, there is no Machiavel talking to the peasants, asking them the news of the country, playing, shouting, disputing with the landlord, the miller, the butcher, and two limeburners of the place, after passing the forenoon in birding, in cutting his wood, and calming, as he himself confesses, by this low life (pretty conformable however with Italian manners), the effervescence of his brain. The neighbouring villa of Machiavel, called *la Strada a Santa Maria in Percussina*, passed by inheritance to the Rangoni family of Modena; of late years, it was to be hired for ten sequins a month; it now belongs to the Mazzei

Niccolao Acciajoli's was found entire about the end of last century.

<sup>1</sup> *Prose di Dante e Bocc.* p. 289, cited by S. Baldelli, in his *Life of Boccaccio*, p. 168-9.

<sup>2</sup> *Venir la muffa*, an Italian locution to express anger produced by personal insolence; it is here taken in an opposite sense. See Machiavel's curious letter addressed to Francesco Vittori, and first published in 1840, at Milan. It has been translated

with the most minute fidelity from a copy sent by the librarian of the Barberiana at Rome, where the original exists, to M. Artaud, who has rectified some egregious errors committed by Ginguené, who followed the later editions of Machiavel's, and who has dated this letter the 10th of October instead of the 10th of December 1513. See the *Machiavel* of M. Artaud, ch. xx.

family of Florence. In this obscure retreat Machiavel composed nearly all his works and his famous *Book of the Prince*, after putting off his peasant's dress in the evening before entering his closet, and clothing himself in his court dress. "Then," he eloquently says, "I advance into the antique sanctuary of the great men of ancient times; received by them with kindness and benevolence, I feast on that food which alone is made for me, and for which I was born." The *Book of the Prince*, according to his own acknowledgment, was then especially intended for the use of a new sovereign. In my opinion, however, there has been too general an inclination to regard the maxims of this treatise as those of the age in which it appeared, as our De Thou, who wrote about the end of that same century, and had visited and sojourned in Italy, professes opinions diametrically opposite. Machiavel's writings, his Italian patriotism, and statesmanlike gravity, seem to have so much preoccupied his different biographers, that they have overlooked his real character, which commands little esteem: during the latter years of his life, a part of his works, beginning with the *Prince*, is only a succession of servile petitions addressed to the Medici his enemies, by whom he had been stripped of office, tortured, and banished; when nearly fifty,

married, father of five children, without that kind of independence and social separateness which render such errors almost indifferent in the eyes of the world, we see him again at San Casciano, inconsistent, licentious, trifling, and prodigal.<sup>2</sup> The twofold aspect under which Machiavel has portrayed himself at San Casciano seems to present the images of two men co-existing in him: of the moral man, and the literary man; of his irrational, degraded, vulgar life, and of his noble and vigorous genius.

## CHAPTER IX.

Certaldo.—Boccaccio's house and tomb.

Certaldo, thirty-five miles from Florence, is a pretty village on a charming hill, with a brook at its foot; this place is immortalised by the origin, residence, and death of Boccaccio, who assumed its name (*il Certaldese*). He was not born there, as supposed; this creator of Italian prose, this first and most elegant of story-tellers,<sup>3</sup> was brought into the world at Paris, the fruit of a tender attachment. There are two Certaldos: the old town, which, however, does not date so far back as Boccaccio's time, was partly burnt by the Neapolitan army after the defeat of the Florentines at Campo di Poggio in 1479;<sup>4</sup> it is on the hill, and

never to have known; perhaps she died at his birth, or in his childhood, and before his father had the time to marry her? Although taken to Florence in his early years, Boccaccio returned to Paris with a Florentine merchant, with whom his father had placed him, and there he passed several years, cultivating letters as much as he possibly could. He frequently speaks of the sciences then studied in that city: "Rinieri, nobile uomo della nostra città, avendo lungamente studiato a Parigi, non per vender poi la sua scienza a minuto, come molti fanno, ma per sapere la ragion delle cose, e la cagion d' esse, il che ottimamente sta in gentile uomo" (*Giorn. viii. nov. vii*). The ridiculous scholar jilted by his mistress in that novel had studied there: "Hai veduto," says the latter to her maid, making sport of him, "dove costui è venuto a perdere il senno, che egli ci ha da Parigi recato." This Thomas Diafoirus of the thirteenth century thus begins his declaration: "Madonna, egli è il vero, che tra l' altre cose, che io apparai a Parigi, si fu nigromanzia."

<sup>4</sup> Several houses of the ancient Certaldo are still standing; in particular the *Pretorio* palace, curious for its architecture, and coats of arms in clay della Robbia, indicating the families that had supplied vicars, an office suppressed by Leopold, something resembling that of prefect in France;

<sup>1</sup> This ankerling after untimely pleasures is found in other ancient and illustrious Florentines: Boccaccio mentions Guido Cavalcanti, Cino da Pistoja, Dante (*Giorn. iv.*); in the Life of the latter, he has the ingenuousness to acknowledge: "Tra cotanta virtù, tra cotanta scienza, quanta dimostrato è di sopra, essere stata in questo mirifico poeta, trovò amplissimo luogo la lussuria; e non solamente ne' giovani anni ma ne' maturi; il quale vizio, comechè naturale e comune e quasi necessario sia, nel vero non che commendare ma scusare non si può degnamente: ma chi sarà tra' mortali giusto giudice a condannarlo? Non io."

<sup>2</sup> A critic of sound and impartial judgment, M. Avenel, has perfectly explained this absence of elevation in Machiavel's character. The three superior articles he has inserted in the *Revue encyclopédique* (t. xli. and xlii.) form an excellent epitome of his life and writings, and show him painted by himself. Notwithstanding the regret caused by this sad discord between the soul and the talents, M. Avenel's judgment, different from the common opinion, seems to us very true.

<sup>3</sup> Boccaccio's father, a Florentine merchant (*mercator solertissimus*), according to Domenico Arellino, with all the cares of business, found leisure to fall in love with a young Parisian; Boccaccio makes no allusion to his mother, whom he appears



with the exception of some country houses, seems poor; the lower Certaldo is a new village sprung up within the last thirty years; it is well built, and several roads communicating with the chieftowns in the environs pass through it; the inhabitants, dealers in wood and charcoal as in Boccaccio's time, are still exactly like those he so humorously describes, *agiati* (at their ease); and the taste for hearing and telling stories continues popular in the country.<sup>1</sup> I am not certain that my memory was not too much occupied with the inimitable imitator of the *Certaldese*, but it seemed to me that, setting aside the sun, there was some resemblance between the hill of the Tuscan village and the agreeable situation of Château-Thierry.<sup>2</sup>

Boccaccio's house, solidly built of brick, with a small tower, the monument of this village, is not, like the residence of his friend Petrarch at Arquà, relinquished to peasants to be made an object of traffic. A distinguished lady of Florence, Signora Carlotta Lanzone Medici, whom we have already named, and who deserves a place in the book of *Illustrious Women*,<sup>3</sup> had it repaired in 1823; she has reconstructed the staircase, decorated Boccaccio's chamber with his portrait, a large fresco by Benvenuti, and a bookcase of his works. The small win-

dows are of the time. The furniture is the oldest that could be found at Certaldo, with some imitated from different pictures of that period. The lamp seems the most authentic article of the whole, as it was found in the house and the hardness of the oil proved its antiquity. A well, a bath, and a terrace are shown, which, according to an old tradition, belonged to Boccaccio. The stone which covered his grave for more than four centuries, was religiously collected by Signora Lanzone in 1826, and placed in this house with an inscription by S. Giordani. Boccaccio made two long visits to Certaldo. The first, from the year 1363 to 1365, when he fled with horror from the revolutions and iniquitous government of Florence.<sup>4</sup> There he led that sweet, rural, philosophical life he has so well described;<sup>5</sup> there he composed his Latin works, which placed him at the head of mythologists and scholars for two centuries, but which, though unsuspected by him, will conduce him much less to immortality than his tales. Then Fiammetta's lover had for two years forsaken the libertine life of Naples, taken the clerical habit, and, if not prevented by Petrarch's wise remonstrances, would have renounced his studies and thrown most of his works into the fire, such was the ardour of his

mol' altri, che fecero. Il simigliante, nomato, io direi, per quello medesimo avere Firenze lasciata e dimorare a Certaldo; aggiugnendovi, che dove la mia povertà lo patisse, tanto lontano me n' andrei, che come la loro iniquità non veggio, così udiria non potessi giammai."

<sup>1</sup> "Io, secondo il mio proponimento, il quale vi ragional, sono tornato a Certaldo. e qui ho cominciato con troppa men difficoltà, ch' io non istimava di potere, a confortar la mia vita; e comincianmi già li grossi panni a piacere e le contadine vivande: e il non veder l' ambizioni, e le spiacevolezze e li fastidj de' nostri cittadini, mi è di tanta consolazione nell' animo, che se io potessi far senza udirne alcuna cosa, credo che 'l mio riposo crescerebbe assai. In iscambio de' solleciti avvolgimenti e continui de' cittadini veggio campi, colli, arbori di verdi fronde e di fiori varj rivesiti, cose semplicemente dalla natura prodotte, dove ne' cittadini sono tutti atti fittizj: odo cantare usignuoli e gli altri uccelli non con minor diletto, che fusse già la noja d' udir tutto di gl' inganni e le dislealtà de' cittadini nostri. Co' miei libricciuoli quante volte voglia me ne viene senza alcuno impaccio posso liberamente ragionare. E acciocchè io in poche parole conchiuda la qualità della mente mia, vi dico che io mi crederai qui mortale, come io sono, gustare e sentir della eterna felicità, se Dio m' avesse dato fratello, o nol mi avesse dato." *Let. a Pino de' Rossi.*

the church in which Boccaccio was interred, and where his monument is seen (see *post*), is a part of that which had witnessed the intrepid and burlesque preaching of Fra Cipolla. (*Giorn.* vi. nov. x.)

<sup>1</sup> See the Italian inscription quoted at the end of this chapter.

<sup>2</sup> "La Fontaine, and other story-tellers after him," judiciously remarks Ginguené, "have only taken subjects of one sort from Boccaccio, and their choice has been such as strict morality must blame; but besides that, they have deprived themselves of the greatest charm of Boccaccio's work, I mean his rich and inexhaustible variety." (*Hist. litt. d'Ital.* iii. 404-5.) The pathetic novels of Boccaccio would admit of most affecting imitations: what a depth of interest in stories such as *Ghismonda* and *Guiscardo* (*Giorn.* iv. 4.), of *Andriuolo* and *Gabrielotto* (*Id.* vi.), of *Griselider*, the last and most interesting novel of the *Decameron*.

<sup>3</sup> *De claris mulieribus*, dedicated by Boccaccio to Andreana Acciajoli, countess of Altavilla.

<sup>4</sup> In his letter on exile to Pino de' Rossi, a rich Florentine, who was unable to endure it. Boccaccio, after citing the examples of Scipio Africanus and Scipio Nasica who went into voluntary exile, to escape the envy of their fellow citizens, adds: "E se 'l mio picciolo nome e depresso meritasse d'esser tra gli eccellenti uomini detti di sopra, e tra

zeal and the Christian austerity to which he had been brought by the deathbed exhortations of the Carthusian Pietro Petroni. Boccaccio's second visit was in 1372, on his return from his last journey to Naples, when he was so reduced by the disease of which he died, and his grief for the loss of Petrarch, that he complains of being unable to finish a letter in less than three days. Boccaccio survived his master and benefactor little more than a year, and, though he ardently desired it, he had not strength enough to visit his tomb.

Boccaccio's sepulchre formerly stood in the centre of the church of Saint James, still called the Canonica; against the wall close by was the epitaph made by himself and an additional one by his illustrious friend Coluccio Salutati, chancellor of the Seignior of Florence, one of whose letters the duke of Milan asserted that he feared more than an army of twenty thousand men.<sup>2</sup> The podestà of Certaldo, Lattanzio Tedaldi, erected a more magnificent monument to him, in 1503, on the interior front of the church, which was honourably transferred to a spot facing the pulpit on the construction of an orchestra. Boccaccio is represented half-length, holding on his breast, with both hands, a folio volume on which is written *Decameron*, a singular book to be placed just facing a preacher, and a proof of liberality on the part of the clergy. Despite the costume of time and the

kind of hood and gown in which he is enveloped, his features are natural, expressive, and not altogether ungraceful; they seem to agree with the portrait of Boccaccio by Filippo Villani, his successor in the Dante professorship, to whom he was probably known.<sup>3</sup> The tomb has experienced the most melancholy changes. For more than four centuries it had been the honour of Certaldo and had attracted many travellers to the Canonica, when in 1783 it was removed by a false interpretation of the law of Leopold against burying in churches: the "hyæna bigots" of Certaldo, against whom Childe Harold raves and his annotator declaims, had nothing to do with it; the fatal demolition was philosophical rather. The stone that covered this tomb was broken and thrown aside as useless in the cloister adjoining. It is said that Boccaccio's skull and bones were then exhumed, and a copper or lead tube containing sundry parchments of the same century. These precious fragments, now lost, were long preserved by the rector of the church, who ten years after accepted a benefice in the upper Val d'Arno. It is stated by tradition that they were still at that epoch an object of curiosity to strangers, who went to the rector's house to see them.<sup>4</sup> It is difficult to explain the culpable negligence that allowed the remains of Boccaccio to be lost, when we consider the unceasing popularity, at Certaldo,<sup>5</sup> of this eloquent, admirable writer, this

<sup>1</sup> This appellation was used to distinguish the parishes which, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, were ceded by bishops to the chapters of cathedrals, that they might take the revenues and have the services performed by canons living in community in the cloister adjoining the church.

<sup>2</sup> The last verse alone of Boccaccio's epitaph,

patria Certaldum, studium fuit alma Poesis,

has been thought worthy of quotation; the verses of Salutati, incorrectly given in most editions, contain an exact analysis of Boccaccio's works, excepting the *Decameron*, which he did not venture to mention because the author repented of it after his conversion:

Inclite cur vates humilii sermone locutus  
De te pertransis? Tu pascua carmine claro  
In sublimis vehis. Tu montum nomina Tuq.  
Silvas et fontes fluvios ac stagna lacusq.  
Cum maribus multo digesta labore relinquas,  
Illustresq. viros infaustis casibus actos  
In nostrum tempus a primo colligis Adam.

Tu celebras claras alto dictamine matres.  
Tu divos omnes ignota ab origine ducons  
Per terquina refers divina volumina nullis  
Cessurus veterum; te vulgo mille labores  
Percelebrem faciunt. Etas te nulla silebit.

<sup>3</sup> "Fu il poeta di statura alquanto grassa, ma grande, faccia tonda ma col naso sopra le nari un poco depresso: labbri alquanto grossi, nientedimeno belli e ben lineali: mento forato che nel suo ridere mostrava bellezza: giocondo et allegro aspetto in tutto il suo sermone: in tutto piacevole e umano, e del ragionare assai sì diletta." Villani, *Vite d' uomini illustri fiorentini con annot. del C. Giannaria Mazzuchelli*, Venezia, 1747, to-4<sup>o</sup>.

<sup>4</sup> A deed of the 31st October, 1825, certified by eight inhabitants of Certaldo and the old servant of the rector, asserts these facts. See the *Annotazioni* II and III of the little precise and instructive work entitled *Del sepolcro di Mess. Giovanni Boccaccio e di varie sue memorie, esame storico di Giuseppe de' Poseda*, Colle, 1827.

<sup>5</sup> At the foot of the acclivity is a marble slab bearing this ancient and singular stanza, restored

limner, so true, graceful, touching, profound, and mirthful, the perfect imper-sonation of Tuscan genius.

## CHAPTER X.

Pisa.—Road.—Climate.—Duomo.—Buschetto.—Altar of Saint Blase.—Ricci's tomb.—Pulpits.—Saint Agnes, by Andrea del Sarto.—Baptistry.—Expedi-tious work.—Pulpit by Nicolao Pisano.—Leaning Tower.—Prospect.—Giovanni Pisano.

The face of the country between Flo-rence and Pisa is studded or rather cov-ered with towers and battlements in ruins, which recall a scene of warfare and civil discord. Behold the difference between epochs of civilisation and bar-barism! the quarrels of Athens and Sparta, of Rome and Carthage are im-mortal; the violent struggles of the re-publics of the middle ages are almost lost in obscurity, notwithstanding the labours of erudite historians. The memory of those times of hatred and murder strik-ingly contrasts with the gentleness, in-dustry, and easy, happy condition of the inhabitants of those same fields.

Although Pisa is now little more than a sepulchre, and of the hundred and twenty thousand souls it contained under its consuls, only about twenty thousand remain; although the solitude of the streets is such that some of them have echoes, and that of two foreigners I knew there, the one who wagered they should meet no one in riding round its walls, won; its four grand monuments and univer-sity still place it among the capital cities of Italy. Its climate, when not horribly rainy, as I have experienced it with Alfieri:

Mezzo dormendo ancor domando : Piove ?  
Tutta la intera notte egii è piovuto;  
Sia maladetta Pisa ! ognor ripiove ;  
Anzi, a dir meglio, e' non è mai spiovuto, etc.,

without changing the character of the inscription :

Viator, ferma il piè, rivolgi il passo  
A salir l' erto monte, ove in castello  
Tu troverai che sotto un duro sasso  
Il Boccaccio gentil riposa in quello :  
E se brami d' aver stupore e spasso,  
Va e vedi al fonte Filien meschinello.  
Se ne domandi poi a donne pronte,  
Cento novelle ti fian mostre e conte.

AN. MDXXV.

A small eminence which belonged to him is still called : *Il Poggio del Boccaccio*. *Vita di G. Boc-caccio*, by S. Baldelli, Florence, 1806, p. L.

is cited for its mildness in winter. Pisa then revives a little ; the grand duke lives there several months, and it is the resort of the weak, delicate, and indis-posed, who have sometimes found be-nefit there.

The four principal monuments of Pisa, all standing in one square at the extre-mity of the town, rich, ornamented, majestic, have an extraordinary aspect ; one might call it a part of some deserted Eastern city.

The Duomo, of the year 1063, re-garded as the precursor of the revival of taste,<sup>1</sup> recalls the great battle gained by the consul of the Pisans, Orlandi, when he triumphantly forced the port of Pa-lermo, and avenged the affronts his country had received from the Saracens. This church, dedicated to the Virgin, is still the most national monument and the most magnificent trophy raised by victory. Buschetto, a great architect and creative mechanical genius,<sup>2</sup> was Italian and not Greek, as some have imagined from falsely interpreting the partly effaced inscription ; another Ital-ian, Rainaldo, his colleague and successor, erected the original and stately front : we thus see the antiquity, the splendour, the perpetuity of the art in Italy. The festoons sculptured on the two columns of the principal gate are an exquisite work. The three bronze gates pass for the best and most curious works of the beginning of the twelfth century. The two smaller of these last present, in three compartments, divers *Mysteries of the Redeemer*, by Giovanni Bologna, Francavilla, Tacca, Mocchi, Giovanni dall' Opera, which Cochin, copied by Lalande, has criticised as works of the same date, though later by four cen-turies. On the top of the temple, eastward, behind the cupola (the first ever imagined), was a bronze hippogriff,

<sup>1</sup> It was also in the eleventh century that silk was first imported into Italy, having come from India by Constantinople.

<sup>2</sup> A contemporary inscription in verse, preserved in the church, states that ten young maidens raised, by means of machines he invented, weights that a thousand oxen could scarcely move, and which a raft had with great difficulty transported by sea :

Quod vix mille boum possent juga juncta movere  
Et quod vix potuit per mare ferre ratis,  
Busketi nlsu, quod erat mirabile visu,  
Dena puellarum turba levabat onus.



supposed to be Greek but not of the good epoch; this fabulous emblem was a strange ornament to place on the top of a church, though not unsuited to the general character of an edifice decorated with fragments brought from Greece by Pisan vessels, but not to the extent supposed, and with antiquities from Rome, of which Pisa was a colony. The hippogriff was no longer there in 1834, and I regretted its absence; it has been moved to the Campo Santo under the pretence that it was injured by standing so high, or that it attracted the lightning. The interior receives the religious light suited to these old basilics from a hundred windows of stained glass. The chief works in sculpture are the small altar of Saint Blase, extremely elegant, by Stagi, but the statue appears by Tribolo, his assistant and friend; the tomb of the archbishop of Pisa, Pietro Ricci, over the sacristy door; three bronze statues, by Giovanni Bologna, in the choir; the basso-relievos of the old pulpit, lost through being placed too high and injudiciously adapted as a balustrade to the gallery; over the door of communication between the side galleries, precious works by Giovanni Pisano, son of the great Nicolao,<sup>1</sup> a faithful follower of his father whom he could never surpass as a sculptor; the new pulpit, which has one column of pieces of red porphyry joined, and the other of oriental brocatello; these, with the five statues by Giovanni Pisano, were part of the old pulpit which was broken when the Duomo was consumed by fire in 1595. The paintings are in good number and seem remarkable; several are by Andrea del Sarto: a *Madonna* with an angel, *St. John Baptist*, and below *St. Francis*, *St. Bartholomew* and *St. Jerome*, is one of his last and best works; his young figures of *St. Margaret* and *St. Catherine* pass for the prettiest ladies he has drawn; the *Virgin* has a physiognomy full of serenity and sweetness; his celebrated *St. Agnes* has been supposed Raphael's by Mengs. This admirable painting reminded me of the ingenious passage of Massillon on this saint, which proves that the writers of the age of Louis XIV. were peculiar in the art of throwing

into their gravest discourses ideas closely approaching the comic, without degrading their style.<sup>2</sup> A charming *Madonna* in the midst of saints; *Abel watching his flocks*, which has a landscape sufficient for an artist's reputation; *Noah's Sacrifice*, are excellent works by Sogliani. *Abraham's Sacrifice*, by Sordani in his old age, shows skill in the naked parts and a vivid expression in the heads. The *Clothing of St. Renier*, by Luti, the last painter of the Florentine school, is the most esteemed of the great paintings in this church. The *Consecration of the basilic*; *Christ disputing with the doctors*, by Sorri, a Siennese painter of the sixteenth century, recall the perspective and stateliness of Paolo Veronese. *God speaking to Moses from the burning bush*, by Matteo Rosselli, is one of the fine paintings of the gallery. *Moses raising the brazen serpent*, by Riminaldi, is of the truest expression; his cupola, as far as one can judge of any thing at such a distance, seems a noble and vigorous composition. The *Angels* of the altar of that name, by Ventura Salimbeni, a painter of the Siennese school in the sixteenth century, are full of grace: the angel Raphael is perfectly divine, whereas the Eternal Father is barely so. *St. Torpe*, a Pisan, armed and bearing the banner of the town, by Salvator Rosa, has all his boldness.

The baptistry of Pisa, of an elegant, majestic, original style, built in 1152, under the consulate of Cocco Griffi, is another monument characteristic of the history of architecture: the author, according to the inscription, is Dioti Salvi, of Pisa, perhaps originally of Siena. This baptistry, like that of Florence, is also a kind of museum of fragments and ornaments of antique sculpture, presenting emblems of pagan divinities. Its construction, from the beginning, was distinguished by almost prodigious celebrity. The chronicles of the time, confirmed by all subsequent authorities, agree in stating that the eight columns and four pilasters of the interior were erected and received the arcades that unite them in the space of fifteen days (from the 1st to the 15th of October,

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book VIII. ch. xxiii.

<sup>2</sup> "On voit l'impudence devenue un bon air; l'indécence poussée à un point, qu'elle inspire même du dégoût à ceux à qui elle s'efforce de

plaire; et le nom de la pudeur consacré à celui de la Vierge illustre que nous honorons, devenu un nom de mépris et de risée." *Panegyrique de Ste. Agnès.*

1156). The funds were exhausted when the second and even the first exterior zones were hardly finished, but the religious and patriotic zeal of the Pisans was not arrested by such an obstacle; a voluntary contribution soon supplied the means of completing this noble edifice. The principal door and architrave are adorned with basso-relievos and sculptures representing the *Martyrdom of St. John*, and mysteries from the *Life of Christ*: the delicacy of the execution already announces the dawn of the bright days of the Pisan school, which was at that epoch the first in Italy. The pulpit is one of the most noted chefs-d'œuvre of Nicolao Pisano; it demonstrates the immense progress effected in the art by this great man: such was the importance attached to it by the old Pisans, that on the Saturday before Easter, a day the basilic was much crowded, the podestà was accustomed to send one of his officers with a guard to prevent any injury to this inestimable pulpit.

The *Campanile*, or the celebrated leaning tower, built in 1174, one of the six best towers in Italy, is remarkable for its lightness, the beauty of the marble, its singular form, and the workmanship of its staircase. The architects were William of Inspruck and Bonanno of Pisa, who with Buono, the builder of Saint Mark's steeple, were reputed the best architects of their age. As to the oft-discussed prodigy of its inclination of eleven feet three inches, the most probable opinion is that the soil gave way under the weight of the tower when raised to about half its height, and that the architects, after examining the nature of the ground, were assured that the stratum on which their edifice reposed could not sink farther, and therefore continued the structure on the same plan. The prospect is wonderful from the contrasts presented by the aspect of the rich surrounding fields, baths, aqueducts, the sea, Leghorn, and its port. The inclination of this tower was useful to Galileo, a native of Pisa, when he was professor of mathematics at the university, to find the measure of time and calculate the fall of heavy bodies. He there, in the presence of many spectators, made his first experiments, that excited such a lively enthusiasm; a hundred times, loaded with his instruments, had he mounted that very staircase up

which I was guided by a little puffing sexton, lame like his tower. Galileo's new theory on the fall of heavy bodies was not, as some have supposed, the cause of his disgrace and departure from Pisa: Don Giovanni de' Medici, brother of the grand duke Ferdinand I., who prided himself on civil and military architecture, having imagined a machine to empty the dock of the port of Leghorn, the government charged Galileo to examine it; he clearly proved, and experience has since confirmed his arguments, that it was insufficient and useless; which the prince could never forgive. When only eighteen or nineteen years of age, the regular and periodical motion of a lamp suspended from the roof of the cathedral revealed to him the measure of time by the pendulum, an idea which he realised fifty years afterwards by executing a clock for astronomical observations. These old monuments, of such curiosity and importance with respect to art, are also mementos of the grandest discoveries of science; they are thus a twofold honour to Italy.

## CHAPTER XI.

Campo Santo. — Giovanni Pisano. — Paintings. — Benozzo Gozzoli. — Sculptures. — Monument of Beatrix. — Tombs of Algarotti, — Pignotti, — Vacca.

The Campo Santo, a funereal museum of all ages and nations, though its ranks are so little crowded and death occupies so little space therein, is an admirable monument of the science and genius of Giovanni Pisano, who was superior as an architect to his father Nicolao. This cemetery of the thirteenth century consecrated to the great men of the Pisan republic, this solemn and religious edifice that confers such honour on the people that founded it, this magnificent representative of the middle ages, may still be regarded as the true model of national sepultures. The most eminent artists have been successively engaged in its embellishment, and it now exists an historical monument of the painting of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The most ancient of these primitive painters, Buffalmaco, had but slightly improved on the barbarism of the Byzantine masters: the group of women in his *Crucifixion*, who tend the fainting Virgin, is well composed; but the heads,

especially the Virgin's, are deficient in nobleness. The great Orgagna shines in the Campo Santo: his *Triumph of Death*, though bad in perspective, is full of variety, imagination, and poetry; this superb and fantastic painting has some satirical points: a nun grasping a purse hints that the vow of poverty was not always strictly observed. A number of miserable creatures invoke death in verses which Orgagna has inscribed beneath them:

Da che prosperitade ci ha lasciati;  
O morte, medicina d' ogni pena,  
Deh! vieni a darne ormai l' ultima cena,

and he strikes the rich, the happy, and lovers reposing in the shade of an orange grove listening to the sounds of musical instruments. Several figures are portraits: the personage holding a falcon on his wrist represents the famous Castruccio, the tyrant of Lucca; another with a long beard, holding a bow, the emperor Louis of Bavaria. Several monks oppressed with years and respected by death, are excellent for expression and truth. The figure of Death, though well executed, does not appear sufficiently terrible when compared with his personation by Dante, Michael Angelo, and Milton. The *Last Judgment*, with some fine parts, is reckoned inferior to the *Triumph of Death*: the Virgin, the noble figure of Christ were perhaps imitated by Michael Angelo; the ecstatic supernatural bliss of the elect seems better expressed than the different torments of the reprobate. Solomon, issuing from his tomb, is doubtful on which side to place himself. An angel drags an intrusive monk by the hair from among the elect, and ranges him with the damned, while another angel rescues a young and joyous layman from a group of damned, and conducts him to the elect. Orgagna merely designed the *Hell*; the feeble colouring is by his brother Bernardo. This work is not a representation of Dante's *Inferno*, as supposed; the only imitation is the gigantic figure of

L' Imperador del doloroso regno. . . .

Da ogni bocca dirompea co' denti  
Un peccatore a gulsia di maciulla,  
Sì che tre ne faceva così dolenti.<sup>a</sup>

<sup>a</sup> See ante, book x. ch. iii.

The *History and Life of the fathers in the desert*, an artless, peaceful scene, contrasts with the *Hell*. This work by Laurati of Siena, an imitator of Giotto, is deemed the newest and richest idea of the Campo Santo. The group of four monks working is perfectly natural, as also the figure of the monk fishing; a woman disguised in the costume of these anchorets is very graceful. Over the principal entrance, is a noble and airy *Assumption*, well preserved, by Simone Memmi, which seems to have escaped the fatal retouching inflicted on many pictures of the Campo Santo. Three of the compartments relating to the Life of St. Renier, patron of Pisa, are by the same artist. Three figures only of the *St. Renier in the world* (*al secolo*) remain untouched; the woman holding a child by the hand, another pulling the saint's robe, and the Redeemer who appears to her. The vessel on which St. Renier embarks to go to Jerusalem where he assumed the hermit's dress, seems curious for the history of navigation. The best preserved compartment represents the *Miracles of the saint*, a scientific work for the time. Vasari, who speaks from memory, has put forth a multitude of errors respecting this and many others of these paintings. He is far less mistaken in regarding as the best of the old frescos of the Campo Santo, the three compartments by Antonio Veneziano, which, unfortunately, have also suffered the greatest injury. The most esteemed is the *Return of St. Renier*; the four sailors managing the boat, which is already near the shore, present the most natural and diversified attitudes; the modern figure of a fisherman is execrable. The group around the *Dying Saint* is noble, diversified, expressive. The tempest in the compartment of the *Saint's posthumous miracles*, is vivid and full of energy. Although the six compartments (three of which only remain) relative to the *Life of St. Ephesus and St. Politus*, executed in 1400 by Spinello d'Arezzo, were the feeblest paintings of the Campo Santo, though dry and harsh, they are not devoid of invention, ease, or warmth, and are esteemed his best work. It is impossible too deeply to regret the loss of four of the six compartments by Giotto,

<sup>a</sup> Inf. can. xxxiv, 28-55.



executed in the very prime of his talent, which contributed so much to his renown that he was invited to Rome by the pope; the remaining two may enable us to form an opinion of their beauty, grandeur, and noble simplicity. The demon in *Job's misfortunes* is conceived in Dante's style; the first angel seems worthy of Raphael. The old plague of comforters is marvellously represented in *Job's friends*, a composition admirable for nature, and, if one may say so, for serenity and resignation. The *Creation*, the *Death of Abel*, the *Deluge*, by Buffalmacco, equally manifest the infancy of art and the artist's mediocrity, although Cain's head is not deficient in physiognomy. Benozzo Gozzoli, pupil of Fra Angelico and imitator of Masaccio, the last master that has worked at the Campo Santo, may be regarded as the Raphael of these primitive times. This great, graceful, and productive painter is said to have been only two years in completing the twenty-three subjects confided to him, three of which are lost, "a most fearful work," says Vasari, "and enough to frighten a legion of painters:" *Terribilissima, e da metter paura a una legione di pittori*. The *Drunkenness of Noah*, or the *Vergognosa*, is pleasing and natural: the elegant figure of the *Vergognosa* whence the painting takes its name, though seemingly covering her face with her hand so as not to see Noah's nakedness, is slyly peeping between her fingers, whence the proverb *come la Vergognosa di Campo Santo*. The *Noah* in the *Curse of Ham* has an animated expression; the landscape taken from the environs of Florence is charming. The *Tower of Babel* is the best preserved of the compartments of Gozzoli; the colouring has all its force; among the Magi and the ministers who accompany Nimrod are several portraits; Cosmo the Elder, his son Pietro, his nephews Lorenzo the Magnificent and Giuliano; perhaps the priest with a cap on his head is Politian. This fresco is also interesting for the information it affords respecting the revolution of fashion; there we may observe the change from the gravity of the ancient Florentine costume to the short close dress of the fashionable knights of the fifteenth century. *Abraham and the worshippers of Belus* has a fine effect, and some of its draperies recall Masaccio's manner.

*Abraham and Lot in Egypt* is somewhat confused; Abraham on horseback is very noble; the landscape and animals, like all Gozzoli's, are true. The warriors, the dead and the wounded, in *Abraham after his victory*, are varied, and the features of the captive Lot are of touching expression. The *Departure of Agar* is fine in design, and has some dignity. The group of Lot and his daughters, in the *Burning of Sodom*, is actually walking; his wife changed into a statue seems imitated from the antique. *Abraham's sacrifice* is full of feeling. The *Marriage of Isaac and Rebekah* is light and stately. The compartment of the *Birth of Jacob and Esau*, though but a wreck, was evidently one of the best: the magnificent architecture is partly the painter's invention, partly copied from edifices of Florence. The dancers in the *Marriage of Jacob and Rachel* are elegant and graceful, the draperies perfect. The fine figures of Jacob and Rachel in the *Meeting of Jacob and Esau*, seem almost Raphael's. The grief of *Jacob recognising Joseph's bloody coat* is tenderly pathetic. The unlucky retouching of the painter Rondinosi has not destroyed the stateliness of the figures, and the softness of the drapery in the different subjects from the *History of Moses*: the Magi are superb; the Miracle of the rod changed into a serpent is extraordinary for expression, truth, and terror. Aaron in the *Passage of the Red Sea* seems superior to Moses; the women reposing with children in the arms or hanging to the breast, are admirably sweet and charming. The *Fall of Jericho*, the *Death of Goliath* are spirited and energetic. Some paintings by Rondinosi extend to the door of the great chapel: they are not even worth looking at, and the ingenious interpreter of the Campo Santo, S. Rosini, does them too much honour in applying to them the terrible *guarda e passa* of Dante.

Giovanni Pisano and Gozzoli, the great artists and heroes of the Campo Santo, were interred there by the grateful Pisans: it was impossible to give them a nobler or more worthy mausoleum.

Among the different works of sculpture deposited in the Campo Santo, may be distinguished: an antique bust of *Brutus*, finely wrought; the pure and elegant basso-relievo of a *Matron* and

a woman holding a child, brought from Athens some years ago by a sick Turk, who came to Pisa for medical aid, and left by him with his hosts, not being able to find a purchaser; the Greek vase of Parian marble on which there is a *bearded Bacchus*, copied by Nicolao Pisano in his pulpit at St. John's, and especially the admirable sarcophagus of *Phedra and Hippolytus*, which made this immortal man a sculptor; this monument was ever the object of his studies and imitation, and may be regarded as the first cause of the revival. The celebrated Matilda, the mistress of Gregory VII., determined to have it for the mausoleum of her mother, the countess Beatrix, who died in 1076, leaving a will now reckoned one of the oldest documents written in Italian. This transformation of an antique sarcophagus into a Christian tomb is a new and remarkable proof that the religious scruples which had destroyed so many pagan monuments were then appeased. The barbarous singer of Matilda, the monk Donizzone her contemporary, blamed her for this preference of Pisa, which he looked on as defiled by the multitude of Pagans, Turks, Africans, Lybians, and Chaldeans that resorted thither :

Hæc urbs paganis, Turchis, Libicis quoque Perthis  
Sordida : Chaldei sua lustrant litora telri :  
Sordibus a cunctis sum munda Canossa, etc.

These wretched verses only prove the ancient commercial prosperity of Pisa, the first town in Europe that had a maritime code, and which sent to sea as many as three hundred vessels; Donizzone would now be disarmed by its solitude and gloom. Contrary to the general tone of epitaphs, the distich engraved on the tomb of Beatrix is not very laudatory; she is even somewhat brutally and wrongfully stigmatised as a sinner (*peccatrix*), an epithet which probably might have at that time the sense of religious humility. The mausoleum, of the fourteenth century, of the emperor Henry VII., the friend of the Pisans and enemy of the Florentines, so magnificently eulogised by Dante,<sup>1</sup> has been transferred from the duomo to the Campo Santo, in order to complete the various epochs of the art which it presents. The monument of

Algarotti, from the design of his friend Moro Tesi and Bianconi, was erected to him by the great Frederick, as the inscription states. This prince treated his chamberlain better than himself with respect to tombs; for it is well known that as a last mockery of human nature, he wished to be buried near his dogs and their statues. One of the Italians who has most honoured his country by variety of talents, Pignotti, a poet, natural philosopher, man of letters, and antiquarian, reposes in the Campo Santo; his mausoleum, by S. Ricci, is beautifully simple. The Campo Santo received in 1830 a noble ornament, from the chisel of Thorwaldsen, the tomb of the illustrious surgeon Andrea Vacca, erected by subscription.

The earth which covers the Campo Santo was taken from the holy places of Jerusalem and brought to Pisa in 1228, in fifty galleys of the republic. Independently of the high value that religion gave this sacred soil, it had a physical virtue which approached the wonderful; namely, the property of consuming bodies in twenty-four hours. At present it is said to require double the time; the salts with which this earth was impregnated are partly lost, evaporated, like the enthusiasm and faith which then filled the souls of men.

## CHAPTER XII.

Saint Stephen.—Flags.—Organ.—Saint Nicholas.—  
Steeple.—Saint Michael.—Santa Maria della Spina.  
—Nisus of Pisa.—Saint Paul.

Several churches in Pisa, without having the importance and splendour of the Duomo and Saint John, are nevertheless remarkable. The magnificent church of Saint Stephen, or of the knights of that order, commemorates their valiant feats: old flags taken from the Muslims are suspended from the roof, and speak more eloquently of the bravery of the knights than the Latin inscriptions or paintings of this same roof. These paintings are the *Taking of Bona*; the *Taking of Nicopolis*, by Ligozzi; a *Naval victory of 1602*; the *Marriage of Maria de' Medici with Henry IV.*, rather strangely placed among these various trophies won from the Infidels, by Empoli; another *Naval victory of 1571*, by Cigoli; *Cosmo I. taking the*

<sup>1</sup> See ante, book VI. ch. v.



*habit of the order*, by the third Bronzino. The high altar is of extraordinary richness, but it belongs to the epoch of decline. At the altars are: the *Martyrdom of the saint*, by Vasari, dry and cold in colouring, but skilfully composed; a *Christ borne to the sepulchre by his disciples and the Marys*, by Gambara, touching and vigorous; a fine *Nativity*, by the third Bronzino; the *Madonna between St. Joseph and St. Stephen kneeling*, pleasing, one of Lomi's best works. The great organ of this church is one of the first in Italy.

The church of Saint Nicholas, the most remarkable in Pisa for the variety and richness of its marble, is full of mineralogical interest. The roof, very fine, dates from its restoration in 1572. Some paintings are valuable: the *St. Charles Borromeo*; an *Annunciation*, by Biliberti; *St. Faconda*, by Pietro Dandini; the *Madonna alla cintola*, by Lomi, a celebrated painter of Pisa in the sixteenth century; *St. Catherine*, one of Stefano Marucelli. The steeple of Saint Nicholas, forgotten by all travellers, is a novel, elegant, bold structure by Nicolao Pisano, which marks an epoch in the history of architectural progress, and has been imitated by other great artists.

At the church of Saint Renier, an aquarelle of the *Saint*, by Riminaldi, is remarkable for the effect of the clare-obscure; the *St. Torpe*, a fine figure, is one of Lomi's best works.

Saint Fredian would perhaps be the richest church of Pisa for paintings, after the Duomo, if they had been better preserved. The *Adoration of the Magi*, of Lomi's old age, passes for his best; the artist seems to have indulged in this opinion himself, as may be seen by the pious inscription under the Virgin: *Et quid retribuam tibi, o bone Jesu, pro omnibus quæ retribuisti mihi? Non aurum, non thus, nec mirram, sed cor meum, et de thesauro cordis mei hoc opus manuum mearum.* The *St. Bridget kneeling before the Cross*, is by Tiarini, one of Andrea Orgagna's best pupils; a *Madonna*; the *Invention of the Cross*; the *Emperor Heraclius carrying the cross to Calvary*, are graceful and noble works of Ventura Salimbeni.

The best painting of Saint Torpe and one of the best in Pisa, is the elegant and graceful *Madonna, with St. Anne and the saint*, by Francesco Vanni; *St.*

*Charles Borromeo*, by Stefano Marucelli. The *Conversion of St. Gualbert*, by Passignano or Biliberti, is very good.

At Saint Anne, a *Communion of St. Jerome*, natural and of good effect, seems by Ottavio Vannini. The fine picture in the ornament over the side door, is by Ghirlandajo.

The church of Saint Sixtus is of the Pisa school of architecture, founded by Buschetto. *St. John Baptist preaching in the wilderness*, offers the rare qualities of its author, Rutilius Manetti.

A stately and graceful *Madonna surrounded with saints*, at the high altar of Saint Thomas, appears by the Vanni of Siena, or by Paggi.

The high altar of Saint Cecilia has the *Martyrdom of the saint*, picturesque, one of Salimbeni's best works. The first Pisan painter, Orazio Riminaldi, a clever artist of the sixteenth century, is interred in the church.

The front of the church of Saint Catherine was perhaps by Nicolao Pisano and the Dominican Fra Guglielmo, his worthy pupil. A *Madonna*, beautiful, but in a bad light, is one of the last works of Fra Bartolommeo. The great *St. Thomas*, a curious work by Traini, though somewhat cold and exaggerated in the attitudes, is not destitute of expression or imagination: the saint, an excellent likeness, is oddly placed between Plato and Aristotle; the former is showing him his *Timeus*, the latter his *Ethics*; at his feet lie overthrown Arian and other innovators, and above him is the Redeemer from whom he receives the rays of light which, from St. Thomas, diverge towards a crowd of doctors, bishops, and popes. A pulpit close by is reputed to be the one from which Saint Thomas explained his doctrines when he was lecturer at the old convent. *St. Catherine receiving the stigmata*, by Francesco Vanni, is touching. The two statues of the *Annunciation*, by Ninus of Pisa, are a monument of Pisan art in the fourteenth century; the angel is far superior to the Virgin.

The piazza of St. Catherine is an agreeable promenade planted with plane-trees. In this square a colossal statue, a noble composition by S. Pampaloni, has been erected to Leopold: it bears the simple inscription in Italian, "to the

<sup>1</sup> See ante, ch. x.



grand duke Leopold I., forty years after his death," an inscription which does honour both to Tuscany and the prince, when we call to mind his noble refusal of the statue which was voted to him near the end of his reign as grand duke.

The front of Saint Michael in *Borgo* unites the first artistic names of the thirteenth century, as it appears that Nicolao Pisano, Fra Guglielmo and his illustrious fellow disciple Giovanni Pisano, worked thereat. A monument has been erected in this church to Dom Guido Grandi, a Camaldulite, formerly abbot of Saint Michael, a celebrated geometrician, theologian, biographer, antiquary, and even poet, regarded in his day by Newton as one of the greatest continental mathematicians.

The church of Saint Peter in *Vincoli* is one of the most ancient of Pisa; its last renovation was in 1100. An antique architrave, over the great door, seems of the good epoch of the art.

The ceiling and the paintings by the brothers Melani, at the church of Saint Matthew, have some celebrity, and Cochin regards the former "*comme une fort belle machine de composition*." The best painting is *Christ calling Matthew*, by Francesco Romanelli. The *Martyrdom of the Saint* is an esteemed work of the too-productive Sebastiano Conca.

The church of Saint Martin offers a *St. Benedict in the midst of the thorns* to whom the devil appears in a human form, a painting full of life, by the younger Palma; a noble and expressive *Madonna* and some saints, by Passignano; *St. Bona*, crowned with roses at the moment of taking the veil, by Riminaldi; a *Magdalen repentant* and a *Christ on the cross*, pleasing and vigorous works ascribed to Ligozzi.

The church of the Holy Sepulchre, formerly belonging to the Templars, of the architecture of Dioti Salvi, author of the Baptistery, has a superb *Descent from the cross*, by Santi Titi.

At Saint Christina, the *Saint* kneeling before the Redeemer, is a good picture by Passignano.

The great church of Santa Maria del Carmine has some good paintings: an *Annunciation*, by Boscoli, of 1593; a *Crucifixion*, with the Virgin and saints, by Macchietti; *St. Andrew Corsini*, to whom the Virgin appears, by Curradi; the *Ascension of Christ*, by the second

Bronzino, the best painting in the church. The countenance of the Redeemer is rather ill-favoured; but his foot just leaving the earth is skilfully executed. The painter has inscribed in the throat of a little dog in this painting, the words: *Si latrabis latrabo*, a fantastic and impertinent warning for his critics. In the sacristy, a Virgin, on a throne, between St. John and St. Peter, a grand characteristic work, has been supposed by Masaccio or Filippo Lippi. The tomb of the illustrious Paduan sculptor, Titian Aspetti, who died at Pisa, is seen in the cloister of Santa Maria del Carmine; the bust is by Felice Palma, his pupil.

Santa Maria della Spina, a rich, airy, and pretty little church, on the bank of the Arno, is extremely picturesque. This miniature Gothic passes for the first chef-d'œuvre of its kind in Italy. Many of its sculptured works are famous; for instance, the many small statues on the architrave of the walled door, in part by Andrea Pisano in his youth, and by Giovanni; one of the two saints turned towards the east, the homage of the latter's filial piety, represents his glorious father Nicolao; in the interior, the two great *Madonnas* by Ninus of Pisa, one suckling, the other standing, so noble and natural; his statues of *St. John* and *St. Peter*: the latter is the portrait of Andrea his father. A *Virgin*, amidst a great number of saints, by Soddoma, is remarkable for beauty of form and softness of outline.

Saint Paul seems to have been formerly the cathedral of Pisa. The variety and antiquity of the architectural details in the front deserve notice. Near the side door is an antique sarcophagus become the tomb of Giovanni Burgondio, a Pisan judge and jurisconsult, theologian, physician, and translator of several works by the Greek fathers, a learned personage of the twelfth century, who proves the state of learning at Pisa in his day. The frescos by the old masters that embellished this magnificent temple have nearly all perished. The *Virgin*, on a throne, with several saints, is a curious work of Turino di Vanni, a Pisan artist of the fourteenth century. A *Martyrdom of St. Agatha* is vigorous and expressive. In the sacristy, some *Saints*, wrecks of paintings by Lippo and Simone Memmi, are still honourable to them after more than five centuries.

## CHAPTER XIII.

University.—Professors.—Library.—Botanical garden.

The university of Pisa, founded probably about the middle of the fourteenth century, was re-established by Cosmo I. Instead of the five faculties created by the French administration, the succeeding authorities unhappily returned to the confused division into three colleges, of divinity, law, and medicine. The professorships of the former are ecclesiastical history, Holy Scriptures, doctrinal theology, moral theology, philology and oriental learning;—those of the second, Latin eloquence, institutes of canon law, interpretation of the holy canons, institutes of civil law, the Pandects, institutes of criminal law, logic and metaphysics, Greek and Latin languages;—those of the third college, divided into two sections, the first of which, called the *medical* and *surgical* section, has the professorships of medical pathological institutes, anatomy, physiology and legal medicine, practical medicine, medical clinics, surgical clinics by operations on dead bodies (*per necrotomiam*), surgical institutions and midwifery; the second section, mathematical physics, universal algebra, astronomy, geometry, arithmetic and trigonometry, theoretical physics, experimental physics, chemistry and materia medica, botany, natural history, mechanics and hydraulics. The medical studies seem the most profound and are most followed. The professors of Pisa take the title of *eccellentissimo* on the program of the lectures, as well as other plain doctors in Italy: some of them deserve it, and are worthy of the old renown of this school; we may name as such, SS. Rosellini, professor of Egyptian archeology, the friend and scientific fellow-traveller of Champollion; Rosini, of Italian eloquence; del Rosso, of the Pandects; Carmignani, of criminal law; Bagnoli, of Greek and Latin literature; Regnoli, of surgery and medicine, pupil and no unworthy successor of Vacca; Gaetano Savi, of botany; Paolo Savi, of natural history. Several distinguished professors teach at Florence, as SS. Targioni Tozzetti, in botany; Gazzeri and Taddei, in chemistry; Uccelli, in anatomy

and clinical surgery; S. Ciampi, and S. Nesi, guardian of the museum of physics and natural history at Florence; have the title of honorary professors of this university. The number of students rarely exceeds four hundred.

The library has more than thirty thousand volumes; it has received the manuscripts of the illustrious mathematician Guido Grandi,<sup>1</sup> a Camaldulite, collected by a brother of the order, Ambrogio Soldani; they form forty-four volumes, and were previously deposited at the convent of Saint Michael, as well as the library of that convent, formerly placed at the disposal of the public by Grandi. The greatest part of the books of Angelo Fabroni, the celebrated biographer, historian and proveditor of the university, have also been added to this library.

According to the pretensions of Pisa; the creation of its botanical garden, generally supposed about 1559, took place in 1544; it would thus be the first known, and one year anterior to the garden of Padua.<sup>2</sup> When Cosmo I. reorganized the university in 1543, he added two professorships, one for botany, the other for astrology, an odd combination, which characterises the epoch of transition from barbarous and superstitious science to the science of facts and observation. The garden of Pisa, which was honoured by having Andrea Cesalpino, the greatest botanist in Europe, for its first director, contains more than three thousand species.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Ducal palace.—D. Garzia.—Lanfranchi palace.—Lord Byron.—Lanfreducci palace.—Alla Giornata.—Tower of Famine.—Marble bridge.—Game.—Chinzica.

The palace of the grand duke has neither grandeur nor magnificence. Its pretended connection with Alfieri's *Don Garzia*, a pathetic but exaggerated work, induced me to visit this palace, the scene of the tragic and mysterious death of that son of Cosmo I. and his brother Giovanni, whom the poet has rather strangely metamorphosed into Diego; but this abode of peace and virtue little resembled the palace of the tyrant of Florence, and certainly one could not

<sup>1</sup> See the preceding chapter.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, book VII. ch. II.

there repeat with the republican hero of the Italian Sophocles :

..... già tutto  
 Qui intorno intorno morte mi risuona.<sup>1</sup>

Lord Byron and his menagerie occupied the first floor of the Lanfranchi palace,<sup>2</sup> the architecture of which is attributed to Michael Angelo. Here the poet was near having an adventure very similar to that of Charles XII. at Bender, when he was besieged by the dragoons of the brigadier who had insulted him and his friends, and who had been seriously wounded by an unknown band. Byron's enemies have most unjustly accused him of this accident in consequence of which he was obliged to leave Pisa. He seems to allude to this catastrophe in the second canto of *Lara*, when he feelingly defends the hero suspected of secret murder.

On the front of the Lanfreducci palace are the words *Alla giornata* (day by day), under which hangs a captive's chain, no less difficult to understand than the inscription. These words and this chain on the front of a fine marble palace have always inspired me with a singular melancholy. One feels that such a combination has something of romance and poesy, and may perhaps hide the secret of some touching tale.

The tradition of Ugolino's fearful death still exists at Pisa. It is truly a misfortune for this city to be cursed in one of the sublimest and most celebrated pieces of Italian poetry. Dante's verses and the horrid sufferings of Ugolino, though according to history he was shut up alone without his sons, have attached a kind of interest to that abominable tyrant. His horrible repast is now unanimously contradicted by the critics, and even refuted by the verse :

Poccia pia che 'l dolor poté 'l digiuno.

The Tower of Famine stood in the Piazza de' Cavalieri ; it has lately disappeared, and its remains converted into apartments now make part of a small house with green Persian blinds.

Since the year 1808 the marble bridge

<sup>1</sup> Don Garzia, at. iv. sc. iii.

<sup>2</sup> See the beginning of Captain Medwin's *Conversations*, for an account of the monkey, dogs, cats, peacocks, and hens that he took with him.

has not witnessed the ancient game *de ponte*, said to be of Greek origin, which dates from the Pisa of Olympic games, and which Alfieri has so poetically described.<sup>3</sup>

In the quarter on the left of the Arno I sought for the statue that I supposed had been erected to the illustrious Chinzica, an intrepid woman, whose courage saved the walls and city of Pisa when its warriors were absent, and repulsed, about the year 1000, the nocturnal attack of the Saracens. Italy in the middle ages could boast a hundred Clelias more heroic than the Roman dame, though celebrated by no Titus Livius. The statue called *Chinzica's* seems of an age long prior to her time. The Pisans of the eleventh century, like the Romans under Constantine, were probably reduced to the necessity of erecting their monuments out of the spoils of older ones. This little mutilated statue is half incrustated in a wall, near a barber's shop, and might be easily mistaken for its sign. There ought to be a public monument erected to Chinzica, in the centre of the quarter burnt by the Saracens, which has been rebuilt and, I believe, bears her name. It is a pity that this glorious name was given by Boccaccio to the old man of Pisa, much less energetic than Chinzica,<sup>4</sup> whose infirmity and curious calendar are also the subject of a story by La Fontaine.

## CHAPTER XV.

### Chartreuse.

The Chartreuse of Pisa seems a pleasant retreat ; it is situated at the foot of a mountain, surrounded by woods, with a view of the sea, in the valley of Calci, called la Graziosa, whence it has taken the name of Chartreuse *della valle Graziosa*. Founded in 1367, and dedicated to the Virgin and the saints Politus and Ephesus, whose brilliant fête we have seen at Cagliari,<sup>5</sup> the church and monastery were rebuilt at an immense outlay in 1770. The gew-gaws of the architecture of that epoch, everywhere bad, are much more offensive in the austere

<sup>3</sup> Complè oggi l' anno ch' io dell' Arno in riva.  
 Son. CLXIV.

<sup>4</sup> Giorn II. NOV. I.

<sup>5</sup> See *Travels in Corsica, Elba, and Sardinia*, book III. ch. xlvii.



solitude of a Chartreuse and beside the simple beauties of nature. *St. Bruno*, at the high altar, presenting the plan of the Chartreuse to the Virgin, is a very elegant painting by Volterrano. This convent, reestablished in 1814, had fifteen inmates in 1828, who received 500 francs each from the government. Notwithstanding the narrowness of such resources, the house still preserves some traces of its former greatness. There are a dispensary, vast cellars, an oil-press, a forge, workshops, as in the abbeys of the middle ages, and the chapel and outside apartment for the ladies, who could not be admitted into the cloister. Among the many manuscripts may be distinguished a diploma of the countess Matilda, of 1112, proceeding from the monastery of the island of Gorgona, the monks of which, driven away by the frequent attacks of the Saracens, took refuge in the Chartreuse of Pisa; and another diploma of Conrad II.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Farm of San Rossore.—Camels.

A sensible, accurate, and impartial traveller, M. de Chateauxvieux, in his letters written from Italy to M. Charles Pictet, was the first to call attention to and describe the farm of San Rossore, founded by the Medici. Its approach is by a fine avenue of ash and poplar three miles long, with white marble seats at due intervals, and a small canal on each side, which fertilises the adjacent meadows by its waters: two marble statues are placed at the entrance of the avenue; two others, Diana and Endymion, standing at the entrance of the farm, show that it is a hunting lodge. The *bandita reale*, as this immense establishment is called, draws its revenue from its woods and the luxuriance of its prairies. More than two thousand cows are kept there, and above fifteen hundred horses. These animals wander over immense pastures, sometimes singly, at others in herds, and free as at the creation. But the principal curiosity of the domain of San Rossore is the herd of camels, whose ancestors were brought to these shores during the crusades (the greatest houses in Europe date no further back) by a grand prior of Pisa

of the order of Saint John. A score of these camels are employed in the work of the farm, and lodge in the stable: more than sixty stray through the pine forests or along the sands that border the sea. In the greatest heats of the day, the latter may be seen revelling in the sunshine, sometimes standing, at others lying on the sand, and sedately rising at the sight of any one passing. These sands, with the sea, the camels, the purity and brightness of the sky, the solitude, and silence, give this picture something oriental, novel, and poetical, which pleases the fancy, and transports it to the desert. Near Monte Circello we shall find the pigs of the *Odyssey*, descended from the companions of Ulysses: here are the camels of the *Gerusalemme*; Italy alone has these epic animals. I did not visit the islands near Mount Gargano, on the coast of La Puglia; but it is very probable that the companions of Diomedes, changed into birds,<sup>2</sup> are not without posterity. The noble camels of Pisa have not always a lot worthy of their origin; they are sold for the moderate price of five or six pounds sterling to the charlatans of Europe, who lead them from town to town; or they people the various museums of natural history with their bodies. Some persons think that camels might be usefully introduced into mountainous countries; their milk is agreeable, they produce a tolerable quantity of hair which is used for making carpets. With proper training they would lose their savage wild propensities, for it has been observed that the horses seem ill at ease with the camels of San Rossore.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Baths.—Montaigne's vanity.—Water of Pisa.

The celebrated baths of Saint Julian at Pisa, less frequented of late years than the more pleasantly situated baths of Lucca, were ancient thermæ, as is proved by some fragments of columns and inscriptions. In the middle ages, they maintained their reputation, and were repaired by the countess Matilda, and the bath called *della Regina* seems to owe its name to this queen of the Balearic isles, a prisoner of the Pisans, who, at this epoch of their glory, had

<sup>1</sup> See *post*, book xiv. ch. xv.

<sup>2</sup> *Æn.*, xi. 270.

conquered her states, and discovered the Canaries. This queen embraced Christianity, as well as her son, who became a canon of the cathedral and was a most edifying priest: he was even named governor of Majorca, his native isle. The conquest of the Balearic islands is the subject of a contemporary poem by Deacon Lorenzo di Verona, an eyewitness attached to Pietro archbishop of Pisa, a poem in hexameter verse, esteemed as something less barbarous than the other Latin productions of the same period.

The present splendid building was erected about the middle of last century. Several scientific men, among them Cocchi, the illustrious physician of Florence, have analysed these waters. Montaigne had come for the purpose of taking them, when, on the 7th of September, 1581, he received the news of his nomination to the place of mayor of Bordeaux, an office in which he cannot have distinguished himself, since he speaks so little of it. I made no researches after his arms which he had emblazoned, gilded, framed, and nailed in the chamber he occupied, "on the condition that they were to be deemed as given to the chamber, not to Captain Paulino, although he was the master of the house, and as appertaining to that chamber, whatever might afterwards happen," because I have little taste for the monuments of a philosopher's vanity.

But if the baths of Pisa have declined, the water drunk in that town, not drawn from the Arno, is sweet, light, wholesome, and almost equal to that of Rome.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Leghorn.—Venezia.—Lazaretto.—Synagogue.—Jews.  
—Slaves of Tacca.—Oil warehouse.—Coral manufactory.—Micali's warehouse.—English cemetery.  
—Ardenza.—Montenero.

I have thrice visited Leghorn, and it has always seemed to me that, in this new town, *la plus indocte de l'Italie*,<sup>1</sup> in this vast bustling factory of divers nations, I found myself as if out of Italy, and felt that I no longer trod that land of poetry. Leghorn has been of late considerably and rapidly increased by

the addition of suburbs. It is said almost equal to Florence in extent; its population amounts to 78,000; but there will always be an incalculable difference between its material prosperity, its English or American civilisation, and the noble recollections of the country of Dante, Machiavel, Michael Angelo, and Galileo.

The streets are filled with beggars and galley-slaves with chains to their feet. The services that the latter can perform in sweeping are not in my opinion any compensation for the injurious impression produced on the people by accustoming to the sight of crime in the person of its victims. These wretched men ought only to be employed in the works of the port, or their hours of labour ought to be arranged so that the streets should be finished early in the morning. The quarter of *la Venezia*, so called from its canals, full of assassins, rogues, smugglers, vagabonds, a very nursery for infant thieves, than which no city has a fouler haunt, is still worse composed than the Alsace of Walter Scott's *Adventures of Nigel*, or the Cour des Miracles in Victor Hugo's *Notre-Dame de Paris*. French justice, the *maladetti débats*, as it was called by those degenerate Venetians in their impotent fury, had subdued this *canaille*, to which the philanthropic mildness of the Tuscan laws has restored all its vices. The last time I was at Leghorn I only remained five days. The first night I was awoke at midnight by the cry of *i ladri* (thieves!) four of whom had been seen on the roofs, and, as usual, eluded all the efforts of the *sbirri* to arrest them. It was the fourth time the same hotel had experienced a like attack. Two days after other cries announced that a mother of five children had assassinated her husband by stabbing him three times with a stiletto. Leghorn and its *Venezia* are an incontrovertible argument against our virtuous utopian schemes for the abolition of the punishment of death. This system, invoked in the name of civilisation, leads to the barbarism of the *vendetta*, since, if society cannot inflict justice on crime, the injured individual resumes his right, and takes on himself the punishment of the murderer.

Leghorn is a tedious and insignificant place, except to men of business, and

<sup>1</sup> Akerblad's answer to Courlier. November 46, 1808.

requires but little of the traveller's time, its chief and almost only monuments being the Lazaretto and the Synagogue.\* The Lazaretto is truly superb in its kind : it is impossible not to be struck with the sagacity of so many precautions against the plague. The Synagogue is magnificent grand ; and the Jews meet there promiscuously with their hats on, as at the exchange. This familiar manner of worshipping seems still more strange when compared with the solemn and almost theatrical service of Italian churches. A big rabbin carrying a long green fan, such as used by an old comedy marchioness, which he frequently used with no little noise, began singing a verse, which was a signal for a kind of psalm-singing almost as harmonious as ours. The sermon is still preached in Spanish, a singular old usage which began with the first Jews, Spanish and Portuguese, that took refuge at Leghorn.

The Jews' quarter is the most populous, their number amounts to four thousand seven hundred and one. Mutual instruction has been introduced into the schools for their poor, which are said to be well managed and well calculated to root out the old lazy degraded habits of that class. By Leopold's laws the Jews in Tuscany have all the rights of citizens, and are admissible, like other persons of property, to the different municipal offices.

In the port, the four slaves chained to the foot of the statue of Ferdinand I., by Tacca, rank with the best sculptures of the close of the sixteenth century. Never was a monument more deservedly erected : Leghorn was in fact founded by Ferdinand, who often went thither to stimulate the workmen ; he called it *sua dama* (his lady) ; to him are owing its lazaretto, its ramparts, its population of refugees and vagabonds, and he is as the peaceful Romulus of this maritime and trading Rome.

The oil warehouse, founded in 1705 by Cosmo III. ; the coral manufactory, belonging to private persons, are in their different kind useful and splendid establishments. Micali's shop, though not so high in repute as under Leopold, who patronized it to such an extent that he

was thought interested, is still one of the completest and richest bazars that can be imagined. Charming objects of art and industry may be procured there at moderate prices.

The English cemetery at Leghorn, although the excessive brilliancy of its marbles gives it rather the appearance of an immense statuary's workshop, is still singularly touching. It is not easy to bear unmoved the aspect of these tombs of foreigners and travellers who died far from their native land. Most of the inscriptions are remarkable for an affecting conciseness and simplicity of grief. Some of these travellers, full of youth and hope, lovers of learning and the arts, came to enjoy the present and by-gone glories of the land that has devoured them. The most celebrated of these tombs is not, however, of such melancholy memory ; it is the pyramid consecrated by his countrymen to the historian and satirical novelist, Tobias Smollett, who died at the age of fifty-one years, when English consul at Leghorn.

Besides the Duomo and fourteen churches, Leghorn has temples and cemeteries of nearly all religious sects. The co-existence of so many different religions explains that sort of indecision or incredulity, the ordinary result of travelling, which, even under Louis XIV., La Bruyère so naturally describes : "Some persons complete their moral corruption by long travelling.....; day after day they witness a new religion, different manners, divers ceremonies ; they are like people who enter shops undetermined as to the particular stuff they intend to buy : the great number shown makes them more indifferent ; every piece has its peculiar advantages : they cannot decide, and go away without purchasing."

The promenade of *Ardenza* in the evening is frequented by the fashionable world of Leghorn ; it is a kind of tradesman's Corso. Though the poets, from Homer and Virgil, regard the seaside as the fittest place for reverie, the arid beach of *Ardenza* cannot have that effect ; it has even lost the dash of picturesque supplied by the Levantine cos-

\* The great cistern, a recent work of S. Pascale Pocclanti, chief architect to the grand duke of Tuscany, which I saw in 1834, is a good and useful construction, most hyperbolically eulogised at Leg-

horn ; it has not the character best suited to it, and the costly portico, which would hardly make one suppose it a cistern, has a great deal too much architecture for such a monument.



tumes which I had observed in my former visits, but found them not in 1834, and it now only presents a double line of carriages on rough ground and persons in European dresses.

Montenero, some few miles from Leghorn, is covered with charming country-houses. The church of the Madonna,

remarkable for the variety and richness of its marble, is exceedingly venerated by the lower classes and sailors, who make frequent pilgrimages to it barefoot. The view of the sea, of Leghorn, the isles Capraja, Gorgona, Elba, and even Corsica, with the country and mountains of Pisa, is admirable.

## BOOK THE TWELFTH.

### ROMAGNA.—ABRUZZI.

#### CHAPTER I.

Aspect.—Romagnols.—Imola.—Faenza.—Francesca Bentivoglio.—Mad house.—Manufacture.—Capuchins.—S. Strocchi.

The road as far as Rimini is by the Via Æmilia, a useful remnant of Roman greatness. The aspect of the country is singularly flourishing, as it presents, within a few leagues, on the direct road to Rimini, a succession of large, populous, well-built towns, each having its palace, its duomo, its great square, and its history. The eagerness for new ideas, produced by attempts to suppress them, and the inequality resulting from privileges and ecclesiastical domination, was extreme among the youth of these towns, the best educated in Italy, as well as in other towns of central Italy; the events of 1831 and 1832 did not therefore surprise me. These opinions had made way among the lower orders and the clergy. The impetuous temperament of the inhabitants increased their violence, though it had not yet burst out; for the Romagnol is as capable of excess in good as in evil, and he can become, according to the impulse he receives, a hero or a brigand.<sup>1</sup>

Imola, built on the ruins of *Forum Corneliæ*, preserves in its cathedral the

body of St. Peter Chrysologus, archbishop of Ravenna, a celebrated orator of the fifth century, whose surname announces what prodigious effects were attributed to his eloquence. At the *Scalzi*, the *Four saints crowned* are a fine work by Ligozzi.

The theatre, which is not used, is a very whimsical structure, though much boasted. The pilasters and large caryatides of the proscenium would be very injurious to the developement and effect of the performance.

The library of Imola has about four thousand volumes and four manuscripts. The Hebrew Bible, parchment, in quarto, of the thirteenth century, is regarded as precious by Mezzofanti, who has written his opinion of it; an Arabic manuscript of 1612, in 8vo, on religion and legislation, was taken from the Turks by the count Biagio Sassatelli of Imola, general in the duke of Ferrara's service.

Faenza, according to its historians and poets, takes its name from Phæton :

..... Ecco P' eccelsa  
Città che prese nome da colui  
Che sì mal carreggiò la via del sole,  
E cadde in Val di Po. ....<sup>2</sup>

The fecundity of these fields, boasted of old by Varro and Columella, still re-

<sup>1</sup> Questi diavoli Romagnoli, wrote Annibal Caro in 1540. ci danno molto da fare; tutta volta sono alle mani d' uno, che darà più da fare a loro : pur questa mattina ne sono impiccati due, e se ne impiccheranno degli altri..... Ora penso che ci ferme-

remo pur qui qualche mese, e forse a Ravenna, se si potrà fare che costoro non si ammazzino ogni giorno come sogliono, subito che l presidente volge loro le spalle. *Lettere di negozi*, 54.

<sup>2</sup> Canto II. of Carlo Pepoli's *Eremo*.

mains the same; the cultivation is superior. The town hall was once the palace of Galeotto Manfredi lord of Faenza, killed by his wife Francesca Bentivoglio, a jealous and injured Italian, who, seeing that he was getting the advantage of the four assassins she had concealed under the bed, leaped out of her bed, snatched up a sword, and struck him, a crime which renewed and surpassed at the end of the fifteenth century the tragic attempts recounted in fable of Clytemnestra, and of Rosamund in the history of the middle ages. Monti wrote a fine tragedy on Galeotto Manfredi. The window of the chamber that witnessed this murder may still be seen: the marks of the blood are said to have disappeared within these few years under the Italian whitewashing. Lorenzo de' Medici subsequently interested himself in the fate of Francesca, kept imprisoned by the inhabitants of Faenza, and he obtained her release; he even consented, at the prayer of her father Bentivoglio, to intercede with the pope, that she might be relieved from the ecclesiastical censures. The motive that Bentivoglio stated to Lorenzo, in persuading him to take this step, may seem strange: *he intended to find her another husband.*

The cathedral has an excellent *Holy Family* by Innocenzo d'Imola. The town gymnasium, formerly a convent of the Servites, has several remarkable paintings by Giacomone, an artist of Faenza, an imitator and propagator of Raphael's style in Romagna.

The fountain in the square is a good work by Giacometti, a celebrated sculptor and founder of the sixteenth century.

Faenza has a well managed mad-house, which, for fifteen years past, has received all the philanthropic improvements and comforts that such establishments admit. It has been remarked that the number of patients entered in spring is generally double.

The earthenware manufactory, very old, has little to recommend it but the solidity of its productions, which still retain the awkward old forms of the last century. The imitation of Etruscan vases, tolerably well executed, seemed to me the best part of it.

The convent of Capuchins, near Faenza, has recovered its fine painting by Guido, the *Virgin and St. John*, which was despatched for Paris, but went no farther

than Milan; it is well worth the trouble of going a little out of the way to see it.

Faenza possesses a poet, and a hellenist of repute in Italy, the Cav. Strocchi, author of poetry in Italian and Latin highly esteemed for vigour and purity of language, and translator of the hymns of Callimachus, the *Bucolics* and *Georgics* of Virgil, and the singular poems of King Louis of Bavaria. A pupil of Visconti, the friend of Monti, a member of the old Italian Institute, this venerable old man combines literary glory with the most estimable qualities of private and public life.

## CHAPTER II.

Ravenna. — Cathedral. — Saint Vital. — Mosaics. — Basso-relievos. — Tombs of Isaac and Placidia. — Saint John Evangelist. — Saint Apollinarius. — Palace of Theodoric. — Class. — College. — Saint Francis. — P. Alfieri. — *Braccio-forte.*

The portion of the *Via Æmilia* that leads to Ravenna and Rimini was formerly traversed by the crowd of Romans who went to embark for Greece. Now the post leaves you at Faenza, and the voiturins replace on this road the chariots of the imperial people. This corner of Italy is not sufficiently visited. It seems to me one of the most curious and interesting. The traveller who posts along from the *Albergo reale* at Milan to Schneiderff's hotel at Florence, to hurry thence to Cerni's at Rome and the Victory Hotel at Naples, has not seen the real face of this country, its desolate aspect, its sad and beautiful shores, nor can he have experienced the frank obliging hospitality of Italy.

Ravenna, once defended by the sea, the asylum of emperors terrified by barbarians, is fallen lower than Venice, the asylum of nations flying before Attila. This capital of the Western empire, this residence of Gothic kings and Grecian exarchs, was only a *sous-préfecture* in our kingdom of Italy; it could not attain the honours of the *chef-lieu*, which was fixed at the obscure Forlì. Now it has a legate, vice-legate, and about sixteen thousand inhabitants.

The cathedral of Ravenna, anterior to the fourth century, was one of the churches that retained most traces of the ancient basilics: rebuilt in 1743, and continually whitewashed, it has completely

lost its venerable air. In the sacristy, the pastoral chair of Saint Maximian, a precious work of the sixth century, which shows the first progress of the art in Italy from barbarism, has even been washed or scraped with such zeal that a piece broken off in the operation has alone preserved its original colour of gold-yellow, very different from the whity-brown hue of the rest. The baptistry, formerly a chapel of the cathedral, is now separated from it by a street. Behind the choir, are two slabs of Greek marble covered with symbolical animals, works of the sixth century, which were part of the old pulpit. In the vestibule of the sacristy, a paschal calendar in marble, of the earliest times of Christianity, is a curious monument of astronomical knowledge at that period. Several paintings may be remarked: the *Miracle of the Manna*, one of Guido's best; his lunette, over the altar in the same chapel of the Holy Sacrament, is marvellously aerial; *St. Orso consecrating the cathedral of Ravenna*, by S. Camuccini, which proves that his colouring is not always inferior to his skillful drawing. Some fragments of the old door have been applied behind the new one; they are of vine-wood, very solid, and confirmatory of the opinion advanced by Pliny and the ancients, that the vine might grow to a very large and strong tree. The wild vine and that of Cyprus were used for statues, and the Diana of Ephesus was of the latter.

The octagonal basilic of Saint Vital, a bold magnificent monument of the architecture of the Goths, of vast interest for the history of the art, presents the Byzantine style in all its variety and eastern splendour. It was built under Justinian, in imitation of Saint Sophia, and Charlemagne made it the model of the church of Aix-la-Chapelle. On the ceiling of the choir, a fine large mosaic represents, on one side, Justinian with his courtiers and warriors; on the other, the empress Theodora with her ladies. It is so excellently preserved that the figures, like all others of this kind at Ravenna, seem really living: in this choir, a person might fancy himself at Constantinople: the features of Theodora, of that comedian who passed from a theatrical throne to the throne of the world, have still a wanton air that recalls her long debaucheries. When

I contemplated the traces of Constantinople which exist at Ravenna, it seemed to me that this curious town was more Constantinople than Constantinople itself, the aspect of which must have been materially changed by the barbarous fanaticism of the Ottomans. A citizen of Byzantium, my fancy pictured the concourse of her literati, legists, theologians, monks, disputants, a decrepid nation, and the splendour of the edifice did not conceal the weakness of the empire. Some ornaments of the end of last century are in very bad taste, and the huge garlands of roses, painted and as if suspended from its colossal cupola, seem singularly ridiculous. Two antique basso-relievos of Parian marble, called the *Throne of Neptune*, compared to the works of Phidias and Praxiteles, were mutilated in secret by a too scrupulous priest, who narrowly escaped, under the French administration, being punished for his strange crime. Another precious basso-relievo, the *Apotheosis of Augustus*, is at the entrance of the sacristy. In the chapel of the Holy Sacrament, adjoining, the gilded pyx of the middle altar is supposed to have been designed by Michael Angelo.

The fine tomb of Isaac Armenian eighth exarch of Ravenna, who died in 641, was erected to him by his wife, and has an extremely pathetic inscription in Greek, in which her widowhood is compared to that of the turtle-dove.

The subterranean mausoleum of Galla Placidia is as a monument of the dreadful catastrophes of the Lower Empire. This daughter of Theodosius, sister of Honorius, mother of Valentinian III., who was born at Constantinople and died at Rome, was a slave twice, a queen, an empress, first the wife of a king of the Goths, Alaric's brother-in-law, who fell in love with his captive, and afterwards of one of her brother's generals, whom she was equally successful in subjecting to her will; a talented woman, but without generosity, or greatness, who hastened the fall of the empire, and whose ambition and vices have obscured and, as it were, polluted her misfortunes. The tomb, formerly covered with gold or silver ingeniously wrought, is now only plain white marble; it still seems to rule in the vault; on its right is the sepulchre of the emperor Honorius II., on its left that of Constantius,



the Roman general, Placidia's second husband.

The ancient church of Saint John Baptist, consecrated by Saint Peter Chrysologus, to which Placidia's confessor, Saint Barbazian, a priest of Antioch, was attached, has two valuable paintings: the first, the *Virgin, two angels, St. Sebastian and Albert the Carmelite*, highly extolled by Vasari, is by Rondinelli, a painter of Ravenna, pupil and imitator of Giovanni Bellini; the second, *St. Victor*, the masterpiece of Pasquali of Forlì.

The church of Saint Theodore or of the Holy Ghost, Gothic, was built in the sixth century by Theodoric, and set apart for the Arian bishops: an old marble pulpit with sculptures of that epoch was perhaps used by them.

Saint Michael in *Africisco* presents one of the too common cases of shameful profanation of monuments of art. This church of the sixth century, suppressed in 1805, is now the fishmarket, and the gallery, ornamented with a fine mosaic, is filled with tubs, weights and scales.

At Saint Dominick the *Fifteen mysteries of the Rosary* are an elegant work by Luca Longhi, a painter of Ravenna, in the sixteenth century, and a fine *Invention of the cross* is also by him. The rich modern chapel of the Crucifix preserves a curious Christian antiquity, a wooden Crucifix ingeniously covered with fine linen imitating the human skin: an inscription beneath states that this image sweated blood during the battle of Ravenna, so great was the terror of the French arms after the collusory campaigns of the *condottieri*.<sup>1</sup>

The glorious basilic of Saint John the Evangelist, surnamed *della Sagra*, was founded by Placidia in consequence of a vow she made in a storm when returning from Constantinople to Ravenna with her children. There is a tradition that after Placidia had sought in vain for some relic of the saint to enrich her basilic, she was praying there one night on that subject, and Saint John appeared to her in pontifical robes incensing the altar and the church; enraptured at such a prodigy, the princess threw herself at the saint's feet and embraced them, and he immediately vanished graciously leaving her one of his sandals. A marble

basso-relievo represents this vision; it appears of the twelfth or following century, like the other sculptures of the temple. The *Confession* preserves the ancient altar of Greek marble, serpentine, and porphyry. In the chapel of Saint Bartholomew, may be seen on the wall fragments of a mosaic discovered in the last century, which represents the storm and Placidia's vow. The ceiling of the second chapel is painted by Giotto.

After Dante, Theodoric stands the most prominent in the history of Ravenna. Without speaking at present of his superb mausoleum,<sup>2</sup> a portico in the square, supported by eight large columns of brown granite bearing his cipher, is the only remains of the porticos that led to the basilic of Hercules, restored by him; a kind of high wall in which are incrustated eight small columns of marble, and a fine basin of porphyry, are the only wrecks of his palace, his successors', and the exarchs'. This palace was principally destroyed by Charlemagne, who, with the permission of Pope Adrian I., carried off its richest ornaments to France: a strange combination of a pontiff and emperor against a monument! Near the palace of Theodoric is the church of Saint Apollinarius, erected by him in the beginning of the sixth century, and all resplendent with his magnificence and history, despite the irregularity and corruption of the architecture. The twenty-four columns of Greek marble which divide the church into three aisles were brought from Constantinople. A superb mosaic presents a view of Ravenna at that epoch, and twenty-five whole length figures of saints each holding a crown in his hand, which he seems to present to the Saviour; on the other side, the twenty-two female saints, each likewise holding a crown, are graceful, and their dresses would appear very elegant even now. In the middle of the nave stands the antique pulpit of Greek marble adorned with Gothic ornaments.

The rich majestic church of Santa Maria in *Porto*, built in 1533, has for one of its altar-pieces the *Martyrdom of St. Mark*, a chef-d'œuvre of the younger Palma; there is also a much venerated marble image of the *Virgin* in oriental costume, and praying with

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book VII. ch. lii.

<sup>2</sup> See *post*, ch. v.

her hands raised according to the old usage. In the sacristy, an antique porphyry vase is of fine shape and excellent workmanship.

In the church of Saint Agatha, ornamented with rich columns, two of which on the left are spotted like a serpent's skin, the *Saint and other saints* is one of Longhi's good paintings.

The splendid church of Saint Romuald, or *Classe*, erected in 1630, is become the chapel of the college of Ravenna, one of the best in Italy, having ninety boarders and two hundred day-scholars. Porphyry, African marble, cipollino, vert antique, alabaster, lapis-lazuli, are brilliant in this college chapel. It has some paintings: the *Vision of St. Romuald*, a good fresco by Barbiana; the *Saint*, by Guercino; *St. Bartholomew and St. Severus*, by Franceschini; *St. Benedict*, by Cignani; in the sacristy, the celebrated *Resurrection of Lazarus*, by Francesco da Cottignola. In the refectory, a grand fresco of the *Marriage of Cana* is by Luca Longhi and his son Francesco: the veil modestly thrown over the woman near the Saviour was added by Barbara Longhi, Luca's daughter, to satisfy the scruples, it is said, of Saint Charles Borromeo, then legate at Ravenna.

The old church of Saint Francis, built about the middle of the fifth century, is interesting. In the chapel of the Crucifix, two columns of veined Greek marble are decorated with superb capitals by Pietro Lombardo, who also did the exquisite arabesque of the frieze and the pilasters. The Polenta family, immortalised by their hospitality to Dante, and the misfortunes of Francesca di Rimini, daughter of Guido da Polenta, had their burial-place in this church; one of these lords of Ravenna, Ostasio, who died in 1396, is represented sculptured on a large stone in the dress of the Franciscan order. On another stone is seen P. Enrico Alfieri d'Asti, general of the Franciscan order, deceased in 1405, at the age of ninety-two; and in the features of this monk of the fourteenth century, may be traced the high and stern physiognomy of his tragic descendant.

The monument called *Braccio-forte*, by an unknown artist, was highly spoken

of by Canova; it represents a dead warrior, and would be a fine sculpture for a Campo Santo.

### CHAPTER III.

Library.—Manuscript of Aristophanes.—Medals of Cicero.—Papyrus.—Academy of Fine Arts.—Palace of the Cav. R\*\*\*\*.

The library of Ravenna, founded in 1714 by the abbé D. Pietro Cannetti of Cremona, considerably augmented in 1804 by libraries from suppressed convents, contains more than forty thousand volumes; it has seven hundred manuscripts and an equal number of editions of the fifteenth century, some of which are very scarce.<sup>1</sup> The celebrated manuscript of Aristophanes, of the tenth century, perfect and unique, was used by Mr. Bekker for the Invernizi edition:<sup>2</sup> it is to be regretted that he did not publish the Greek scholiast, which is indispensable for understanding the Athenian comedian. The manuscript of Ravenna recalls an instance of that municipal literary patriotism which animates the Italians, in the absence of the public feeling of free states which they cannot know; Eugène Beauharnais, the viceroy, wished to buy this manuscript; the town authorities refused and hid the volume; after that, Cardinal Consalvi ordered it to be sold to the king of Denmark, but met with the like resistance; so that two persons attached to the Copenhagen library were sent to take a copy. A manuscript of Dante is reputed to be of his day, and its version does not appear to have been consulted. In the cabinet of medals may be remarked the medal of Cicero, which, in the opinion of Visconti and other learned antiquaries, was struck by the town of Magnesia, near mount Sipylus, in Lydia, in commemoration of Cicero's benefits, when his son enjoyed the favour of Augustus, who had raised him to the highest dignities of the state, and entrusted him with the government of Asia. The silver medal of Pope Benedict III. is curious, as it fully refutes the fable of Pope Joan.

The lapidarian museum offers a precious collection of inscriptions, pagan and christian, chiefly procured from the

<sup>1</sup> The *Decretals of Boniface VIII.*, of Mayence (1465); the *Pliny* of Venice (1469); the *Bible* of

Venice (1476) with pretty miniatures; the *Dante* of Milan (1478). <sup>2</sup> Leipzig, 1794, 2 vols. 8vo.

pavement of the old basilic. The papyri of Ravenna were celebrated: one only, of the twelfth century, of most extraordinary size and well preserved, may be seen in the archbishop's small library; it is a brief of Pope Pascal II., confirming the rights and privileges of the archbishops of Ravenna.

The municipal patriotism which we have already praised in the Italians, created an establishment at Ravenna in 1827, at once useful and pleasing—the elementary Academy of Fine Arts, intended to promote improvements in the different arts and trades, and to disseminate taste and a sense of the beautiful. The pupils, of the province, receive for annual prizes three silver medals, and three gold ones for the triennial prizes. The museum, when first formed, comprised more than four hundred paintings of the best masters presented by the principal inhabitants; among them are some by Leonardo, Correggio, Domenichino, Guercino, Ludovico Carraccio, Guido, Albano, Tintoretto, Rubens, Poussin, and Luca Longhi, a clever painter of Ravenna in the sixteenth century, who scarcely ever quitted his native town, and consequently has not a reputation equal to his merits. Plasters of some antique chefs-d'œuvre and of fine modern works have been sent from Rome and Florence by generous donors who appreciated the excellent management and wise regulations of this beneficent foundation.

I visited the palace of the Cav. J\*\*\*\* R\*\*\*\*\*, embellished with taste and magnificence. A fine ceiling by Agricola represents the death of Camilla, queen of the Volscians; the head, calm, suffering, and rightly depicted by the artist without the "*INDIGNATA sub umbras*" of the poet, presents the features of madame Murat, whose daughter the Cav. R\*\*\*\*\* had married; an ingenious and touching allusion to a domestic catastrophe.

<sup>1</sup> Villani says that he was buried *a grande onore in abito di poeta*.

<sup>2</sup> The tract on Monarchy was put in the index by the council of Trent; but it was only put in the second class, as if to indicate that its political notions rather than religious doctrines were censured.

<sup>3</sup> Dante's words to Brunetto Latini, when he

## CHAPTER IV.

Dante's Tomb.—Dante.

The tomb of Dante is, for the imagination, the first monument of Ravenna, and one of the most illustrious tombs in the world. But the paltry tasteless cupola in which it was placed about the end of last century seems little worthy of such a sepulchre. The remains of the poet seem, like himself, to have had their catastrophes. About two years after his death, Guido da Polenta, who had offered him an asylum and given him a pompous funeral,<sup>1</sup> being expelled from Ravenna, Dante's body narrowly escaped disinterment from the church of the Minorites of Saint Francis, and his bones, like his book on *Monarchy*,<sup>2</sup> were menaced with the flames, by order of Cardinal Beltramo del Poggetto: the Florentines persecuted even his memory, and the pope had excommunicated him. A hundred and sixty years had elapsed when the senator Bernardo Bembo, podestà of Ravenna for the Venetian republic, and father of the cardinal, erected a mausoleum to him from the design of the able architect and sculptor Pietro Lombardo, which was repaired in 1692 by the cardinal legate Corsi of Florence, and rebuilt as it now stands in 1780 at the expense of one of his successors, Cardinal Valenti Gonzaga of Mantua. On the ceiling of the cupola are the four medallions of Virgil, Brunetto Latini, Dante's master, of whom he had so well learned *come l'uom s'eterna*,<sup>3</sup> and of his protectors Can Grande and Guido. The aspect of this funereal marble of Dante, before which Alfieri had prostrated himself,<sup>4</sup> which Byron had visited somewhat theatrically dressed in a superb military uniform, and on which he had deposited a volume of his works, causes a multiplicity of emotions that defy description. The misfortunes of this great man, condemned, stripped of his property, banished twenty years from Florence, touch the heart as much as his sublime genius confounds the soul. The verses of Ho-

meets him in hell, where his infamous propensities, and perhaps also his political opinions had induced the poet to put him. *Inf.* can. xv. 85.

<sup>4</sup> Prostrato innanzl a' tuol funere! marmi.

See his fine sonnet *O gran padre Alighier*, etc.



mer are those of an unhappy poet of a primitive age; the poem of Dante is the production of a victim of proscription, at an epoch of factions and fanaticism; exile inspired his verses, and his Florentine hell is the hell of parties, revolutions, and civil war. Therefore Dante, forgotten, neglected for nearly two centuries, has been again and deeply felt since our own times have experienced the same storms.<sup>1</sup> His book is now as a symbol of liberty to the Italians; they love to take refuge therein, and their admiration seems to them patriotism. I have sometimes had the fortune to read several cantos with young persons of education to whom I was recommended, and I well remember their raptures when reading those magnificent passages on the glory, grandeur, or servitude of Italy: this ardent enthusiastic commentary delighted me, utterly unlike the written commentaries that I had attempted to peruse. Dante has but little narrative; he makes his actors of the passions, the opinions which agitated his age, and the entire creation is the scene of his poem:

Al quale ha posto mano e cielo e terra.<sup>2</sup>

Like Bossuet, Dante has a language to

<sup>1</sup> From the curious returns of S. Gamba (*Serie de' testi di lingua italiana*, no. 309), it is seen that there had appeared nineteen editions of the *Divina Commedia*, between 1472 and 1500; forty, from 1500 to 1600; only five in the seventeenth century; thirty-seven, from 1700 to 1800; and more than fifty in the first twenty-five years of the nineteenth century. The Dante, of the pretty pocket edition of the Italian poets, published at Paris by Buttura, was the first exhausted.

<sup>2</sup> *Parad.* can. xxv. 2.

<sup>3</sup> One of Dante's fine verses describes a tailor threading his needle,

Come vecchio sartor fa nella cruna.

*Inf.* can. xv. 21.

Some familiar details resemble certain passages of the *Sermons*, the *Élévations à Dieu* and of the *Méditations sur l'Évangile*, by Bossuet; for instance:

Nè da lingua che chiami mamma e babbo.

*Inf.* can. xxxii. 9.

Matto è chi spera che nostra ragione

Possa trascorrer la 'nfinita via

Che tiene una sustanzia in tre persone.

State contenti, umana gente, al quia,

Che se potuto aveste veder tutto

Mestier non era parlar di Maria.

*Purg.* Can. iii. 34.

himself, which none spake before or after him; and like our great orator he can give a marvellous interest to the most ordinary things.<sup>3</sup> Perhaps their inclination towards monarchy<sup>4</sup> and independence of the court of Rome, their great faith, their fearless christianity, the clearness of their divinity,<sup>5</sup> are other analogies between them. It is impossible to have a perfect knowledge of Dante without visiting Italy; to comprehend him, it is necessary to have contemplated the beauties of nature he describes or the works of art he has inspired; the old paintings of Giotto, Orgagna, Luca Signorelli, the grandeur of Michael Angelo, are his truest and most eloquent expositors. After a study of this kind, one would be tempted to exclaim, like the young Marcus Aurelius, of I know not what harangue, which must doubtless be far inferior to these verses: *O omnia!*<sup>6</sup> This poet of the thirteenth century has gone over the whole range of thought and feeling. Let us not boast so highly of our progress and improvements: the arts of man, all that can be taught, may have advanced towards perfection, but intellect is not extended.

Cui buon volere e giusto amor cavalca.

*Can.* xviii. 96.

The mournful verse of the *Purgatorio* on the misery and blindness of the world is Bossuet absolutely:

. . . . . Frate,

Lo mondo è cieco, e tu vien ben da lui.

*Can.* xvi. 66.

<sup>4</sup> The epitaph on Dante's tomb, attributed to himself, is well known: *Jura monarchiæ*, etc., as well as his tract *De monarchiâ*, in which he attempts to demonstrate the excellence of that mode of government, by the example of a family which has its natural head, a system reproduced in our days by a publicist for a time of some celebrity.

<sup>5</sup> The following verses of the *Purgatorio* are a precise definition of free-will:

Lo cielo i vostri movimenti inizia,  
Non dico tutti; ma posto ch' io 'l dica,

Lume v'è dato a bene ed a malizia.

*Can.* xvi. 73.

Dante has thrown out a multitude of fine verses on questions purely theological and doctrinal.

<sup>6</sup> Let. of Fronton to Marcus Aurelius, book ii. 6.

## CHAPTER V.

Environs.—Walls.—Theodoric's mausoleum.—Crocetta.—Alberoni.—Saint Apollinarius in *Classe*.—Pineta.—French column.—Battle.—Coast to Rimini.

The environs of Ravenna, with their ruins, their reminiscences, their desolate aspect, the vast marshes extending around, seem like another Campania of Rome inundated. The tour of the walls of these grand historical cities is one of my favourite walks: the walls of Rome are part of its most interesting monuments; at Ravenna, may still be seen the breaches made by the Barbarians, whom no ramparts can arrest unless defended by the patriotism and courage of the inhabitants. These weak walls showed me the end and renewal of empires.

The tomb of Theodoric, built by himself, and from which this great prince, conqueror, legislator, patron of the arts and sciences, was ejected as an Arian, has become Santa Maria della Rotonda. The solid monument of this first of the Gothic kings in Italy is a tolerably good imitation of the mausoleums of Augustus and Adrian, perfectly Roman in its style; it proves the ascendent that the conquered always obtain when more civilised than their conquerors. The placing of the enormous cupola, of a single stone, estimated by the architect Soufflot to weigh 450 tons, shows that there were engineers of extraordinary skill at that epoch. The tomb is buried to the top of the arcades, to such an extent has the soil been raised at Ravenna, as we shall hereafter see.

A quarter of a mile from the town, a plain Greek cross on a small fluted column, marks the spot where formerly stood the superb basilic of Saint Lawrence in *Cesarea*, founded in 396 by Lauritius, first chamberlain of the emperor Honorius; it was destroyed in 1553, and its thirty columns of precious marble were all, except two placed in the church of Santa Maria in *Porto*, removed to Rome. Empires are not far from their fall when the chamberlains of princes can erect such splendid temples.

An inscription on the *Ponte nuovo* states that it was built while Alberoni

was legate of Romagna; one of the town gates has also received its name from this cardinal, a most insignificant puppet of fortune and intrigue beside the grand catastrophes of Ravenna.

Saint Apollinarius in *Classe*, a vast superb basilic of the sixth century, in the Roman style, resembles, for taste, character, and richness, Saint Paul before its destruction. But if fire devoured the latter basilic, water seems likely to ruin Saint Apollinarius: being situated in the midst of marshes, the foundations are sometimes under water, and I could not pass under the high altar to visit the ancient tomb of the saint, because the rain water had penetrated there. Round the church are large marble tombs of the archbishops of Ravenna. In the gallery, beside the portrait of Saint Apollinarius, the first archbishop, is the unbroken series of his successors. The church of Ravenna, which boasts itself the eldest daughter of the church of Rome, like her knows the names of her pastors from the establishment of christianity. In the middle of the nave, between two tombs, the name and title of the emperor Otho III., inscribed on the wall, call to mind the fervent penances of this prince, to appease his remorse for the murder of his enemy Crescentius and the prostitution of his widow to the German soldiers, crimes that she avenged by poisoning him, after he had yielded to her seductions as woman or physician, and perhaps as both. The old town of *Classe*, destroyed in 728 by Luitprand, king of the Lombards, was, as its name purports, adjacent to the sea, which is now four miles distant, so much is the soil raised and consolidated on its borders by the earth thrown up by the Po and the rivers that empty themselves into this sea.

The sombre pine-forest (*Pineta*) which covers Ravenna towards the sea is like a funeral pall thrown by nature over the wrecks of this fallen city. This celebrated forest, one of the wonders of Italy, has its proper annals and historian.\* It is no virgin forest of America, without history or name, but an illustrious forest: the predecessors of those pines served to build the fleets of Augustus; transformed into Venetian ves-

\* See the estimable work of Count Francesco Ginanni, with the somewhat pompous title of

*Storia civile e naturale delle pinete Ravennate*. Rome, 1774, quarto.

sels, they carried the crusaders from Europe to Asia; but their sad posterity, sold to the navy contractors of neighbouring states, became the Austrian brig that protected the Turks or the little pontifical vessel insulted and plundered by the corsairs of Barbary, before France had resuscitated Greece and conquered Algiers. The Pineta is also interesting for its poetical associations: Dante mentions it;<sup>1</sup> that intrepid fowler most probably hunted there;<sup>2</sup> Boccaccio made it the scene of his extraordinary novel of *Nastagio degli Onesti*, the narrative of a tragic event which brought about the singular amorous conversion of the ladies of Ravenna;<sup>3</sup> and Byron, who alludes but feebly to the Pineta,<sup>4</sup> composed there, at the request of his mistress, the *Prophecy of Dante*.

Popular tradition informs us that Dante frequently went to meditate in a solitary spot which still retains the charming name of *Vicolo de' poeti*. The proprietors some years ago seemed disposed to close this kind of lane; but the literary inhabitants of Ravenna interfered, and it continues public.

Two miles from Ravenna, on the bank of the river Ronco, is a small pilaster of white marble, called the *column of the French*, a memorial of the battle gained by the troops of Louis XII. over the army of Julius II. and the king of Spain, on

Easter Sunday, April 11, 1512, in which Gaston de Foix was slain, in the twenty-fourth year of his age. The monument of such a terrible engagement, which left twenty thousand men dead on the field, and made Bayard write from the spot: "If the king has gained the battle, the poor gentlemen have truly lost it,"—is little funereal or military; it is ornamented with elegant arabesques of vases, fruit, festoons, dolphins, and loaded with eight long tautological inscriptions, and one of them is a rather ridiculous *jeu de mots*.<sup>5</sup> The speech that Guicciardini makes Gaston address to the soldiers on the banks of the Ronco, is one of the most lauded of those pieces, diffuse imitations of the harangues of ancient historians. Besides the illustrious captains present at this battle, such as Pescario, Fabrizio Colonna, the marquis della Palude, the celebrated engineer Pedro Navarra, taken prisoners by the French, and Anne de Montmorency, yet a youth, afterwards constable of France under four kings, who began his long disastrous military career amid this triumph, several persons eminent in letters were there: Leo X., then cardinal and papal legate to the Spaniards, was taken prisoner;<sup>6</sup> Castiglione and Ariosto were present. The bard of Orlando, who has alluded to the horrible carnage he witnessed there,<sup>7</sup> must have been powerfully impressed by

<sup>1</sup> *Purgat.* can. xxviii. 20.

<sup>2</sup> Dante has drawn many admirable comparisons from fowling:

Quasi falcone ch' esce di cappello,  
Muove la testa, e con l'ale s' appalude,  
Voglia mostrando e facendosi bello.

*Parad.* can. xix. 34; viii. 103, and xviii. 45.

He seems however to censure its excessive indulgence, and accuses himself of that weakness in this verse of the *Purgatorio*:

..... Come far suole  
Chi dietro all' uccellin sua vita perde.

*Can.* xxiii. 3.

<sup>3</sup> *Giorn.* v. nov. viii. "E non fu questa paura cagione solamente di questo bene, anzi sì tutte le Ravennane donne paurose ne divennero, che sempre poi troppo più arrendevoli a' piaceri degli uomini furono che prima state non erano." This novel, versified by S. Strocchi, is one of the most charming of contemporary Italian poetry.

<sup>4</sup> *Don Juan*, can. iii. cv. cvi.

<sup>5</sup> The column was erected in 1557 by the president of Romagna, Pietro Dona Cesi; the inscription is:

Hæc. Petra, Petrus. Donat. Donatus. Iberos.  
Gallo-qu: Hic. Casos. Casius. Hæc. memorans.

<sup>6</sup> He redeemed the Turkish horse which he rode on that day and used it in the ceremony of his possession (taking possession of the tiara at Saint John in Laterano), celebrated April 11, 1513, the anniversary of the battle. Leo X. had this horse carefully tended till it died, and permitted no one to mount it.

<sup>7</sup> *Nuoteranno i destrier fino alla pancia  
Nel sangue uman per tutta la campagna;  
Ch' a seppellire il popol verrà manco  
Tedesco, Ispano, Greco, Italo e Franco.*

*Orl.* can. iii. st. lv.

Quella vittoria fu più di conforto  
Che d' allegrezza, perchè troppo pesa  
Contra la gioia nostra il veder morto  
Il capitán di Francia e dell' impresa;

.....  
Ma nè goder possiam, nè farne festa;  
Sentendo i gran rammarichi e l' angosca  
Ch' in vesta bruna, e lacrimosa guancia  
Le vedovelle fan per' tutta Francia.

*Can.* xiv. st. vi. vii.

In several passages of his poem, Ariosto attributes the victory on this occasion to the skill and courage of the duke of Ferrara. It has been stated that Alfonso, in reply to an observation that part of



it to paint his battles with so much fire.

The desire to pass the Rubicon, which, relying on Addison, I supposed to be the Pisatello, made me follow the coast as far as Rimini in 1827. I confess that I had some difficulty to recognise it near the sea; the aspect of the country made me think that the channels of the different rivers I saw must have changed; for they are merely torrents spread over the plain: I have since found the real Rubicon; but then, if I had not perfectly recognised it, I was very sure that I had crossed it somewhere before reaching Rimini, and my conscience as a traveller was at ease.

## CHAPTER VI.

Forlì.—Catherine Sforza.—Cathedral.—Cignani's cupola of *la Virgine del Fuoco*.—Saint Jerome.—Cesena.—Malatestiana.—Savignano.—Senatus-consultum.—Rubicon.

Forlì is a large new town, all white-washed; to escape its common appearance I sought the old ruined ramparts. I had been told that it was on these very walls, between the gates of Cesena and of Ravenna, that the duchess Catherine Sforza, natural daughter of Giovanni Galeas Maria, who took refuge in the citadel after the murder of her husband, where the rebels besieged her threatening to kill her son left as a hostage in their hands, appeared, and there, nobly indelicate and less a mother than a partisan, she declared and gave ocular demonstration, that she was not past childbearing. Catherine afterwards became the prisoner of Cesare Borgia, having intrepidly resisted his army, which the king of Naples and the duke of Milan had not ventured to await. Machiavel celebrates her *glory* and *magnanimous resolution*, although unsuccessful; and he, as secretary of the Florentine republic, had counselled the alliance with the detestable Borgia; such too often is the difference between a man's real opinions and his political conduct!

The palace *del Comune* of Forlì has an elegant bust by Desiderio da Settignano.

The majestic door of the cathedral is ornamented with sculptures and basso-

relievos, in a good style, of the year 1465. Carlo Cignani was occupied twenty years in executing the cupola of *la Virgine del fuoco*, perhaps the most important painting of the eighteenth century, and it was necessary to begin taking down the scaffolding to compel him to finish it. This colossal fresco has inspired the following elegant sonnet by Giambattista Zappi, who has so felicitously sung the *Moses* of Michael Angelo: <sup>a</sup>

Un giorno a miei pensier disse il cor mio :  
Fidi pensier chi mi sa dir di voi  
Quant' è la gloria de' beati eroi,  
E come stansi in ciel gli Angeli, e Dio ?  
Ma non potrete far pago il desio :  
Stefano vide aperto il ciel : ma poi  
Nulla ridisse : e fe ritorno a noi  
Paolo, e si tacque, onde dispero anch' io :  
Mentre pur lisa era mia mente in quelle  
Forme, a cui l' uman senso indarno aspira,  
Tanto comprese men, quanto più belle :  
Disse la fama : a che tuo cor sospira  
Scorgere il ciel, qual' è sovra le stelle ?  
Vanne sul Ronco : entra nel tempio : e mira !

At Saint Mercurial, in the chapel *de' Ferri*, ornamented with exquisite sculptures of 1536, is a superb painting by Innocenzo d' Imola.

At Saint Philip of Neri are an *Annunciation* and a *Christ* by Guercino.

The church of Saint Jerome offers a *Conception*, one of Guido's chefs-d'œuvre, and the graceful mausoleum of Barbara Ordelaifi, a young woman of a charming countenance, who, notwithstanding the inscription put thereon by her husband, very probably died of poison administered by him. A chapel painted in fresco is attributed to Mantegna.

The arabesques and the half-length figure offering drugs on the outside wall of Morandi's drug shop, are excellent frescos by Melozzo, a great artist of Forlì in the fifteenth century, the first ceiling painter, who had the glory to give lessons in that art to Correggio.

Cesena has charming environs, but no monuments. The principal curiosity is the Malatestiana library, founded in 1452 by lord Domenico Malatesta Novello, an illustrious warrior like his brother Sigis-mundo, lord of Rimini, who, being seriously wounded, retired to Cesena, and

the French army was as much exposed to his artillery as the army of the allies, said to his gunners in the heat of the conflict, "Fire away! fear no mistake; they are all our enemies!"

<sup>a</sup> See the following chapter.

<sup>2</sup> See *post*, book xv. ch. xx.

devoted himself to religion and learning. The chained manuscripts recall the Laurentian. Malatesta Novello, by whose orders many of these beautiful manuscripts were executed, confided them to the Franciscans with an annuity of 200 golden ducats. Paul Manutius shut himself up several months in the Malatestiana, to collect materials for his editions. A letter written to him by Annibale Caro, in December 1538, gives some idea of this laborious retreat: *Quanto mi sia stata grata la vostra voi vel possete imaginare, pensando che tutto quel tempo che siete stato richiuso nella libreria di Cesena, v'abbiamo non solamente cercato per ismarrito, ma pianto ancora per morto... Oimè, star tanti mesi senza mai far segno pur di vivente! io lo so ora, che siete stato, a guisa di quei grandi eroi, a domare i cerberi, le chimere, e gli altri mostri della lingua latina, per immortalarvi, non per morire..... Intendo ch' avete trovato in quella libreria di Cesena cose mirabili.*<sup>1</sup> The Malatestiana now belongs to the town and is public; and with the permission of the gonfalonier, one may take the volumes home, except the manuscripts and first editions, a privilege very rarely accorded in Italy. The *Etymologies* of Saint Isidore, bishop of Seville, a kind of encyclopedia of the seventh century, the oldest and most valuable manuscript, is supposed of the eighth or ninth century.

In the palace *del Comune*, a *Virgin* with several saints is a chef-d'œuvre of Francia.

The church of the Capuchins, filled with odoriferous flowers, offered a fine painting by Guercino, in excellent preservation, which the monks showed with great politeness.

The Campo Santo is remarkable; several inscriptions are in the vulgar tongue, now employed in preference by some Italian literati.<sup>2</sup> There are also some quotations from the poets: over the bust of a young girl is the verse from Petrarch:

Cosa bella e mortal passa e non dura.

On an eminence outside of the town is the convent of the Madonna del Monte,

attributed to Bramante, formerly reputed for its antiquities, in which Pius VII., a native of Cesena, as well as his illustrious and unfortunate predecessor, had been a Benedictine.

Near Savignano stands a column on which is inscribed a *senatus-consultum* devoting to the infernal gods, and declaring sacrilegious and parricidal, any person soever who should cross the Rubicon with a legion, an army, or a cohort; an apocryphal monument most unaccountably supposed authentic by Montesquieu. It seems incontrovertibly proved that the little river passing by Savignano, under a Roman bridge of the consular period, a very remarkable work of travertine stone, is the real Rubicon; lower down it joins the Pisatello, below the Savignano flood-gates, at a point called *le due bocche*, and with it falls into the sea. The bed of this river has still the red pebbles which make Lucian call it the *puniceus Rubicon*,<sup>3</sup> and the pavement of the bridge is of the same colour. The aspect of the locality recalls the *perque imas serpit valles*, and this time I was perfectly satisfied that I saw the river passed by Cæsar, and fancied I heard the *jacta sit alea*.<sup>4</sup> Cisalpine Gaul ultimately extended beyond Ravenna. This immense government was entrusted to Cæsar out of respect to the old custom which had always given it to one person, though from its enlargement it would have been prudent to divide it. In this manner, the scrupulous respect of the senate for old usages and the ancient regime of the republic brought about its fall and Cæsar's triumph. This citizen, a simple general of Rome, then governed the same territory as Napoleon, emperor of the French and king of Italy.

## CHAPTER VII.

Rimini.—Bridge.—Arch of Augustus.—Saint Francis.—Alberti.—Malatesti.—Chapel.—Fortress.—Francesca di Rimini.—Library.—Caglistro.

The entrance to Rimini is over a superb marble bridge built under Augustus and Tiberius, which, after more than eighteen centuries, is still splendid as ever. On this bridge may be re-

<sup>1</sup> *Lettere burlesche*, No. III.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, book IX. ch. xxv.

<sup>3</sup> *Pharsal*. lib. i. 245.

<sup>4</sup> See the end of last chapter.

marked the *lituus* or augural sceptre, one of the attributes of the emperors, all grand pontiffs, as Cæsar had been; the popes have inherited this double power; the pontificate and sovereignty seem inseparable at Rome, as if the Eternal City required a power that draws its origin from heaven. At the eastern gate, the arch of Augustus, another magnificent evidence of Roman grandeur, commemorates the gratitude of the inhabitants for the repairing of the most celebrated roads of Italy.<sup>1</sup>

The church of Saint Francis is the chef-d'œuvre of the great Leone Battista Alberti, the restorer and lawgiver of modern architecture; at once a poet, painter, sculptor, geometrician, scholar, legist, musician, and eminent as a writer, he was one of the men most wonderfully endowed by nature. Alberti found a prince worthy to employ his genius: Sigismundo Pandolfo Malatesta, lord of Rimini, an adventurous warrior of the fifteenth century, and not the less a friend of poets, philosophers, and learned men, with whom he loved to converse, wished that after death the assemblage of their tombs and those of his captains should become a noble ornament of the temple he intended to found; a great and generous idea honourable to Italy, which has been imitated at Westminster and parodied at our Pantheon. The effect of these different sarcophaguses in the antique style, placed outside the church, under arcades separated by a coping, is of admirable simplicity. The ancients, who in most cases excel the moderns, are inferior to them at Rimini; the arch of Augustus and even the bridge yield the superiority to the monument of Malatesta. The Gothic interior is full of mementos of the Malatestas, that race of heroes and bastards, in which the inheritance nearly always passed to illegitimate sons. Pandolfo also erected several mausoleums there; the one consecrated to his brother, who died in the odour of sanctity, with this title: *olim principi, nunc protectori*;

another to the illustrious women of the family: *Malatestorum domus heroïdum sepulchrum*; lastly, one to Isotta, the best-beloved of his wives, a graceful, intrepid, learned princess; and one for himself. The bronze work of the chapel of the Holy Sacrament has been attributed to Ghiberti; <sup>2</sup> three basso-relievos were supposed Greek by the abbé Barthélemy; the old *Sibyl*, the sarcophagus of the Malatestas, in the chapel *dell'Acqua*, are superb. The Malatesta arms are a rose and an elephant; the great number of these emblems and of the united ciphers of Sigismundo and Isotta gives the church of Saint Francis a rather oriental and singularly poetical complexion.

In the market-square stands a pedestal, on which, according to an almost obliterated inscription, and a popular tradition little worthy of credit, Cæsar stood to harangue his troops after passing the Rubicon. Some few paces distant is an altar erected on the place of a column from which, according to the inscription, Saint Anthony had preached: a strange association of the great captain of Rome and the name of his master of the horse! Near the canal is another small chapel also dedicated to Saint Anthony, whence he is said to have preached to the fishes because the inhabitants of Rimini would not listen to him.

The fortress, a fine military structure by Malatesta, bearing his name, commands the town; the sea is visible from it; the rose and elephant are still there, but seem out of place on this castle now a prison.

I sought for traces of the house of Francesca d'Arimino; it seems that it stood on the site of the Ruffo palace. Some persons place the pathetic scene of Francesca and her lover at Pesaro, and I was for once reduced to a conditional emotion.

The library of Rimini, founded in 1617 by a legacy of the jurisconsult Alessandro Gambalunga, contains thirty thousand volumes. The manuscripts, with the

<sup>1</sup> In 1825 there was published at Rimini an excellent and complete work on the arch of Augustus, entitled: *Illustrazione dell' arco d' Augusto con otto tavole in rame*: the author is S. Maurizio Brighenti, architect and engineer to the legation of Forlì; and the artists are two young men of Rimini, SS. Filippo Morolli and Ludovico Carlini; the work is enriched with a learned essay by S. Borghesi, on

the Latin medals which represent the monument, and on the manner of determining the inscription.

<sup>2</sup> Cicognara (*Stor. del Scult.* iv. 418) combats this opinion held by Vasari, and the canon Ludovico Nardi of Rimini, who seems to have again demonstrated its accuracy in a note to his work. *Dei compiti e dell' antico compito savignanese* Pesaro, 1827, 4to. p. 152.



exception of a papyrus commented on by Marini and some classic manuscripts, chiefly relate to the history of the town. The sixty-three volumes of *Allegationes* left by the learned antiquary cardinal Garampi, which extend from 1736 to 1773, instead of giving details on the different missions into the courts of Europe, are only a collection of theological or judicial papers of no utility or interest.

A few miles from Rimini stands the castle of San Leo, the place of Cagliostro's imprisonment and death. We have seen that Law ended his days at Venice: Italy is not only the asylum of fallen greatness, but the refuge of adventurers too. In our days, certain charlatans who succeeded in mystifying Europe at last failed at Rome: Italian acuteness is less credulous and gullible than the enlightened civilisation of London and Paris.

### CHAPTER VIII.

Republic of San Marino.—Constitution.—Population.—Revenue.—Army.—San Marino.—Church.—Onofri.—S. Borghesi.—Citizens of San Marino.—View.

From Rimini to San Marino, the capital of that little and celebrated republic, the road is steep and savage, but wide and in good repair. The constitution of San Marino is the oldest in Europe, though not written, and has existed for fourteen centuries; it has two captains, one of the town, the other of the country, charged with the executive power, and elected every six months; but among those who have hitherto held this office there has not yet arisen one of those ambitious chiefs, the ordinary and inevitable usurpers of liberty. The general council, composed of sixty members taken from the nobles<sup>1</sup> and plebeians promiscuously, and elected immediately by the people in general assembly (*arringo*), forms the legislative body, and a council of twelve, a kind of upper house, of which two thirds of the members are changed every year, is the channel of communication between the legislature and the two captains. Thus we see that this constitution, though

democratic, has wisely rejected the principle of a single house. A magistrate not a citizen of the republic, named every three years by the general council, is charged with the administration of justice. A physician and surgeon, also strangers, are engaged for the same period of time. The territory of the republic of San Marino, which is treated as insignificant, though larger than some republics of ancient Greece, is seventeen square miles; the number of inhabitants is four thousand, six hundred of whom belong to the capital; the revenue of the state amounts to about 30,000 livres, the army is forty strong. Three forts are all the strongholds: on the highest, four small cannons founded in 1824, *ex sententiâ senatus*, according to the inscription, were about the calibre of the small artillery of steamers, and seemed well proportioned to the size of the republic.

The founder and lawgiver of this state was a hermit mason from Dalmatia, who had worked at Rimini and withdrew to Monte Titano, to escape Diocletian's persecution. On the door of the principal church is a remarkable ancient inscription:

Divo Marino Patrono  
Et libertatis auctori  
D. C. S. P.

Behind his statue on the altar is a hollow which is said by tradition to be the bed San Marino excavated for himself in the rock, though in reality it is only a catacomb *loculus*.<sup>2</sup> In 1827 they were building a new church; but this temple of hewn stone, with a portico, appeared too splendid and too costly for so small a state; it was not finished in 1830. Many centuries ago, the liberty of San Marino obtained the precious title of *perpetual* liberty, which it seems likely to verify. The vicinity of the Malatestas, the haughty lords of Rimini, might be dangerous heretofore; Alberoni, legate of Romagna, intrigued for its destruction in the last century; and, in our days, it has been generously defended by one of the best citizens of the republic, Antonio

<sup>1</sup> Addison and those who have followed him are mistaken in stating that the general council is composed of half plebeians and half nobles: the thing would be impossible from the small number of patrician families, as each family can only supply one councillor. Therefore, instead of forming half the council, the nobles are always the mino-

rity. Addison is equally in error when he reproaches the government of San Marino as aristocratical. See ch. ix. of the *Memorie storiche della repubblica di San Marino raccolte dal cav. Melchiorre Delfico*. Milan, 1804, in-4to.

<sup>2</sup> A cavity intended to receive the body.

Onofri, who deserved while living the surname of *Father of his country*, which I saw on his tomb.

At San Marino I visited S. Bartolomeo Borghesi, regarded as the first scholar of Italy since Visconti, and the son of a very learned man, whom I found settled on the very summit of this rugged mountain, with his superb cabinet of medals containing about forty thousand, one of the richest for consular and imperial medals. S. Borghesi, who would be an ornament to the most celebrated capitals, prefers the solitude of this rustic state, of which he has been admitted citizen: a worthy rival of Sigonius, he was occupied on his important anxiously-expected work on the consular annals. The title of citizen of the republic of San Marino seems, moreover, a real dignity, since it has been borne by such men as Onofri, Melchiorre Delfico, the excellent historian of San Marino,<sup>1</sup> the ingenious and paradoxical author of the *Pensieri sull' istoria, e sull' incertezza ed inutilità della medesima*; by diplomatic and learned personages such as Bartholdy and Italinsky, and by S. Borghesi: Canova, decorated with ribands by kings and emperors, solicited it and was flattered by obtaining it.

It is a matter of regret that the ancient and venerable liberty of San Marino has produced none of the useful fruits of modern liberty. Beggars are pretty numerous there; its prison, which indeed has rarely an occupant, is very badly kept; I will say nothing of its four convents of Capuchins and Franciscans, against whom I do not share all the prejudices of the day; but there is neither printing-office nor academy: the folio volume of the *Statutes of the most illustrious republic of San Marino*, and its agricultural regulations, form nearly all its library; in fine, this republic of fourteen centuries is less advanced in civilisation than any fourteen months' old village of the United States, with its post-office, its literary novelties, its post-free journal, and its English and American reviews.

In some respects this little state is prosperous; the inhabitants have some

fields in the plain; the wine of San Marino is pretty good; the town of Serravalle, under the mountain, has extended considerably of late years, and appears to have a good trade. San Marino has a theatre. The Belluzzi college, which enjoys some reputation, has about forty pupils; but they are chiefly foreigners, from the province of Montefeltro. One of its professors, the abbé Cesare Montalti, was reckoned clever in the composition of Latin and Italian verse.

In the council chamber is a fine *Holy Family*, attributed to Giulio Romano, and the marble bust of the illustrious Onofri. San Marino will not incur the reproach of ingratitude commonly made against republics, for its gratitude to the man who spent his life in its service is everywhere conspicuous.

Several causes of decline in the republic of San Marino may be observed. The principal are: the supremacy exercised by four or five families which the other vainly attempt to resist; the emigration of ancient families and the sale of many portions of the territory to foreigners who do not reside there. One would hardly believe that a roulette table is established at San Marino in the market square, and that it pays its immoral impost to the government.

Borgo, at the foot of the mountain, contains five hundred souls, and is the residence of the principal inhabitants. A singular natural curiosity may be observed there; it is a cavern into which a perpetual current of air very cold, and even dangerous to approach without precautions, rushes from the mountain through several crevices.

The view from San Marino is very extensive, and is alone worth the journey: on one side, we behold the gulf formed by the Adriatic near Rimini, the resplendent waves of that smooth sea, and beyond, when the sky is free from clouds, the craggy coast of Dalmatia; on the opposite side, we take in the whole chain of the Apennines, whose varied, confused unequal summits, present another kind of waves, and look like an ocean of mountains.

<sup>1</sup> See the *Memorie storiche della repubblica di San Marino*, already quoted. The house of San Marino in which these memoirs were composed is still distinguished by an inscription, in token of the author's gratitude for the hospitality accorded

him during the troubles of his country. Delfico died at the age of ninety-one, on the 21st of June, 1845, at Teramo, a small town of the further Abruzzi, where he was born.

## CHAPTER IX.

Cattolica.—Pesaro.—Princes of Rovera.—Belvedere San Benedetto.—Churches.—Olivieri Library.—The Imperiale.—Road from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic.

Cattolica, now a handsome village, takes its name from the retreat of the orthodox bishops, who established the council of Rimini there, in the fourth century, and separated themselves from the Arian bishops. Its fine sheltered situation would be very favourable for a port, which the French government had purposed making there.

Pesaro I remember with pleasure : my obliging *cicerone* was the worthy ex-gonfalonier Count Cassi, translator of the first books of the *Pharsalia*<sup>1</sup> (which Monti praised), who promises to Italy a clever successor of Annibale Caro, and his drawing-room, ornamented with the busts of Perticari and Rossini, a native of Pesaro, is a pretty theatre. This small town of Pesaro, always distinguished by the talents it has produced, is thus honoured, as we see, with men justly celebrated, to whom may be added Count Paoli, one of the first chemists in Italy ; the marquis Petrucci, a learned naturalist ; the marquis Antaldo degli Antaldi, who is preparing a commentary of Catullus ; the compositor Vaccai, and Count Mamiani della Rovera, author of some elegant poems and profound researches on the philosophy of ancient Italy.

The grand saloon of the palace of the ancient dukes of Urbino, occupied by the legate, still shows the almost royal magnificence of the princes of Rovera. A large building opposite, now occupied by shops, was the lodgings of the pages. This court of the dukes of Rovera became, in the sixteenth century, one of those beacons of letters and poesy that illuminated Italy. Castiglione proposed it as a model, and made it the scene of his *Cortegiano*.<sup>2</sup> Ariosto celebrated it as the asylum of the muses :

<sup>1</sup> The profits of this complete translation of Lucan are generously destined by Count Cassi to the erection of a monument on the new Belvedere San Benedetto, to the memory of his friend and cousin Count Giulio Perticari, the estimable author of the *Scrittori del trecento*, the *Difesa di Dante*, etc., who died in 1822, aged forty-three.

<sup>2</sup> From the elegance Castiglione ascribes to the

..... Io era degli antichi amici  
Del Papa, innanzi che virtude o sorte  
Lo sublimasse al sommo degli uffici :  
E prima che gli aprissero le porte  
I Fiorentini, quando il suo Giuliano  
Si riparò ne la feltresca corte ;  
Ove col formator del Cortigiano,  
Col Bembo e gli altri sacri al divo Apollo  
Facea l' esilio suo men duro e strano.<sup>3</sup>

Tasso, shortly after the first representations of his *Aminta* at Ferrara, read it at Pesaro, whither he was attracted by the princess of Urbino, Lucrezia d'Este, for whom he made his fine sonnet :

Negli anni acerbi tuoi purpurea rosa ;

a most delicate elogium of female beauty at thirty-nine, which was Lucrezia's age. I saw in the kitchen garden of Count Odoardo Machirelli, a man of wit and learning, the celebrated casino, now a gardener's house, once inhabited by Bernardo Tasso and his son ; there the former composed his *Amadis*, with his son for amanuensis, a long and beautiful poem, which would be more known were there no *Gerusalemme*.<sup>4</sup> The pomps and pleasure of these little courts, doubtless very agreeable to the ladies, musicians, artists, and wits of time, seem however to have been less relished by the governed ; for at the death of Guidobaldo, one of the three dukes of Rovera, Castiglione was entrusted with a mission to prevent an expected insurrection.

If certain paintings by great masters, once at Pesaro, are no longer there, the town seems to have obtained in compensation some material advantages due to the liberal administration of Count Cassi, and to local patriotism ; such as the fine promenade of the Belvedere San Benedetto, which unites the Botanical garden and the Lapidarian museum.

At the church of the Servites, the Virgin on a throne, with a bishop, St. Jerome and St. Catherine beside him, and at his feet the marchioness Ginevra Sforza, widow of Giovanni, and her in-

lords and ladies at the court of Urbino, nothing can appear more natural than their indignation at the singular manner of making one's declaration of love according to Ovid, who directs the lover to write it on the table by dipping his finger in wine, after feigning intoxication.

<sup>3</sup> Sat. III.

<sup>4</sup> See *ante*, book IX. ch. xvii.



fant son Costanzio II., lord of Pesaro, a painting by Geronimo da Cotignola, dated 1513, may be regarded, though rather dry, as one of the best works in the ancient style : the colour is pleasing, the perspective superb, the heads noble, and the draperies well expressed.

Saint Francis has one of Giovanni Bellini's most excellent paintings, the best in the churches of Pesaro, *Christ sitting and crowning the Virgin, with several saints*.

There is nothing remarkable in the antique cathedral.

Saint Cassian possesses a fine *St. Barbara*, by Simone of Pesaro in his youth.

The church of Saint John de' Riformati, by Bartolommeo Genga, the celebrated engineer and architect to the duke of Urbino, has at the high altar a painting by Guercino, in his first and best style, but very roughly handled by time and the restorers.

At the church of the Holy Sacrament, a *Last Supper* is the master-piece of Nicolao of Pesaro, before he spoiled his style.

The library, museum, and cabinet of medals of the learned antiquarian Olivieri were bequeathed by him to his native town. He seems however to have feared the excessive augmentation of the library, consisting of fifteen thousand volumes; for he has directed that no more than the forty crowns he has left for the purpose shall be expended annually in purchases.

This library is especially curious for some valuable manuscripts; such are : various readings of Politian's *Stanze*; corrections and various readings in Tasso's hand on a copy of his *Rime*; his notes on Dante's *Convivio*; several of his unpublished letters; some poems by Serafino dell' Aquila, a famous improvisatore of the fifteenth century, now forgotten; the history of the jurisconsults, in part unpublished, by Thomas Diplovatazio, a learned Greek jurisconsult, who died in 1541, gonfalonier of Pesaro; some inedited writings of his friend, the celebrated Pandolfo Collenuccio, of Pesaro, a scholar, historian, and dramatic poet, strangled in his prison by order of Giovanni Sforza, as Cesare Borgia's agent. The edition of Dante, with annotations

by Tasso written while staying at Pesaro, and cited as being in the Olivieri library, is not there now,<sup>1</sup> and seems to be lost.

On one side of Pesaro is mount Saint Bartolo, the ancient Accius, which takes its name from the poet L. Accius, or Attius, the first Latin tragedian, the friend of Cicero, a native of Pesaro, who died at a very advanced age, and is said to be interred in this mountain. Quintilian highly eulogises Accius and Latin tragedy; the *feebleness*, mentioned by Boileau, is on the contrary applied to comedy : *In comœdia maxime claudicamus*.

On the declivity of Mount Saint Bartolo, two miles from Pesaro, stands the *Imperiale*, once a villa of the dukes of Urbino, now a homestead for a large farm belonging to Cardinal Albani. The degradation of this brilliant villa, formerly decorated with paintings by the Dossi and Raffaellino, which Tasso's father adduced as one of the finest seats a prince could choose in Italy,<sup>2</sup> began in the last century, when it became the asylum of the Portuguese Jesuits expelled by the marquis of Pombal. The marble stairs, the rich floor, the elegance of the columns and chimney-pieces, the gallery, the arms of Rovera, are evidence of its ancient magnificence. From the terrace the eye plunges into the delicious valley through which the Foglia meanders, and describes the sea in the distance. A garden especially reserved to the princes is now uncultivated : in it may be seen this vulgar inscription, little becoming the gallant and polite court of the dukes of Urbino, a kind of rhyming watchword not worth translating :

A donne, ad oche, a capre  
Questo giardin non s' apre.

The *Imperiale* was built by the duchess Vittoria Gonzaga, consort of Francisco Maria II., who contrived this surprise for him while absent with the army. Some Latin hendecasyllables, in marble letters on the walls of a hexagonal court, celebrate his glorious return; the verses are by Bembo, one of the literati most in favour at Urbino's court, as shown by a fine sonnet of Tasso's :

<sup>1</sup> Fontanini, *Vita del Tasso*, l. c. Ginguené, *Hist. litt. d'Ital.* v. 463.

<sup>2</sup> See Bernardo Tasso's charming letter to Vincenzo Laureo, written from Pesaro, February 40, 1537.

In questi colli, in queste istesse rive,  
Ove già vinto, il Duce Mauro giacque,  
Quel gran Cigno cantò, ch' in Adria nacque,  
E ch' or ira noi mortali eterno vive, etc.<sup>1</sup>

Bembo also sings the bravery and gallantry of Urbino's court in his sonnet on the Appennines :

La dove bagna il bel Metauro, e dove  
Valor e cortesia fanno soggiorno.

The advantages of civilisation and liberal government are clearly shown by the following fact : the road from Leghorn was continued, in the Ecclesiastical states, from Urbino to Pesaro by the grand duke of Tuscany, to whom the pope paid the interest of the capital expended, in order to open the communication between the Mediterranean and the Adriatic; yet Tuscany has not one fourth of the population of these states; its territory is much less fertile, and it has not their fine position between two seas. This excellent road, finished in 1837, takes one in twenty hours from Leghorn, by Florence, Dicomano, and Forlì, to the small but tolerably good port of Cesenatico.

## CHAPTER X.

Fano.—Arch of Augustus.—Saint Paternian.—Theatre.—Metauro.—Senigallia.—View.—Fair.—Massacre.

Fano, the ancient *Fanum Fortunæ*, is now only a little deserted town. A modern statue of Fortune, under the figure of a naked young girl standing, with a veil too large in proportion to her stature, is in the middle of the fountain. The triumphal arch of Augustus has been illustrated with much learning by the engineer Mancini in a letter to S. Borghesi.<sup>2</sup> The effect of the little columns with which it has since been surmounted for the sake of utility, is odd enough.

Some few paintings deserve notice. In the church of Santa Maria Nuova, a *Piety*, under a picture by Perugino, has been ascribed to Raphael, but with little reason. The *Visitation of St. Elizabeth* is curious, as being the work of his father, the obscure but sensible Giovanni Santi. The church of Saint Peter de' Filippini, very pretty, has an *Annun-*

*ciation*, in very bad condition, by Guido; a *Miracle of the Saint*, a chef-d'œuvre of his able and conceited rival Simone of Pesaro. Saint Paternian has a very fine *Spotalizio*, by Guercino. The celebrated *David*, by Domenichino, is now at the Folli college. In the cathedral, the frescos of the chapel of the Saints are by Domenichino; and a portrait on slate is reputed by Vandyck.

The famous theatre, erected by the architect Torelli of Fano, is perhaps the oldest of existing great theatres.

Such is the scientific movement imparted to Italy, that even in this little town of Fano there is published a journal of medicine, surgery, and *scienze affini*, *il Raccogliatore*, very well conducted and edited by the doctors Ludovico Malagodi and Giulio Govoni, who studied at the university of Bologna. Fano would be thought a poor town for a subprefecture, but I do not believe that our provincial press can boast of such a publication.

Advancing some miles into the mountain, we find quantities of elephant's bones, probably the wrecks of revolutions of the globe, believed by the country-people to be the remains of the army of Asdrubal, who was defeated and killed near the Metauro, in one of those battles by which the fate of empires is decided. This victory was won by the consul Claudius Nero, which Horace pathetically celebrates as one of the first exploits of this illustrious family :

Quid debeat, ô Roma, Neronibus  
Testis Metaurum flumen. . . .

but it proves that the plan of Annibal's campaign was a grand conception, as he thus took Rome de-revers, while marching against her from the extremity of Italy. The river Metauro received a touching *canzone* from Tasso when, forlorn and homeless, this great poet came to seek an asylum in the duchy of Urbino :

O del grand' Apenينو  
Figlio picciolo.<sup>3</sup>

Senigallia, a name commemorative of the passage of our ancestors, has nothing remarkable but a very fine view of the

<sup>1</sup> Rime, part. II. 38.

<sup>2</sup> See ante, book III. ch. XI.

<sup>3</sup> Rime erbiche, XXXIV.

sea, and its immense fair, at which are sold the manufactures of Italy, France, England, and Germany, with the shawls, brocades, and perfumes of the East. This vast assemblage of people encourages prostitution, which ought to be more carefully repressed; the police exhibits much greater caution with respect to the shops, for, beside the ordinary regulation for leaving canes and umbrellas at the entrance, cloaks must also be given up. In 1832 the fair of Senigallia brought in 40,000 Roman crowns (8,640*l.*), without reckoning the receipts of the inland customs.

Senigallia is connected with the most notorious treachery of Cesare Borgia, the massacre of the chiefs his allies, who had delivered the town into his hands and aided him to secure the victory. Machiavel, ambassador of the Florentine republic to Borgia, has been almost accused, by Roscoe and Ginguené, as an accomplice in this murder; but he is judiciously defended by M. Sismondi,<sup>1</sup> and especially by the author of the three excellent articles on Machiavel already quoted.<sup>2</sup> If Machiavel's relation be cold, it must be remembered that an Italian diplomatist, a Florentine of the fifteenth century, was not bound to give way to the virtuous indignation of a moralist in a despatch merely recapitulating facts previously transmitted to the magistrate of the Ten; and if *he did not fly in horror*, as Ginguené would have him, it is because ambassadors do not usually run away for such affairs.

## CHAPTER XI.

Ancona.—Trojan's arch.—Cathedral.—Churches.—Exchange.—Theatres cheap in Italy.—Giovanni.

Ancona, with its port and best of lazarettos, by the illustrious Roman architect Vanvitelli, its fortifications by Antonio San Gallo, has a fine aspect without, but is ugly within.

Trajan's resplendent triumphal arch, entirely of white marble, the finest in the world, forms a strong contrast with all around it. This monument alone would give a fair idea of Roman great-

ness. Ancona possessed a vast theatre or amphitheatre, of which considerable remains still exist concealed under the modern constructions of the town.

The church of Saint Augustine, formerly Gothic, has been rebuilt within by Vanvitelli. *St. Nicholas praying and seeing the souls of the dead come out of purgatory*, by Corvi, a painter of the last century, imitator of the Carracci, has effect. The fine *St. John baptising*, by Tibaldi, was ordered by Giorgio Morato, an Armenian, who had brought the artist to Ancona. The *Virgin crowning St. Nicholas of Tolentino* with one hand and offering him a lily with the other, is reckoned one of the best works of Andrea Lelio, of Ancona, a pupil and imitator of Baroccio; and his fourteen small paintings of the *history of St. Nicholas*, in the sacristy, are vivid and held in great esteem. A *Martyrdom of female saints*, a well finished and affecting picture, is by the canon Lazzarini, a poet and ingenious scholar of the last century. The *St. Francis d'Assise praying*, by Roncalli, is not without grandeur.

At the Annunziata is a feeble copy of a painting by Titian, which was sold in 1800 to meet the necessities of the hospital adjoining the church, and is now in England; it represents the *Virgin* riding on a horse led by St. Joseph with shepherds following.

On the eminence where an ancient temple of Venus had stood,

*Ante domum Veneris, quam dorica sustinet Ancon.*<sup>3</sup>

is the cathedral, dedicated to Saint Cyriac, an edifice of the ninth or tenth century, its front alone being by Margaritone, a painter, sculptor, and architect of Arezzo, at the close of the thirteenth century. This church, from which there is an admirable prospect, has some fine antique columns, an antique sarcophagus, and some paintings: *St. Palatia*, by Guercino, of remarkable effect; a *Sposalizio*, by Filippo Bellini, a distinguished painter of Urbino, imitator of his countryman Baroccio. The chapel of the Relics is of Vanvitelli's architecture.

turbot was caught on which Domitian made the senate deliberate.

<sup>1</sup> *Hist. des répub. ital.* XIII. 483, 4.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, book XI. ch. viii.

<sup>3</sup> Juvenal, sat. IV. Near this spot the monstrous



Saint Dominick is a great church rebuilt in 1788, and but recently white-washed. I regretted not finding there the tomb of the illustrious Florentine Rinaldo degli Albizzi, the eloquent and deadly rival of Cosmo de' Medici, a refugee at Ancona for the last fifteen years of his life, after long imploring foreign aid and making a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre; his epitaph at Saint Dominick was only his name and the date of his decease (1452). The *Virgin in the clouds between St. Mary Magdalen and St. Catherine* showing the portrait of St. Dominick to St. Raymond, in the Carracci style, is by Perozzini, a clever painter of Ancona; a *Christ on the cross*, by Titian.

At Saint Francis *in alto* there are some remarkable paintings: a *Virgin* of an expression so natural and pure, ordered of Titian in 1530 by Aloysa Gozzi of Ragusa; an *Annunciation*, for which Guercino was paid something more than 61 crowns in 1662, by the abbot Federico Troilo of Ancona; a *Christ on the cross*, by Filippo Bellini.

Santa Maria della Piazza has a fine *Nostra Signora* when a child going to the temple; a work in Guido's manner by the unequal Roman painter Benefial; and another *Virgin* on a throne, still better, by Lotto, a mixture of Giorgione's style and the elder Palma's.

At the Holy Sacrament, a *St. Charles and other saints*, by Cesare Dandini, a Florentine painter, pupil of Curradi and afterwards of Passignano, passes for one of his best composed works: the imitation of his last master is perceptible in the lower part of this picture, ordered by the celebrated musician Severi. A *Cenaculum*, agreeable, is by Francesco Coccianiga, a clever but little inspired painter of the last century.

The fine fountain *del Calamo*, with its various ornaments of metal, is by Pellegrini.

The Exchange differs in character from most buildings applied to similar purposes: its front is Gothic, and on the ceiling are the superb frescos of Pellegrini, *Hercules subduing the monsters*, an able and judicious imitation of the terrible grandeur of Michael Angelo.

Ancona possesses the marvellous chef-d'œuvre of Ottaviano Jannelli, an artist of Ascoli; his four small cameos on box, left for sale with S. de' Marchesi Agi,

most distinctly representing, with grace, nature, and perspective, a *Chase in a forest*, a *Love carrying a large sea-shell*, and *Juno descending from heaven in a car drawn by peacocks*, a *Christ before Pilate after being scourged*, not larger than half a nut, and the last, the most extraordinary and richest in figures, is some *arabesques* in Raphael's style. These astonishing works may be compared to the different *tours de force* of the same kind peculiar to all epochs; the author, however, who died in 1660 at the age of twenty-five, was self taught; for Bernino, doubtless afraid of the singular precocious genius of this young man, had ungenerously refused to assist him by his counsels.

Theatrical amusements are singularly cheap in Italy. I went to the play at Ancona for seven sous, in a charming theatre, with two well-painted curtains, one representing Trajan's arch, and the other the front of the theatre; the decorations were also in excellent order: it is true that the actors and the piece, imitated from some melodrama, were barely worth the price of admission.

I made my arrangements with a veterinarian of Ancona to take me to Naples by the Abruzzi, a new road passable till the torrents overflow; it is shorter than that through Rome, and ought to be made a post road. I cannot omit a slight account of my new travelling companion, Giovanni, a man of wonderful activity and intelligence. He had a smattering of science, having, I believe, as well as one of his brothers, studied medicine in his youth. This brother, also a singular character, was a gallant fellow who had fought in the wars of the empire, and was decorated with the cross of the Iron Crown. On his return to Ancona in 1814, he opened a fencing and pistol gallery, noble exercises which exposed him to much annoyance from the ecclesiastical authority, although the new professor protested that, if he had served the *other*, he was none the less a *fedele pontificio*. A last affront decided the brave fellow (*ma un poco bizzarro*, as his brother owned) to quit his native town. He was ordered to cut off his mustaches: "You are master of that," said the old soldier of the *grande armée* to the legate, pointing his finger to his neck, "but not of this," added he sharply, laying his finger on his mustaches; an

eloquent answer which the Italian language and physiognomy must have rendered most energetic. Though after all his campaigns he had probably forgotten part of his medical studies, Giovanni's brother had settled as an apothecary at Cairo, whence he had sent Giovanni a handsome pipe with an amber mouth-piece, which, in our long conversations by the road, introduced the military and characteristic anecdote above related.

## CHAPTER XII.

Loretto. — Palace. — Statue of Sixtus V. — Doors. — Santa Casa. — Statue of the Madonna. — Palace. — Pots. — Treasury. — Tasso at Loretto.

Loretto and its church, which devotion, policy, and vanity have rivalised each other in decorating and enriching, presents a strange contrast: a population of half-naked beggars, and altars loaded with gold and diamonds; a great commercial street, full of shops, with nothing to sell but chaplets, Agni-Dei, crosses, and rosaries.

The majestic palace of the governor is built from Bramante's designs. Another *Woman taken in Adultery*, by Titian, coquettish, unlike the feeble and repentant woman of Brescia, proves his variety and fecundity. The *Nativity of the Virgin*, by Annibale Carraccio, is fine in the colouring; the colours are laid on in such abundance, as usual in the works of these masters, that the projection of the hands and feet is perceptible to the touch: some angels dancing in the upper part of the picture are perfectly aerial. The celebrated apothecary's pots, three hundred in number, ordered by Guidobaldo, duke of Urbino, a patron of the arts, representing subjects from the Old and New Testaments, Roman history, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, etc., are not by Raphael, as commonly supposed; they are by a Raphael Ciarla, who was clever in copying the works of the great masters on earthenware. When Christina passed through this town, she was so charmed with them that she offered an equal number of silver vases in exchange.

In the square stands a fine bronze statue of Sixtus V., which, as well as the

basso-relievs on the pedestal, is by Calcagni, a gentleman of Recanati, a clever pupil of Geronimo Lombardo.

The detestable front of the church erected by Sixtus, in 1587, shows that the decline of taste was at hand. The three superb bronze doors, divided into compartments, representing subjects from the Old Testament, are by the sons of Geronimo Lombardo, Bernardini, and Tiburzio Verzelli: over the bronze statue of the *Virgin* by Lombardo's sons, is a good imitation of the rude wooden statue preserved in the sanctuary and greatly venerated. The bronze statue of Cardinal Nicolao Gaetani, kneeling, on his tomb, is by Calcagni. The different chapels are ornamented with mosaics of paintings by the great masters. One of them has on its ceiling some frescos and works in stucco, by Minzocchi, which are true, humorous, and grotesque, in the Flemish taste, and rather ill-placed in a church. The cupola was admirably strengthened at its base and almost rebuilt by Antonio San Gallo; the frescos, not devoid of grandeur, are reckoned the chef-d'œuvre of Roncalli, who was preferred to Caravaggio and Guido in the works at Loretto through the favour of Cardinal Crescenzi. These two rivals revenged themselves on Roncalli in a very different manner: the former barbarously employed a Sicilian bravo to disfigure his face; and the latter opposed him with better paintings than his own.

But the wonder of this temple is the marble casing that envelopes the *Santa Casa*, a work of the best times of sculpture, at which the following artists were successively employed: Andrea Contucci da Sansovino, his pupil Geronimo Lombardo, Bandinelli, Guglielmo della Porta, Raphael da Montelupo, Tribolo, Giovanni Bologna, and Francesco San Gallo. The *Annunciation*, by Sansovino, in which the angel Gabriel is accompanied by angels standing in the air, and a cloud full of other small angels, appeared *divine* to Vasari. The *Jeremiah*, of the prophets, by Lombardo, who really triumphs at Loretto, expresses a grief commensurate with its cause. The *David* was admired by Charles V. The figure of a peasant stopping his loaded horse by whistling, in the basso-relievo of one of the journeyes of the Santa Casa, by Tribolo, is

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book v. ch. vi.

perfect. The same artist has executed, in a *Spozalizio*, another excellent figure of a man passionately breaking off a withered branch. I did not participate in the philosophical indignation of some travellers on seeing this marble pavement worn by the knees of pilgrims: prayer, whatever be its form or expression, always touches and attracts me, and the furrow it has traced around the *Santa Casa* inspired me with profound respect. Among the many lamps that burn every day before the Madonna, is one given in 1824 by the countess Felicity Plater of Wilna, a name associated with the glorious efforts of Polish independence, a proof that heroism and devotion may be closely combined. Julius II., when he passed through Loretto, consecrated a cannon-ball from which he was preserved at the siege of Mirandola through the Virgin's intercession: afterwards he sent from Rome a large cross of silver gilt with the inscription, *In hoc signo vincis*, which, from that warlike pontiff, was equally applicable to the ball and the cross. It was a woman, Francesca Trivulzio, a bastard of the marshal, who intrepidly defended Mirandola, when besieged in the depth of winter by this old man of nearly seventy, a captain and soldier, this eager conqueror, who mounted the breach by a ladder sword in hand. The two sentinels, placed within the church at the door of the Santa Casa, to enforce the rule for depositing canes, umbrellas, and parcels, have a modern air unsuited to such a place; and this travelling house, carried by angels through the air, seems a singular charge for two soldiers of the line. The statue of the Madonna, besides its miraculous voyages, was brought prisoner to Paris in 1797, and was placed in the medal cabinet of our great library over a mummy; and yet, in the very centre of this scientific and profane sanctuary, more than once poor women were seen stealthily touching it with linen and garments. Bonaparte returned it to the pope in 1801; but the pontifical commissioner singularly refused to have it envoiced, that there might not appear any derogation from the mystic and aerial mode of travelling peculiar to this statue.

The great sacristy has some paintings: *A Pious woman teaching girls to sew and spin*, by Guido; a *Christ at the*

*column*, by Tiarini; a *Madonna* imitated from Raphael, by Sassoferrato; a *Holy Family*, by Schidone.

The ceiling of the great hall of the treasury, representing divers subjects from the Virgin's history, by Roncalli, is not, though greatly praised, irreproachable in its perspective. The donations and ex-voto offerings composing this treasury are rich and fantastically diversified. The vases and church ornaments were presented by the princes and princesses of the old and new dynasties. A large native pearl, on which the canon who guards the treasury pretends to discover and show the Virgin sitting in the clouds with her son in her arms, is said to have been sent by an Asiatic fisherman. I regretted not finding the pen of Justus Lipsius, which he consecrated to Nostra Signora di Loretto; the pen with which he wrote to Montaigne and sur-named him the *French Thales*, a remarkable and perhaps unique appreciation of the French philosopher by a scholar of the sixteenth century and a writer turned catholic and devout. The great Condé presented a silver model of the castle of Vincennes where he had been imprisoned by Mazarin,<sup>1</sup> and little did he then imagine that another Italian, glorious, powerful, and also master of France, would there destroy the last scion of his house. A chalice used by Pius VII. in celebrating mass on his return from France in 1814, is an affecting earnest of his gratitude for recovered liberty. The coat, waistcoat, and flesh-coloured breeches left by the king of Saxony in July, 1828, are more like a theatrical costume than a pious homage. The depositing of these embroidered clothes is only a grotesque tradition of the ancient custom of suspending one's garments after shipwreck. Tasso, amid all his sorrows, came to pay his vow at Loretto; this illustrious pilgrim could give nothing, as he had not money enough for his travelling expenses; but the admirable *canzone* which he composed in honour of the Madonna, *Ecco fra le tempeste, e i fieri venti*, doubtless the finest hymn she ever inspired, is far, far superior to all the donations of the great, the rich, and the powerful in the world.

<sup>1</sup> Mabillon, *Iter Italicum*, p. 42.



## CHAPTER XIII.

Fermo.—Oliverotto.—Abruzzi.—Banditti.—Inhabitants.—Pescara.—Popoli.—Sulmone.—Ovid.—Castel di Sangro.—Isernia.—Aqueduct.—Yenafrò.—Light of Naples.

At Fermo are still shown the ruins of the house of its tyrant Oliverotto, one of the model tyrants proposed by Machiavel in his *Prince* at the chapter headed, *Of those who attain sovereignty by wickedness*. Oliverotto, an able captain, declared himself prince of Fermo after having massacred his uncle, who had brought him up, and the principal inhabitants of the town, at a banquet; his reign did not exceed a year, as he was waylaid and strangled at Senigallia, with Vitellozzo, his tutor in crime and in war, a victim worthy of his more dexterous rival Cesare Borgia.

The entrance into the kingdom of Naples by the village of Giulia Nova, along the Adriatic, has not the enchanting aspect of the coast of Terracina and Gaeta. The beach is arid and intersected by torrents; here and there are clusters of pines, but they are dwarfish and seem a very feeble imitation of the superb Pineta of Ravenna. The vines are supported by small poles as in Burgundy, an arrangement less elegant and poetic than the *ulmisque adjungere vites*, although it makes the wine better.

The inns and their beds on this road are execrable, and too little cannot be said of them. As in the public houses of Montaigne's time, the windows are "quite open, except a great wooden shutter, which keeps out the light if you wish to keep out the sun or wind." The road is tolerably good and well guarded. The inhabitants of the villages one passes through, if compelled to relinquish their old habits, have still the same robberlike appearance. Some of them seem inclined to take up with thieving, as may be perceived by their scrutinizing looks at the trunks and parcels, and their eagerness to unload them at the various inns; but having been previously accustomed to robberies by main force, nocturnal expeditions, and wholesale plundering, *che fecero alle strade tanta guerra*,<sup>1</sup> they are not adepts at petty theft; and not being duly initiated in the art, they are

easily disconcerted by a wary person, especially such a man as Giovanni. The wandering, adventurous, and martial life of the Italian banditti has been called a bastard chivalry; resulting from a disordered social system, most frequently excited by the ostentation and vanity of strangers, it is not considered disreputable by the common people; it is a recommendation in the eyes of a young girl, who is by no means displeased because her future husband has passed some time in the mountains; their name even, *banditti* (banished), has nothing disgraceful, as it seems connected with the proscriptions practised in the civil wars; in fine, this mode of life preserves among the men devoted to it certain natural qualities, and a kind of dignity, mixed with the principles of the catholic faith. The banditti of the Campagna of Rome spare a man who asserts himself in mortal sin; the author of Fieramosca knew a person who saved his life by this subterfuge.<sup>2</sup> Were the history of Italian robbers to be written, we should find therein some singular acts of generosity, as well as brilliant feats; we cannot forget the conduct of two of these heroes, Pacchione and Sciarra, towards Ariosto and Tasso, on whom they conferred greater honour than these great poets had received, in return for their flatteries, from the princes of their day.

At the sight of the frightful misery of the inhabitants of the Abruzzi, such as I had an opportunity of observing it for several days,—of that people of shepherds and husbandmen, living on a kind of *polenta* made of bad corn,—of those robust women, with such easy figures and beautiful eyes, carrying wood or stones on their heads, I could hardly comprehend how all that was for their good, as it has been pretended; the poor people must at last get tired of such beatitude; and it seems that there would be no great harm in applying to them a little of that evil called instruction, with social comforts and improvements.

The fortress of Pescara, at the mouth of the river so called, on the shore of the Adriatic, has a fine aspect; its garrison consisted of three hundred men. It was in the river of Pescara, the ancient Aternum, that the celebrated condottiere of the fifteenth century, Sforza da Coti-

<sup>1</sup> Dante, *Inf. can. XII.* 138.

<sup>2</sup> See E. Fieramosca, cap. ix.

gnola, a captain of the scandalous Cossa, called John XXIII.,<sup>1</sup> was drowned in attempting to save his page who had fallen into the water. The town, very ill-built, contains rather more than two thousand inhabitants. Its vulnerary preparation, composed of simples that grow on the neighbouring mountain of Majella, is held in high estimation. An October sunset in the Abruzzi, then covered by a recent fall of dazzling snow, was very fine; the airy summits of these mountains were admirably defined on the flaming sky.

Popoli, a damp and dirty place between two high mountains, with a river running through it, seems by its poverty, and the good-natured civilities of the inn, like a town of Savoy. On the ridge of the mountain was the manor of a duke of Popoli, the companion of Charles of Anjou: the castle, though degraded, still retains its air of conquest. The recollections of antiquity are more attractive in Italy than the ruins of the middle ages, which are not however without their grandeur; the study of that period, so much cultivated in our days in France, England, and Germany, would also be deeply interesting in this country.

Sulmone, Ovid's native place, is allied with very different reminiscences. Situated in a bottom between barren mountains covered with snow as early as the middle of October, one might fancy that the poet's native place was to prepare him for the sad scenes of his exile. But it was not so, and in his bitter moanings he found Sulmone far away from the Scythian shores:

Ne miserum, Scythico quam procul illa solo est.<sup>2</sup>

Ovid possessed fertile estates and rich domains in the country of the Peligni:

Gens mea Peligni, regioque domestica Sulmo.<sup>3</sup>

The most graceful, worldly, and witty of the poets of antiquity had experienced the life of a countryman and mountaineer. This first kind of life, frequent among these poets, and widely different from the way of obtaining eminence adopted by modern men of letters, must have contributed to the superiority, to the closeness to nature and true feeling which distinguished the former. The memory

of Ovid was not less advantageous to Sulmone than that of Catullus and Virgil to Sermione and Mantua,<sup>4</sup> as it was thereby saved from fire and sword by the army of Alfonso of Aragon, the conqueror of the kingdom of Naples, against whom it had revolted, a prince more generous than Alexander, says Panormita, his historian, for the latter destroyed all Thebes except the house of Pindar.

The only monument erected to Ovid is an old statue over the door of a building which was formerly the prison, but is now a barracks for the gendarmerie; with his square cap, gown, and book, he has more the air of Fra Remigio Fiorentino, the translator of his epistles, than of him who sung the *Art of Love* and the poet of the *Metamorphoses*. The town revenue has not yet permitted this Gothic monument to be exchanged for one more suitable; there are, however, nearly eight thousand inhabitants at Sulmone: the town has some manufactures; its comfits, sausages, and strings for musical instruments have some reputation, and it is the chief town of the second district of the farther Abruzzi.

Not a vestige is left of the ancient city which suffered so much in the civil wars of Marius and Sylla, and of Cæsar and Pompey, and became a Roman colony. Sulmone, subjected in turn to the princes of the houses of Anjou, Duras, and Aragon, was utterly overthrown by the two earthquakes of 1703 and 1706. The churches have some splendour. At the parish church of Saint Peter, the *Saint* is by Pietro da Cortona. La Badia contains the tomb of Jacopo Caldora, a famous Neapolitan condottiere of the fifteenth century.

At a short distance from the town is the superb monastery of San Spirito del Morrone, formerly a convent of Celestines, monks famous for their immense riches.

Some stones, the only remains of a temple of Jupiter, may be seen, it is said, at San Quirini, two miles from Sulmone. A mythological devotion seems faithfully perpetuated in this part of the Abruzzi: the ancient Peligni adored the goddess Palina; the mountaineer of the present day venerates Saint Pelino.

Near Valloscuro, between Sulmone

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book x. ch. ix.

<sup>2</sup> *Fast.* lib. iv.

<sup>3</sup> *Pont. lib.* iv. ep. xv.

<sup>4</sup> See *ante*, book v. ch. viii.; and book ix. ch. xix.

and Castel di Sangro, the road traverses a profound ravine, a vast wilderness of imposing aspect interspersed with wood, mountains, and rocks. The villages, halfway up the hills, with high roofs, few of them having either windows or chimneys, seem rather little forts than rustic dwellings. It is impossible to imagine a finer situation for brigands.

Castel di Sangro, where they manufacture playing cards and carpets, was formerly frequented by the princes of Aragon, especially Ferrandino, duke of Calabria, who went there for bearhunting.

Isernia has many antiquities. An aqueduct, of about a mile, dug through

the rock, is a fine bold construction. After passing Isernia, the stern aspect of the mountain becomes softer; one begins to feel the genial clime and light of Naples diffused around; this light appears at the horizon like a vast and brilliant illumination which increases in brightness as we advance. At Venafro, which produces oil still held in as high repute as in the days of Horace :

Viridique certat  
Bacca Venafro,

and which presents the ruins of an amphitheatre, we are in Campania.

## BOOK THE THIRTEENTH.

### NAPLES.

#### CHAPTER I.

Road from Leghorn to Naples.—Steamboat.—The Mediterranean.—Naples.—Customhouse.—Lazzaroni.

Steamboats are certainly very useful and convenient; but this kind of navigation is dull and unpoetical : smoke, noise, dirt, a *restaurant*, a reading-room, like a fragment of Paris floating through the seas. The wind rarely agitates the sail of this vessel, which hurries on as if dragged along by an irresistible and fatal power; we hear neither the songs nor shouting of sailors, nor the cadenced splash of oars, but the dead monotonous beating of the engine; and instead of the fragrant odour of tar, we inhale only the tepid exhalations of boiling water. The aspect of the vessel also contrasts with the mythological traditions of the Tyrrhenian sea, and the black coal smoke must make the fair Nereids conceal themselves at the bottom of the waters. Night seems rather more favourable to this boat : the spark that twinkles at the chimney top and the long white streak of foam we leave behind, are distinct in the darkness, and of fine effect.

Tassoni has poetically painted the

route from Leghorn to Naples, which he makes Venus pass in a small vessel (*Ce-gnetto*), despite the tempest indispensable to heroic and epic poems. His description is at once accurate, imaginative, and harmonious :

. . . . Venere fra tanto in altro lato  
Le campagne del mar lieta scorrea.  
Un mirabil legnetto apparecchiato  
A la foce de l' Arno in fretta avea,  
E movea quindi a la riviera amena  
De la real città de la Sirena.

. . . . .  
Capraja addietro e la Gorgona lassa,  
E prende in giro a la sinistra l' onda.  
Quinci Livorno e quindi l' Elba passa  
D' ampie vene di ferro ognor seconda.  
La distrutta Faleria in parte bassa  
Vede e Piombino in su la manca sponda,  
Dov' oggi il mare adombra il monte e 'l piano  
L' aquila del gran Re del' Oceano.

Vede l' Umbrone, ove sboccando ei pere,  
E l' isola del Giglio a mezzo giorno;  
E 'n dirupata e ruinosa sede  
Monte Argentaro in mezzo a l' onde vede.

. . . . .  
Quindi s' allarga in su la destra mano,  
E lascia il porto d' Ercole a mancina,  
Vede Civita Vecchia, e di lontano  
Biancheggiar tutto il lido e la marina.  
Giaceva allora il porto di Trajano  
Lacerò e guasto in misera ruina :  
Strugge il tempo le torri, e i marii solve



E le macchine eccelse in poca polve.

Già s' ascondeva d'Ostia il lido basso,  
E 'l porto d' Anzio di lontan surgea ;

Rade il porto d' Astura, ove tradito  
Fu Corradin nella sua fuga mesta.  
Or l' esempio crudele ha Dio punito,  
Che la terra distrutta e inculca resta.  
Quindi monte Circello orrido appare  
Col capo in cielo e con le piante in mare.

S' avanza, e rimaner quinci in disparte  
Vede Ponzia diserta e Palmarola,  
Che faron già de la città di Marte  
Prigionl illustri in parte occulta e sola.  
Varie torri su 'l lido erano sparte ;  
La vaga prora le trascorre e vola,  
E passa Terracina, e di lontano  
Vede Gaeta a la sinistra mauo.

Lascia Gaeta, e su per l' onda corre  
Tanto, ch' arriva a Procida, e la rade.  
Indi giugne a Puzzolo, e via trascorre  
Puzzolo, che di solfo ha le contrade.  
Quindi s' andava in Nisida a raccogliere :  
E a Napoli scopria l' alta beltade :  
Onde dal porto suo pareva inchinare  
La Regina del mar, la Dea del mare.<sup>1</sup>

The Mediterranean, since the long voyages on the Ocean and the discoveries of great modern navigators, has degenerated into a kind of lake for the use of poets and men of letters; it is not the sea of commerce and industry, but the sea of the Odyssey and the Æneid; its shores have witnessed the immortal scenes painted by the historians of antiquity; and any person of the slightest pretensions to taste and literature must seem almost at home there. The beautiful brilliancy of its waters has suffered nothing from the flight of ages, and it still retains the same smile :

Tibi rident æquora ponti.<sup>2</sup>

Pulsæ (undæ)

Procedunt, leni resonant plangore cachinni.<sup>3</sup>

It is for poets and painters to describe the enchantments of the gulf of Naples, with the graceful and imposing mixture of woods, mountains, houses, forts, churches, chapels and ruins which decorate this magnificent amphitheatre; in feeble prose we can only relate our trifling adventures and the customhouse annoyances on entering the port. This

customhouse in 1826 was ingenious in tormenting travellers, the greater part of whose effects were taken away and locked up to be examined when it suited the officers' convenience, after delivering a receipt which we were compelled to pay for, after long waiting and solicitation. Books were more scrupulously examined than at the frontier of the Roman states. Part of mine were detained on board; it is true that I had hardly got into the shore boat before the waterman asked me whether I had any *libro nero*, which he offered to conceal at the bottom of his bark. I neglected this kind of smuggling, and was searched again on landing. This customhouse criticism took place at the gates of the port on the pavement, amid a crowd of half naked men, who pressed around us with such curiosity that the guard could hardly keep them off, close beside the bulky Austrian sentry who stood motionless and seemed to think the whole proceeding ridiculous enough, and in the midst of that agitation and continual shouting of the noisiest people in the world: *Napolitani mastri in schiamazzare*.<sup>4</sup> The first examination on the steamer was an amusing scene: in order to withdraw their finery from the lock-up of the customs, the ladies put on bracelets, diamonds, over their travelling costume, and hats with plumes, while their hair was in paper; the ladies' maids wore their mistresses' cashmeres, and were perhaps the alone persons that enjoyed the scrutiny, but their *éclat emprunté* was to vanish after the search.

The Lazzaroni seem to have degenerated from their ancient laziness; those of the port are active and very busy; they have long abandoned the savage nudity which procured them the name of *Lazzari* (from Lazarus), and wear a shirt, with linen drawers; and in cold weather, a long waistcoat with sleeves and a hood, of coarse brown stuff; they do not always live in tents as formerly, but are house-dwellers: in fine, they are not so picturesque as when messdames de Genlis and de Staël saw and described them.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Secch. rap. can. x. st. viii-xxvi.*

<sup>2</sup> Lucretius.

<sup>3</sup> Catullus, l. xiv. 247.

<sup>4</sup> Alfieri. *Son. cxliii.*

<sup>5</sup> See the *Memoirs* of madame de Genlis, t. iii, p. 58, and *Corinne*.

## CHAPTER II.

Palaces.—Royal palace.—Piazza.—Largo del Castello.  
 —Fontana Medina.—Castel Nuovo.—Arch of Aragon.—Fountain of Saint Lucy.—Castello dell' Uovo.  
 —Villa Reale.—Feast of Santa Maria di Piè di grotta.—Chiaja.—Society.—Literati.—Sketch of the Last Judgment.—Gravina palace.—Toledo.

The white palaces of Naples with their large balconies towards the street, that the inhabitants, like true Neapolitans, may enjoy the noise, have all the appearance of large well-ordered inns with a fine view : the architecture, of the epoch of decline, is heavy and distorted. The king's palace, the most important work of Domenico Fontana, seems straggling rather than great ; the plan of the celebrated architect has been spoiled by the caprice of viceroys and kings, and it has since undergone several changes at different times ; its approaches and the development of the staircases are considered excellent. It seems as if its marvellous site might have been made still better by sacrificing a part of the arsenals and making gardens gradually descending to the sea. This palace is one of the many instances of the fatality attending the works of architecture, the least free of the arts, and the most exposed to the influence of events and the fantastical wishes of power. The apartments present divers chefs-d'œuvre by the first masters : a large painting of the *Virgin with the infant Jesus*, *St. John*, *four saints*, the *Eternal Father and two angels*, in Raphael's first style ; the *Four Seasons* ; *Hippomenes and Atalanta*, by Guido ; the *Shop of St. Joseph*, *St. Joachim visiting St. Elizabeth*, by Schedone ; *Orpheus*, *Christ disputing with the doctors*, by Caravaggio ; the portrait of *Alessandro Farnese*, by Titian ; *Joseph's dream*, by Guercino ; *Rebekah*, by Albano. I observed there with pleasure Gérard's beautiful portrait of a great princess, the king's sister, whom her virtues, compassionate heart, and dignity of soul, still more than her rank, were one day to render dear to France.

The vast temple consecrated to Saint Francis de Paule, left unfinished, opposite the palace, does not seem in very good taste ; the architecture of this new and awkward imitation of the Pantheon is of bad effect. It is true that the irregularity of the site and unevenness of the

ground presented considerable difficulties. In the square stand the two bronze equestrian statues of Charles III. and King Ferdinand, by Canova, except the figure of the latter which he could not finish. The first statue, noble and well draped, was originally intended for Napoleon ; for a moment it was Joachim, and the colossal fiery steed was obliged to change his gait every time to suit the character of his rider. The horse of the second statue, of a size somewhat inferior to its pendant, is nevertheless more esteemed, and the spirited action and lifelike head are much admired.

On the piazza Largo del Castello, the most spacious in Naples, is its finest fountain, Fontana Medina, by the Neapolitan Auria, finished by Fanzaga, pupil of Bernini, also a Neapolitan, which rather proves, if the expression be allowable, the diffusion of the art than its progress.

In 1826, there was a guardhouse in this square occupied by a numerous corps of Austrians. I still remember the excessive weariness, the kind of melancholy stupidity depicted on the faces of these men whom we could see behind the wooden bars. They were suffering from the *mal du pays*, and some suicides had taken place in their regiments : being but little poetical and accustomed to good-living, the soldiers, who were perfect in discipline, could not conform to the spare diet of the people in Italy ; the light, nature itself at Naples seemed to them burning and arid, and in the languor that consumed them, they would willingly have changed all the glories of the place for the waltzes and *guinguettes* of Germany, for the banks of the Danube and the coarser verdure of the Prater. In the south of Italy we find nothing like our great popular Bacchanalia of Sunday and Monday. These periodical pleasures of the people in the capitals of the North generally appertain to a life of labour and wretchedness, which must have some diversion : under the sky of Italy, man need not exert himself so much, and he has sufficient enjoyment in seeing, breathing, and feeling himself alive. The commander of the Austrian army, General Koller, died at the end of August : his funeral took place in the evening ; all the troops of Naples were out ; the brilliant uniforms, the scarlet pompons, the large cockades,

the giddy air of the king's guards, formed a singular contrast with the simplicity of the grey vest and little round hat of the Tyrolian chasseur, and the martial carriage of the Hungarian grenadiers. General Koller, one of the commissioners who accompanied Napoleon to the isle of Elba, is said to have preserved him, by his presence of mind and activity, from the dangers he incurred in Provence. Despite the ruinous burden of foreign occupation, he was universally esteemed and regretted; besides his military and administrative talents, this general was an enlightened lover of the fine arts; his library was extensive and select, and his collection of vases, about thirteen hundred in number, since purchased by Prussia, as well as his cameos, bronzes, and engraved stones, was reckoned one of the finest in Europe.

The *Castel Nuovo*, built by Charles of Anjou, and reputed to resemble the Bastille, is a great unmeaning edifice by a man of genius, Nicolao Pisano. At the entrance, the fine triumphal arch of Alfonso I. of Aragon, erected in 1470, by Pietro di Martino, an architect of Milan, wrongly attributed by Vasari's Florentine patriotism to Giuliano da Majano, presents some graceful details, though part of its ornaments are somewhat irregular. The statues are worthy of the fifteenth century, and the quadriga is an imitation of some antique medal. The bronze doors, by the monk Guglielmo, a Neapolitan sculptor and founder, on which are represented the battles of King Ferdinand I. against the rebellious barons, if they evince no great purity of taste, have at least the merit of solidity, as may be seen by the cannon ball remaining in one of them, which it could not pass through. Santa Barbara, the church of the castle, has a *Virgin* with the infant Jesus in her arms, a statue by Giuliano da Majano, remarkable for elegance and richness of drapery. An *Adoration of the Magi*, by Jean de Bruges, sent by him to King Alfonso, and reckoned his best painting in oil, is curious as a work of art: the faces of the Magi were repainted by Zingaro, who has represented Alfonso, Ferdinand, and his son Ferrandino. Behind the choir, the spiral stair leading to the top of the steeple is a fantastical performance of Nicolao Pisano.

The pretty fountain of Saint Lucy, of

white marble, ornamented with statues and basso-relievos by Auria and Giovanni di Nola, has a striking effect, and stands forth amazingly distinct from the admirable back-ground formed by the sea and Vesuvius.

On the rock surmounted by the imposing mass of the *Castello dell' Uovo* (castle of the Egg), were the villa and fish preserves of Lucullus, some ruins of which still subsist under the water. The emperor Frederick II. charged Nicolao Pisano to make a fortification of the ancient abode of the most voluptuous of Romans, now defended by outworks and batteries.

The *Villa reale*, washed by the sea, with its vases, fountains, alleys of acacias, groves of myrtle and orange-trees, its circular temple of white marble, its admirable view, is perhaps the most delightful of public promenades. In 1826 its first ornament of art was the celebrated group of the *Toro Farnese*, placed in the middle of a vast basin, according to Michael Angelo's project; this antique masterpiece, being there too much exposed to the air and the humidity caused by the immediate neighbourhood of the waves, has been wisely removed to the Museo Borbonico. This garden is open to the common people, peasants, and servants in livery only one day a year, the 8th of September, the holyday of *Santa Maria di Piè di grotto*. I was there in 1826 on that day; the aspect of the *Villa reale* was enchanting; the girls of the environs, dressed in their national costumes, with silver pins in their hair, wrapped in elegant veils that fell over their bright coloured frocks figured with gold, were there in crowds. Of such importance did they formerly reckon this feast, which however is only of the end of the sixteenth century, that they stipulated in marrying, as a clause of the contract, that their husbands should take them to it every year. The red Phrygian cap, the swarthy faces of the men loaded with fruit tied up in garlands or suspended to long rods, were also very picturesque. The king went in grand procession to the church of the *Madonna*: the cortege was nearly the same as in France, except that each prince was in a separate carriage. The coachmen, and footmen too, were without hats, but wore full-bottomed powdered wigs like those our judges for-



merly used, and this grave head-dress contrasted comically with the physiognomies of the wearers. These out-of-the-way wigs are a remnant of Spanish etiquette. I could not help think what laughter and jests would attend the appearance of such strange figures in Paris. The military escort was partly composed of Austrian troops; it would not have been easy to find better soldiers.

The large quay of Chiaja, which runs along the Villa Reale, is inhabited by the best society of Naples. I cannot recall without feelings of pleasure and regret the reception I met with in some of these charming abodes; at the palace of the prince of la T\*\*\*\*\* C\*\*\*\*\*, married to a French lady, a person of superior mind and character; at the noble and brave F\*\*\*\*\*'s, prince of S\*\*\*\*\*, who was generously reared by France, and has done her honour. I frequently visited near there the former archbishop of Tarento, Monsignore Capece Latro, the benevolent host of strangers attracted to Naples by love of the arts and of study, a venerable monument of science and taste, who, when eighty-six years of age, published in Latin some curious researches on the antiquity and history of his house, the origin of which dates from Ginello Capece, consul of Naples in 1009. The fine collections of medals, engraved stones, and Greek vases formed by the archbishop of Tarento, are now nearly all dispersed: \* he seemed, said he to me feelingly, to be thus preparing himself to leave all the rest; he died at the end of 1836, aged ninety-two years and forty days. His two last publications offer a singular contrast: the first, in his eighty-eighth year, is the manuscript of his ancestor Scipione Capece, *De Nativitate Domini*; the second, a translation of Guibert's panegyric of Frederick II., with notes.

Notwithstanding the multiplicity of high-sounding titles in the society of Naples, it is distinguished by much good nature, simplicity, and familiarity. The titles in conversation seem mere expletives; they are even used between intimate acquaintances, and a lady will say to her friend: "Princess, will you?" The custom of making pic-nics in the

country, as in France during the last century, and even under Louis XIV., still exists at Naples, but without the same scandals. Italian manners, too often judged from the common-places of travellers of sixty years past, are now neither better nor worse than those of other great capitals, and at Naples they may perhaps be better. The nobility is an example of the evils always attendant on too frequent political changes; within the last thirty years, they have been ruined three or four times, and their wealth does not always answer to the grandeur of their recollections or family antiquity. Many members of this class are distinguished by their talents and learning. The marquis Gargallo, an excellent writer, has composed a very fine and the best translation in Italian of the complete works of Horace, with valuable critical notes. Signora Maria Raphale Caracciolo has translated some extracts from Fénelon, and passages from the best English writers. The pure harmonious songs of Signora Giuseppa Guacci, a Neapolitan muse of great promise, already honour the Italian Parnassus. Signora Folliero has published some reflections on the education of youth, which are elevated and liberal, but too much imbued with German religionism, or the spirit of French sensualism. This classic ground of antiquity possesses some of its cleverest interpreters: SS. Arditì, a prolific writer, director of the Royal Museum; Carelli, secretary of the Herculaneum academy, the erudite possessor of a rich collection of Sicilian and Italian medals; † the laborious canon Jorio, who has described the tombs of Cumæ, exhumed at his expense; Raimondo Guarini, an archeologist of extraordinary sagacity; Giannelli, keeper of the manuscripts in the library of the Studj, a stern critic, but of great information, the independent disciple of the historical and philosophical doctrines of Vico; D. Angelo Scotti, librarian of the Studj, one of the most distinguished members of the Herculaneum Academy; the Cav. Monticelli, secretary of the Academy of Sciences, the faithful historiographer of Vesuvius; Gaspardo Selvaggi, a good Grecian and an amiable man, who has long resided in Paris, as well as his countryman Galiani, but who

\* The medals are at Vienna, the vases and bronzes in Denmark.

† Deceased at Naples, September 17, 1832.

is far removed from the vulgarity and eccentricities which were kindly overlooked in the abbé. A learned amateur, the advocate Santagelo, whose politeness I cannot forget, possesses a considerable number of paintings by the first masters, a fine collection of vases of la Puglia and la Basilicata, numerous medals, and, above all, an admirable little sketch in grey camaieu of Michael Angelo's *Last Judgment*, by his own hand, or painted under his immediate direction by his friend Marcello Venusti; it differs from the fresco in the Sixtine, and may be esteemed one of the greatest curiosities in Italy. Law is also successfully studied at Naples even by the nobility and clergy, it being justly supposed a fit preparation for public life; the number of advocates and lawyers, stated by a traveller to be thirty thousand, was three thousand and ninety-six in 1835, and sufficiently numerous even then.

The Gravina palace, by Gabriele d'Agno, is almost the only palace of Naples that can be cited for architectural taste. This majestic edifice would not be unworthy of Rome or Florence. The inscription purports that the noble founder Ferdinand Orsini, duke of Gravina, erected it for himself, his family, and all his friends; *sibi, suisque et amicis omnibus*.

On the door of the stables at the Madaloni palace, is a basso-relievo of the *Rape of the Sabines*, by Masuccio I., the earliest Neapolitan artist, of the thirteenth century, who has also done other works in the court and the chambers. This palace stands in the famous street of Toledo, a long noisy bazaar lined with high houses, crowded day and night with people and carriages; this, I believe, is the first of great streets, and deserves the reputation it enjoys among amateurs of this kind of wonders.

### CHAPTER. III.

Bourbon Museum.—Statues.—Balbus family.—Venus of Capua.—Farnese Flora.—Venus Callipyge.—Farnese Hercules.—Aristides.—Bronzes.—Papyri.—Furniture.—Utensils.—Eatables.—Vases.—Antique paintings.—Mosaics.

The Bourbon Museum, called also the Studj, ranks with the first collections of antique chefs-d'œuvre. In the middle

of the grand staircase, of excellent design, a colossal statue, little worthy of Canova, represents King Ferdinand as Minerva; the old monarch's features are truly grotesque under the casque and with the ægis of Pallas. The author had the good taste not to like this figure: one day, when showing it to me, says one of his most ingenious biographers, he threw his paper cap at its head: such was a specimen of Canova's anger. The nine statues of the Balbus family, found at Herculaneum, are nobly simple; the two equestrian statues of Nonius, father and son, are reputed the truest and most aerial of antiquity; the head of the son's statue, formerly at Portici, was broken in 1799 by a cannon ball, a more redoubtable enemy than the fire of Vesuvius; the present head is a passable imitation of the original, copied from its remains. *Jupiter* and *Juno*, of burnt clay; a dying *Gladiator*, are perfectly natural. *Diana*, a statue of coloured marble, despite the abundance of hair and the symmetry of the garments, not exactly suitable to the rude sports of the goddess, is a valuable work. The *Venus* of Capua, according to M. Millingen, is by Alcamenes or Praxiteles, and the original of our Venus of Milo. The little *Bacchus* astride on the shoulders of the Faun is full of jollity; the *Apollo* with the swan, very fine; Ganymedes caressed by the eagle, artless; the Etruscan *Minerva*, superb. The colossal *Farnese Flora* appears elegant and aerial. The too highly extolled torso of a *Venus* or a *Psyche* also found at Capua is graceful, though apparently not original, nor of the best epoch, and awkwardly repaired in many places. Four Greek basso-relievos are of the best era: *Paris* and *Helen*, with inscriptions; *Orpheus* finding *Eurydice*; a voluptuous scene of a *Satyr* and a *Bacchante*; Bacchus surrounded by a numerous and noisy train. It is impossible not to be smitten with the power, the perseverance of the ancient artists, on beholding the *Apollo Citharæda*, a semi-colossal statue, of porphyry, the draperies of which, despite the hardness of the material, have wonderful softness and ease. Near the Apollo are other valuable statues, in hard coloured stones: an *Egyptian priest*, of basalt, superb, perhaps Osiris; *Diana* of Ephesus, of alabaster, with the head, hands, and feet of bronze; Me-

leager, in rosso antico. In the middle of the Hall of the Muses, the beautiful vase by the Athenian sculptor Salpion represents the *Birth of Bacchus*, whom Mercury confides to the Nymphs: this masterpiece, found at the ancient Formiæ, in the Gulf of Gaeta, was so little esteemed at first that the boatmen used to fasten their boats to it, and the marks of the ropes are still visible. The hermaphrodite *Bacchus* is excellent. The *Venus Callipyge* stands preeminent in the crowd of Venuses around it; a young and blooming Adonis seems not unworthy to possess so many charms.<sup>1</sup> The *Winged Love*, seated on a dolphin, is a Roman work, at once excellent and whimsical. The *Hercules* presents the emblem of strength in calm repose. This colossus, by the Athenian sculptor Glycon, was first found without legs in the thermæ of Caracalla: Michael Angelo was charged by Paul III. (Farnese) to replace them; but scarcely, despite his reluctance, had he finished the model when he broke it to pieces with his hammer, exclaiming that he neither would nor could ever make a finger to such a statue. Guglielmo della Porta, the most renowned sculptor after him, was charged with the work; the fore part which he did, is furrowed and clumsy, and contrasts with the truth of the firm, soft, and stately back. The real legs having been found in a well, three miles from the spot where the body was discovered, they were restored to it, Prince Borghese having generously ceded them to the king of Naples. The son of Alcmenes is now only the left hand deficient. The group representing the fable of Dirce, called the *Toro Farnese*, placed opposite the Hercules, is by no means inferior, though in great part restored. The Atlas is a magnificent statue, and his globe a curious astronomical monument. With all the uncertainty of archeological science, one loves to recognise the just Aristides in the statue bearing his name; this prodigious statue, the truest and most real perhaps of antique chefs-d'œuvre, seems to be walking, absolutely advancing, when the spectator places himself at the spot indicated by Canova, who was never tired of contemplating it, and every time he

<sup>1</sup> In the everlasting changes of the *Studj*, the *Venus Callipyge* has been since removed several times.

visited the museum he always went there first.

The Hall of the Emperors and Emperresses offers the *Agrippina*, whose withered, age-stricken features, on a young body, can belong to none but the disconsolate widow of Germanicus; *Augustus* seated, one of the first statues extracted from Herculaneum; *Tiberius*, *Claudius*, thick and common, though superior in the drapery; *Nero*, found at Telesia; *Trajan*, at Minturnæ; the colossal bust of *Cæsar*, and the magnificent porphyry crater, smaller than the one at the Vatican, but more ornamented.

The *Studj* stand before all other museums of bronzes. The principal are: *Mercury* seated, so young, and artless; the colossal horse's head, a sublime work of the best times of Greece; a recent inscription relates a ridiculous tale about the destruction of the statue; the single horse, which an emphatic Latin inscription pretends to be the only remains of a quadriga of Herculaneum, destroyed by Vesuvius; the bust, said to be *Plato*, of severe beauty, with hair most artfully wrought; *Archytas*; the pretended *Seneca*; the head called *Sappho*; some actresses and dancers dressing for the stage; the two *Satyrs*, one sleeping, the other lying on his bottle, and snapping his fingers, the ideal of a drunkard.

It is curious to see the ingenuity displayed in searching out the antique thoughts concealed in the black rolls of the *papyri* of Herculaneum. It is impossible to regret too deeply that so much care and such minute precautions are but too commonly recompensed with only useless or imperfect works. Among the papyri deciphered up to 1825, sixty-one were nearly entire; of a hundred and sixty-one only two thirds remained; the half, of three hundred and eight; the third, of a hundred and ninety; a quarter, of a hundred and ninety-one; four hundred and seventy-four were cut all along the middle, through the inexperience of the first workmen. The number of columns and fragments unrolled amounted to two thousand three hundred and sixty-six.

Beside this destruction of the writings of sages, certain groups in the *Cabinet of reserved articles* are scarcely injured, and the maxims of morality have



not resisted the flames of Vesuvius so effectually as the images of vice.

The collection of household goods, instruments, and utensils, called the *Museum of small Bronzes*, is singularly curious and unique; it brings us into immediate contact with the every-day life of the ancients. The bronze curule chairs, placed near the trophies of arms and bucklers, recall the civic and military glory which was then so often united in the same individuals. The tripods, altars, sacrificial tables, urns, cups, knives; all the instruments of polytheism, although of excellent workmanship, inspire much less admiration. Loaded dice and the rouge of the Roman ladies show the same impostures in pleasure to have then existed: spindles, needles, thimbles seemed much more respectable. The jewels are charming: one of them, very ancient, the last ornament of the woman who wore it, was found in a Greek tomb. Several cakes of ashes made solid by water retain graceful impressions; the breast of a woman; an arm with its ornaments, a part of the shoulders and the waist; it is evident that this unfortunate one was young, tall, well-made; but she was not flying *en chemise*, as president Dupaty supposed, for marks of cloths are visible. The several kinds of food, a piece of antique pastry, are wonderfully well preserved. The instruments of surgery and midwifery, apothecaries' phials, mortars, pestles, are much like the modern: perhaps the art was in as great perfection. The culinary utensils, though tastefully ornamented, differ little in reality from our own. A real English teapot is among these articles. The scales, also very elegant, were adjusted at the Capitol by the edile, as we learn from an inscription on one of them, examined under the eighth consulate of Vespasian and the sixth of Titus. The Herculæan tables, discovered in 1732, are an important monument for the study of Greek palæography. The inkstand with seven faces has been made the subject of two 4to volumes by the learned and eccentric Martorelli.

This museum, whatever may have been said, is not deficient in instruments of music, and several are worthy of remark. A kind of clarionet without lateral holes, or bell, is surrounded with a great number of small metal tubes

placed in the same direction as the principal one and communicating with the same mouth-piece. Horace, in his *Ars Poetica*, speaks of the improved flute of his time:

Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vincta, tubæque  
Æmula,

which must be similar to this odd instrument, but it is difficult to imagine its effect or the mode of playing it. The abbé Galiani supposes that the little tubes were strung like the beads of a chaplet: the metal tube was thus covered with pieces of bone, which served to flute the sound and render it very different from that of trumpets. They were veritable sordines, like the cord wrapped round the tube of a trumpet to soften the tone. The brass cymbals of different sizes give, though small, a shrill, clear, silvery, and precise sound, very superior to the clatter of the Turkish cymbals used by the moderns.

The collection of glass comprises twelve hundred articles. We are therefore certain that the ancients were not only acquainted with the use of glass for windows, but that they likewise knew how to cut, work, and colour it. A great number of these articles came from Egypt, and the Egyptians seem to have been the glaziers of antiquity.

The collection of vases contains about two thousand five hundred, among which the three precious vases of Nola hold the first rank; they represent an *Orgie of women around an idol of Bacchus*; the *Burning of Troy*, and the vase of *Cassandra*. The following may be also remarked: the musician *Comus playing before Bacchus and Ariadne*; the cinerary vase of Charminos of Cos, found among the ruins of Carthage, unique of its kind, the characters being engraved after burning, contrary to the usual custom; the famous vase of Locri, intended for perfumes, on which, according to the Cav. Arditì's opinion, is a representation of *Virtuous pleasure personified*, or, according to Villoison and the abbé Zannoni, the prize of beauty, won by the woman's figure; the curious vase of Pæstum, presenting *Hercules at the Hesperides*; the Græco-Italian and Sicilian vases, the subjects of which are: the *Victory of Hercules over King Eryx with the cestus*; a *Combat between*

*the Greeks and Trojans; the Death of Theseus; Electra and Orestes at the tomb of Agamemnon, and Clytemnestra and Ægisthus; a Battle between the Greeks and Amazons; Hercules killing the centaur Nessus, and a thousand other paintings which combine simplicity of design and expression with the most carefully finished workmanship.*

The rich medal cabinet has the celebrated cup of sardonyx, a foot in diameter, commented on by the most illustrious men of learning, and its group of seven figures represents, according to Visconti, the Nile, Orus, Isis, and the nymphs of the Nile.

The antique paintings, more than fifteen hundred in number, despite their grace, ingenuity, expression, and extraordinary vividness of colour in some cases, are very far inferior to the amazing effect of the statues. Perhaps we are only acquainted with the works of painters of petty towns, in which alone we have hitherto found them. The monochromatic painting of *Theseus killing the centaur*, imitated by Canova,<sup>1</sup> is reckoned the most perfect relic of antique painting. The celebrated *Love bargain* is a lively well-imagined composition. A *Charity*, Greek, and not Roman as commonly supposed; *Hylas borne away by the nymphs*; *Agamemnon conducting Chryseis to the ship to send her back to her father*; *Achilles delivering Briseis to Agamemnon's heralds*; *Juno and Jupiter on Mount Ida*; the *Sacrifice of Iphigenia*, though feeble in some parts; *Medea about to kill her children who are playing*, are works full of nobleness, pathos, and poetry. With the exception of the sage Chiron, botanist, musician, astronomer, preceptor of Achilles, the honour of his species, some *Centaur*s, and *CENTAURESSES* especially, are all frolic and wantonness. Several comic scenes are extremely gay; the principal characters only are masked.

Among the mosaics, some humorous scenes, two of which bear the name of the artist Dioscorides of Samos, prove the high degree of perfection the Greeks had attained in that kind of work.

## CHAPTER IV.

Gallery.—Neapolitan school.—Schedone.—Galleria de' Capi d'Opera.—Philip II., by Titian.

The gallery has a good number of paintings, some of them by the first masters; the most esteemed, except a small number of chefs-d'œuvre, are not of the Neapolitan school, the later masters of which seem rather clever and expeditious workmen than true artists: one would say that the talent of these artists lay more in the arm than the heart and head. The best paintings of this school are: the *Prodigal son*; *St. Nicholas of Bari in ecstasy*, by Calabrese; an *Assumption*, by Andrea of Salerno; the *St. Bruno kneeling before the infant Jesus, who is blessing him*; *St. Jerome in a grotto*, by Spagnoletto; a *Dance of little angels*, very graceful, by the Cav. d'Arpino; the *St. Jerome* in a little chamber instead of a grot, taking a thorn out of a lion's paw, an old and celebrated painting altogether in the Flemish style, by the Neapolitan Colantonio del Fiore, who lived in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; the *Virgin* on a gold ground, by Giotto; the *St. Ignatius* and *St. Francis Xavier* baptising the Indians, finished in four days by Luca Giordano. Among the works of the Florentine school, may be distinguished: a *Descent from the cross*, by Castagno; a *Circumcision*, by Marco da Siena, a naturalised Neapolitan, and clever imitator of Michael Angelo; the *Infant Jesus blessing St. John* caressed by the *Virgin*; an *Annunciation* in a landscape; *two Saints near the Virgin* on a throne with the *infant Jesus*, by Ghirlandajo; a *Young man in black*, by Bronzino; the *Ascension*, by Sodoma. The French and Flemish schools have: a *Marine view*, by Claude Lorrain; an *old Shepherd* wrapped in his cloak, by Rembrandt; a *portrait of a man seated* and in black, by Vandyck; the *Baptism of Christ* in a rural scene, by Paul Bril; the celebrated *Monk of Alcantara clothed in white*, a *tour de force* in colouring, by Rubens; a *portrait of a Young man with plumes on his hat*, by Holbein. A collection of paintings in the Greek style of the Lower

<sup>1</sup> Of one colour. For paintings of this description, a red colour from India was used, known by the name of *cinabris indica*. See Pliny (lib. xxxiii.

cap. 7, and lib. xxiv. cap. 3), cited by Mazois, p. 433 of his *Palace of Scurus*.

<sup>2</sup> See ante, book vi. ch. xlii.

empire, is very interesting for the history of the art. The authenticity of the three cartoons said to be by Raphael and Michael Angelo is disputed. The other remarkable paintings of the several schools are : *St. Sebastian tended by women*; the *Virgin, infant Jesus, St. Joseph reading in a book held by an angel*; *St. John, St. Francis, St. Lawrence*; the *Shoemaker of Pope Paul III.*; *St. John holding a lamb*; a *Group of women and children*, listening to a soldier with emotion and surprise; an *Old man leaning on a stick*; the *Virgin caressed by the infant Jesus*; *St. Jerome with his hands clasped looking upwards*; the *Cross supported by angels*; *St. Paul holding a sword in one hand, a book in the other*; a *Composer of music*; *Jesus Christ crowned with thorns and insulted by the Jews*, broadly executed works by Schedone, which he did for his generous and useless Mæcnas, Ranuzio I., duke of Parma,<sup>1</sup> and which came to Naples with the other collections of the Farnese family; the *Virgin holding the infant Jesus on her knees*, by Leonardo Vinci; a *Judith, Jesus Christ calling St. Matthew*; the *Magdalen*; the *Apostles at the Virgin's tomb*; a *Carrying of the cross*; *St. Francis d'Assise*; the *Descent of the Holy Spirit*, by Caravaggio; the *Virgin near Christ laid in the cross*, by Ludovico Carraccio; a *Man in a pelisse*, smiling; the *Virgin with the infant Jesus sleeping on her bosom*, by Annibale; *St. Francis d'Assise*, by Murillo; a *Holy Family and St. Catherine*, by Bagnacavallo; a satirical picture by one of the Carracci school against Caravaggio, whose rough head resembles a wild beast's; two *Figures in profile adoring the Virgin* in a rural scene, by Bernardino Luini; a portrait of a prince, aged thirty-three, by Parmegiano; the *Virgin tenderly pressing the infant Jesus in her arms and against her forehead*, by Correggio; a portrait of a *Cardinal with a beard and but little hair*; a *Young man in black*; a charming portrait of Anna Boleyn, by Sebastiano del Piombo; a portrait of a *Young girl*, with rich head-dress and clothes, by Bassano; the *Magi*; *St. Ursula*, by Garofolo; *St. Joseph and the Virgin*, by Bonifazio; a *portrait*; the *Virgin and infant Jesus surrounded by*

*cherubim*; a *Naked man whispering in Christ's ear*, by Tintoretto; a *Venetian doctor*, by Morone; a *Young girl*; the portrait of *Gonsalvo of Cordova*; *Erasmus*, in his old age, by Titian; a very fine portrait of a *Woman in black*, of the Venetian school; a *Young girl*, by Paolo Veronese; the *Eternal Father in the midst of four cherubim*; the *Virgin and infant Jesus*, in a rural scene, by Perugino; the *Virgin and infant Jesus*, the portrait of the Cav. Tibaldi, by Raphael; the *Virgin praying*, by Sasso Ferrato; *Charles III. received in the palace of Montecavallo by Benedict XIV.*; a *View of the Coliseum and the arch of Titus*, by Pannini, a clever perspective painter of the last century, the master of Joseph Vernet. A well preserved painting passes for the portrait of Raphael's mother, taken by him when thirteen or fourteen years of age : the side in the shade is neither drawn nor painted, and shows the young artist's inexperience; the bright side is drawn in a very delicate style and has the tone of his earlier manner.

In the apartment called the *Galleria de' Capi d'Opera*, are the undermentioned admirable paintings by Titian : the haughty and gloomy Philip II., who patronised Titian, corresponded lengthily with him and urgently pressed him to forward the works promised, groaned, as when his Armada was destroyed, at the loss of a ship carrying a picture, but paid the artist illiberally enough, as may be seen by the letter in which he declares that he has to wait too long for his money, and regrets being obliged to work for others : the inscription of the portrait, *Titianus Vecellius eques Cæsaris faciebat*, alludes to the order of knighthood conferred on Titian by Charles V.; *Paul III.*, old and with a long beard, admirably true, between his two nephews, Cardinal Alexander and Octavius II., duke of Parma; the *Magdalen*, still touching and seductive; the *Danae*, finely coloured, but whose calm, satisfied air seems the true emblem of a paid woman;—by Spagnoletto : *Silenus lying down, encircled by satyrs who present him with wine*; *St. Jerome praying before a skull*, and startled by the blowing of the last trumpet;—by Schedone : his little and great *Charity*, the first so true and pathetic;—by Sebastiano del Piombo : *Pope Alexander Farnese*, a *Holy Family and St. John Baptist*;—

<sup>1</sup> See ante, book ix. ch. vi.



by Giulio Romano: the *Virgin with the cat*, a happy inspiration of Raphael, the cat is lifelike;—by Agostino Carraccio: *Armida and Rinaldo*, the scene of the magic mirror;—by Raphael: a *Holy Family*, in his last manner, the St. Anne of which is the ideal of aged beauty; the *Virgin on a throne*, with the infant Jesus who blesses St. John between two saints; another *Leo X.* between the cardinals de' Rossi and Giuliano de' Medici; 'a portrait' of a *Cardinal*;—by Andrea del Sarto: *Bramante teaching the young duke of Urbino architecture*;—by Annibale Carraccio: the youthful *Hercules sitting between the paths of Virtue and Pleasure*; a *Piety*;—by Giovanni Bellini: a *Transfiguration* natural, diversified;—by Velasquez: the portrait of a *Cardinal*, his masterpiece;—by Garofolo: the *Christ held in the arms of the Marys*, bewailed by divers saints, with a fine landscape;—by Zingaro: the *Virgin* on a throne, surrounded by saints: the author has represented himself there behind the young St. Aspremus, first bishop of Naples; the *Virgin* is the portrait of the daughter of the painter Colantonio del Fiore, through love of whom he, from being a travelling (zingaro) tinker, which trade he followed till his twenty-seventh year, became a painter and an eminent one too, the only means of obtaining her hand, after ten years of study and travels, of the impassioned artist her father: the countenance of a very ugly old man seems also to be the latter's portrait; the perspective is remarkable for the epoch;—by Simone Papa: *St. Michael trampling the Devil under foot*;—by Fra Bartolommeo: an *Assumption*, with Sts. Catherine and John Baptist below;—by Claude Lorrain: the *Nymph Ægeria* and her companions, with a landscape of the environs of Rome, wonderfully illuminated;—by Correggio: his pretty and fresh *Marriage of St. Catherine*, the *Madonna della Zingarella*;—by Domenichino: the *Guardian angel*, a delightful composition, the *Gloria* of which has been barbarously torn away;—by Parmegiano: his *Mistress*, richly but singularly attired; a noble, but I think very doubtful portrait of Christopher Columbus.

## CHAPTER V.

Royal library.—Autographs of Saint Thomas and Tasso.—Other libraries.—King's Printing-office.—Book-trade.—Journals at Naples and in Italy.—Archives.—Constitutions of the emperor Frederick II.—Pietro de Vineis.

The royal library, since the year 1804, has been located in the vast and beautiful saloon of the palace of the *Studj*, constructed by Fontana; it contains a hundred and fifty thousand volumes, about three thousand manuscripts, chiefly derived from the old Farnese library, brought from Rome to Naples by Charles III., the Palatine and Jesuits' libraries, a part of the library of Saint John Carbonara<sup>2</sup> and other libraries of suppressed convents; it is annually increased by purchases under the direction of a committee, and receives two copies of every work published. The catalogue of the editions of the fifteenth century, which are numerous, without being remarkable, has been published by S. Lictoris, the sub-librarian.<sup>3</sup> The following are remarkable: the first edition of *Barthole* (1471), the first book printed at Naples, whither King Ferdinand I. of Aragon had invited Sixtus Riessinger, printer and letter-founder, as the first printers usually were; the Latin work of Janus Marius, a Neapolitan, on the *Propriety of old words* (1475), and a Missal (1477), both printed by Mathias Moravius, another German invited to Naples by Ferdinand; *Æsop*, in Latin and Italian, printed by Riessinger, and published by Francesco Tuppo (1485), with curious engravings on wood; among the Greek manuscripts: the *Paralipomena of Homer*, by Quintus of Smyrna, a manuscript of 1311, one of that poet's best; the amphigoric *Alexandra* of Lycophon, which is said to have supplied Manutius with the fragments he printed; a *New Testament*, supposed of the tenth century; among the Latin manuscripts: a *Bible* in two volumes, of the tenth century; several works of the Fathers, found in the church of Troja, in the kingdom of Naples; among them is a *St. Prosper* of Aquitaine, which, by the subscription of the bishop Guglielmo, was given to this church in 1508; the five books of

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book x. ch. xviii.

<sup>2</sup> See *post*, ch. xi.

<sup>3</sup> Naples, Royal Printing-office, 1828-30, 2 v. fol.

*Grammatical Institutions*, by Charisius Sospater, first printed at Naples (1532) under the superintendence of Janus Parrhasius; the manuscript of Pompeius Sextus Festus, half burnt, which has served for the imperfect editions of this philologist; the fragments of the books on agriculture by Gargilius Martialis, discovered and published by S. Mai, and again by S. Scotti, who has even given a facsimile of them; the celebrated autograph of Saint Thomas Aquinas, containing the exposition of the Tract of Saint Denys *De Cælesti hierarchia*, formerly preserved with the utmost care at the convent of Saint Dominick, and still exposed there once a year, on the festival of Saint Thomas, to the veneration of the faithful. Some more modern manuscripts are interesting; such are the three dialogues of Tasso, one of them *Il Minturno*, which did not appear to me less corrected than his other works: the letters of Paul Manutius and Cardinal Seripandi prove the honourable eagerness of the Roman court to publish the Sacred Scriptures and the writings of the Fathers. It appears, however, by one of them, that the printing of Saint Thomas displeased many at Rome, and allowing all he says to be good, there were still some portions that appeared rather inopportune.<sup>2</sup>

The readers at this library are pretty numerous, but there are many complaints of the difficulty of procuring books. One room is set apart for the blind, who pay persons for reading to them. This room is said to present a singular aspect; for the readers, as it seems, not being all of them very clever, their unfortunate auditors make them read over again to catch the sense of the phrase. The picturesque image of Dante must be often realised there:

Lo mento a guisa d' orbo in su levava.<sup>3</sup>

Blindness is common at Naples; the light, so dazzling and vivid, seems to intoxicate the eyes: consequently Professor Quadri, one of the first oculists in Europe, is most suitably settled there.

The other four public libraries of Naples are the Brancacciana, the oldest,

founded in 1675 by a legacy of the Neapolitan cardinal Francesco Brancaccio, principally rich in manuscripts on the history of Naples, and containing fifty thousand volumes; the ministerial library, formed in 1807 of the books from suppressed convents, now appropriated to the home minister; the city library, founded with the fine library of the marquis Taccone, purchased by the government; lastly, the university library, also consisting of books from suppressed convents.

The library of the convent of Saint Philip of Neri appeared to me inferior to its ancient fame; the catalogue is only a list of authors. I there saw and admired the celebrated manuscript of Seneca's *Tragedies*, with the brilliant pictures by Zingaro representing the subjects of the plays.

The Royal Printing-office, founded by Charles III., which produced in its earliest days the fine work of the *Antiquities of Herculaneum*, does not appear to maintain its noble origin, nor to follow the improvements of similar establishments, although its letter was cast at the foundries of Didot and Bodoni. I knew an Englishman, a good orientalist, living at Naples, who, wishing to have some of his researches printed there, applied to the Cav. de' Medici; that minister, a man of talent and a good financier, but not much of a scholar, thought himself under the obligation of informing the gentleman that the office had no oriental character except Greek.

The exorbitant duty imposed on foreign books at Naples is almost equivalent to a prohibition. It has been pretended that if works are good, they cannot be dear at whatever price, and if bad, it is better to prevent their admission. This is nearly such political economy as Omar would have propounded. There is no appearance that the native printers have derived much advantage from these restrictions, for the book-trade in Naples is not very brisk,<sup>4</sup> and, out of the capital, I did not observe a single bookseller in the kingdom. There is, however, a considerable number of journals and scientific, judicial, administrative and literary miscellanies pub-

che corrono.<sup>2</sup> Letter from Paul Manutius to the cardinal, written from Rome July 24, 1562.

<sup>3</sup> *Purgat.*, can. xiii. 402.

<sup>4</sup> See *ante*, book iii. ch. xli.

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book vii. ch. xii.; and book x. ch. xviii.

<sup>2</sup> \* *Or ora si stampa san Thomasso, con disparere di molti, che dicono le cose di san Thomasso esser buone tutte, ma non conformi alla qualità de' tempi*

lished now at Naples; this city has more than any other in Italy. Several of these papers and publications are grave, miscellaneous, amusing, and the chief review bears the audacious title of the *Progress (Il Progresso)*.

The statistical account of the journals in Italy made them amount in 1837 to about two hundred; which shows the intellectual progress of the country and its degree on the different points. Beside the forty journals of Naples, there were twenty-nine published at Milan, fourteen at Turin, thirteen at Palermo, twelve at Venice, ten at Rome, eight at Trieste, seven at Florence, six at Genoa, five at Verona, Modena, and Bologna, four at Messina, three at Siena, Pisa, and Lugano; towns of the second order, such as Perugia and Catana, have their journal; but there are others beside in ordinary little towns,<sup>1</sup> and Chieti has its *Filologia abruzzese*, Aquila its *Gran sasso d'Italia*, Foggia its *Giornale d'agricoltura di Capitanata*, Campo Basso its *Giornata economico-rustico di Molise*, and Reggio its *Fata Morgana*.

The general archives kept in the Gothic palace *de' Tribunali*, are a vast establishment divided into four sections: historical, financial, judicial, and municipal. I was shown about three hundred bulky volumes in folio, containing the acts of the princes of the house of Anjou, beginning with Charles. The original *Constitutions* of the emperor Frederick II., the oldest code of the Neapolitan kingdom, were transcribed in 1239 by his chancellor the celebrated Pietro de Vineis; for Frederick, like all great princes, had a great minister whom he at last treated with injustice. The causes of the disgrace and punishment of Pietro de Vineis are a much disputed historical problem; Dante attributed them to the envy of the courtiers against that minister, and the fine verses he puts in his mouth express, perhaps, the most likely conjecture:

La meretrice che mal dall' ospizio  
Di Cesare non torse gli occhi putti,  
Morte comune e delle corti vizio,  
Infiammò contra me gli animi tutti.  
E gl' infiammati infiammar sì Augusto,  
Che li lieti onor tornarò in tristi lutti.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book XII. ch. x.    <sup>2</sup> *Inf. can.* XIII. 64.  
<sup>3</sup> Bellini died at Puteaux, a village near Paris, September 23, 1835, aged twenty-nine; his obsequies were celebrated with great pomp in the

## CHAPTER VI.

Theatres.—San Carlo.—Music.—Conservatory.—Zingarelli.—Crescentini.—Fondo.—L' Impresario.—Florentines.—San Carlino.

The theatre of San Carlo, vast, convenient, splendid, but of a petty taste in architecture and decoration, has been humorously compared to an immense gilded dovehouse. This house presents a really enchanting aspect on *gala* days, and even *demi-gala*, when it is illuminated. No one can avoid being smitten with the great number of pretty women in the boxes, and the ugliness of the Neapolitan dames, proverbial in Italy, is not perceptible in that high society. The greater part of the actors and plays that I saw at San Carlo, in 1826 and 1828, beginning with the excellent Lablache, madame Lalande, and the dull *Last day of Pompeii*, have since appeared on our Italian stage, or are added to its repertory. I do not, however, think that they have yet performed there the grand opera of *Bianca e Gerardo*, Bellini's first work, then a young Sicilian composer, educated in the conservatory of Naples, whom the classical writers wished to oppose to the romantic and unrivalled glory of Rossini.<sup>3</sup> A pupil of Crescentini, Signora Tosi, was worthy of such a master, by her method, her warmth, and vivid expression; but her feeble means did not correspond thereto. The musical feeling of the Neapolitan public does not appear either very just, or true; they prefer the song to the expression, the pedestal and arabesques to the statue; some years ago, they hissed Haydn's *Creation*, and the managers take especial care not to bring forward Mozart, despite the chefs-d'œuvre with which he has illustrated the Italian theatre. Musical instruction is very much behind-hand now in the country of Porpora, Leo, Durante, Jomelli, Pergolese, Sacchini, Paesello, and Cimarosa. Rousseau would no longer say to his young artist: "Cours, vole à Naples," and he would most certainly abstain from repeating his imprecation: "*Fais de la musique française.*" Instead of the three conservatories that formerly flourished

church of the Invalides; and a *requiem* by Cherubini was executed. He had obtained the cross of the Legion of Honour after the performance of the *Puritani*.



at Naples, the spirited and violent rivalry of which, sometimes even exciting troubles in the town, has produced so many great composers, only one survives; an establishment badly managed, though it has some able masters, its sixteen thousand ducats advanced by the government being, in a great measure, squandered away in salaries to rectors, vice-rectors, inspectors, confessors, before music comes in for a share. The director was the illustrious Zingarelli, author of *Romeo*, his masterpiece, which he composed in forty hours, during ten days, a witty, learned, devout old gentleman, and a theologian, too, who was acquainted with the best apologists of religion, and showed me the *Genie du christianisme*, which he told me that he read continually. He also made a very judicious application to his art of the literary precepts of Horace. Zingarelli then composed sacred music only, and his piety made him really compose *con amore*. Two of his compositions are mentioned as having produced a great effect, the funeral mass for the obsequies of the minister de' Medici, and a *Misere-re*, executed at the conservatory by the pupils, in Passion week 1831. Crescentini, attached to the same establishment, has left off singing, but he professes in a superior manner and composes very pleasing airs. The rich musical library possesses the complete works of Paesiello in autograph, left by him to this conservatory.

The pretty theatre *del Fondo* is a miniature San Carlo, for singing, dancing, and music; it has the same actors, the same direction, and appertains to the states of the celebrated Domenico Barbaja, manager of theatres at Vienna, Milan, etc., who holds a kind of universal operatic monarchy. It is difficult to form an idea of the strange authority exercised in Italy by the *impresario* (manager) over the singers he engages. His absolute dominion extends over all their actions and ordinary habits: on the days of performance, even those who do not play are obliged to remain at home till the curtain rises, to replace their comrades in case of illness. One of the articles of this singular regulation gives the *impresario* the right of separating an actress from her

husband, should he beat her. We discover some trace of antiquity in this subservience to the pleasures of the public.

The theatre of the Florentines, the oldest in Naples, is devoted to comedy, which is very well played there, and even to tragedy.

The San Carlino or Pulcinella theatre is the resort of the populace. The placard stated: *Agli amatori del genere brillante si offre pel giorno e la sera di... altra produzione giocosissima in tutte le sue scene, non ancora recitata dall'attuale compagnia, ricca di bizzarri avvenimenti, ed intitolata... con Pulcinella*. From which we see that this company performs twice a day, morning and evening. The players are Camerana, a productive author of pieces for his own theatre, and his family. The *fantoccini* of flesh and bone seem no less indefatigable than their wooden comrades, and I found in them the same warmth, vigour, and jollity.<sup>2</sup>

## CHAPTER VII.

Cathedral.—Confession.—Tomb of Charles of Anjou.  
—Minutolo chapel.—Santa Restituta.—Treasury.  
—Artists' hatred.—Miracle of the blood.—Andrea di Salerno.—Pontano.—Saint Paul.—Solimenes.—Saint Laurence.—Saint Philip of Neri.—Vico.—Porta Capuana.

The cathedral has been spoiled, or rather destroyed, by modern taste, and retains nothing ancient but the high towers erected by Masuccio I. Its numerous columns of granite, African marble, and cipollino, proceed from the ruins of two antique temples consecrated to Neptune and Apollo, which stood near the spot. The tomb of Charles of Anjou was removed by Fontana and placed over the principal inner door; commanding and majestic, this tomb seems a kind of throne, and is well suited to such a conqueror. An antique vase of Egyptian basalt serves for baptism: on the porphyry pedestal of the sacred founts are sculptured the attributes of Bacchus, which are also, though remarked by few, the emblem of the Christian sacrifice. I remember reading, at the Magliabecchiana of Florence, a sermon on the eucharist by a celebrated

<sup>1</sup> Died at the end of 1834, aged eighty-seven years.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, book III. ch. xviii.

preacher of the sixteenth century, Cornelius Musso, bishop of Bitonto, preached on *Corpus Domini* day, in which he even cites, as worthy of imitation, the Paduan custom of carrying in procession the images of Ceres and Bacchus, the former bearing ears of corn, the latter grapes, thus indicating the materials of the sacrament and doing honour thereto.<sup>1</sup> The Minutolo chapel, in which the jockey Andreuccio of Perugia succeeded, at the close of his unlucky adventures, in purloining the ruby of the deceased archbishop of Naples, Minutolo,<sup>2</sup> is curious as a work of art : three statues, a *Crucifix*, a *Virgin*, and a *St. John* are by Masuccio I., and divers subjects of the *Passion*, by Tommaso di Stefani, the father of Neapolitan painting and contemporary of Cimabue. In the Caracciolo chapel is a great *Crucifix* of wood attributed to Masuccio I.; there may still be seen the symbol of the order *della Nave*, instituted in 1831 by Charles III. of Duras, exactly as worn by the knights. Near the door of the sacristy is the little tomb of King Andrew, husband of Jane, slain with the consent rather than the order of his young, brilliant, and unfortunate consort. This tomb, despite the play on words closing the inscription,<sup>3</sup> is different from the superb tomb of Charles of Anjou; but it is one of the striking coincidences of fate to find in the same cathedral, and almost facing, a crowned murderer and a murdered king. The Seripandi chapel has a fine *Piety*, by Curia, a pleasing Neapolitan painter of the sixteenth century, and in the last chapel on the same side is a *Deposition*, an exquisite work by Giovanni di Nola. The subterranean chapel, or Confession of Saint Januarius, founded in 1497 by the archbishop Oliviero Caraffa, has some elegant ornaments: the kneeling statue of the archbishop has been supposed Michael Angelo's.

The basilic of Santa Restituta, united to the church of Saint Januarius, and built on the ruins of a temple of Apollo and Neptune, was long the cathedral. A mosaic of the *Virgin del principio*, so called because she was the first honoured

at Naples, represents her in Grecian costume; at her right is a portrait of Saint Januarius, reckoned the true likeness of the saint, and the model of his silver bust ordered by Charles II. of Anjou, and lodged in the treasury. The *Assumption*, by Perugino, in a manner opened the way for good painting at Naples. The learned and virtuous Mazzocchi reposes in Santa Restituta, which he had, apparently with justice, maintained to be the ancient and unique cathedral, against the doubts thrown out on that subject by Assemani.

The rich chapel of the *Treasury*, in which the bust and blood of St. Januarius are kept, is a magnificent *ex-voto* consecrated by the city to its protector after the plague of 1526, but not begun till 1608, on the design of P. Grimaldi, a Theatine monk and good architect. Several of the altarpieces representing the miracles of the saint are chefs-d'œuvre by Domenichino, Spagnoletto, and Stanzioni, surnamed the Guido of Naples, viz.: by Domenichino, the *Woman curing a crowd of sick persons with oil from the lamp that burns before St. Januarius*; the *Resurrection of a young man*, the principal figure of which has indeed the expression and the vast conceptions of a man returned from the other world; the *Beheading of the Saint*; his tomb;—by Spagnoletto: the *Saint coming out of the furnace*, in Titian's style;—by Stanzioni: a *Demoniac delivered by the saint*, perhaps the best of his works, rivalling its neighbours in beauty. The superb frescos of the ceilings, the corners, and lunettes, are also by Domenichino; but for the persecutions he experienced from his rivals, he would have painted the cupola, at which Lanfranco refused to work unless the part begun by his great predecessor was effaced. Guido was also to have been employed at this chapel, and had repaired to Naples, whence he was forced to depart suddenly in consequence of the threats of Spagnoletto and the Greek Belisario Corenzio, then a true despot over the arts in this country, who had tried to poison him. The Cav. d'Arpino was likewise menaced by him,

<sup>1</sup> Vol. II. p. 63, of the Sermons of Cornelius Musso. Venice. 1576.

<sup>2</sup> Boccaccio, *Giorn.* II. nov. v.

<sup>3</sup>

Posteris remaneret,  
Franciscus Berardi F. Capycius  
Sepulcrum, titulum, nomenque  
P.

Ne regis corpus insepultum, sepultumve facinus

and took flight. Gessi, a pupil of Guido, not deterred by his master's adventure, also came to Naples with two of his own disciples to replace him; but the latter being enticed on board a galley under pretence of seeing it, the anchor was raised, and their disconsolate master could never discover what became of them. When we see Titian work with a knife by his side, Giorgione arm himself with a cuirass while painting in public, Masaccio, Peruzzi, Baroccio die of poison, and when we remember the tragic fate of a multitude of other painters, the hatred and passions of artists appear, especially in Italy, more violent and irritable than the self-love of literary men.

I witnessed the miracle of the blood in the chapel of the Treasury. The phials containing the blood of Saint Januarius are kept in a tabernacle behind the altar, which has two keys, one held by the city deputies, the other by the archbishop. Some time before the ceremony, a number of women of the lower orders place themselves near the balustrade as a place of honour; some old faces among them were singularly characteristic. These women are called the *Relations of Saint Januarius*; they pretend to be of his family, and when the saint delays the liquefaction too long, they even think themselves privileged to wave all show of respect and to abuse him. They repeat in a hoarse voice *Paternosters*, *Aves*, *Credos*; were it not in a chapel, no one would have imagined their horrid clamour to be prayers, and for a moment I thought the scolding had begun: it was another *femineo ululatu* far less pathetic than Virgil's. About ten o'clock, the phials were taken out of the tabernacle; one was like a smelling-bottle, but contained only a mere stain of blood; the other is rather larger; both of them are under glass in a case resembling a carriage lamp. They were shown to the persons admitted within the balustrade, and some tall English ladies advanced to the altar, and leaned forward curiously examining them with their eye-glasses. It has happened, when the miracle did not take place in due time, that the people have attacked foreigners whom they supposed English and heretics, and regarded as an obstacle to the miracle. I was told

that about the end of last century the prince of S. and the count of C. were turned out of the church and pelted with stones. Such a situation must be cruel: it is a sad thing to be a martyr without faith, which in our days, in certain political circumstances, has not been impossible. The miracle was complete at noon, as it had been foretold me when I was invited to return, and the roar of cannon announced the happy news. If the life of Saint Januarius be almost unknown, there is no saint more popular. Voltaire speaks considerably of Saint Januarius, and wisely defends him against Addison and the protestant writers. "All these authors," says he, "might have seen that those institutions are not injurious to morals, which should be the chief care of civil and ecclesiastical government; that probably the ardent imaginations of hot climates require visible signs, to place them continually under the divine protection; and in short, that these signs cannot be abolished until they are despised by the very people that revere them." Another genius, as far removed from credulity and fear, Machiavel, treats those persons as fools who would forbid the people such devotions.\* The worship of Saint Januarius has not produced any of the excesses of fanaticism; it has often prevented great misfortunes, and has been constantly respected by the different masters of Naples.

In the piazza of Saint Januarius, which was brilliantly illuminated in the evening, is the obelisk erected to the saint by the town, a rich monument, but in very bad taste, by Fanzaga.

In the church of *Donna Regina* is the *Marriage of Cana*, the *Saviour preaching*, great paintings by Luca Giordano; his frescos in the great and little choirs; the *St. Francis*, by Solimene; and in the old church, called the *Comunichino*, the majestic tomb, by Masuccio II., of the queen Mary of Hungary, mother of King Robert, who died in 1323 at the convent.

The fine church of *Santa Maria delle Grazie sopra le mura*, of the architecture of De' Sanctis, a disciple of Andrea Ciccone, the best pupil of Masuccio II., has some good sculptures; a *Descent from the cross*, and a tomb of the Brancaccio, by Giovanni di Noli; the basso-relievo

\* *Essai sur les mœurs et l'esprit des nations*, ch. CLXXXIII.

\* See the verses of the *Asino d'oro*:  
E sou ben necessarie l' orazioni.



of *St. Thomas touching the Saviour's wounds*, by Santa Croce, the contemporary and rival of Giovanni di Nola. The fresco of *St. Anthony*, the painting of *St. Andrew*, are the best works of Andrea of Salerno, a pupil and good imitator of Raphael, the best painter of the Neapolitan school.

The church of Sant' Agnello *a-capo-Napoli* has some elegant sculptures by Giovanni di Nola: a statue of *St. Jerome*; a basso-relievo of the *Virgin*, probably by Santa Croce; the statue of *St. Dorothy*, and many tombs of the Poderica family, pretended descendants of the Saint. The basso-relievos of the *Virgin*, the *infant Jesus*, the *Souls in Purgatory*, are by Auria. An image of the *Virgin*, in the chapel of Santa Maria *intercede*, painted in the Greek manner, is reckoned of Justinian's time. The *St. Charles*, by Caracciolo, is a happy imitation of Annibale Carraccio.

The small church of Saint John the Evangelist, founded by Pontanus, covered on the inside with Greek inscriptions, and outside with moral maxims, and executed from the designs of Ciccione, recalls the celebrated academy which assembled such men as Panormita, Fazio, Lorenzo Valla, Sannazzaro, Galateo, Parrasio, Altilio, at a time when Naples rivalled even Florence, in zeal, science, taste, and poetry. Pontanus did not display, towards the protectors of this Academy and his own benefactors, the kings of Aragon, the same noble fidelity as Sannazzaro; he harangued the people in favour of the conquering army of Charles VIII., and insulted the adversity of the exiled princes. He seems to congratulate himself, in the elegant epitaph he composed and had put on his tomb, on his tact in standing well with all the powers: *Honestaverunt Reges Domini*. Another poet, an imitator of the elegance and licentiousness of antiquity, Pietro Compare, the friend of Pontanus and Sannazzaro, who often addressed the former as his companion in the service of Venus and Bacchus, received from him a mausoleum and an epitaph in his chapel; strange poets these, half-Christian, half-Pagan, in their poems as in their lives, who founded churches and so shamefully braved *decency* in their Latin.

The Pontoniana Academy still exists nominally at Naples; it encourages the sciences, letters, and arts; it proposes

prizes like the new academies, has an annual president and perpetual secretary, the Cav. Avellino, a man distinguished by his archeological learning and his talent as a writer.

Before the door of Saint Paul are two antique columns, almost the only ones in Naples, which were procured from an ancient temple of Castor and Pollux which once occupied the site of the church. The ceiling of the choir and the cross-aisle is the best work of Corenzio; the ceiling of the nave, which was in danger of falling, passes for one of the fine frescos of Stanzioni. The sacristy is the triumph of Solimene: the two great frescos of the *Conversion of St. Paul* and the *Fall of Simon the Magician* are regarded as the chefs-d'œuvre of that easy painter, the chief of a numerous school.

Saint Laurence was founded by Charles I. of Anjou as an *ex voto* for his victory over Manfred at Benevento. The old edifice served for the assemblies of the senate and people of Naples, which the conqueror found it very convenient to close under so pious a pretext. The great stone arch of the window is a bold construction by Masuccio II. The five tombs of the house of Durazzo are interesting; two are by Masuccio: the tomb of Catherine of Austria, wife of the duke of Calabria called the Illustrious, and that of Mary, daughter of King Charles III.; behind the high altar is the tomb erected by Queen Margaret to her father Charles, who was strangled by Lewis, king of Hungary, the ruthless avenger of his brother Andrew. Several paintings are remarkable: the *St. Francis* giving his rules, by Zingaro; and in the chapels two fine paintings by the old Neapolitan master Simone, the contemporary and rival of Giotto: *St. Anthony with some angels*; *St. Louis, bishop of Toulouse, son of Charles II., placing the crown on the head of his brother Robert*, to which he had preferred the mitre, a painting ordered by Robert himself. The statues of the protectors of the Franciscan order, at the high altar, and their elegant basso-relievos, are by Giovanni di Nola. In the cloister, the basso-relievo on the tomb of Ludovico Altimoresca, executed in 1421 by the abbot Bambocci, though overcharged with figures, offers some glimmerings of extraordinary talent.

The marble front of Saint Philip of Neri, one of the first churches of Naples,

is in good taste. Several paintings by great masters are remarkable : *Jesus driving the dealers out of the temple*, a vast fresco highly extolled by Luca Giordano, with the architectural parts by Moscatiello, a clever perspective painter ; a *St. Francis*, the *Meeting of Jesus and John*, a *Flight into Egypt*, by Guido ; the *St. Jerome* awestruck by the sound of the last trump, by Gessi. The *St. Philip* in his glory, a cupola by Solimene, seems as finished as a miniature. The ceiling of the fine sacristy is also by Luca Giordano. In the chapel of *St. Francis*, of the church, is the tomb of *Vico*, the illustrious author of the *Nuova Scienza*, a German genius under a Neapolitan sun, unnoticed during life and long after death, whose system, comprehended only by a small number of adepts, has in our days been studied by learned and profound interpreters.<sup>1</sup> Galiani, an enthusiast for the glory of Naples, had duly appreciated *Vico* in this piquant passage of the *dialetto napolitano* : *Vico osò tentare il guado del bujo metafisico, e sebbene vi cadesse dentro, servì di ponte a più felice pensatore sullo spirito delle leggi delle nazioni*.

Near this church is the *Porta Capuana*, the only gate of Naples of any magnificence ; on it are the *Aragonese* escutcheon and some excellent marble basso-relievos by *Benedetto da Majano*. One of the two towers flanking it is called *Onore*, and bears its noble title inscribed.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Chapel della *Pietà de' Sangri*.—Saint Angelo at Nilo.—Mausoleum of Cardinal *Brancaccio*.—Saint Dominick Major.—Rota.—Chapel of the Crucifix.—Aniello Flore.—Pandone monument.—Sacristy.—Aragonese.—Obelisk.—Monastery.—Saint Thomas.—Scholastica.—Saint Clair.—King Robert.—Giovanna of Naples.—Steeple.—Gesu.

The chapel of *Santa Maria della Pietà de' Sangri*, belonging to the family of the princes of San Severo, is celebrated for the profusion of its marbles and its allegorical statues, works of the Bernini school, much admired and commended by the travellers of last century and the *valets de place* : *Modesty*, by Corradini, the portrait of Dom Raimundo di San-

gro's mother, notwithstanding the long veil covering her whole person, has by no means a bashful air ; a *Christ* reclined, also veiled and as if covered with a sheet, by San Martino, is just as bad. But the masterpiece of this frightful sculpture is *Vice undeceived* (an allusion to the conversion of the same Sangro's father), struggling to extricate himself from a great net in which he is entangled ; the meshes of the net in marble, perfect to nature, are among those beauties that do not escape certain connoisseurs, who never forget to mention them in the recital of their Italian travels.

At the church of Saint Angelo a Nilo, the mausoleum of Cardinal Rinaldo Brancaccio erected to him by Cosmo de' Medici, is one of Donatello's most superior chefs-d'œuvre : a marble basso-relievo of the *Assumption*, on the sarcophagus, has the grace, fire, lightness and expression of the cleverest painting. A good *St. Michael*, by Marco di Siena, is at the high altar, and in the sacristy are *St. Michael* and *St. Andrew*, by the old Neapolitan master De' Stefani.

On the cupola of the church della *Pietà de' Turchini*, is a *Christ embracing the cross* and taking his flight to heaven, by Luca Giordano, of extraordinary effect. The *Guardian angel*, in one of the chapels, is by Stanzioni, and on the ceiling, a *Nativity* and an *Assumption* by his clever and unfortunate pupil the young Anella di Rosa, who was assassinated by her husband in a fit of jealousy.

At the church of Saint Dominick Major we are quite in the middle ages. Notwithstanding all the changes it has undergone in the course of about six centuries, its architecture still bears the imprint of that Gothic grandeur and that character of strength and durability common to all the buildings of the Dominicans. The chapel of Saint Stephen presents a fine cenotaph by Santa Croce, consecrated to Cardinal Filippo Spinelli, by his nephew ; the chapel of Saint Lucy, two tombs by Masuccio II., the tomb of Philip of Anjou, brother of King Robert, and that Beltrame del Balzo, grand justiciary of the kingdom ; the chapel of Santa Maria della Neve, three statues by Gio-

<sup>1</sup> See the "Principes de la philosophie de l'histoire, traduits de la *Scienza nuova* de J. B. Vico, précédés d'un Discours sur le système et la vie de l'auteur,

par M. Michelet, 1827," and the preface to the "Essais de palingénésie sociale, par M. Ballanche, t. II, 1829."

vanni of Nola, the *Virgin, St. Matthew* and *St. John Baptist*. The *Baptism of Christ*, in the chapel so called, is a good painting by Marco of Siena : the old figure of the Jordan was the model for the statue of the river Sebeto of the charming fountain of Saint Lucy. The sarcophagus of the Cav. Marini was erected by the marquis of Villa Manso, whom he had made his heir : the friendship of Tasso, who was unable to leave him anything, the dialogue *Il Manso*, the hospitality accorded to Milton when travelling, will be more effective in handing down this marquis to after ages than all the possessions of Marini, who was likewise a great poet, but his fame is eclipsed before such glories. The chapel of Saint John Baptist has two paintings, by Calabrese ; the statue of the *Saint*, by Giovanni of Nola, and the poetic and fanciful mausoleum, by Auria, of Bernardino Rota, author of delightful Italian eclogues of fishermen, his first literary title, of sonnets and *canzoni* in Petrarch's manner, in honour of his wife Porzia Capeccio, on whose account he was complimented by Annibale Caro. This wife, whom he loved and sung so tenderly, is interred near him in a magnificent mausoleum, by Giovanni of Nola. In the chapel of the Madonna of Zeandrea, the monument of the jurisconsult Franchis has the grave simplicity of his profession : the statue of the Madonna recalls a strange miracle ; it belonged to Andrea d'Auria of San Severino, who died in the odour of sanctity in the year 1672 ; he had ordered it for one of his female penitents, but as she did not find the figure handsome enough, he was obliged to keep it himself ; and as the story goes, on the next morning the statue had changed features, and had the good mien it now displays. A *Crucifixion*, and divers mysteries of the *Resurrection*, at the chapel of Saint Andrew, are precious frescos by Angelo Franco, who, of all the old Neapolitan painters, has approached the nearest to Giotto's manner. This creator of Italian painting did the fresco of the *Saint* on a gold ground in the little chapel of Saint Anthony the abbot.

The grand chapel of the Holy Crucifix unites the most different monuments, pious, miraculous, and almost profane. The mausoleum of Cardinal Ettore Caraffa, covered with mythological emblems, might be taken for the spoil

of some pagan temple ; it seems still more strange when we are informed that it was thus executed during the life and by the express order of the cardinal. Close by, at the high altar, is a crucifix entirely black and almost invisible, painted by the unknown master of Masuccio I., which miraculously exclaimed to Saint Thomas, when troubled lest he might be mistaken in his *Summa*, "*Bene scripsisti de me, Thoma ; quam ergo mercedem recipies ?*" to which the saint, who had felt himself raised from the ground, immediately replied : "*Non aliam nisi te, Domine.*" In the absence of such holy approbation, the writer's conscience is another voice from heaven which counsels and reassures him. Two paintings of this altar are remarkable : a *Descent from the cross*, by Zingaro, in the Flemish style, which might be taken for Albert Durer's, posterior by a century to Zingaro ; a *Carrying of the cross*, by Giovanni Corso, a Neapolitan painter of the sixteenth century, reckoned by Solimene the best picture in the church. A fair judgment may be formed of the talents of Agnolo Aniello Fiore, son of the inflexible painter and father Colantonio del Fiore, the master of Giovanni of Nola, and of his imitation of the Tuscan artists, by the three following mausoleums : that of Cardinal Caraffa of Ruvo, erected by his son Cardinal Oliviero, archbishop of Naples, terminated by Agnolo's clever pupil ; that of another Caraffa, on which is inscribed their obscure devise, *Fine in tanto*, the artist's masterpiece ; and that of Count Buccianico and his wife Catarinella Orsino.

The chapel of Saint Thomas Aquinas does not completely answer one's expectations in a place so full of his memory. The painting of the *Saint* is by Luca Giordano ; the tomb of Giovanni d'Aquino, deceased in 1300, by Masuccio II. : a great *Madonna* with the saint and souls in purgatory, above this last tomb, by Francesco di Rosa, a clever Neapolitan painter of the sixteenth century : the tomb of the princess of Ferelotto Donna Vincenza d'Aquino, the last of this name, who died in December 1799, announces the end of this ancient family, made illustrious by a saint, and extinct in the last days of the eighteenth century,

1 See *ante*, ch. iv.



which had also seen the rise of a powerful philosophy, far different from the Angelic doctor's, and like it almost passed away.

The chapel of Saint Sebastian offers, painted on a gold ground in a remarkable manner, the *Virgin*, the *Apostles*, a *Resurrection*, by the brothers Pietro and Ippolito Donzelli, pupils of Zingaro. The monument of Galeasso Pandone, whose head appears living, and the ornaments are exquisite, is one of the wonders of art due to Giovanni of Nola. A *Circumcision*, in the chapel so called, of the year 1574, is reckoned among the best works of Marco of Siena. The majestic chapel of Saint Dominick has his contemporary portrait supposed a likeness, and some excellent little pictures by the brothers Donzelli, representing the *Miracles of his life*.

The sacristy of Saint Dominick is of itself one of the first monuments of Naples, much less on account of its gilded stuccos, its pavement of precious marble, its cupboards of roots, its long fresco on the ceiling, by Solimene, its beautiful *Annunciation* by Andrea of Salerno, than of its tombs, among which are the twelve sepulchres of the princes of Aragon. The government of this dynasty, whose last king sought an asylum in France, was the glorious era of the history of Naples, and of its literary splendour, which declined on the accession of the Spanish and Austrian dynasty. Over these tombs is a small figure of *Death* painted in clare-obscuré, with the inscription : *Sceptra ligonibus æquat*. A well-preserved corpse, in Spanish costume and enclosed in a wooden chest, is erroneously stated to be the body of Antonello Petrucci, minister of Ferdinand I., decapitated after the conspiracy of the barons ; the state of the neck proves that it cannot be the minister, but must be some obscure Petrucci interred at Saint Dominick in 1585. Over the tomb of Pescario hang his portrait, his torn banner, and a short plain steel sword, which, according to the affected inscription, is the one restored to him by Francis I. :

*Piscario Marti debetur Martius ensis :*

*Barbara adest, tutus medius potes ire per hostes.*

The portrait of the noble captain who

died of his wounds before attaining his thirty-sixth year and was so nobly mourned and sung by his illustrious widow Vittoria Colonna, represents him in a Franciscan's dress ; a gloomy and whimsical custom of Spanish devotion, imitated, though few suspect the fact, from the most frivolous people of antiquity, the Athenians, who, says Plutarch, wished to be interred in the costume of the initiated or hierophants, and with the same intention, too, of thus expiating the faults of their life. The effect of these tombs is singular ; they are raised high, on a kind of narrow circular balustrade, and placed in large coffers covered with crimson velvet. At the extremity of this long row, I observed several chests exactly like the others in form, but much less faded in colour : although it was not very easy to obtain access, I approached them, and, not without astonishment, discovered that they contained the remains of madame A\*\*\*, wife of the present Count de M\*\*\*\*\*, formerly minister of finance at Naples, and of three of his children : two French quatrains by the Count himself are inscribed on his consort's tomb. Notwithstanding the solemnity of death and the touching interest that the tombs of a mother and her children must inspire, I could not repress my surprise at seeing an upstart and foreign family among the royal sepulchres of the house of Aragon.

The obelisk of Saint Dominick, erected by the Neapolitans, is, like that of Saint Januarius, a rich and execrable monument begun by Fanzaga and finished by Lorenzo Vaccaro, another corrupt pupil of Bernini, of the second generation.

The monastery of Saint Dominick was for many centuries one of those grand gymnasiums of the middle ages whose masters and doctrines had such vast empire. Saint Thomas Aquinas composed several of his works there, and taught theology fifteen months ; in later years King Alfonso I. of Aragon, the great man of his dynasty, often went thither to attend the lectures of the professors. Traces of Saint Thomas are found at every step in this superb edifice ; his narrow cell, converted into a chapel, his lecture-room, and a fragment of his pulpit are still shown. The salary of

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book XIV. ch. iii.

<sup>2</sup> *De Is.* cap. iii.

this powerful professor at Saint Dominick, fixed by an order written by Charles of Anjou in 1272, now preserved in the archives of Naples, was an ounce of gold monthly, 6 ducats (11.) of the present currency. If men, as we conceive, are to be judged by the ascendancy they exercise over their age, Saint Thomas Aquinas, who died at the age of forty-eight, must be regarded as one of the greatest geniuses that the world has ever seen: "he was Descartes," says Fontenelle,<sup>1</sup> "in another age and under other circumstances." His political notions would not be disavowed by the warmest partisans of popular liberty, or the most inflexible logicians of the same opinions: "*Cum non est recursus ad superiorem per quem judicium de invasore possit fieri, tunc..... qui ad liberationem patriæ tyrannum occidit, laudatur et præmium accipit... Non putanda est multitudo infideliter agere, tyrannum destituens, etiamsi eidem in perpetuum se subjecerit...; quia hoc ipse meruit in multitudinis regimine se non fideliter gerens, ut exigit regis officium, quod ei pactum a subditis non reservatur*"<sup>3</sup>..... *Dicendum quod regimen tyrannicum non est justum;....et ideo perturbatio hujus regiminis non habet rationem seditiosis;.... magis autem tyrannus seditiosus est qui in populo sibi subjecto discordias et seditiones nutrit.*"<sup>4</sup> It is surprising that such a violent usurper as Charles of Anjou tolerated such principles, but Dante, I believe, makes him poison Saint Thomas:

Ripinse al ciel Tommaso per aramenda.<sup>5</sup>

The religious thoughts of Saint Thomas are milder and safer: "God," says he somewhere, "is not the author of the evil which defiles, but of the evil which purifies." It is difficult to define superstition with greater nicety than this first writer of the schoolmen, who calls it a "vice opposed by excess to religion."<sup>6</sup> Despite the opinion of some philosophers, the disputes of the schoolmen were probably no hindrance to the revival and

the progress of knowledge. These controversies imparted to the minds of men that force, shrewdness, and promptitude which they afterwards brought to bear on other subjects; in fine, this rude exercise may be said to have been the gymnasium of the human mind.

The ceiling of Saint Peter a *Majella* is one of the best works of the fretful Calabrese, and also the numerous subjects taken from the *Life of St. Catherine*, paintings which the defenders of the style encouraged in their day, vainly endeavouring to oppose them to the brilliant innovations of Luca Giordano.

Saint Clair, perhaps the most elegant church in Naples, though overloaded with ornaments in the last century, had been skilfully restored by Masuccio II., the first real master of the art in that country. By the advice of Boccaccio, King Robert had it covered with frescos by Giotto; but a Spanish magistrate, regent of the church, ordered them to be whitewashed when the church was under repair, to make it lighter. A *Virgin* in a small chapel near a door is the only picture that escaped this barbarous expedient. Saint Clair is the burial-place of the reigning family; but the tombs of the house of Anjou were there before: five of these mausoleums are curious for the history of art. King Robert's, which, while living, he ordered of Masuccio II., is the most remarkable. He is represented twice; in the first instance, seated and in royal robes; in the second, reclined and dressed as a Franciscan. Robert, a friend of the learned, himself an author and scholar,<sup>7</sup> flattered by Petrarch and the other literati of the time,<sup>8</sup> seems not to have pleased Dante. In his bitter description of the common discordance between our nature and our condition, this great satirist, when he pleases so to be, treats Robert as a royal wit and nothing more:

E fate re di tal ch'è da sermone.<sup>9</sup>

The tomb of Giovanna of Naples is near the beautiful mausoleum of her

<sup>1</sup> Éloge de Marsigli.

<sup>2</sup> Lib. ii. Sent. Dist. 44, q. 2, art. 2.

<sup>3</sup> Opusc. 39, lib. i, cap. 6.

<sup>4</sup> 2. 2. q. 42, art. 2.

<sup>5</sup> Purgat. can. xx, 69.

<sup>6</sup> Superstitio, vitium per excessum religioni oppositum. (2. 2. q. 92, art. 4.)

<sup>7</sup> Robert went so far as to swear that letters were

more grateful and much dearer to him than his throne: "Ego juro dulciores et multò cariores mihi litteras esse quàm regnum." Petrarch. Opera, Rer. memor. lib. ii. A monument in the garden of his palace at Aix bore the inscription *Deo et Musis*.

<sup>8</sup> See ante, book ix. ch. xli.; and book x. ch. vii.

<sup>9</sup> Parad. can. viii, 147.

father, the duke of Calabria, son of King Robert, called Charles the Illustrious, who died young, and never occupied the throne. This queen, whose memory, though stained with crime, continues popular at Naples, wears a long cloak besprinkled with fleurs-de-lis, and has a crown on her head. The husband of the famous Catanian, Giovanna's government, the chief agent in the murder of her husband, Raimondo Cabane, is interred at Saint Clair near Giotto's fresco. This Saracen slave became grand senechal of the kingdom, and was, like his guilty partner, another instance of the high fortune of subaltern persons at that epoch of pleasures, corruption, and barbarism. A little monument, of extraordinary elegance, is that of Antonia Gandino, by Giovanni of Nola. The gracefulness of this charming girl, who died at fourteen, is no less happily expressed by the marble than the grief of her parents by the pathetic epitaph, written by the Neapolitan poet Antonio Epicuro, of the Academy of Pontanus :

Nata cheu miserum, misero mihi nata parenti,  
Unicus ut fieres, unica nata, dolor;  
Nam tibi dumque virum, lædas, thalamumque par-  
rabam,  
Funera et inferias anxius ecce paro.  
Debuius tecum poni, materque paterque,  
Ut tribus hæc miseris urna parata foret.  
At nos perpetui genitus, tu nata sepulcri  
Esto hæres, ubi sic impla fata voluit  
Antonius filiæ clarissimæ, etc.

The chapel of San Felice, one of the best in the church, has a good *Crucifixion*, by Lanfranco, and an antique tomb, ornamented with superb basso-relievos, in which reposes a duke of Rhodes, Cesare San Felice. The best of Solimene's pupils, Mura, having the defects but not all the good qualities of his master, executed the painting of the *Holy Sacrament*, at the high altar, and *St. Clair putting the Saracens to flight*, on the principal roof, the middle picture of

which, *David playing the harp before the ark*, is an esteemed work, by Conca.

The steeple of Saint Clair, by Masuccio II., is of pure and beautiful gothic. On the third story may be remarked the happy innovation of the Ionic capital operated by Michael Angelo, with whom the Neapolitan ought to share the honour. The death of King Robert left this noble monument unfinished.

The church of *Gesù nuovo*, or *Trinità Maggiore*, with its orchestra of painted boards, its candelabra placed between the columns and held by little angels, which might be easily mistaken for Loves, is really more like a ball-room than a temple. The dullness of the front, which Milizia, a better critic and theorist than practician, thought fitter for a prison, still heightens the contrast. Of the old cupola destroyed by an earthquake in 1688, only the four fine evangelists of Lanfranco remain. In the chapel of Saint Anne is the first fresco due to the precocious talent of Solimene, which he did when eighteen. His *Heliodorus driven out of the temple*, a vast fresco over the great door, is expressive, but too confused. The frescos of the ceiling and painting in the chapel of the Trinity, are by Guercino. This church and the college belonging to it were restored to the Jesuits in 1816; but their reestablishment did not meet with the same opposition as in France. The Jesuits are the same there as other priests, whose numbers are so great that some few more or less can make little difference.

## CHAPTER IX.

Monte Oliveto. — Tasso's poem. — Santa Maria la Nova. — Inscription on Lautrec's tomb. — Pietro Navarro. — Saint James of the Spaniards. — Mausoleum of Pietro of Toledo. — Spanish domination. — Edifice of Saint James.

The chefs-d'œuvre of sculpture as-

and seventy-four, and the second eight hundred and eighty-two. The number of priests, which in 1786 was three thousand one hundred and forty-three, is now eight hundred. The kingdom of Naples (on this side the *Faro*) contained, in January 1832, out of five millions seven hundred and eighty-one thousand and thirty-six inhabitants, twenty-six thousand three hundred and four priests, eleven thousand five hundred and five monks, and nine thousand two hundred and ninety-seven nuns.

<sup>1</sup> The ecclesiastical population seems however to diminish sensibly at Naples as everywhere else. (See book vi. ch. xiv.) In 1786 there were about two hundred convents, containing three thousand six hundred and forty-four monks, and six thousand four hundred and sixteen nuns; there are now thirty-two convents for men, twenty-two nunneries, and thirty-four conservatories; the number of monks was, in 1829, fifteen hundred and two, and of nuns a thousand and thirteen: the year before, the former were only seven hundred



sembled in the church of Monte Oliveto give it the appearance of a real museum. The elegant works executed in the chapel of the duke of Amalfi by Antonio Rossellini, excited the emulation and developed the talent of Giovanni of Noia. In the Liguori chapel, the basso-relievo of the *Virgin and Infant Jesus*, *St. John* and other saints, and below, *Saint Francis de Paule* and the four Evangelists, are admired works of his: the *St. John Baptist* of the Artaldo chapel was his first statue. In the chapel del Pezzo, the *Virgin and her son*, the ornaments, the basso-relievo of *Jesus Christ calling St. Peter from the ship*, by Santa Croce, are excellent. The Mastrogiudici and Piccolomini chapels have some sculptures by two great Florentine masters: the first, an *Annunciation*, by Benedetto da Majano; the second, a *Nativity*, by Donatello. In the Saint Sepulchre chapel, the earthen group of *Piety*, by Modanino, presents natural likenesses of several illustrious contemporaries: Nicodemus is Pontanus; Joseph of Arimathea, Sannazzaro; St. John and the next statue, King Alfonso II., and his son Ferrandino.

The noble monastery founded in 1411 by Gurrello Origlia, grand protonotary of the kingdom, the favorite of King Ladislas, and built by the architect Ciccione, is now occupied by the tribunals, the municipality, the board of comptrol and other administrations, and its garden is a market. Tasso, when labouring under sickness and misfortune, found an asylum in this convent; he worked assiduously at his *Gerusalemme* there, and his friend Manso states that he composed about two hundred stanzas of it in June 1588.<sup>1</sup> So great was his gratitude for the kind treatment of these monks, that he consented, at their prayer, to suspend that glorious work to sing their order, and he began, though very ill at the time, the poem on the *Origine della congregazione di Monte Oliveto*;\* this work, which he left unfinished, shows what interesting materials true poets can find in monastic writing and history. It is probable that the new destination of the monastery,

and the present noisiness of that quarter, would inspire him much less.

Santa Maria la Nova has some fine paintings: an *Assumption*, on the ceiling, by Imparato; the *Crowning of the Virgin*, in Titian's manner, the masterpiece of Santa Fede, a Neapolitan painter of the sixteenth century, also distinguished for literary and musical talents, who was honoured in a remarkable manner by an incident that occurred in Masaniello's revolt: the people were on the point of setting fire to a house; but determined to spare it when they learned that it contained two chambers painted by him, a movement worthy of a people of Greek origin. There are, besides, the frescos of the *Life of St. James*, by Stanzioni; those of the choir, by Simone Papa the younger; the two great paintings by Marco of Siena, in the chapel of the Crucifix, as well as the frescos of Corenzio, and the cupola where he has represented the four celebrated Franciscan writers, St. Bonaventure, John Scott, Nicholas of Lira, and Alexander ab Alexandro. To the right of the high altar, under the organ, are two little children, done by Luca Giordano in his eighth year. But the noblest ornaments of this temple are the two tombs generously erected by the duke of Sessa, nephew of the great Gonzalvo, and governor of Naples, to two unfortunate warriors, his enemies. On the first (Lautrec's) is this fine inscription, a veritable monument of chivalrous and Castilian honour, which one is surprised to learn proceeded from the venal defamatory pen of Paolo Giovio: *Odetto Fuxio Lautrecco Consalvus Ferdinandus Ludovici fil. Corduba, magni Consalvi nepos; quum ejus ossa, quamvis hostis, in avito sacello, ut belli fortuna tulerat, sine honore jacere comperisset, humanarum miseriarum memor, Gallo Duci Hispanus Princeps posuit.* The second tomb is consecrated to Pietro Navarro, a famous general of engineers, who left the service of Charles V. for that of Francis I., and was the colleague of Machiavel in fortifying Florence against the imperial army.<sup>3</sup> Navarro was the first that made use of a mine, which he

<sup>1</sup> *Vita di Tasso*, p. 496.

<sup>2</sup> Lasclai dunque l'opere mie da parte, ed ancora infermo e quasi disperato della salute cominciai, come vollero (i Padri) a poetare acciocchè la mia poesia fosse quasi un riconoscimento della lor grazia e carità. Lett. to cardinal Caraffa, vol. xiii.

p. 181 of the Pisa edition. Tasso also addressed a fine sonnet to these monks at the same epoch. *Rime*, part iii. p. 52.

<sup>3</sup> See Machiavel's curious relation entitled *Narrative of a visit made to fortify Florence*, addressed in 1526 to Pope Clement VII.

had learned from the able Sienese architect Francescodi Giorgio,<sup>1</sup> and created some important combinations in his art. A French military writer of great information,<sup>2</sup> disregarding the opinion of Guicciardini and Brantôme, thinks there is reason to doubt the accuracy of the statement that Navarro when a prisoner was suffocated between two mattresses by the emperor's orders. Celano, author of the *Notizie del bello, dell' antico et del curioso della città di Napoli*, pretends, on the authority of several writers, that this general, imprisoned in the Castello nuovo, was publicly condemned to death as a deserter, and that if he was found smothered in his bed one morning, it ought to be looked on as an act of kindness on the part of the governor, who wished to spare him the shame of a public execution: *per opra del Castellano, per non farli più sensibile la morte, nella pubblicità del gastigo*. The contrary opinion seems confirmed by the inscription on his tomb, likewise by Paolo Giovio, which alludes to nothing of the kind, and even breathes the same magnanimity as the one on Lautrec's tomb: *Ossibus, et memoriæ Petri Navarri Cantabri, solerti in expugnandis urbibus arte clarissimi. Consalvus Ferdinandus Ludovici fil. Magni Consalvi nepos, Suessæ princeps, ducem Gallorum partes secutum, pio sepulchri munere honestavit; quum hoc in se habeat præclara virtus, ut vel in hoste sit admirabilis*.

*Obiit an. 1528, aug. 15.*

The small church of the *Incoronata*, dirty, damp, and dark, is interesting for its paintings by Giotto, which represent the marriage of the first queen Giovanna and her cousin Ludovico of Tarento, with a multitude of domestics dancing;<sup>3</sup> the coronation of the royal pair; the homage done to the queen by the Carthusians of Saint Martin, for the erection of their monastery; the arrival of the cruel

Louis of Hungary, avenger of his brother Andrea, with his cavaliers, once superb paintings, ingeniously praised by Petrarch, justly proud of his compatriot Giotto,<sup>4</sup> which present the true portrait of Giovanna, and give some idea of the magnificence of her court. The *Seven Sacraments*, in the choir, likewise by Giotto, are the best preserved of his works at the *Incoronata*.

Saint James of the Spaniards, founded by the haughty and despotic viceroy Don Pedro of Toledo, contains his tomb, one of Giovanni of Nola's good works, and the most important: the statues at the corners are perfect models of allegorical figures; the basso-relievos prove the artist's skill in the perspective proper for this kind of sculpture. The greater part of the long pompous inscriptions on the Spanish tombs in the churches of Naples, may be added to the *Rodomontades* of Brantôme: all these dead, all these Guzmans, are heroes *famosos, invencibles*. The Spanish domination is one of the calamities that have oppressed Naples and Italy; then the old domestic manners changed; then was observed the spread and prevalence of penniless ostentation and grovelling pride, while flattery corrupted every mind; Italy had a kind of torpor without repose, adventures without glory; her religion was intolerant, her government despotic; the human mind, wandering in the dark intricacies of the schoolmen, made little progress; and to aggravate the shame, there arose no Italian writer to describe and punish this foreign tyranny.<sup>5</sup>

Some of the paintings at Saint James of the Spaniards are remarkable: a *Christ on the cross*, by Marco di Siena; the picture over the door by Passanti, a good pupil and imitator of Spagnoletto; a *Piety*, by Bernardo Lama, which has been supposed by his master Polidoro di Caravaggio, and is worthy of him.

The edifice of Saint James, established

<sup>1</sup> See *post*, book XVII. ch. xiii.

<sup>2</sup> Allent, *Histoire du corps du génie*, remark 8th, of the first and only volume.

<sup>3</sup> Giovanna created, on the occasion of this marriage, the order of the *Knot*, the first established in Italy, and which did not last long; its emblem seems singularly odious when we remember the death of Andrea, Giovanna's first husband, who was strangled by Ludovico of Tarento and his accomplices.

<sup>4</sup> Si in terram ex eas cappellam Regis intrare non

omiseris, in qua conteranneus olim meus Glottus pictor nostri ævi princeps magna reliquit manus et ingenii monumenta. *Epist.*

<sup>5</sup> So violent was the antipathy against the Spaniards at Naples, that they were obliged to retire to the quarter of Saint James as early as four o'clock, to avoid being attacked by the people; see a Journey in Italy of the year 1588, a manuscript at the Bibliothèque Royale, published by the *Revue rétrospective*, August 1836.

in the old convent, and intended for the use of the different government offices, the Exchange, etc., is a good and useful construction of the industrious order, doubtless a very estimable order, but which can never originate or sustain the genius of grand architecture. These works, however, prove the talents of MM. Gasse, architects of French extraction, settled at Naples.

## CHAPTER X.

Santa Maria del Parto.—Sannazzaro.—Chartreuse of Saint Martin.—Spagnoletto.—Villa Belvedere.—Floridiana.

Luca Giordano was interred at Saint Bridget. The frescos of the cupola are esteemed the most magnificent he ever made: his *St. Nicholas* is intended to imitate Paolo Veronese.

Santa Maria del Parto, which Sannazzaro founded on the site of his former villa, and called by the name of his beautiful and fantastic poem (*de Partu Virginis*), contains the poet's noble mausoleum, principally the work of Santa Croce, but completed by Fra Montorsoli. The two statues of Apollo and Minerva which adorn it have become David and Judith: a fine basso-relievo presents fauns and nymphs, a medley of christianity and paganism in perfect analogy with the character of Sannazzaro's chef-d'œuvre, which cost him twenty years of incessant toil. Different motives have been alleged for the metamorphosis of the statues: some have attributed it to a religious scruple on the part of the Servite monks to whom Sannazzaro bequeathed his church; others have fancied they saw therein a design to put an end to the confusion of sacred and profane ideas; it is said that a viceroy, who wanted to send these statues to Madrid, signified to the monks that such figures were extremely ill-placed there; and that they, not less crafty than he, then thought of inscribing beneath them the names of David and Judith. The touching fidelity of Sannazzaro towards the last prince of the house of Aragon, his benefactor, is honourable to letters; he followed him into exile, and never revisited his country till he had seen him die. But he found the palace he had received from him, in which he, with learned men his

friends, had used to explain at table the authors of antiquity, destroyed by war, as well as the tower he had built; and, almost dying, he composed his last verse:

La vendetta d' Apollo ha fatto Marte.

A painting by the second Leonardo Malatesta of Pistoja, in the chapel where the bishop Diomedea Caraffa is interred, represents *St. Michael vanquishing the devil*, who has the head of a pretty woman. The painting is said to have been ordered by the bishop; the *St. Michael* is his own portrait, and the devil that of a certain Neapolitan dame whose allurements he congratulated himself on having escaped in his youth. The inscription under the picture: *Fecit victoriam alleluia*, coincides pretty well with the tradition. This singular painting has given rise to the Neapolitan proverb for designating a seductive beauty: "She is the demon of *La Mergellina*."

The Chartreuse of Saint Martin is famous for its view and the paintings of Lanfranco and Spagnoletto. The convent is a great house for invalids, many of whom are blind. By one of those blunders too common under the Neapolitan government, persons deprived of sight occupy the finest point of view at Naples, and the powder mills and manufactory of arms, though founded by Charles III., are placed at the foot of Vesuvius, at *Torre della Nunziata*, a large town of six or eight thousand souls. At one of the recent eruptions, they were obliged hastily to remove the powder, which otherwise might have blown up so many people and destroyed the manufactory of arms, the only one in the kingdom. In my rambles I have often traversed *Torre della Nunziata*, and I could never help pitying its poor inhabitants, so thoughtless and gay, celebrated for their macaroni, who are thus exposed to the double volcano of nature and of men. The church of Saint Martin, quite a jewel, appears too rich, too small, and too much ornamented for a hospital church. The *Ascension* of the cupola and the twelve *Apostles* between the windows, by Lanfranco, are remarkable for expression and variety. Over the door, a *Deposition from the cross*, by Stanzioni, is another testi-



mony to the evil disposition of Spagnoletto: being jealous of this *Deposition*, which was then opposite his, he persuaded the monks to clean it, and mixed some corrosive substance with the water, which impaired its effect, as may be still seen; for Stanzioni would never retouch it, wishing it to remain a monument of his enemy's perfidy. The employment of such means was not necessary to the glory of Spagnoletto, who has left his finest works to the Chartreuse. His heads of *Moses* and *Elias*, his twelve prophets over the lunettes of the chapels, are admirable; his *Communion of the Apostles* presents a St. Peter foreshortened, of extraordinary effect; the *Deposition from the cross*, in the Treasury, his masterpiece, is exceedingly pathetic: no one can contemplate the grief of the Virgin near the dead Christ without being deeply affected. The fine ceiling of the choir could not be finished by the Cav. d'Arpino, whom the tyrannical Corenzio<sup>2</sup> obliged to quit Naples. In the chapel of Saint Bruno, the *Saint giving his regulations*, and the frescos of the roof, by Stanzioni, are excellent. For a superb *Nativity*, at the high altar, which death prevented Guido from finishing, he had received 2000 crowns, which the monks generously abandoned to his heirs. The roof of the brilliant sacristy is another good work by the Cav. d'Arpino and Stanzioni.

The Villa Belvedere, which I found unoccupied, might be made a delightful abode; the undulatory surface of the ground is well adapted for a garden, and the view is admirable. The gallery and Museum of antiquities are numerous and rather remarkable. In this garden, at evening, one might hear the roaring of the lions of *La Floridiana*, which the former mistress and consort of King Ferdinand had occupied. It was on the same shores that another royal mistress, Circe, more impassioned, more violent than the duchess, had other lions captive:

Hinc exaudiri gemitus iraque leonum  
Vincta recusantum, et sera sub nocte rudentum.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, ch. vii.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, ch. vii.

<sup>3</sup> *Æne.* vii. 45.

<sup>4</sup> Aderat Regina et Andreas Regulus..... aderat omnis Neapolitana militiæ, quo nulla comptior, nulla decentior. Vulgus certatim omne confluxe-

This fine villa of *La Floridiana*, created in 1819, is worth the trouble of soliciting a ticket of admission, to look over its flowery gardens, to examine its elegant casino, its pretty fabrics, its superb bridge, and to enjoy its delicious and varied views. The bard of the *Jardins* could blame nothing there but the mausoleum of the little dog Moretta:

Loin ces vains monuments d'un chien ou d'un oiseau  
C'est profaner le deuil, insulter au tombeau. [seau;

## CHAPTER XI.

Saint John Carbonara.—Caracciolo.—Queens' lovers.  
—Ancient library of Saint John Carbonara.—  
Holy Apostles.—Cemetery.—Cav. Marini.—All  
Souls.—Carmine.—Conradin.—Market-square.—  
People of Naples.—Neapolitan dialect.—Popular  
songs.—Saint Severin.—Giovanni of Nola.

Saint Anthony Abbot presents a curious monument of the old Neapolitan painting, perfectly in Giotto's style; it is a painting on a gold ground in three compartments, by Colantonio del Fiore, the middle one representing Saint Anthony and two angels, and the others two saints each.

The little church of Saint John Carbonara, by Masuccio II., is remarkable, notwithstanding its degradation from its character, for its historical associations and the sculptures of its chapels and tombs. Petrarch relates he witnessed on this very spot real gladiatorial combats renewed from the circus of the ancients, and performed in the presence of Queen Giovanna, King Andrea, the court, the army, and the people, who enthusiastically applauded these sanguinary proceedings.<sup>4</sup> The vast and imposing mausoleum of King Ladislas and his sister Giovanna II., the chef-d'œuvre of Ciccone, cannot produce all its effect in the confined space where it stands; but it appears that the fashion of the time required these massive sepulchres for such persons. The statue of Ladislas, sword in hand, mounted on a charger, on the top of the monument, is a good expression of the ardent young Italian conqueror who assumed the title of king

runt....repente quasi lætum aliquid accidisset  
plausus inenarrabilis ac cælum tollitur. Circum-  
spicio, et ecce formosissimus adolescens rigido  
mucrone transfossus ante pedes meos corruit. Ob-  
stupui, et equo calcaribus adacto, tetrum ac ter-  
rareum spectaculum effugit. *Epist.* lib. v. 37.

of Rome, and was seeking to extend his dominion over all the peninsula when he died from excessive indulgence in pleasures. Another very curious mausoleum by Ciccone is that of ser Gianni Caracciolo, the lover and minister of the second queen Giovanna, a kind of Neapolitan Earl of Essex. The catastrophes of these lovers, these minions of sovereigns, excite but little commiseration; they seem much more the victims of ambition than of love: we feel, that they obtained favour by obsequious subserviency rather than personal attractions or real merit, and that they are but another sort of courtiers more confidential and a little more assiduous than the rest. Caracciolo, as well as his mistress, was sixty when assassinated; his death, the consequence of his cupidity and resulting from a palace intrigue, cannot be attributed to the workings of a violent passion. The grand frescos of this chapel are by Gennaro di Cola, a Neapolitan painter of the fourteenth century, and are fine for the time. The chapel of the Marquis Caracciolo di Vico, adjoining, has six statues of apostles by Giovanni of Nola, Santa Croce, Annibale Caccavello, the worthy pupil of Giovanni of Nola, and by the celebrated Spanish sculptor Pedro della Plata: the basso-relievo of the *Epiphany*, by the last-mentioned, is perfect. The Miroballi chapel, though not altogether irreproachable, may be nevertheless regarded as one of the most regular and elegant that preceded the revival.

The ancient library of Saint John Carbonara, founded by Cardinal Geronimo Seripandi, to whom Janus Parrhasius bequeathed his Greek manuscripts and several unpublished manuscripts of his own—this celebrated library, so highly extolled by Montfaucon and still often alluded to as being in its place, has ceased to exist more than a century. The chief part, including the manuscript of Tasso's *Gerusalemme conquistata*, which wants the first canto, was transported to Vienna in 1729 and is there still; the rest was added to the Royal library at Naples. The circumstances attending the dispersion of this library are characteristic of Neapolitan and monastic indolence: some German literati

had been sent to the convent of Saint John Carbonara to take copies of manuscripts, make a return of their titles, and to seek for various readings; after some resistance and false pretexts on the part of the monks, the chief of the Neapolitan senate ordered them to afford freer access to their library; but they were so much afraid of this kind of service, that, to be left undisturbed, they preferred making a voluntary offer of the manuscripts to the emperor Charles VI.

In the church della Pietatella, is a *Purification*, by Curia, which has been cited as one of the best paintings in Naples, and Spagnoletto proposed it to his pupils as a model.

The frescos of the brilliant church of the Holy Apostles have some celebrity: the roof, the angles of the cupola, the gallery of the choir, the choir, a fine *Pool of Bethesda* over the door, the perspective of which is by Viviani, are by Lanfranco; the cupola is by Benasca. We are told that the Neapolitan masters, after frequently comparing the two *St. Michaels* of the two last painters, in this church, could not decide which ought to be preferred. The four paintings of the window recess, by Luca Giordano; the lunettes of the nave, by Solimene, are some of their esteemed works. In the Filomarino chapel is the celebrated *Concert of Angels*, a basso-relievo by Fiammingo, an artist of Brussels who settled at Rome, and who was indebted to the friendship and counsels of Poussin for his ability to surpass, perhaps, the other sculptors of his day.

A great subterranean cemetery, in which the Cav. Marini reposes, appertains to this church. The sepulchral stone of the poet is very simple; but the quatrain inscribed for epitaph is singularly laboured; if the panegyric were less extravagant, it might easily be supposed he had composed it himself. The cemetery of the Holy Apostles, when I visited it on All Saints day, had become a sort of garden planted with boughs and shrubs ready for the funereal festival of the morrow. On that day, the coffins are opened, the corpses, the bones are dressed up, with long inscriptions commemorative of what all these dead were once; and the people walk about amongst them, recognising and contemplating them in transports of delight. The vene-

\* J. Lambecil Comment. de bibliotheca Cæs. Vindob., vol. 4, col. 763 seq. ed. Kollaril,

ration due to tombs is then degraded into an uproarious theatrical orgie.

The church of *Santa Maria del Carmine*, the most frequented and popular church of Naples, recalls one of the most tragical catastrophes in history, and the first example of regicide in Europe; the remains of young Conradin and his cousin Frederick are deposited there, obscurely concealed behind the high altar: the inscription cannot be read without a lamp, and this sort of mystery still increases the emotion. Conradin, when on the scaffold, only uttered the exclamation: "O mother! how great will be your grief to hear such news of me!" This mother, the empress Margaret, hastened from the extremity of Germany to redeem his life; she arrived too late, and therefore devoted the sum of the useless ransom to found the monastery *del Carmine*, in which a statue represents her with a purse in her hand. It is not known whether Margaret was received by Charles of Anjou, or whether she claimed her son's body; if so, such an interview would surpass in pathos the scene of Priam at the feet of Achilles. A chapel, under the invocation of the Cross, was erected on the place of his execution, at the corner of the houses beside the church *del Carmine*, where a coffee-house stands at present. Opposite, in the new church of Santa Croce *al Mercato*, may be seen the small porphyry column that was reared on the very spot of the murder: it lies prostrate, exposed to all the filth of a Neapolitan sacristy, and the following dreadful quodlibet in Lombard characters is still legible:

Asturis ungue leo pullum rapiens aquilionum  
Hic deplumavit, acephalumque dedit.<sup>1</sup>

A fact but little noticed may however be adduced to prove how sacred royalty was then held: when the executioner had cut off Conradin's head, another who stood by stabbed him with a poniard, so that, says the historian, the vile instrument who had shed the blood of a king, might not be left alive.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Asturis* means Giovanni Frangipani, lord of Astura, who took Conradin and basely delivered him up. The lion was formerly in the arms of France. Dante alludes to this emblem when he applies the word *lion* to Charles of Valois, who, in taking possession of Florence, was the cause of his exile.

The church *del Carmine*, though rich in marble and stucco, has little beauty: an *Eternal Father*, with the Holy Ghost, is by Giordano; the *Assumption* and the frescos of the window, an *Elijah* and an *Elisha*, are by Solimene. In this church, the best attended in Naples, on the day after Christmas every year, the miraculous crucifix is exposed, which in the siege of 1439 stooped its head, to avoid a cannon ball; a crucifix exceedingly venerated by the Neapolitans, who on that day flock thither in crowds to adore it, and the magistrates go in a body to pay their homage.

The spacious market-square was the scene of the insurrection of Masaniello, a real Neapolitan tribune, not a Roman, who preluded his insurrection by going with the other *gamins* of the time to show his backside under the viceroys' windows. The people of Naples, in spite of our new claims, must be considered the best in the world for rioting: there is a book in Italian entitled, *A Relation of the twenty-seventh revolt of the MOST FAITHFUL city of Naples*. But these seditious, passionate men are neither cruel nor furious, and notwithstanding their vivacity and the burning heat of the climate, their history presents none of those great popular massacres of which there are too many instances in the colder and more civilised nations; the horrors of the revolution of 1799 sprung from Nelson and the court; true Neapolitans would never have dismissed Saint Januarius as a Jacobin and protector of Jacobins, to replace him, as was the case, by Saint Anthony. The domination of the different foreign powers that have occupied this country, successively Greek, Arabian, Norman, Spanish, Austrian, French, doubtless produced in the inhabitants the perpetual habit and facility of imitation. In their present manners there are many Spanish peculiarities, as exaggeration, boasting, love of ceremony, and for the last twenty years the soldier has aped the French, the English, and the Austrians, one after the other, ever taking,

<sup>2</sup> *Acciò vivo non fimanesse un vile ministro che aveva versato il sangue d' un re.* Biancardi, *le Vite de' rè di Napoli*; Vita di Carlo d'Angiò, p. 134, quoted by Ginguené, *Hist. litt. d' It.*, t. 1, 356.



as usual with such copyists, whatever is worst in their models. If the character of the Neapolitan has little elevation, his disposition is good, compassionate,<sup>1</sup> and though ignorant and untrained, he has imagination and an acute mind very susceptible of culture; his language is picturesque, figurative, occasionally eloquent. When the Archduchess Maria Louisa came to Naples in 1824, she was pointed out at a distance to a man of the lower orders, with the remark that she was *la vedova di Napoleone* (Napoleon's widow).—*Che la vedova?* replied the Lazzarone, *è il suo sepolcro* (His widow! No; his tomb). The Neapolitan dialect is sonorous, redoubled,<sup>2</sup> musical, and the ingenious but partial Galiani applies thereto Horace's remark on his ancestors :

Graius ingenium, Graius dedit ore rotundo  
Musa loqui.

Boccaccio was pleased to write in this dialect to Francesco di Messer Alessandro de' Bardi, his countryman, a merchant settled at Gaeta; Sannazzaro did not disdain to employ it in his *Glomerio*, the oldest specimen of the *opera buffa*, and it was esteemed by Metastasio. The popular songs that I often heard in the streets at night had neither the buffoonery nor licentiousness that I expected to find; many couplets were a series of moral precepts on the conduct of life and the frailty of all sublunary things; they were like a paraphrase of *Linquenda tellus et domus*; the rhythm was serious

and melancholy, and my Neapolitan companion, a man of sense and a practised musician, remarked to me that this rhythm was Rossini's model for one of the choruses of his *Mosè*. These popular Neapolitan songs are changed from time to time, but the authors remain unknown. The prisoners for debt are said to compose a part of them. This is one of the stanzas which were then sung at Naples :

Che bella cosa è de morire acciso  
Nnanze a la porta de la nnammorata,  
L'anema se ne saglie imparadiso,  
E lo cuorpo lo chagne la scassata.

How happy is the lover's fate  
Who dies before his sweetheart's gate,  
By an assassin's blow!  
For while his soul to heaven ascends,  
His widow'd mistress o'er him bends,  
Disconsolate and wo.

There are a great many poems in the Neapolitan dialect.<sup>3</sup> Capasso, a distinguished jurisconsult and man of letters of the eighteenth century, has translated or rather humorously parodied in this dialect the seven first books of the *Iliad*; the *Æneid* has been well translated in *ottava rima* by Giancola Sitillo: the most esteemed of these translations of epics is that of the *Gerusalemme*, by the celebrated Neapolitan poet, Gabriele Fasano, printed at Naples in 1689 with all the magnificence of the epoch. On a public-house of Posilipo, some twenty years ago, one might have read the following pretty inscription, composed

London and Paris. The proportion of suicides, another symptom of nearly the same kind, is no less in favour of Naples. In 1824, at Paris, there were three hundred and seventy-one; in 1825, three hundred and ninety-six; in 1826, five hundred and eleven; whilst at Naples, there were, in 1828, fourteen only, which was reckoned a great number, being much less generally. It is a matter of regret that in 1834, there were twenty-nine, and thirty-one in 1835; but in 1837, only sixteen. It is by no means uncommon to find persons a hundred years old at Naples; in 1835, they were fourteen in number; two men and twelve women; three had reached a hundred and five; in 1837 there were sixteen, two men and fourteen women.

<sup>2</sup> In pronouncing the word *Napote*, they give the N a ringing sound, and some Neapolitan authors have doubled that letter.

<sup>3</sup> The collection of poems in the Neapolitan tongue, published by Porcelli, from 1783 to 1789, forms twenty-eight volumes 12mo.

<sup>1</sup> It is no unusual thing to see poor people take charge of forsaken children, and sometimes adopt them in the place of those they have lost. These children take the touching name of *figli della madonna* (children of the Madonna). Naples, the third city in Europe for population, has fewer foundlings by far than London and Paris, as may be seen from the following comparison: at London, with one million two hundred thousand inhabitants and forty-four thousand births, there are twenty thousand infants exposed; at Paris, with eight hundred thousand inhabitants and twenty-nine thousand births, ten thousand infants exposed; at Naples, with four hundred thousand inhabitants and fifteen thousand births, two thousand infants exposed. Hence we find that the infants exposed amount, at London, to nearly half the births; at Paris, to more than a third; and at Naples, less than one seventh. This last is also the proportion at Bologna; at Florence it is less than one fourth. It must, however, be observed that the necessities of life are much less expensive at Naples than at

by Nicolao Valletta, which has since been effaced as too Epicurean :

Amici, alliegge magnammo e bevammo  
 Fin che n' ci stace uoglio a la lucerna :  
 Chi sa s' a l' autro munno n' ci vedimmo ?  
 Chi sa s' a l' autro munno n' c' è taverna ?

The *Annunziata*, of the architecture of Vanvitelli, one of the fine churches of Naples, has several good works by different Neapolitan masters : frescos, by Corenzio, on the roof of the sacristy and the treasury ; the *Life of Jesus Christ*, sculptured in wood on the cupboards, by Giovanni of Nola ; the statue on the tomb of Alfonso Sancio, by Auria ; a *Descent from the cross*, in demi-relievo, by Giovanni of Nola, or Santa Croce. Before the high altar is the humble tomb of the second queen Giovanna : some of the ornaments have been cut off her mantle of gold brocade.

The repaired church of Saint Peter *ad aram* is reckoned the most ancient in Naples. A basso-relievo, representing a *Descent from the cross*, and a *St. Michael*, are by Giovanni of Nola.

The small church of the Bank of the two Sicilies has an *Assumption*, the chef-d'œuvre of Ippolito Borghese, a Neapolitan painter of the seventeenth century, which deserves notice.

Saint Severin, a fine church by Morrandi, a clever Neapolitan architect of the sixteenth century, is remarkable for many of its paintings and its sculptures especially. The ceilings of the choir of the cross-aisle are some of the best works of the cruel Corenzio, who died in his eighty-fifth year, through falling from a scaffold when about to retouch them, a just but long-delayed chastisement for his misdeeds.\* The *Baptism of the Redeemer* is by Perugino ; the fine painting of the chapel of the *Holy Family*, by Joseph Marullo ; the three tombs of the brothers Jacopo, Ascanio, and Sigismundo Sanseverino, poisoned by the wife of their uncle Geronimo, that she might possess their rich inheritance, contributed to extend the deserved renown

of Giovanni of Nola, and are the last good sculptures executed at Naples. There are also other works attributed to this artist of a talent so sweet and graceful, who touched on the period of decline, but remained unaffected thereby, and seems the Domenichino of sculpture—namely, the tombs of young Andrea Bonifazio and of Giambattista Cicara, though the former appears by Pedro della Plata. In the cloister, is still admired, after four centuries, the vast fresco of Zingaro, his most famous work, which represents with infinite variety the *Life of St. Benedict*. The refectory and the chapter offer other good frescos by Corenzio : a *Miracle of the loaves and fishes*, which contains as many as one hundred and seventeen personages, was finished in forty days.

## CHAPTER. XII.

Monastery of San Gregorio Armeno.—Taking the veil.

I had the honour to be invited in 1826 to witness the taking of the veil by Signora Teresa B\*\*\*\*\*, daughter of the prince of R\*\*\*\*\*, which was to be performed at the convent of San Gregorio armeno. This ancient nunnery of Benedictines, which, it is pretended, dates from Saint Helena, Constantine's mother, formerly exacted such proofs of nobility, that Queen Caroline of Austria, who visited it with one of her daughters, is reported to have told her jestingly that she could not obtain admission if she wished to do so. A strange institution for a religion of which equality is the principle and spirit ! The brilliant church, ornamented with paintings by Spagnoletto and Giordano, assembled the highest society of Naples ; ladies bedecked with diamonds, and many men in uniform or costume ; the music consisted of airs from Rossini and the opera of the *Last day of Pompeii*. Here for the first time I heard the sonorous voice of a soprano, which, notwithstanding its melody, gave me disagreeable

\* " Friends, let us joyously eat and drink while there is oil in the lamp ; who knows that we shall meet in another world ? Who knows that we shall find a tavern there ? " Valletta, who died at Naples at the close of last century, is the author of a witty little work entitled *Cicalata sul fascino*,

*volgarmente detto Jettatura*, in which he attempts to prove that the power of bewitching by words or a look, a general belief at Naples, is a reality, and known from the remotest antiquity.

\* See ante, ch. vii.

sensations. The young nun was not yet in the place reserved for her in the choir: the three days previous to her taking the veil, she mixes with the world; the family diamonds are lent to her, and that morning she was gone to bid adieu to the nuns of several convents where she had relations or friends. She arrived splendidly dressed during the celebration of mass; two ladies accompanied her, and the band of a regiment of the guard, placed in the vestibule, announced her entrance by flourishes. Her behaviour was perfectly simple and natural; it was evident there was no victim there, and that the cruel expression of *Mélanie* :

On ne meurt point, ma fille, et l'on fait son devoir,

had never been pronounced. After the mass she knelt before the archbishop, who officiated, and he uttered several prayers to which his clergy and the nun responded. She afterwards went out, holding a small cross in one hand and a taper in the other, and entered the convent, where the nuns were in attendance; they received her at the door, and embraced her, and she there changed her dress. In the mean time the persons left in the church had quitted their places, and gone into the choir, to approach the grate which led into the convent, and near to which the new nun was to return to receive the veil from the hands of the archbishop through a kind of turning box. The two sides of this grating then presented a striking contrast: there, the austerity, the solitude, and the silence of the cloister; here, the frivolity of people of the world, talking, looking, pressing each other impatiently, and the hubbub of persons waiting for something; it was a real *route* by the light of tapers, and on the steps of the altar. The only collected person in the midst of this tumult, was a poor girl of Aversa, who was to be chamber-maid to Signora B. in the convent, and for that purpose she was about to be obscurely made a nun. She had the picturesque costume of her country, natural

flowers in her hair, long gilt chains, and several rows of large pearls around her neck and falling over her vest of amaranth silk sprigged with gold. When the nun appeared at the grating, the archbishop addressed her in a cold, formal speech, and put on the veil, inviting her to perseverance; for this proceeding was only preliminary, as there is a year's noviciate. The ceremony being concluded, we went to the convent gate, to which the nun came again, and remained a long time receiving the adieus, the felicitations, the embraces of her friends and kindred; but there were no scenes on either side: on the contrary all was good-humour and gaiety. This Italian taking the habit was very different from the description of *René*: there was no appearance of melancholy or excited feelings, and refreshments, sweetmeats, and sonnets<sup>1</sup> were profusely distributed among the persons invited.

### CHAPTER XIII.

Posilipo. — Grotto. — Virgil's tomb. — Mergellina. — Fishers. — Palace of Donn' Anna.

The melancholy grotto of Posilipo, a gloomy, vaulted, ill-lighted road, seems placed there to render the vivid brilliancy of the light at Naples more sensible. This celebrated and far too much admired grotto, for the mountain is of tufo, and not rock, is well described by Seneca, a peevish painter well suited for the picture, when he calls it a long prison, an obscure corridor, and disserts thereon respecting the involuntary force of our impressions. \*

Close by are the remains of a *Columbarium*, called the tomb of Virgil, a tolerably picturesque ruin, mixed with verdure, and surmounted by a holm-oak, the roots of which descend into the elevated part of the rock adjoining. Despite the uncertainty attached to the monument, it still appears venerable from the multitude of great men who have visited it; it is like a perpetual testimony of the homage offered to the memory and name alone of the poet. Petrarch was con-

Chiuse le sacre porte, e con disprezzo  
Ne consegnò le chiavi in mano a morte.

<sup>2</sup> Nihil illo carcere longius, nihil illis laucibus obscurius. *Epist.* 57.

<sup>1</sup> Tasso has composed some very fine sonnets on *monacazioni* (taking the habit). *Rime*, part III, 4, 32, 60. Every body knows Monti's sonnet, *Fuggia Licori al chiostro*, which ends with this bold passage:

Sorrise acerbo la donzella forte,



ducted thither by King Robert; he planted there the celebrated laurel, renewed in our days by M. Casimir Delavigne; and it was at the sight of the same monument that Boccaccio felt the passion for letters predominate, and decided on renouncing commerce for ever.

After descending the smiling hill of Posilipo, <sup>1</sup> shaded and decorated by festoons of vines and the graceful, umbelliferous pine, we reach the shore of the Mergellina, a charming spot, so happily sheltered that it only loses its foliage one month in the year; and which Sannazzaro, who dwelt there, has sung and regretted so feelingly :

Mergillina, vale, nostri memor; et mea flentis  
Serta cape, heu! domini munera avara tui.  
Maternæ salvet umbrae, salvet paternæ;  
Accipite et vestris thurea dona focis.  
Neve nega optatos, virgo sebethias, amnes;  
Absentique tuas det mihi somnus aquas,  
Det fesso æstivas umbras sopor; et levis aura  
Fluminaque ipsa suo lene sonent strepitu:  
Exillum nam sponte sequor. Fors ipsa favebit:  
Fortibus hæc solita est sæpe et adesse viris.  
Et mihi sunt comites musæ, sunt numina vatum;  
Et mens læta suis gaudet ab auspiciis,  
Blanditurque animo constans sententia, quamvis  
Exilli meritum sit satis ipsa fides.

The fishermen of the Mergellina, remarkable for the beauty of their antique shapes, are also interesting on account of their laborious, peaceful life, their domestic existence, their well-gotten wealth: they seem the virtuous Troglodytes of the Neapolitan people. It is not surprising that they inspired Sannazzaro, who had them before his eyes, with his piscatorial Eglogues (piscatoriæ), a new choice of characters blamed by Fontenelle as inferior to the ancient shepherds "who were in possession of the eglogue."<sup>2</sup> It is true that "the Norman Fontenelle, in the middle of Paris," could have but an imperfect idea of such fishermen and of the Mergellina.

The ruins, the grotto of the palace of Donn' Anna, improperly called the palace of Queen Giovanna, a vast edifice left unfinished, and not begun till the end of the sixteenth century—all these verdure-crowned wrecks washed by the waves are very picturesque.

On the pleasant promontory of Posilipo, may still be seen the famous cisterns and fishponds of the immense villa of Vadius

Pollio, in which the old murænae were kept that used to be fed with the flesh of slaves condemned to death for negligent service. One day the master, wishing to treat Augustus, his guest, with the sight of the execution of a man condemned to this punishment for breaking a glass, the emperor ordered all the crystals of the villa to be thrown into the water instead of the slave, a plebeian act of clemency, a very faint lesson given to the barbarous sensuality of this Pollio, the son of a freed-man who had become eminent, who must not be confounded, as is sometimes the case, with the illustrious orator, poet, and consul, Asinius Pollio, who was the first to establish a public library at Rome, also a friend of Augustus, and immortalised by the admirable eglogue of Virgil bearing his name.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

Capo di Monte.—Bridge.—Palace.—Chinese.—Observatory.—Catacombs.—Seraglio.—Botanical garden.—Istituto del Miracolo.—French education of the Italian females.—Ponti Rossi.

Capo di Monte, although situated at the gate of Naples, and a royal residence, was formerly almost inaccessible; the bridge built by the French which now connects the two hills is one of those great and useful works which honour their transient occupation, as the works of the Romans signalised their domination. The same analogy exists between these two nations in this respect, as in the glory of their arms.

The palace of Capo di Monte, badly built at first and left unfinished, has little magnificence, and since its superb museum has been removed to the Studj, it has few attractions save the purity of the air, the view, its woods, and the chase.

The Chinese college of Capo di Monte, the only one in Europe, was founded in 1726 by D. Matteo Ripa, a Neapolitan missionary, on his return from China, where his talents as a painter had obtained him the favour of the emperor and the court. The funds are supplied in part by the establishment, the revenue of which amounts to 6000 ducats, and partly by the Propaganda of Rome. The pupils are sent from China at the age of thirteen or fourteen years, and they return as missionaries in their maturity. Forty have

<sup>1</sup> Παύσις τῆς λύπης, cessation of sorrow.

<sup>2</sup> Discours sur la nature de l'églogue.

already been educated in this house; their portraits may be seen there, with inscriptions giving their names, date of birth, their province, the time of their arrival at Naples, of their departure for China, and of their death, when the latter is known, as well as the persecutions or martyrdom that several have suffered. This interesting seminary might aid the study of a people and a literature successfully cultivated in our day; if the pupils were taken at a more advanced age, and were better educated before leaving Macao; but it seems on the decline, there being only six Chinese at present. The little museum is composed of Chinese curiosities, such as porcelain, silk robes, paintings, etc., and a large map of the Celestial Empire.

On the charming hill of Misadois, the highest point of Capo di Monte, stands the Observatory, an elegant and solid structure by S. Stefano Gasse. Astronomy has been studied at Naples for many centuries, from the monks of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, Pandolfo and Pietro Diacono, and Flavio Gioja, the inventor of the compass, to Fontana, in the seventeenth century; to Cassella, whose premature death occurred in 1808, in consequence of fatigue from watching the path of the comet of 1807; to Federico Zuccari, of the family of the two celebrated painters, and to the illustrious P. Piazzì, who died a few years since, while director-general of the observatories of the kingdom, having previously been director of the one at Palermo. We are indebted to the P. Piazzì for the discovery of the planet Ceres. He had refused to be made a cardinal. Another instance of modesty and good taste heightens his glory still further: having been informed that a gold medal was about to be struck in his honour, Piazzì requested that the value might be devoted to the purchase of instruments for his observatory.

The catacombs of Saint Januarius, less famous than those of Rome, appeared to me very superior in their kind. The antique tombs, the Greek inscriptions discovered there prove the ancient civilisation of that country; but these palaces of death crumble away like the abodes of men, and the unencumbered space is already of far less extent than in the days of Mabilion.

The Seraglio or *Reale Albergo*, a vast poor-house, founded by Charles III., was

a grand conception; it is at once a school, a workshop, and a hospital. Perhaps the combination of these different establishments is an obstacle to good management. Neither does the military discipline followed in the Seraglio to restrain its vagabond and numerous inmates, seem very likely to effect, by its absolute regulations, their moral and intellectual improvement. The officers also appear too subaltern and too little above the people they are charged to superintend. A deaf and dumb school on the system of the abbé de l'Épée, is dependant on the *Albergo*. But the instructor must have less to do than in any other country: grimaces are the mother tongue of the Neapolitan, and with him, may very well aid or even supply the language of signs. If the vocabulary of these grimaces were published, every body would be surprised to see what they express, and with a rapidity, a precision, if one may so say, that speech cannot attain. A foreigner asked a man of the lower orders where he might find a casino situated on the top of *Capo di Monte*; the Neapolitan made no other answer than by raising his lower lip; he repeated this grimace, which was really very intelligible, until the stranger, provoked at his silence, at last observed it.

The Botanical garden, created in 1818 in an advantageous position, and confided to the judicious management of S. Tenore, offers an agreeable promenade: the number of species is already ten thousand, among which there are many that our northern gardens could not preserve.

The *Istituto del Miracolo*, founded by Queen Caroline Murat, in the old convent of that name, on the plan of the house of education at Saint Denis, has obtained the approbation of the most severe and experienced judges. The French governess was justly maintained in her office, and she has since been invited to Madrid by Queen Christina, a princess of Naples, who has placed her at the head of a similar establishment. The houses of this kind at Milan and Florence were also superintended by French women. The Salesian ladies of Venice are emigrant French nuns. Our influence in Italy, though interrupted by political measures, is still visible in the manners and customs. The grace and judgment of French women engrafted

on Italian imagination amalgamate well, and have already produced more than one amiable model.

Farther on is the fine avenue leading to the old Champ de Mars created by the French, which was a suitable adjunct for a great and frequently agitated capital, but it has unfortunately been reduced, under the pretext of restoring the land to cultivation, as if that were scarce in such a country.

On this side is the hill of Santa Maria del *Pianto*, called also the *Mount of Lautrec*, because that general once encamped there. Historians state that our army perished from privations, excessive heat and the plague, without mentioning the exhalations of the soil, which perhaps contributed more to its destruction, if we may judge by a contemporary fact. The French soldier who occupied the throne of Naples, a brave compatriot of Lautrec, and greatly resembling him, after reviewing his troops on this side, was so charmed with the situation, that he determined to encamp

there at night with his soldiers; on the morrow he was very ill, and his men too, many of whom died. The grotto of Lautrec is still shown, where he was obscurely interred in 1528, until the duke of Sessa, having discovered his corpse, erected to him the noble mausoleum in the church of Santa Maria *la Nova*.<sup>1</sup>

Between the hills of Capo di Monte and Capo di Chino is a secluded valley, in which, on a rising ground and amidst pines, stands the picturesque convent of Santa Maria *de' Monti*, with its oriental dome. But the principal ornament of this vale is the wreck of the superb aqueduct reddened by time, and called from its colour *Ponti rossi* (red bridges), a work of Augustus, which carried the waters of the Lebeto to the port of Misenum, a distance of thirty-five miles from Naples; though shattered by earthquakes, crowded, overtopped, enveloped by vegetation, and its arcades are the resort of the goatherd and his flock, it still attests the power of the imperial people.

## BOOK THE FOURTEENTH.

### ENVIRONS.—ROAD TO ROME.

#### CHAPTER I.

Vomero.—Camaldulites.—Lake d'Agnano.—Grotta del Cane.—Solfatara.—Pozzuoli.—Cathedral.—Temple of Serapis.—Port.—Amphitheatre.—Tombs.—Cicero's Villa.—Lakes Lucrinus and Avernus.—Temples of Venus, Mercury, Diana.—Nero's Baths.—Piscina Mirabile.—Cento Camerelle.—Cumæ.—Baia.—Bauli.—Agrippina's sepulchre.—Coast of Misenum.—Grotta della Dragonaria.

The Vomero, over which the road to the Camaldulite convent passes, seems to be the crater of an ancient volcano in which arise several small hills covered with the strongest, most varied, and confused vegetation, presenting a singular and enchanting aspect. The convent has

one of the finest views in the world, commanding the gulfs of Naples and Pozzuoli, with their islands, the extinct craters of the Solfatara and Astrumi, the lake of Agnano, Cape Misenum, the castle of Baiæ and the boundless sea. There is no place more suitable for a contemplative life, and the monks, with their long beards, their gowns and hoods of white woollen, are themselves picturesque. It is true that they seem to have little suspicion of it, and the traveller, struck with what is poetical in their institution, is sometimes grievously disappointed on conversing with them. The church has a few good paintings, among them a *Last Supper*, by Stan-

<sup>1</sup> "Lautrec," says Brantôme, "étoit brave, hardi, vaillant, et excellent pour combattre en guerre et

frapper comme sourd; mais pour gouverner un état il n'y étoit bon." <sup>2</sup> See *ante*, ch. ix.



zioni. Part of the estates belonging to this convent were purchased, under the French administration, by S. Ricciardi, formerly minister of justice, a magistrate distinguished for his independence and great information, who has taken the title of Count *de' Camaldoli*, and has converted the property into a very pleasant villa, which has been well sung by two good Italian poets<sup>1</sup> of the present day.

The lake of Agnano has nothing curious now, except its wild and gloomy site; for the phenomenon of its water boiling without heat, a pretty just image of some kinds of enthusiasm, has ceased to exist.

Like every body else, I went to see the celebrated *grotta del Cane*: in travelling there are some things that must be seen, though little interesting. This grotto, much less curious than the neighbouring Vapour baths of San Germano, or the numerous and less spacious grottos of the same kind at Latera, in the Roman states, is not open as formerly; it is let to a peasant who keeps the key and is paid for showing it, being generally there with a dog intended for the experiment. The life of this poor animal is thus past in continual swoons, which, at least, are not pretended, an advantage they have over many in fashionable life.

The Solfatara is a fine antique volcanic ruin. This plain of sulphur, white, hot, smoking, hollow, and sonorous, has an extraordinary aspect: one is almost tempted to pierce its thin and fragile crust, to fathom the fiery abyss it covers. Among the fêtes celebrated at Naples by the magnificence of Alfonso, on the arrival of the emperor Frederick III. in 1452, the most surprising was a hunt by torch-light in the enclosure of the Solfatara, where the arrangement of the lights in that natural circus, the number of animals, the music and the brilliant costumes of the hunters, seemed to realise the prodigies of magic.

Pozzuoli, with its languishing population, is the only inhabited point on this coast, which was once covered with brilliant villas, sumptuous edifices, and called by Cicero *Puteolana et Cumana regna*.<sup>2</sup> Then all Rome crowded to the waters of Puteoli, the Spa or Baden of

antiquity. This was one of those brilliant companies of bathers, which so much confounded the vanity of the Roman orator on his return from Sicily, when, as he landed on the quay now called *la Malva*, he expected to receive the honours of his countrymen, who were ignorant of his questorship, or supposed it at Syracuse instead of Lilybeum.<sup>3</sup> Of all the splendour of Puteoli a few ruins alone remain.

The ancient temple consecrated to Augustus by the Roman knight Calpurnius, a monument of Roman opulence and degradation, of which only the inscription and some few columns still subsist, is the cathedral dedicated to Saint Proculus, the companion of Saint Januarius.

In the square, a fine pedestal of white marble, ornamented with fourteen figures representing towns of Asia Minor overthrown by an earthquake and rebuilt by Tiberius, seems to have supported a statue of the emperor, which remains buried under the buildings of the modern town.<sup>4</sup> Another statue of a senator, still on its pedestal, retains its inscription.

The port of Pozzuoli was one of the most magnificent in Italy, and its merchants, like those of London now, were reputed the richest in the world. The mole was repaired by Adrian and Antoninus Pius, but the epoch of its foundation is unknown; of its twenty-five arches, thirteen only are standing: the last, a prodigious construction, plunges sixty palms beneath the sea. The bridge, a stupid work of Caligula's, in imitation of the Via Appia, which served for his triumphal passage from Pozzuoli to Baïæ, rested on this superb mole.

Its fine barracks and tower are the old palace of the viceroy, Pedro of Toledo, who was instrumental in repeopling Pozzuoli, when nearly deserted after the dreadful earthquake of 1538; he restored its lost waters, and executed other useful works. The temple of Jupiter Serapis, a magnificent wreck of Roman grandeur, shows the splendour of the art in Adrian's reign. The roof was of white marble, and some parts of it are still in

<sup>1</sup> La villa di Camaldoli al Vomero, polimetro del cav. A. M. Ricci, 1827. La villa di Camaldoli, stanze, Naples, 1833, by Signora Maria Giuseppa Guacci.

<sup>2</sup> *Epist. ad Att. lib. xiv.* 48.

<sup>3</sup> See the amusing relation of this scene, *pro Plancio*, xxvi.

<sup>4</sup> It is said to be now at the *Studj*.

existence; the beautiful columns and the pavement are under water. This mixture of water and ruins is tolerably picturesque, but very unhealthy, and a great obstacle to archeological research. The shells incrustated on some of the still erect columns of cipoline marble, prove that the sea has risen twenty-two palms (often English inches each) above its present height; it would thus have submerged the whole town and surrounding country, beyond the entrance of the gulf of Posilipo; which is little likely, and men of science have differently explained the phenomenon. The architect Niccolini, president of the *Borbonica* society of Naples, charged in 1828 with the draining of this little marsh, gives a reasonable explanation of the trace of water at that height: he supposes that during the earthquake of 1538, which filled up part of lake Lucrine, engulphed the great village of Tripergola, and produced in three days the hill of Montenuovo,<sup>1</sup> a part of the water was driven out of the lake and remained some time on the site of the temple of Serapis. This mystical and popular religion, which, after being banished from Rome several times, was near usurping the honours of the Capitol even in Cicero's days, a real pantheism, was the last of the antique religions that resisted christianity.

The amphitheatre called the *Coliseum*, though ruined by earthquakes and choked with luxuriant and picturesque vegetation, has not totally lost its ancient form; it would hold forty thousand persons. Augustus attended the games celebrated in his honour there. The *Labyrinth*, a vast subterranean edifice, was probably the reservoir for the water of the *naumachia* given in the theatre.

To the north of Pozzuoli, on the superb Campanian road, are some antique tombs in good preservation, extending more than two miles. They were shown to me by wretches so miserable that one might take them for spectres, inhabitants of the tombs, who were shortly to return into them.

The villa of Cicero, built on the plan of the Academy of Athens, which he praised in his letters, and called by the

name of *Academia*, was then by the seaside; and the Roman orator could angle from his terrace while meditating his *Academics*. Adrian, who died at Baïæ, was buried in this house, and his successor, the pious Antoninus, determined to convert his tomb into a temple.

The lakes Lucrine and Avernus, which Augustus connected with the sea, were convulsed by the earthquake of 1538, which greatly changed the mythological and Virgilian aspect of these places; they still, however, retain their ancient names, but have fallen far beneath their fabulous destination; the Elysian Fields are now a good vineyard, and the *Avarus Acheron*, under the unmelodious name of Fusaro, is used for soaking hemp, and supplies excellent oysters. The Avernus, the Styx, the Acheron, likewise existed in Egypt and Greece: it seems that the ancients transported their poetical machinery with them, as well as their institutions and laws.

To the west of lake Lucrine and the south of Avernus was Cicero's other villa called the Cumean, in which he began his *Republic*; a villa differing from the one he possessed at Pozzuoli, and both so charming that he knew not which to prefer.<sup>2</sup>

The pretended grotto of the Sibyl is not a very agreeable place to visit; it is necessary to procure torches, and to descend on the back of a guide into a long, dark, and muddy cavern. The use of these caves seems uncertain, though they are found in most great edifices of antiquity, and local examination does not throw much light on the subject. Perhaps these galleries of Roman architecture, ornamented with basso-relievos blackened by the torches of ciceroni, were used as places of retirement and baths in the great heats.

The ruins of the three edifices called the temples of *Venus Genitrix*, *Mercury*, and *Diana Lucifera*, may be more reasonably supposed to belong to some of the thermæ, with which the magnificence and voluptuousness of the Romans had covered these shores. The baths of Nero are more likely to be authentic. These baths have inspired M. Casimir Delavigne with some of his finest verses:

<sup>1</sup> It appears that Montenuovo is now gradually sinking; it would be curious to observe and minute this variation.

<sup>2</sup> *Epist. ad Att.*, lib. xiv. 43.

Ces temples du plaisir par la mort habités,  
 Ces portiques, ces bains prolongés sous les ondes,  
 Ont vu Néron, caché dans leurs grottes profondes,  
 Condamner Agrippine au sein des voluptés.  
 Au bruit des flots, roulant sur cette voûte humide,  
 Il veillait, agité d'un espoir parricide;  
 Il jetait à Narcisse un regard satisfait,  
 Quand, muet d'épouvante et tremblant de colère,  
 Il apprit que ces flots, instruments du forfait,  
 Se soulevant d'horreur, lui rejetaient sa mère.

These burning grottos are still vapour baths of extraordinary effect. The cicerone, perfectly unawares to me, rushed in naked, and shortly after came out burning hot, streaming with perspiration, and uttering a kind of moaning noise that quite disturbed me; happily he soon recovered all his *sang-froid* and claimed the reward of his customary experiment.

The colony of Cumæ, led by Hippocles Cumæus from Chalcis in the island of Eubœa, was, according to Strabo, the oldest monument of the passage of the Greeks in Italy. Virgil gives it the same origin: geography and history are here in unison with poetry. The last king of Rome, Tarquin, expelled by an aristocratic revolution, according to an ingenious Neapolitan writer,<sup>1</sup> ended his days at Cumæ, after making or instigating war against the Roman people for twenty years. The celebrated Sibyl, whose memory is predominant at Cumæ, probably had her grotto in the tortuous picturesque excavation, encumbered with broken rocks and of difficult access. This sybil, who, after burning several copies of the book of Oracles, exacted of the same king a price equal to that she had asked for many, already anticipated the mania of book-hunters, amateurs of medals, etc.; and indeed she ought to have asked more. It was at Cumæ that Petronius, when arrested, opened his veins, and dissipated on pleasure with his friends to his last hour; and there, too, he placed the impure residence of his Trimalcion, in whom Voltaire, for very good reasons, cannot recognise a man of talent, of Nero's age and rank.<sup>2</sup>

On the road from Cumæ to Misenum, *alla Torre della Gaveta*, are the remains of a sumptuous villa, in which the senator Servilius Vatia had secluded himself towards the end of his days, to escape the eye of Sejanus and Tiberius,

and to avoid complicity in the base proceedings of their senate; a noble and wise exile, a retirement wittily but wrongfully blamed by Seneca: *Nunquam aliter hanc villam Vatiæ vivo præteribam, quam ut dicerem: Vatia hic situs est,*<sup>3</sup> which, at each proscription, made people say of Vatia that he alone knew how to live: *O Vatia, solus scis vivere.*

The *Arco felice*, almost entire, which, by its nobleness rather than proportions, attests the magnificence of the Romans, was the ancient gate of Cumæ. This once famous, but now deserted city has nothing remarkable save its numerous and shapeless fragments of antiquities, its broken walls, Greek, Roman, and of the middle ages, and the delightful view that expands around its volcanic heights.

The lake of Licola is a monument of Nero's prodigious works, called by Tacitus *cupitor incredibilium*, who wanted to make a canal from Ostia to lake Avernus. The works could not be executed, and the waters remained in the preparatory excavations, which are still called *Nero's ditch*.

The unhealthy coast of Baiæ and its melancholy-looking castle, a hospital for a few invalided gunners, would hardly be taken for that delightful shore which Horace celebrated as the most delicious in the universe:

Nullus in orbe stans Bæjis præluet amœnis.

Cicero thought his visit to Baiæ required an apology, and the house he bought in the environs injured him in the minds of some grave senators. Seneca named Baiæ the resort of all the vices, *diversorium vitiorum*; and Propertius thought Cynthia compromised her reputation by sojourning there:

Tu modo corruptas quam primum desere Bajas.

Marius, Pompey, and Cæsar, had each a villa at Baiæ: in that of Cæsar died the young Marcellus, whom Livia was suspected of poisoning. The beautiful villa of Calpurnius Piso was the focus of the great and unfortunate conspiracy against Nero, to which Lucan, who had basely flattered him, acceded more from the irritated self-love of a poet than from

<sup>1</sup> Delfico, *Pensieri su l'istoria*, p. 171.

<sup>2</sup> See, in the *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, the Catalogue of

French writers, art. Nodot, and the *Pyrrhonisme de l'histoire*, ch. xiv.

<sup>3</sup> *Epist.* LV.



patriotism.\* Nero's train, when he went to the waters of Baiæ, consisted of a thousand carriages and two thousand mules shod with silver. The most splendid of the ancient villas of Baiæ seems to have been the one built by Alexander Severus for his mother the empress Julia Mammea, who, with all her virtues, was inclined to avarice, and would never have built such a costly place herself. Of all the epithets that the historians and poets of antiquity have lavished on these shores, they now deserve only one, that of *tepidæ* (tepid).

On the coast of Bauli stood the house of Hortensius, called the *Fishery*, famous for its murenæ, which were extolled by Cicero, Varro, and Pliny the elder; some of its remains are still visible near the beach. The ruin called the *Tomb of Agrippina* was perhaps a theatre, being in the form of one. It was along the road to Misenum, beside Cæsar's villa, that the dependants of Agrippina, according to Tacitus, erected a small tomb (*levem tumulum*) to her memory, but not till after Nero's death.

The *Cento camerelle* (the hundred little chambers), some of which seem to have served as reservoirs for rain water, are called Nero's prisons; for crime has given a sort of popularity to his name in this country. The villa of Cæsar must have been near this point.

The celebrated *Piscina Mirabile*, an ancient reservoir that supplied the fleet stationed at Misenum with water, is the finest monument of this district, and the only one in good preservation. This elegant and solid construction, whether it belonged to Lucullus, Agrippa, or Claudius, equally exhibits the strength and grandeur of Roman fabrics.

The port of Misenum, begun by Cæsar and finished by Augustus, was the principal Roman station on the Mediterranean. Pliny the elder had the command of a fleet there when he started on his fatal expedition to explore Vesuvius, so much were science and the love of knowledge allied, at Rome, with the most important and the highest functions. This magnificent port, in part filled up, has taken the name of *Mare morto*, which well accords with it now.

Misenum was also the seat of pleasure: Nero had a house there, and the ruins are still visible of that of Lucullus, in which the prefect of the pretorian band, Macro, smothered Tiberius, who had made him his favourite. Among the grottos and caverns which undermine this territory, the *Grotta della Dragonaria* is an object of curiosity; it is an immense reservoir formed of five galleries of unequal length, with twelve pillars to support the roof, perhaps erected by Nero to bring the thermal waters of Baiæ into his house.

## CHAPTER II.

Ischia.—View.—Baths.—Vittoria Colonna.

My voyage to Ischia was only a day's passage in a steamboat; but I breathed the delicious air of that island, and contemplated its marvellous panorama, reckoned one of the finest in Italy, and even of all the coasts and isles of the Mediterranean. The tone of the inhabitants seemed to me still more sonorous than that of the Neapolitans. On the approach of the boats, they rushed into the water, took the travellers on their shoulders, in order to let them the asses, which they drove before them with incredible shoutings and expedition. The superb *Epomeus*, an extinct volcano, said to be older than Vesuvius, looks like a peak of the Alps stricken with the rays of a Neapolitan sun. Its base is mined by deep romantic ravines, shaded by lofty chesnuts; and on the lower hills which sink down to the sea, grow the vines which produce the excellent white wine of Ischia. The last eruption of *Epomeus* took place in 1302; but the lava seems as of yesterday, and its black and parched furrows contrast with the strength and brightness of the vegetation below.

On the hill *della Sentinella*, one of the most enchanting points of view in the island, was a pretty house let to some foreign ladies, where I had the honour to dine in excellent company. This house belonged to the brother of the head physician of the baths *del Monte della Misericordia*, an important thermal establishment. The mineral waters of Ischia, which were known to the ancients, are very salutary, particularly for wounds, and a hot bath of

\* *Lucanum propriæ causæ accendebant, quod famam carminum ejus premebat Nero, prohibueratque ostentare, vanus adsimulatione.* *Ann.* xv. 49.

ferruginous sand is reputed efficacious against cutaneous diseases.

The national costume of the peasants is rich and very elegant, the ladies even adhere to it; this dress is different in every place, but the silk handkerchief of bright colours, rolled up like a turban, is nearly universal.

We had passed by the isle of Procida, the girls of which now only wear their Greek dresses on Sundays and festivals, like the Scotch highlanders, their self-styled Roman costume. These girls ran down to the shore to see the steamer, an instrument of modern commerce and industry, which strongly contrasted with the poetical costumes of antiquity.

The isle of Nisida, now the lazaretto of Naples, witnessed the parting of Brutus and Porcia. Ischia, in modern times, became the retreat of another worthy Roman, Vittoria Colonna, marchioness of Pescara, the inconsolable widow of the conqueror of Pavia, to whom her contemporaries gave the title of *divine*, a woman illustrious for her virtues, her beauty, the superiority of her poetical talents, and who became the holy muse of Michael Angelo and the Beatrice of that Dante of the arts.\*

### CHAPTER III.

Portici.—II Granatello.—La Favorita.—Pavement.  
—Hackert.

The lively, industrious, and crowded coast of Portici, a kind of noisy, dusty quay, lined with pretty casinos, and a royal residence, forms a true contrast with the deserted strand of Pozzuoli. The palace is admirably situated; its celebrated museum has been removed to the Studj; but it possesses some works by good French painters of the modern school, portraits by Gérard, excellent Capuchins by Granet, and elegant paintings by M. de Forbin. The antique mosaics, with which several rooms are floored, make the inspection of apart-

ments less insipid than usual. The gardens are agreeable: some fine oaks of the English garden have taken root in the lava, and seem the image of two strong minds which, when they agree, are indestructible and inseparable.

The little fort of the *Granatello*, almost facing the palace, is worth a visit for its view of the sea and the aspects of Vesuvius from thence.

At Resina is the palace of La Favorita belonging to the prince of Salerno; its gardens with their large trellises, in my opinion, have been too much vaunted. Its real wonder is the floor of the oval room proceeding from the palace of Tiberius at Caprea. We do not know whether the ideal of antiquity extends even over its vices; but the mosaic of Caprea, instead of causing disgust, only inspires curiosity. Madame de Genlis has given a vivid description of the disagreeable feelings she experienced when, on entering the Palais Royal, she found herself a momentary occupant of the regent's small apartments, which still retained their mirrored alcove, and all their old boudoir magnificence; the floor of Caprea is yet more defiled, nevertheless, on seeing the diversely coloured marble of which it is composed, one can only admire the beauty of such a performance. The same kind of handicraft, so splendid and so suitable for palaces, is still practiced in Italy; at the hotel of the French embassy at Naples there is a clever and recent imitation of the floor of La Favorita.

The apartments have several *Views*, from among the best of the celebrated landscape-painter Hackert, who died about ten years ago. He was painter to the king of Naples, who paid him six ducats for each square foot of his paintings: the selfish artist has consequently made the sky two or three times larger than it ought to be; and the same fault exists in all the works he executed on these strange conditions. It was of this artist that Alexis Orloff had ordered by

\* The comparison of Porcia and Vittoria Colonna has been elegantly expressed in the Latin verses of Ariosto, who had already celebrated the marchioness in the *Orlando* (can. xxxvii., st. xvi. seq.):

Non vivam sine te, mi Brute, exterrita dixit  
Portia, et ardentem sorbuit ore faces;  
Avale, te extincto, dixit Vittoria, vivam  
Perpetuo mœstas sic dolitura dies.

Utique romana est, sed in hoc Vittoria major:  
Nulla dolere potest mortua, viva dolet.

It is known that Michael Angelo made several drawings for Vittoria which were cited by Vasari as admirable works; he corresponded with her, and she inspired him with ten fine sonnets and several madrigals full of sentiment and passion.

Catherine's command, four painting representing the principal feats of the war in the Morea, and particularly the burning of the Turkish fleet at Tchesme. Hackert having declared that he did not know how to express a ship blown up, Orloff fired the finest of his fleet, at the risk of destroying the numerous and richly laden vessels in the road of Leghorn. These four pictures are in the hall of audience of Petershoff; they are said not to exceed mediocrity.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Vesuvius.—Road.—Hermits.—Eruptions.—Benefits of Vesuvius.

There are certain usages of travellers, which, though long-established, are none the more reasonable on that account. For instance, it is considered indispensable for every man who goes to Vesuvius to sacrifice his night's repose, set off at ten o'clock, and climb the mountain with torches, for the purpose of seeing the rising sun from the Hermitage. But Vesuvius is surrounded on the east by lofty mountains which greatly diminish the effect of this marvellous sunrise, as the sun cannot be seen till broad daylight. The setting, on the contrary, is incomparably gorgeous; the majestic orb embraces the whole unbroken horizon, and plunges into the sea with all his fires. By the reflected light of this declining sun, the huge mass of Vesuvius was tinted of a fine violet hue. The rising of the moon, which I enjoyed on my descent, completed this magnificent spectacle; for I had started right simply about the middle of a most genial day, and consequently lost the honours of the nocturnal expedition of fashionable travellers.

The pretended hermits are not worthy of all the respect with which they inspire some pensive travellers: their hospitality is anything but gratuitous; they never were priests, and are in fact nothing more than two interested peasants, with a boy, keeping a publichouse at the *Three Elms*. Their dwelling, let like any other tenement, has even in times past been reputed one of those gallant and secret rendezvous, in the vicinity of large towns. About fifty years since, one of these hermits, who died at an advanced age, was an old footman of madame de Pompa-

dour, by whom he had been discharged for a serious breach of duty. The destiny of this disgraced companion of madame Duhaussset, who has left no *Memoirs*, was odd enough in its way; after having assisted at the *petits soupers* of Louis XV., he prepared the frugal repast of the traveller, and he was recognised by the manners of Versailles which he retained. These hermits, like the publican of Chamouny, have a book to receive the stray thoughts of travellers; but Vesuvius, like Mount Blanc, has produced scarcely anything but trash. The aspect of even the grandest reality is most frequently sterile, if it be not completed and embellished by imagination and memory, and it requires, ere it can yield inspiration, that sort of distance.

Before the eruption of the year 63, which occurred sixteen years before the one consigned to everlasting remembrance by the death of Pliny the elder and the two letters of Pliny the younger to Tacitus, the eruptions of Vesuvius seem to have been less frequent and destructive. Under Augustus, the least elevated summit was covered with trees and vines. The principal eruptions, since the last-mentioned, of which the Cav. Arditì, in a dissertation read to the *Borbonica* Society, pretends to fix the hour, minute, and second, happened in 203, in 472, when the ashes were blown to Constantinople; in 512, 685, 993, 1036, the first of the modern eruptions accompanied with lava; in 1049, 1138, 1306, 1500, and in 1631, the most violent since that of 79. Despite the disasters of these different eruptions and the terror this volcanic earth, furrowed with lightning like the heavens, must inspire, the outbreaks of Vesuvius have not the utterly destructive effects of the inundations, avalanches, and other dreadful plagues of the North: the pavement of the city is supplied by the lava, the brilliant scoræ of which, tinted with azure, ultramarine, yellow, and orange, are transformed into jewels and fancy articles that are sold abroad. The ashes it has vomited forth produce excellent fruit and the nice wine of *Lacryma Christi*, so ingeniously sung by Chiabrera:

Chi fu de' contadini il sì indiscreto,  
Ch' a sbigottir la gente  
Diede nome dolente  
Al vin, che sovra gli altri il cuor fa lieto?



Lacrime dunque appellerassi un riso,  
Parto di nobilissima vendemmia?

It was remarked, after the eruptions of 1794, 1796, and 1822, that several spots previously barren had become extremely fertile from this shower of ashes. A numerous population obtains the means of existence from Vesuvius; it may be likened to an immense furnace created by nature on the shores of sea, which is its moving power: *la montagna*, therefore, as it is commonly called at Naples, is more loved than dreaded by the Neapolitan; he makes it his pride and glory; it is the most majestic decoration of his fine amphitheatre; he would be grieved if it could disappear, and the inhabitants of Resina, *Torre del Greco*, and *La Nunziata*, have rebuilt their houses on the identical spot from which they were swept away. In fine, Vesuvius, even in the midst of its greatest fury, seems to have engulfed Pompeii only to preserve it miraculously for the curiosity and admiration of posterity.

## CHAPTER V.

Herculaneum.—Theatre.—Pompeii.—Excavations.  
—Villa of Diomedes.—Road of the Tombs.—Walls.  
—Streets.—Acteon's House.—Shops.—The baker's, Pansa's, and the dramatic poet's house.—Thermae.  
—Fullonica.—House of the Faun.—Great mosaic.  
—Forum.—Public treasury.—Prisons.—Basilic.—Pantheon.—Square of the Tragic theatre.—Theatre.—Price of seats.—Amphitheatre.

Herculaneum, though on the road to Pompeii, should be visited last; as it can only be examined by torchlight, being buried more than sixty feet under a very hard lava, without this precaution, one would hardly be able to comprehend either the form of the galleries in its theatre, the least injured of antiquity, which must have held about ten thousand spectators, or the plan of its magnificent villa. Without the prelude, the initiation of Pompeii, the black cavern of Herculaneum would appear but a kind of deserted mine, with no signs of living man. A prince of Elbeuf, Emmanuel de Lorraine, who married at Naples and settled at Portici, was the discoverer of Herculaneum. We have seen that one of the finest palaces in Italy, at Verona, was built by a bishop of Bayeux; these names

from Normandy seem strangely allied with the splendid monuments of ancient and modern Italy. Herculaneum recalls one of the most terrible examples of the abuse of erudition; I allude to the case of the Roman prelate Bajardi, a famous antiquarian, who pretended to be a descendant of Bayard: being called upon by the king of Naples to give a catalogue of the objects discovered and preserved at Portici, he obtained permission, while they were waiting for the engravings, to put at the beginning of the great commentary a preface, the beginning of which he published in seven thick quarto volumes; and then, as the abbé Barthélemy informs us, he had not even entered on the subject.

Antiquity, at Pompeii, ceases to be the vague, remote, uncertain antiquity of books, commentators, and antiquarians; it is real, living, antiquity *in propria persona*, if the expression be allowable: it may be felt, seen, and touched. The new and learned barbarism of the museums is here more offensive and fatal than elsewhere: had the discovered objects been left in their places, and the simple precautions necessary for preserving them attended to, they would have formed the most wonderful museum on earth. It may be further stated that only a fifth part of the city is cleared, and it will be necessary, if all moveables continue to be taken away, to build another city to contain them. However, if the excavations proceed at the present rate, there is time enough on hand: from the most accurate calculations, it appears that the complete exhumation would require an outlay of 694,589 ducats (115,764*l.*); and the total sum allowed every year for works and repairs is only 6000 ducats (1,000*l.*). Thus, if it has already required a hundred and twenty years to effect the discovery of the fifth we possess, four hundred and eighty years must elapse before the whole of Pompeii can be seen.

When Sulpitius, seeking to console Cicero for the death of his daughter Tullia by the example of human vicissitudes, speaks to him of those carcases of cities that he saw when returning from Asia, how little did he imagine that his figurative expression would one day be as justly applicable to the town which was the delight of his friend, *Tusculanum et Pompejanum valde me delectant*,

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book v. ch. xxv.

whose house, notwithstanding the good will of the abbé Romanelli, has not yet been found—a magnificent house, for which he ran into debt, where he received Octavius, and which, of all the one and twenty villas discovered for him by the eccentric abbé Chaupy, was one of the greatest favourites.

The villa of Diomedes in the suburbs, the finest in Pompeii, shows the double life of the Romans, at once public and private. The public part is composed of the vestibule and the *atrium*, which comprehended nearly always in the same order the *cavædium* (court), the *tablinum* (audience chamber), the wings, the corridors (*fauces*). The private part contained the bed-rooms (*cubicula*), the dining-room (*triclinium*), the sitting-rooms (*æci*), the picture gallery (*pinacotheca*), the library, the baths, the *exedra* or parlour, the *xystum*, or gallery set out with flowers and shrubs; all these apartments were ranged round the peristyle. The public life is full of grandeur; most of the small rooms for private use receive no light but through the door, have no fireplaces, and are far from being comfortable, notwithstanding the mosaics and brilliant paintings that decorate them. It is evident from the inconvenience of these rooms that the life of the Romans was chiefly out-of-doors and public, and that except at night and their principal meal, which was towards evening, they passed nearly all their time at the Forum, or under the porticos. The *atrium* even of the house was a kind of inner Forum in which they received their guests, dependants, friends, and where they continued to live in the open air. The home of the English, or the *coin du feu* of the French, was totally unknown to them, as to the Italians of the present day, who have no public life. The house of Diomedes had three stories, a rare thing; for most of the other houses had only two surmounted by a terrace ornamented with a kind of trellis. As in the East, the women's apartment was towards the garden.

The road of the Tombs (*via Domitiana*), with causeways, lined on each side with high mausoleums occupied by whole families and their dependants, is a real street. In polytheism the dead seem

hardly to quit the earth; they inhabit the most frequented places, beside the highways, and seem less to die than to remove from one house to another. The most remarkable of these tombs are: the monument erected by Alleja Decimilla, priestess of Ceres, to her husband Marcus Allejus Lucius Libella, and to her son, on a piece of ground given by the people; that erected by Nevoleja Tyche to her husband Caius Munatius, herself, and their freedmen and women; she had sculptured thereon her own portrait, the *bisellium*, a seat of honour,<sup>1</sup> which the decurions and the people had decreed to Munatius, a funeral ceremony and a vessel entering port, perhaps the emblem of the repose of the tomb after the storms of life; the cenotaph of C. Calventius Quietus, whose munificence procured him also the honour of the *bisellium*, reckoned the most elegant and best preserved of the sepulchral monuments of antiquity; the tomb of Scæurus, curious for its stucco basso-relievos, representing hunting scenes, gladiatorial contests, in which the combatants have helmets with the visors down, and are protected with cuissarts and arm-pieces like the old knights, and for its explanatory inscriptions traced with a pencil.

The ramparts of Pompeii, discovered from 1812 to 1814, which may now be followed all round, show the extent and plan of the town; these ramparts, in great measure built of enormous blocks of stone, had dared the fortune of Sylla, who subdued Pompeii without attacking it.

The streets of Pompeii are narrow and crooked; but as chariots had then only a four feet way (as may be seen from the marks of the wheels), a greater width was not necessary. The ancients moreover imagined that narrow and winding streets were more salubrious, as the sun had less power in them.

The public house of Julius Polybius has a vast subterranean cave, the best cellar in Pompeii.

The house of the *Vestals*, brilliant with paintings and mosaics, has almost the form of a temple; the whimsical capitals of the columns are far from Greek purity.

The house of the dancing girls retains its gay air, in the variety, grace, and voluptuousness of its figures.

<sup>1</sup> The *bisellium* was a kind of bench covered with fringed cushions, on which one person only

sat at the forum and, in public shows, though there was room for two.

The house said to be *Sallust's* or *Acæteon's*, is one of the most elegant and refined in the town; its atrium passes for the best preserved. An oven, like ours, seems quite new and fit for use. A shop communicated with Sallust's apartment: we see by this example and many others, that the richest patricians were not above retailing the wine, oil, and provisions of their own growth or the produce of their industry; a custom still subsisting in some Italian provinces, and practised by the thrifty Florentines.<sup>1</sup> Shops were a lucrative property; Cicero knew how to make the best of his as well as the builder of a new passage.\* At Pompeii, near the amphitheatre, was found a written notice by which Julia Felix, daughter of Spurnius, a man of great possessions, offered to lease for five years a vast edifice containing a bath, a *venereum* (its usual concomitant), and *nine hundred shops* with their appurtenances. The luxury of our fashionable warehouses existed in these shops, which formed the front of the houses in most cases; they were floored with mosaic, and had their museum in the open air; an ox was painted on the shop of a butcher, and the group of vintagers represented on a wineshop, has been imitated by Poussin. The mysterious *venereum*, decorated with the great fresco of Acteon, must have appeared less scandalous with the religion, the poetry, and the manners of the Pompeians.

The house of *Modestus*, as it is called, belonged to a dealer in liquors. The sign is a passably poetical representation of Ulysses refusing the perfidious beverage presented to him by Circe.

The baker's house is well disposed. The oven and mills are curious. The two only comic Latin poets, Plautus and Terence, were condemned, when enslaved, to do the work of asses in turning the stone of these little mills resembling a coffee mill in form. Cato extolled the *skilful millers* of Pompeii.<sup>3</sup>

The habitation of the edile Pansa is the largest and most regular in Pompeii.

Pansa also let a great number of shops and an oven. Over this last is the celebrated inscription *Hic habitat felicitas*, and its obscene emblem, a small basso-relievo of stone painted red, an allusion, according to some learned and antiquarians, to abundant harvests, or perhaps to the shape of the small bread of antiquity. This emblem was also used by the ancients as an amulet to prevent certain evils, and S. Arditì supposed that the baker had employed it as a means of securing his establishment.

The little house of the tragic poet, with its noted but inferior mosaic of a great black dog chained and the inscription *cave canem* (beware of the dog), is one of the prettiest private monuments of antiquity. Frescos of divers mythological or dramatic subjects, and of numerous figures of *Genii*, *Victories*, with arabesques and mosaics of better taste embellish it. In the library, a small room ornamented with views, landscapes, marine pieces, the papyri covered with Greek characters are also painted on the wall; a coarse factitious means of possessing books, which would not have been adopted by the two great tragic poets of France and Italy, Racine and Alfieri, the former when he so diligently annotated the Sophocles, Euripides, and other works left by his son to our royal library, as well as those given to the library of Toulouse by Lefranc de Pompidan; the second, when he so belaboured his copies of the Greek tragics and Aristophanes, now at the Laurentian. The fine mosaic in the floor of the receiving-room, composed of seven figures, called the *Dramatical Concert*, is a curious picture of a rehearsal and the stage scenes of antiquity.

The thermæ, of an elegant simplicity, would not hold more than twenty persons; it is probable that they were not the only ones in Pompeii. The ladies' side is the most ornamented. The first room was used for undressing; at the farther end is a little oval closet (*frigidarium*) which has a basin sunk in the ground (*piscina*)

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book x. ch. xv.

<sup>2</sup> See this humorous passage of a letter to Atticus, in which Cicero makes such a strange ostentation of philosophy: "Sed quod quaeris, quid accesserim Chrysippum; tabernæ mihi duæ corruerunt, reliquæque rimas agunt. Itaque non solum inquilini, sed mares etiam migraverunt. Hanc ceteri calamitatem vocant; ego ne incommodum quidem.

O Socrates, et Socratici vivit nunquam vobis gratiam referam. Dii immortales, quam mihi ista pro nihilo! Sed tamen ea ratio ædificandi intur, consiliario quidem et auctore Vestorio, ut hoc damnum quaestuosum sit." Lib. xiv. 9. Chrysippus was Cicero's architect; he had another called Clautus. *Ibid.*, lib. xii. 48.

<sup>3</sup> *De re rust.* cap. xxii.



for a cold bath; thence they passed into warm room (*tepidarium*); and then into the third and last apartment, the tepid room, at the end of which there is a long basin (*baptisterium*) for the hot bath. These three rooms are paved with mosaics, and the ceilings, an unique circumstance amid these ruins, are well preserved. The thermæ of the ancients were real public monuments which were solemnly inaugurated, the almost effaced inscription on the thermæ of Pompeii was to the effect that on the occasion of their opening there would be gladiatorial combats, hunting sports, wrestlers, and that perfumes would be scattered and tents erected in the amphitheatre.

The house of the dyers and scourers (*fullonica*), an old dwelling converted into a workshop, is curious for its arrangement, its paintings, and as a manufacturing establishment, a monument of ancient industry. These dyers' and scourers, for whom the use of robes must have afforded much employment, appear to have been persons of consideration; they had their college and their priests, and they erected at Pompeii the fine statue of the priestess Eumachia, which at Canova's earnest entreaty has been judiciously left in its ancient and proper place.

The house of the *Fountain* in mosaic, discovered in 1827, is incrustated with shells, of which, after twenty centuries, not one is wanting; it very much resembles the Neapolitan fountains of the Bernini school, and, what is very singular for an antique work, one might suppose it belonged to that epoch of decline.

The house of the Faun fortunately retains its fine mosaic, the first and greatest of mosaics, which contains twenty-five persons and fifteen horses, a composition admirable for animation, nature, and expression. This mosaic seems to represent one of Alexander's victories over the Persians, who had a cock for emblem which may be still seen on their standards; perhaps it was executed after a painting, the chef-d'œuvre of Apelles, Alexander's favourite, in which case it would be an admirable and unique tradition of Greek painting. The reflection of a figure in a buckler on the ground is wonderfully rendered, and with more truth in the perspective than belonged to the ancients. This fine house of the Faun presents other excellent mosaics, and among the *Course of the Nile*, the *Acrates*, or

*winged genius of the attendants of Bacchus*, riding on a tiger, a long and elegant wainscot of festoons and crowns, a superb lion facing the spectator, and the brilliant pavement of the court, formed of oriental marble of various colours, almost in the Venetian style.

The house of *Castor and Pollux*, so called from two paintings found there in 1828, may be reckoned one of the finest and most spacious houses in Pompeii.

The *Forum civile* was the place for business, and as the Exchange and palace of Pompeii; in the middle stood the statues of marble or bronze, with honorary inscriptions, of Rufus, Sallust, Pansa, Scaurus, Gellianus, and other illustrious persons of the colony; the pedestals of these statues still remain. Such an edifice viewed in connection with the smallness of the town excites surprise; it is a monument of the importance of that kind of pomp which was attached to the political life of the ancients.

The public treasury, called the temple of Jupiter, was in the best quarter. The public money was deposited in the temples; at Rome, the treasury of the republic was in the temple of Saturn; the mint in Juno's, and the general counting-house of the nation in that of Castor and Pollux. Cæsar, says Montesquieu, had amassed enormous sums for his expedition against the Parthians, which he deposited in the temple of Ops.\* This kind of deposit, which would ill agree with the administrative and financial forms of the moderns, will be less surprising when we consider that the dignities of augur and grand pontiff were magisterial offices among the Romans, and that those on whom they were conferred made part of the senate; the union between power and the high-priesthood was therefore very intimate.

The prison doors, very narrow, are barred with iron; and the chambers without opening to admit light were real dungeons. Amid this multitude of edifices consecrated by the ancients to religion, business, or pleasure, it is impossible not to remark the absence of humane and compassionate feelings in this society, so vigorous, glorious, and passionately patriotic: no hospital has been discovered at Pompeii.

The temple of Venus, one of the most

\* *Grand. et décad. des Romains*, ch. xii.

considerable in the town, is however inferior in architecture to the treasury. It was appropriated to the college of the *Veneret*, a corporation that superintended the worship of the goddess.

The majestic basilica was a court of justice: the magistrates sat at the farther end on an elevated tribunal; the small windows and the bars through which they interrogated the accused are still visible; the judgment was public. Some inscriptions scribbled over the basilica suggest the idea of that mural album, composed of popular reflections inspired by humour, idleness, or libertinism.

The pleasant house of Adonis, ornamented with a fine Tuscan atrium, has two remarkable paintings: *Perseus and Andromeda*, and *Venus and Adonis*.

The school of Verna, curious as a model of an antique school, is an immense square with the master's seat in the centre, who taught both boys and girls at the same time.

The Pantheon, or the temple of Augustus, a superb edifice, was used for public banquets; there are many paintings alluding to that destination: eleven small rooms, set apart for the principal citizens, present figures of geese, fowls too much despised by modern gourmands, and we are informed by Pliny that their liver made a delicious dish and was the greatest treat at these festivals. *Ethra displaying his father's sword to her son Theseus* is the most remarkable painting of the Pantheon.

The column shafts, of an ancient Doric order, of the temple attributed to Hercules, the character of its architecture, and its diminutive proportions, manifest its great antiquity and place it in the first rank of the sacred fabrics of Pompeii.

The square of the theatre claims admiration for its long and beautiful porticos, its ruins of a Greek temple, the oldest and one of the finest monuments of the town, its *puteal*, and its view of the sea, now two miles distant, though it formerly washed the walls of the mercantile Pompeii.

The Isiaca curia and temple of Isis show the initiations, mysteries, and priestly practices of the Egyptian religion.

The great theatre, according to the inscription, was built under Augustus, at the expense of the two Marcus Holconius Rufus and Celer, for the embellishment of the colony. The first places were

occupied by the decurions, the *Augustales* (priests of the temple of Augustus) and those who had the privilege of the *bisellium*; the second, by the citizens, the soldiers, and the different public bodies; the third and last by the populace and the women, a breach of politeness that we have already censured. The price of seats, as at present in Italy, was not high; a ticket found at Pompeii, for a tragedy of Æschylus, was only a few sous.

The Odeon, a little theatre, is less injured than the large one; it was used for rehearsals and the recital of prize poems, in which the successful were rewarded with a tripod.

The soldiers' quarter still exhibits on the walls the coarse drawings of warriors and vessels chalked to beguile the leisure of a Roman guard-house.

The amphitheatre is one of the best preserved in existence. It might contain twenty thousand persons, a number greater than the population of Pompeii; but we know that it was frequented by the people of the neighbouring towns, as Tacitus tells us that the inhabitants of Nuceria went thither to witness a show of gladiators, when a trifling dispute, which ended in a dreadful carnage (*atrox cædes*), arose between them and the Pompeians; one scene of murder arising from another, a circumstance characteristic of the barbarous enjoyments and pleasures of the ancients.

I did not visit Pompeii by moonlight, as I had been advised at Paris; for, in my opinion, it does not agree with this kind of ruins: moonlight requires great shadows and lofty masses, and the ruins of Pompeii are scarcely ten feet above the surface. As to the idea that one may fancy the inhabitants asleep, and thus believe oneself in an ancient city in repose, it is not very easy to admit the illusion, and one does not picture that kind of bivouac amid piles of stones.

The sight of Pompeii demonstrates, far better than endless dissertations can, the municipal existence, the prosperity, and splendour of the Roman colonies. This little town of the third order, only one fifth of which is known, that may be gone over in less than half an hour, possesses a Forum, eight temples, a basilica, three public squares, hot-baths, two theatres, and a superb amphitheatre.

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book III. ch. xx.

## CHAPTER VI.

La Cava.—Monastery of La Trinità.—Archives.—Charters.—Library.—Manuscript of the Lombard laws.—Salerno.—Cathedral.—Gregory VII.

La Cava is a Swiss valley with olives, the sea, and the sun of Naples. The robust beauty of the women, the industry of the inhabitants, a political writer, Filangieri, author of the *Science of legislation*, which was partly written at La Cava, a less eloquent publicist than Rousseau, but like him an advocate of popular principles, still further increase the resemblance. Among the multitude of details in this delightful landscape, interspersed with old castles in ruins and handsome country houses, the superb grotto of Dunega ought not to be neglected.

The monastery of La Trinità, seated in the bosom of these woods and mountains, and as if incrustated on Mount Feneustra, became at the close of the tenth century one of those asylums of letters, when Latin civilisation had disappeared and the Italian had not arisen. I visited the convent with two learned compatriots, my fellow-travellers to Pæstum. We were received with all the eager cordial politeness of Italian monks, and were invited to partake of the monastery dinner, which was plentiful but plain and frugal; we afterwards took ices and coffee in the drawing-room. The archivist to which I was recommended not being at the convent, we were conducted by a young and very agreeable priest, who, like Apollo, was addicted to poetry and botany, and showed us somewhat too minutely, for lovers of books and archives, his herbal and sonnets. The celebrated archives of La Cava are the richest of Italy in charters, and it is most desirable that the catalogue of them should be published. The middle ages with their barbarism were the epoch of institutions and charters. The multitude of titles and deeds of gift at La Cava proceeded from the sovereigns of Benevento, Salerno, and Capua, after wars and treaties of peace, and sometimes in expiation of those princes' crimes; there are no documents so capable of throwing a light on the history of this country

during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. The learned work of the archivist, the prior Dom Salvator Maria of Blasi, published at Naples in 1781, makes known the series of diplomas concerning the Lombard kings, from the year 840 to 1077. Among the charters at La Cava is one that shows the good spirit and moderation of the inhabitants, and the magnanimity of Alfonso I. of Aragon. This prince having sent to the town a blank paper bearing his seal, with an invitation to write thereon all the privileges they desired, they made such discreet use of the permission that Alfonso sent back another diploma with more important concessions than they had demanded. The library, though not very numerous, has some fine editions by the Aldi, the Guintas, the Grifi, the Etiennes; an esteemed edition of Saint John Chrysostom, by Charlotte Guillard, a clever and learned printer. Among the manuscripts, very little more than sixty in number, is a quarto *Bible* of the eighth century, in excellent preservation, a precious monument of the calligraphy and embellishments of that epoch, written in ink of various colours; a *Bible*, charming for the elegance of its characters, the whiteness of the vellum, the freshness of the miniatures, but only of the thirteenth century, and the fine *Codex legum Longobardorum*, of the year 1004, in 4to, one of the only three copies known, and the most valuable of those containing the laws of the kings of Italy down to Lothario II., with various readings and historical details. An interesting letter on the library of the monastery of La Trinità, was written to the royal librarian at Naples (Naples, 1800) by the abbé de Rozan, vicar-general of the diocese of Luçon, who had found an asylum at La Cava. The author of the text of the *Picturesque Tour in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies*, published at Naples by SS. Cuciniello and Bianchi, announces, on the authority of an autograph note, that this anonymous pamphlet was composed at the request of Cardinal de Bernis, to whom it was addressed under the name of the librarian. It has been translated into Italian by P. Morcaldi, philosophical lecturer at La Cava (Naples, 1822), and is headed by a letter of Cardinal Maury, dated Montefiascone, June 26, 1801, in which he bestows me-

\* M. Rouard, now librarian of the town of Aix, the author of an interesting *Notice* on the library entrusted to his care, and his pupil, M. de N\*\*\*\*.



rited elogium on the bibliographic learning of the abbé de Rozan, whom he congratulates on the advantage "but rarely enjoyed, of being learned and witty."

The church of La Trinità, the front of which is of inferior architecture, presents a sepulchral stone with a reversed mitre, the subject of different conjectures : the tradition of the convent is, that it covers the remains of the antipope Bourdin, legate of Pope Pascal II. and archbishop of Braga in Portugal, elected by the emperor Henry V. whom he had crowned. A few years before, about 1100, another antipope named Theodoric, after having paraded his empty title for a hundred and three days in the towns of Campania, died a simple Benedictine in this monastery. About the end of the same century, Innocent III., a third antipope (so great was the superabundance of faith in those days), although submissive, was confined by Pope Alexander III. at La Cava, which then appeared to be the penitentiary of antipopes.

Salerno, mentioned by the writers of antiquity, is especially remarkable for its recollections of the middle ages : the metropolis of the terrible duke of Normandy, Robert Guiscard, the most furious pillager of Rome, a famous school of medicine and law, it thus recalls the barbarous science and the adventurous chivalry of that age. The port, as the inscription states, was commenced by the famous plotter of the Sicilian Vespers, Giovanni of Procida, a noble and physician of Salerno, *the intimate friend and companion* of Manfred, the poetic bastard of the emperor Frederick II., founder of its celebrated September fair. Except the duomo, which is built of antiquities, and six curious Roman columns concealed in the archbishop's stable, the aspect of the town is modern ; it has a lyceum for the study of the exact sciences, an orphan asylum, a new theatre ; and its government palace, built twenty-five years since, is reckoned the finest in the kingdom.

The duomo, a vast edifice dedicated to Saint Matthew by Robert Guiscard, is almost a museum, so numerous are its

columns and basso-relievos taken from the temples of Pæstum.<sup>1</sup> Gregory VII., who died a fugitive at Salerno, is interred there ; although the body of Saint Matthew is venerated, the relic of the apostle seems almost effaced by the recollections of the pontiff, whose last words are in singular contrast with his life and reputation, and appear those of a sage : *Dilexi justitiam et odivi iniquitatem, propterea morior in exilio*. Not far from his chapel, which contains his statue erect, is the tomb of a cardinal Caraffa, his admirer, on which are an antique basso-relievo and an inscription concluding with this bold expression of religious independence : *Hic mortuus jacere delegit vivus ubi Gregorius septimus pontifex maximus libertatis ejusdem (ecclesiasticæ) vigil assiduus ex-cubabat adhuc licet cubet*. We see by this that ecclesiastical liberty may have its enthusiasm and its heroes as well as political liberty.

## CHAPTER VII.

Pæstum.—Origin.—Farm.—Temples.

The origin of Pæstum, whether Phœnician, Etruscan, Dorian Greek, or Sybarite Greek, depends on the choice or inclination of the learned, for etymology will support them all. The Sybarite Greek origin seems, however, most generally adopted. The fields of roses that Virgil was pleased to sing, *biferique rosaria Pæsti*, and which nearly all the ancient poets have celebrated, are at present only an insalubrious plain, deserted and desolate, which has not lost all its fecundity ; for if roses no longer flourish there twice a year, it now yields the less poetical produce of a double crop of cherries, pears, and apples ; these last, excellent in Italy, are superior to the oranges which the imagination boasts and lavishes too freely there.

A large farm-house full of antiquities stands near the temples ; were it not for the degradation and horrible destitution of its occupants,<sup>2</sup> it would not form an

<sup>1</sup> See the next chapter. The celebrated granite cup was removed in 1830 to the *Villa reale* of Naples.

<sup>2</sup> The deplorable condition of the Neapolitan peasant is a consequence of the land not belonging to him ; he is only the tenant of landowners who

do not reside, and he often knows only their agent. The *villeggiature* of the Neapolitans are limited to change of air, playing higher, and having more guests than in town. It is exactly the same as the country life in France under Louis XV. The enormity of the imposts obliges these proprietors

offensive contrast with them : the labour of the fields is noble, and shepherds and labourers are not such very unworthy successors of the priests, the warriors, and all the pompous personages of antiquity who have figured under those porticos.

The ruins of Pæstum consist of walls, with two temples ; the larger one, it is said, consecrated to Neptune, and the smaller to Ceres ; of a basilica, which may also have been a temple or a kind of *pæcile*, divided lengthwise by a row of columns, and of an amphitheatre, belonging to the earlier times of such constructions, which cannot be older than the Romans. In contemplating the imposing wrecks of public monuments at Pæstum, from which all vestiges of houses have long been swept away, one is again struck with the importance that the ancients attached to the former, and the inferiority, the perishableness of private houses. Although the Saracens have sacked Pæstum, it is probable that its principal ravager was Robert Guiscard, when he bore away its columns, its sculptures, and its ornaments of vert antique, to embellish the church of Saint Matthew, which he was building at Salerno : the devotion of the Norman warrior must have been more fatal to the antique temples than the pillage of the infidels.

These temples, almost facing each other on the seaside, are still, outside, when seen from a distance, of an effect singularly majestic : it is impossible not to be struck with the solidity of those massive columns which have been upheld for centuries by some secret equilibrium ; for we can see neither cement, ironbars, nor an iota of the mechanism of modern art. But the interior, encumbered with bulky columns, is very confined ; these temples are more like a sacred enclosure, a kind of sanctuary to be filled with priests and statues, while the people was obliged to remain without. The basilics of christianity have far out-measured the temples of polytheism. We feel that the new creed required a more extended space for a greater God.

The Roman temple, discovered in

1830, and situated between the temples of Neptune and Ceres, only presents a few wrecks, but sufficient to attest its ancient magnificence.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Sorrento.—Boat.—Tasso's house.—Costumes.—Antiquities.

The Neapolitan boat which takes you to Sorrento for ten grains (less than five pence) is a kind of Turkish bark as regards the number of rowers, the confusion, and awkward seamanship ; however, be the weather as it may (and the sea in this gulf is sometimes very rough), the boat starts every day at noon ; after endless shouting, jumping, gestures, and grimaces, it arrives, in from two to four hours, and returns the next morning loaded with oranges for the market : the ignorance of these men surmounts the obstacle without measuring it, and they possess an instinctive intelligence and industry that supplies the want of instruction. It is customary to make a collection on board to buy masses for the souls in purgatory ; the little box used instead of a purse is painted with flames. Without touching on the theological question respecting the efficacy of these prayers, one can hardly be unmoved at so pious an usage, another proof of the compassionate disposition of the Neapolitan people.<sup>1</sup>

The house of Tasso is now a palace beautifully situated, with a fine terrace, on a high rock clothed with verdure and washed by the sea. Some years ago, it was still the property of S. Gaetano Spasiano, a descendant of the poet's eldest sister, Cornelia, who gave him so tender a welcome, though, with the distrust peculiar to misfortune, he had thought prudent, after so long an absence, to present himself at first in the dress of an old herdsman which he procured in the neighbourhood ; a touching scene of recognition, described by himself and his friend Manso,<sup>2</sup> which one might fancy borrowed from Homer. When I was there, this modern, well-furnished palace had just been let to an English family ; Mr. Cooper, the American

to raise the rent; the wretched farmer is thus left resourceless, and if you ask him how much he gains, his only answer is : *si campa* (we live).

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book XIII. ch. xi.

<sup>2</sup> Let. of November 14, 1587, and *Life of Tasso*, p. 87 et seq.

Walter Scott, had previously occupied it. In an enclosure of orange-trees and laurels, the site of the house where Tasso was born is still shown. But if the material traces of his existence are uncertain or effaced, the beauty, the brilliancy, the magic, the youthful aspect of Sorrento and its delightful *Piano*, are unaltered; and one perfectly comprehends what must have been their first and lasting impressions on such a genius. The air was of old, and still continues wonderfully salubrious: Galen recommended it to his patients and the emperor Antoninus, and Bernardo Tasso, when he settled at Sorrento, wrote that men were immortal under its sky.

The day I passed at Sorrento was a Sunday; the peasants were attired in their rich and picturesque costume; it is true that with corsets braided with gold, chains, rings, earrings, and pins in their hair, some of them went barefoot. The wedding paraphernalia are a ruinous affair here for the young villager who enters the marriage state: he must supply all this finery, and the indispensable cashmere does not cause more inconvenience to a Parisian husband of moderate means. I find it impossible, however, to join the indignant outcry of certain economical travellers and Lady Morgan against the glittering dresses of the Neapolitan fair. This luxury is in harmony, if one may say so, with the sparkling imagination, the musical language, the animated physiognomies of the girls and women wearing them, with the sun, the nature, the poetry, and the religion of the country; such brilliancy would be utterly out of place beneath a hazy sky and with puritanical countenances. Variety is necessary in the manners and customs of nations; it is no obstacle to the moral improvement of individuals; and the whole human race dressed out in the same colours and wearing the costume of a like civilisation would present an aspect of most dismal and wearisome uniformity.

Statius has sung the magnificent villa his friend Pollius Felix possessed at Sorrento, and the temple of Hercules which he had enlarged; <sup>1</sup> besides the ruins of the latter, this old town has several remnants of antiquity; such are

the temples of Neptune and Diana, with the vast reservoir repaired by Antoninus Pius, and still in use.

The new inn of Giuseppe Siciliano, which had been recommended to me and may become a very good one, was not then provided with the proper accessories. This kind of privation, for which Parisian habits are a bad preparation, is not however without its pleasure after the first moment of vexation. It seems that when you lie on the ground in the open air, you have a deeper feeling of independence and strength; the *comforts* of home and of great towns are a kind of oppression that makes us the slaves of trifling conveniences, embarrasses and disturbs us with its perpetual precautions; and the robust philosophy of the half-naked lazzarone, who takes things as they come, appears far preferable.

## CHAPTER IX.

Capri.—Olives.—Palace and wine of Tiberius.—Barracks.—Azure grotto.—Stairs.—Mount Solaro.

In the middle of these islands and shores, torn, calcined by volcanos, Capri exhibits no trace of their action; it presents some pretty shells, a growth of olive-trees higher than those on the coast of Naples, a productive soil, a temperate atmosphere, and the most picturesque views; but the ruins of the palace of Tiberius supply the deficiency of an extinct volcano, and these fragments of a man's abode recall calamities and furies not less disastrous than the most terrible scourges of nature. The palace of Tiberius is so popular there, that one might fancy he still occupies it, and the excellent wine produced there is called after the tyrant (*vino tiberiano*). This palace, which was not situated in the fine part of the island near its only fountain, supplied the marble steps of the choir in the parish church, and the fine marble columns that support the chapel dedicated to Saint Constantine, protector of Capri, as well as the brilliant stones embellishing the mitre of his silver bust kept in the sanctuary. Besides these shapeless ruins, there are the aqueducts, baths of Augustus, who, in his old age, lived four years at Capri in the villa *del Sole*, one of the twelve palaces dedicated by Tiberius to the twelve su-

<sup>1</sup> *Silv. lib. II. carm. II.*



perior gods, a part of the Forum, the *Therma*, two temples, long grottoes, the arcades uniting the valleys, and the fine Chartreuse founded by Queen Giovanna, now converted into barracks. The isle is surmounted by a telegraph; had it existed in the time of Tiberius, what a rapid instrument of tyranny it might have been for such a man!

At the foot of a huge rock, the spacious grotto discovered in 1832, and called the *Azure Grotto*, from the beautiful hue it receives from the reflection of the waves, deserves a visit. The proper moment for observing this mysterious wonder, worthy of the *Arabian Nights*, is ten o'clock. The softness of the light, the tepid and almost invariable temperature of the grotto, and some remains of a gallery, have induced a supposition that it was the scene of the voluptuous pleasures of Tiberius.

The smiling aspect of Capri makes it a delightful residence, and perfectly accounts for the determination of an Englishman, who, having come with an intention of staying three days, made it his abode for thirty years. The publican of Capri was the notary of the place, descended from a long line of notaries; in his office are documents of many centuries past, and in his garden a palm-tree in the open soil. This notary, a very worthy man, is in easy circumstances, and has a library somewhat overdone with theology; his inn, where, indeed, the guest pays just what he likes, is, I believe, more profitable than his legal practice.

Notwithstanding the good disposition and the poverty of these islanders, its two villages have long been fiercely opposed to each other; the first, Capri, the capital, has above eighteen hundred inhabitants; the other, Anacapri, seventeen hundred. One would hardly imagine that vanity could nestle there. I ascended the rude narrow stairs, of more than five hundred steps, cut in the rock, a Roman work, if not more ancient, leading to the latter village and Mount Solaro, which the landscape painters have since wisely visited. I made the ascent before daylight: the sun rising in the midst of that immense horizon, presented one of the finest scenes of nature that I ever witnessed; my Caprian guide even did not seem insensible to the glorious apparition of the sun, and when

Tout écumant de feux il jaillit dans les airs,<sup>1</sup>

he exclaimed and repeated with transport: *Il sole!*

The capture of Capri by a handful of French and Neapolitan troops under the command of General Lamarque, who was made illustrious by this exploit, is one of the brilliant feats of the last wars; the aspect of the place, especially of the heights of Mount Solaro, add still further to the impression of this prodigy of daring courage: the memory of that Italian and French glory delighted me, and I found it no less splendid than the admirable spectacle before my eyes.

## CHAPTER X.

Castellamare.—Amalfi.—Atrani.

Castellamare, a pretty maritime town, with mineral waters, manufactories, and charming country houses, the resort of the best Neapolitan society, is near the ancient Stabiae, like Herculaneum and Pompeii the victim of Vesuvius. The king's casino, nothing remarkable, called *Quisisana* (*health restored here*), proves the salubrity of the air. On the hill of Pozzano, a place noted for the statue of the miraculous Virgin drawn out of a well in the eleventh century, stands a wooden cross with an altar of Diana for its pedestal, the only remains of the temple replaced by the church of the Madonna.

I went to Amalfi across the woods, mountains, and rocks that separate the two gulfs. It was the end of October: the variety of the autumnal leaves was striking and vivid under that beautiful light. One of the mountains of the peninsula, the Monte Sant'-Angelo, the loftiest in the environs of Naples, is the ancient *Lactarius*, a real Swiss mountain of antiquity, which still retains its aromatic herbage; moreover, besides the excellence of their milk, the cows of this district are killed for eating, and the *vitella di Sorrento*, of which I ate some beefsteaks at Giuseppe Siciliano's, is very tender.

On beholding the coast of Amalfi, I could not resist a deep feeling of admiration for Italy: on those rocks the Pan-dects were found, the compass invented,

<sup>1</sup> Fontanes.

and there was Masaniello born; thus, above this village appeared to hover the most potent causes of the civilisation and revolutions of modern times, laws, navigation, the sovereignty of the people: what city in the world has such associations?

Amalfi, the Athens of the middle ages, was once a powerful martial and trading republic: its merchants first obtained access to Mahometan countries; and its maritime laws, the celebrated *Amalfian Table*, now lost, were adopted throughout Europe for four centuries, according to all the historians, except M. Pardessus. This illustrious city is now nothing more than a picturesque village, famous for its macaroni, the best in the kingdom, and its paper. The steep coast of Amalfi, with its woods of olives and myrtles, its grottoes, ruins, precipices, and white houses, encircled with the golden branches of the orange-tree, still merits Boccaccio's eulogium, which calls it the most delightful spot in Italy: *Credesi che la marina da Reggio a Gaeta sia quasi la più dilettevole parte d'Italia, nella quale assai presso a Salerno è una costa sopra 'l mare riguardante, la quale gli abitanti chiamano la costa d'Amalfi, piena di piccole città, di giardini, e di fontane, e d'uomini ricchi, e procaccianti in atto di mercatanzia.*<sup>1</sup> The sea must have made considerable encroachments on its shores; the mountain and village reach almost to the water; the narrow beach presents nothing but a few fishing-boats, and there is no space now for the arsenal, the port, and other establishments of a navigating and warlike people. The only trace of the magnificence of the ancient Amalfi is in the cathedral, rebuilt, indeed, but retaining its fine granite columns, an antique vase of porphyry used for a baptistery, and two antique sarcophaguses.

The little village of Atrani, Masaniello's native place, once dependant on Amalfi, and sharing in its glory, has a very curious monument, unnoticed by the various historians of art; namely, the bronze basso-relievos on the doors of the church of San Salvatore, with an inscription of the year 1087, when the republic of Amalfi was in its grandeur. These doors, ordered by Pantaleone, son

of Pantaleone Viaretta, for the ransom of his soul (*pro mercede animæ suæ*), and consecrated to Saint Sebastian, are now the oldest of the numerous bronze doors in Italy, those of Saint Paul *extra muros*, which were founded in 1070 at Constantinople, having been destroyed in the recent conflagration of that edifice.

At Ravello, near Amalfi, the church retains, in miniature, like those of Saint Clement and Saint Laurence *extra muros* at Rome,<sup>2</sup> the characteristic structure and the galleries of the basilics of antiquity, another grand contrast thrown on this lovely shore.

I had intended visiting, on my return, the poetic isles of the Syrens (*Galli*); but I was prevented by foul weather, and could only observe them from the heights of the little town of Positano, in which my sailors, soaked with torrents of rain, were compelled most reluctantly to take shelter.

## CHAPTER XI.

Palace of Caserta.—Gardens.—San Leucio.—Aqueduct.—Charles III.

The palace of Caserta, built by Vanvitelli for Charles III., the most grandly conceived palace in Europe, if it be not remarkable for taste, elegance, and harmony, has the advantage of order, unity, fitness, and good distribution. The parts of this immense whole most worthy of notice are: the vestibule, decorated with columns of Sicilian marble, and presenting a majestic *coup-d'œil* from the centre; the great staircase, all marble incrustations and columns; the chapel, with columns of Corinthian marble and the most precious linings; several of the saloons and galleries. Nevertheless, all this magnificence, which reminds one of Versailles, seems gloomy; the palace stands at the foot of naked mountains, and one cannot conceive why, in a country abounding with admirable views, it was built in such a corner. It appears that the pride of Charles III., who had been menaced in his palace at Naples by an English fleet, impelled him to select this secluded spot shut in by the Apennines.

As usual in great royal residences, three different gardens belong to this

<sup>1</sup> Giorn. II, nov. 3.

<sup>2</sup> See post, book xv. ch. xvii and xviii.

palace : the regular garden with its indispensable cascade, which, in this instance, falls from a black rock and would be wild enough without the great statues of Diana, her nymphs, and Acteon half stag; the wood of the ancient dukes of Caserta, an old feudal park, which still appears the king of the manor; and the English garden created in 1782 by Queen Caroline, with its grottoes, brooks, great magnolias, and hothouses.

San Leucio, a flourishing silk factory, near Caserta, was established by king Ferdinand, who drew up, in 1789, the Code of the industrious colony he had founded. The scandalous chronicle has not spared the origin of this establishment, and strange stories were current at the time about the young workwomen and their august benefactor. The pretty casino of Belvedere, which makes part of the domain of San Leucio, is worthy of its name.

But there is a monument which in my opinion reflects greater honour on Charles III. and Vanvitelli than their sumptuous palace, which is the useful, imposing, and stable construction of the aqueduct of Caserta : although new, this structure seems able to dispense with time; it has the character and all the majesty of a Roman work, and the words of Plutarch on the monuments of Athens in the days of Pericles are very applicable to it : "That each of these, as soon as finished, seemed already ancient in beauty." An inscription states that it was consecrated to public utility by Charles III., a prince worthy of memory, although full of whims and follies, the only great king of the different branches of the house of Bourbon since Louis XIV.

## CHAPTER XII.

Monte Casino.—Saint Benedict.—Didier.—Court.—Church.—Tugurio.—Organ.—Monastery.—Refectory.—Library.—Archives.—Correspondence between the popes and the Grand-Turk.—Letters of Mabillon and Montfaucon.—Gattola.—Portraits.—Chair *batneuria*.—Tower of Saint Benedict.—Monks.—On monastic life in the present day.

Monte Casino, on which Saint Benedict laid the foundations of his celebrated monastery in the year 529, after having thrown down the temple and statue of Apollo, this cradle of the religious orders of the West, is like the Sinai of the middle ages and monastic history; it re-

calls the glory of its great lawgiver, the fugitive chief of a tribe of hermits who tilled the soil, and converted, civilised, and enfranchised nations. The monastery of Monte Casino still retains something of the citadel in its exterior and at the bottom of the mountain, an aspect fully justified by the events of which it was the theatre in the first ages of its existence. Conventual life was not then uninterruptedly tranquil; these refuges were sometimes besieged, and necessity compelled their fortification; we know that Monte Casino was pillaged by the Lombards in 589, and burned by the Saracens in 884; besides the armed visits of the Crusaders, and the subsequent depredations of the Normans. It consequently became a real fortress, and its abbots, who assumed the title of bishops, had the feudal title of first barons of the kingdom. After the Barbarians, earthquakes assaulted the venerable monument of Saint Benedict, entirely destroying it in 1349 and 1649. It was generously succoured and restored after these different disasters by several popes, among whom we may distinguish Urban V. (Guillaume de Grimoard), a great French pope, Petrarch's friend and correspondent, harangued, in the name of the Florentine republic, by Boccaccio, whom he appreciated more justly than the grand seneschal of Naples, who had sent him to eat in the servants' hall; this illustrious pontiff, by his learning, piety, and taste for the arts, was himself an honour to the order of Saint Benedict.

Monte Casino is otherwise gloriously connected with the history of letters, sciences, and arts. It is well known that in the general wreck of civilisation, its monks saved, by their copies, the works of the great men of antiquity; as early as the eleventh century, the illustrious abbot Didier, afterwards Pope Victor III., set his monks to copy Homer, Virgil, Horace, Terence, the *Fasti* of Ovid, the *Idyls* of Theocritus, and several Greek and Latin historians, invited Greek artists from Constantinople to decorate the monastery with mosaics, thus preparing from afar the epoch of the revival.

The entrance to Monte Casino is by a long sombre grotto made of pebbles, in which, according to tradition, Saint Benedict used to live. The grand character of the court and staircase of the first par-



vis seems still more imposing to a person issuing from this kind of cavern. Had the palisading been erected opposite the front (a project frustrated by its expense), despite the beauty of the *coup-d'œil*, the effect would have been diminished.

The apparition of the brilliant basilic and its double parvis at the summit of a mountain and in the savage solitudes of the Apennines, is truly marvellous; but the magnificence of this church and its rich chapels is in bad taste, the architecture being by the Cav. Fanzaga, and most of the paintings by the later masters of the Neapolitan school. On each side of the staircase of the first parvis are the colossal statues of St. Benedict and his twin sister Saint Scholastica, and under the arcades of the second that of his mother Saint Abbondanzia. All those great monks of the middle ages whom Dante has poetically sung, and who are like the demi-gods, the heroes of the Christian Homer, have generally saints for mothers and sisters; these amiable sisters, the companions of their life, share in the veneration paid them: Saint Scholastica was not less dear to Saint Benedict than St. Marcelina to Saint Ambrose; the gentle virtues of these women shed a singularly tender charm over the austere and laborious history of the saints.

The remarkable works of the church are: the middle door, ordered at Constantinople by Didier in 1066, on which are sculptured in silver letters the names of the estates, castles, and villages belonging to the monastery; in the chapel of Saint Gregory, the picture of the saint, by Marco Mazzaroppi of San Germano, who died young about the beginning of the seventeenth century, and whose principal works are at Monte Casino; over the little door of the side nave, the *Martyrdom of St. Andrew*, by the same; in the middle nave, the *Consecration of the church by Pope Alexander II.*, a vaunted fresco, by Giordano, who, from the portrait there given of himself in Spanish costume, seems to have been a man of short stature; the cupola, by the malignant Corenzio; the altar embellished with

marble, precious stones, alabaster, antique black and green, lapis-lazuli, and brocatello, over the subterranean church and the tombs of Saint Benedict and Saint Scholastica, supposed to be from Michael Angelo's designs; the two mausoleums, of Guidone Fieramosca, last prince of Mignano, and Pietro, son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, who was drowned in our defeat of the Garigliano after an exile of nine years. The second mausoleum, erected by Cosmo I., has this inscription: *Petro Medici Magni Laurentii filio, Leonis X. pont. max. fratri, Clementis VII. patrueli; qui cum Gallorum castra sequeretur, ex adverso praelio ad Liris ostium periit. Anno ætat. XXXIII.* and some fine basso-relievos by San Gallo.

The subterranean church called *il Tugurio e il Succorpo*, dedicated to Saint Benedict and his sister, whose bodies repose together there, and to his companions Maurus and Placidus, offered divers paintings by Marco of Siena now greatly injured by the damp. The picture at the altar of the saint is by Mazzaroppi. Tasso, when going to Rome where he was soon to die, went down into this chapel, to venerate the body of Saint Benedict, to whom he was particularly devoted; he passed some days at Monte Casino, a cloister and manor-house singularly adapted to poetical reverie, which he was worthy to sing, as well as its illustrious founder, who has been made in our day, notwithstanding the indifference of the age, the hero of a valuable Italian epic,<sup>1</sup> and that Dante had also admirably celebrated:

Quel monte, a cui Cassino è nella costa,  
Fu frequentato già in su la cima  
Dalla gente ingannata e mal disposta.  
Ed io son quel che su vi portai prima  
Lo nome di colui che 'n terra addusse  
La verità che tanto ci sublima;  
E tanta grazia sovra me rilusse,  
Ch' io ritrassi le vllie circostanti  
Dall' emplo colto che 'l mondo sedusse.<sup>2</sup>

The boasted organ of the church of Monte Casino, with the rattling of its thunder and the flourishing of its trum-

<sup>1</sup> *S. Benedetto*, an epic poem by the Cav. A. M. Ricci (Pisa, 1824). S. Ricci, whom we have already mentioned, a professor of eloquence under the French administration, is the author of another estimable epic poem, the *Italiad*, of the two didactic poems *la Georgica dei fiori* and *le Con-*

*chiglie*, of many lyric poems, idyls, pathetic elegies on the death of his wife, some little anacreontic odes, and of some prose discourses which prove the extensiveness of his information and the variety of his talent.

<sup>2</sup> *Parad.* can. xxii. 37.

pets, seemed to me in tolerable keeping with the tinselry of the architecture.

The monastery of Monte Casino, a real religious and learned colony, comprised within its walls all the arts, trades, and professions commodiously lodged in separate buildings. The architecture of monasteries, as Fleury observes,<sup>1</sup> is that of the Roman houses. As among the ancients, if the public part was grand, and the private little, so in the convent, the vestibule, the porticos, the hall of the chapter, the refectory, all intended for the community, are vast and magnificent: the society only is reckoned, the individual disappears, and the cell of the abbey occupies no more space than the chamber of Pompeii. The monasteries alone perpetuated those venerable customs of antiquity, so opposed to the manners and customs of some modern epochs, in which the wants and enjoyments of the individual have become extended and multiplied as the state and society have dwindled away.

The vast refectory has a fine *Miracle of the loaves and fishes*, almost as wide as the room, begun by Francesco Bassano, and finished by his brother Leandro, and, above all, the sixteen original figures, by the Cav. d'Arpino, which served for the mosaics of the cupola of Saint Peter, representing *Christ*, the *Apostles*, the *Virgin*, and *John the Baptist*, presented by him with some other paintings as a token of his religious feelings towards Monte Casino.

The spacious apartments of the library, well lighted, furnished with beautiful cupboards and busts of doctors of the Benedictine order, in nowise resembles the loft in which Boccaccio found it, and the learned librarian and archivist Dom Ottavio Fraja, a worthy successor of the ancient monks of Monte Casino, celebrated for their zeal in transcribing the manuscripts of antiquity, who found in one of its manuscripts of Saint Augustine many inedited passages published at Rome, in-folio, in 1819—this enlightened monk bears no resemblance to the ignorant friar, the mutilator and huckster of manuscripts, whom the *Novelliere* encountered. This visit of Boccaccio's to Monte Casino is related by the commentator of Dante, Benvenuto da Imola (*Parad.*, xii. 74). Despite its

bad Latin, I cannot resist the pleasure of quoting this interesting story, which seems to have been written from the dictation of Boccaccio, who was Benvenuto's master. "*Volo ad clariorem intelligentiam hujus litteræ referre illud, quod narrabat mihi jocose venerabilis præceptor meus Boccacius de Certaldo. Dicebat enim, quod cum esset in Apulia, captus fama loci, accessit ad nobile monasterium Montis-Casini, de quo dictum est. Et avidus videndi librariam, quam audiverat ibi esse nobilissimam, petivit ab uno monacho humiliter, velut ille, qui suavissimus erat, quod deberet ex gratia sibi aperire bibliothecam. At ille rigide respondit, ostendens sibi altam scalam: Ascende quia aperta est. Ille lætus ascendens, invenit locum tanti thesauri, sine ostio, vel clavi, ingressusque vidit herbam natam per fenestras, et libros omnes cum bancis coopertis pulvere alto. Et mirabundus cepit aperire nunc istum librum, nunc illum, invenitque ibi multa et varia volumina antiquorum et peregrinorum librorum. Ex quorum aliquibus erant detracti aliqui quinterni, ex aliis recisi margines chartarum, et sic multipliciter deformati. Tandem miseratus, labores et studia tot inclytorum ingeniorum devenisse ad manus perditissimorum hominum, dolens et illacrymans recessit. Et occurrens in claustro, petivit a monacho obvio, quare libri illi pretiosissimi essent ita turpiter detruncati. Qui respondit, quod aliqui monachi volentes lucrari duos, vel quinque solidos, radebant unum quaternum, et faciebant psalterios, quos vendebant pueris; et ita de marginibus faciebant brevia, quæ vendebant mulieribus. Nunc ergo, o vir studiose, frange tibi caput pro faciendis libris.*"

The library, though it contains eighteen thousand volumes and some extremely scarce editions of the fifteenth century, is very inferior to the celebrated archives, enriched with eight hundred original diplomas, privileges, charters of emperors, kings, dukes, and various princes, and papal bulls; the first, dating as far back as the beginning of the ninth century; the second, from the eleventh; monuments of the political, military, religious, and monastic history of those barbarous times. The most ancient diploma is that of Ajo, prince of Benevento, dated 884,

<sup>1</sup> Mœurs des Chrétiens.



in Lombard characters, and on parchment; it begins with these words: *Ajo Dei providentia Longobardorum gentis princeps*. A collection of Lombard charters is curious: each diploma is headed by a miniature representing the prince crowned, sitting with a sceptre in his hand, or erect with a sword and shield, and surrounded by soldiers armed with lances and monks clad in robes of different colours.

The oldest ancient manuscript is Origen's *Commentary on Saint Paul's epistle to the Romans*, of the year 569, according to the singular inscription of the priest Donato, dated from the *castle of Lucullus*, on the site of the present Castello dell' Uovo, which states that he had read it three times, although ill: *Donatus gratia Dei presbyter, proprium codicem Justino Augusto tertio post consulatum ejus in ædibus B. Petri in Castello Lucullano infirmus legi, legi, legi*.

A manuscript of Virgil of the fourteenth century, copied from another manuscript in Lombard characters of the tenth century, has some verses completed and others added which have not been printed. A manuscript of Dante of the thirteenth century, in-4to, has some various readings and unpublished notes.

At the end of Boccaccio's book, *De claris mulieribus*, translated into Italian by Messer Donato of Casentino, by order of the *famosissima reina Giovanna di Puglia*, are two extraordinary letters which are but little known; the first from Mahomet II. to Pope Nicholas V.; the second, the pope's answer: these letters were translated from Arabic into Greek, from Greek into Latin, and from Latin into Italian. The sultan's letter has this protocol: "King of Kings, lord of lords, Machabeth (Mahomet), admiral, grand sultan Begri, son of the grand sultan Marath, servant of the seven Musaphy,<sup>1</sup> worthily greets Nicholas, vicar of

Jesus Christ crucified by the Jews." The object of the letter was to prevent the preparation for war urged by the pope against the Turks, who had overrun a part of Austria, and threatened a descent on Italy. The sultan promises to become a Christian on reaching Rome with his army. Mahomet was more ambitious than fanatical; this was not the first time he had talked of embracing Christianity, and even at the taking of Constantinople, after having favourably received the new patriarch, he asked him for an exposition of the Christian faith, saying that he was only desirous to be enlightened. In his letter he enumerates his forces and those of his allies, and asserts that the war stirred up against him by the pope can have no other result than the waste of Christian blood which as pastor he ought to spare, and for which he will have to render a strict account to God. The pontiff's answer begins thus: "Nicholas, servant of the servants of God, cordially greets Machabeth, seignior of the Turks and prince of the infidels." He declares that in defending the Christians and their territories, he is only fulfilling his duty. He gives a long detail of the cruelties committed by the Turkish army in its march, from Constantinople, and shows that he is not the dupe of the deceptive promise of conversion and obedience. These communications between the pope and the Grand Turk were not unfrequent in the fifteenth century. Another great pope, Pius II., wrote in a similar strain to Mahomet II., and every body knows the criminal correspondence of Alexander VI. with Bajazet II., who chaffered with him for the life of his brother Zizim, and even requested a cardinal's hat for one of his creatures.

An Office of the Virgin and the Holy Ghost has some charming miniatures executed in 1469 by Bartolommeo Fabio

<sup>1</sup> I am indebted to the kindness and erudition of M. Reinaud, assistant keeper of the manuscripts of the Bibliothèque Royale, for the following interpretation of Mahomet's titles: *Amiral* seems equivalent to the words *khæan albahrayn*, or monarch of the two seas, namely, the Black sea and the Mediterranean; *sultan Begri* answers to the Arabic expression *sultan Albarrayn* or sultan of the two continents, namely Europe and Asia; these two titles are mostly placed at the head of the acts of the imperial chancery and on the Ottoman coins; *Marath* is for *Mourad* or *Amurat*; the seven *Musaphy* signify the seven sacred books, or rather

the seven persons to whom God has successively made revelations. It is true that the Musulmans acknowledge eight persons thus privileged: Adam, Seth, Enoch, Abraham, Moses, David, Jesus, and Mahomet; but the same words are again found in two pieces of the same Mahomet II., existing as extracts in the archives of the ministry of foreign affairs, in which Mahomet swears by the *seven books*, as well as in a manuscript of the Bibliothèque Royale (*fonds de Saint-Germain*, 778); we must therefore read *Mushaphy*. This letter must be of 1454 or 1455.



di Sandalio. A collection of fine miniatures representing different birds on parchment, with verses written with a pen, was executed, according to the inscription, in 1686, by Giuseppe Soavi d'Ascoli.

A considerable collection of letters of Mabillon, Montfaucon, Ruinart, Muratori, Mazzocchi, Tiraboschi, and other literati, is very interesting. These letters were addressed to D. Erasmo Gattola, archivist and librarian at Monte Casino for forty years, the restorer of the archives, born at Gaeta in 1662 and deceased in 1734; he wrote the History of the Abbey of Monte Casino, in four vols. folio, and is unjustly forgotten in our historical dictionaries. I procured an exact copy of forty Latin and Italian letters of Mabillon and Montfaucon; they treat of important works then published, the theological quarrels of the seventeenth century, the labours of their order, and of its rivalry with the Jesuits, whom they roughly handle. I will wait for a more literary time ere I publish these letters, which do honour to French erudition, and paint the amiable simplicity of these learned monks.

The apartment of the archives has some curious old portraits, and among them one of Dante, said to be from life. The beautiful antique *balnearia* chair, of antique red, was found in some baths at Sujo, on the borders of the Garigliano.

The site of the tower in which Saint Benedict lived is still venerated. An inferior chapel, ornamented with mosaics and old pictures, is said to have been his cell. One of the paintings represents the saint when he beholds his beloved sister saint Scholastica mounting heavenwards in the form of the dove. The altar piece, the *Virgin showing Jesus to St. Benedict*, is by Mazzaroppi. Three rooms upstairs contain paintings by various eminent masters, chiefly in honour of the saint's memory.

Monte Casino, which, in the times of barbarism, became the asylum of so many princes, warriors, ministers, and noted characters, has been often visited in our own days by a man of great and well-deserved reputation as an orator, M. de Serre, who is regretted there. Condemned to repose by the distrust and envy of party, he once staid six days there; he would walk about, I was told, and wander under the arcades and on

the terraces of the monastery till four o'clock in the morning. Doubtless political storms must seem less rude to him than his loneliness in this cloister amid the solitude of the Apennines. Thus, Monte Casino, after sheltering the religious repentance and remorse of the middle ages, was destined one day to receive the martyr of free discussion and public life.

The abbot of Monte Casino was an amiable, polite, and temperate man. The monks, very worthy people, are however not very grave for Benedictines; they love hunting, for which they have permission of the proprietors of their old woods, and they inquisitively ask for news about the prima donna of San Carlo, and the new opera. The studies of the noviciate which they superintend, a little seminary of a dozen children and young men destined to recruit the convent, do not seem very profound; if they teach Greek, that is the utmost, and I do not think there is any question of Hebrew. This monastic life, indolent without opulence, a kind of career without a vocation, a means of subsistence for the too numerous sons of ancient families, seems now quite an absurdity; were it again devoted to study and made plebeian, it would be a powerful help for catholicism, compromised by unskilful friends, assailed on all sides, but still possessing the means of defence; a sweeping reform is indispensable on this point; there would be no question of taming the savage monks disciplined by the genius of Saint Benedict, but of setting to work respectable idlers and well educated men.

The environs of Monte Casino, volcanic but covered with calcareous matter, are very geologically curious. The tour of Italy, so useful to poets, scholars, and artists, is no less interesting for men of science.

### CHAPTER XIII.

San Germano.—Theatre.—Amphitheatre.—Arce.—Arpino.—Cicero's house.—Fullonica.—Cavaliero d'Arpino.—Tullio theatre.—P. San Germano.

San Germano, at the foot of Monte Casino, has many remarkable antiquities. At the place called *il Crocifisso* are some remains of an ancient city, and a piece of the old basaltic road shows the

rut of the cars as at Pompeii. The exterior and steps of the theatre exist; the stage is destroyed, and the orchestra planted. The most important of these ruins is the amphitheatre, called the *Coliseum*, majestic outside, but covered with grass in the interior.

Arpino, the native place of Cicero, which he has several times affectionately styled his *Ithaca*, is in the vicinity. Arce, on the road, was the residence of his brother Quintus. The beautiful villa of the latter, in which his wife Pomponia, sister of Atticus, gave such a bad reception to his brother-in-law and the men invited to the feast of the place by her husband, has been placed with some probability at the *Fontana buona*, where a great number of small statues, busts, vases, paintings, and mosaics have been found.

The position of Arpino on a double hill is picturesque. An elegant modern inscription alludes to its fabled foundation by Saturn, whose cinerary urn a Benedictine of Arpino, P. Clavelli, pretends to have found, and the more certain glory of this little town of being the birth place of Marius and Cicero. Arpino abounds in antiquities. The site of Cicero's house is placed by a very doubtful tradition in the street of *Cortina*; it is more likely to have been in the island of the Fibreno, near Arpino, where MM. Didot have established a fine paper mill; the aspect of these places is still very similar to the description preceding the touching passage of the *De legibus* of this same house: *Quid plura? Hanc vides villam, ut nunc quidem est, latius ædificatam patris nostri studio; qui, quum esset infirma valetudine, hic fere ætatem egit in litteris. Sed hoc ipso in loco, quum avus viveret, et antiquo more parva esset villa, ut illa Curiana in Sabinis, me scito esse natum. Quare inest nescio quid, et latet in animo ac sensu meo, quo me plus hic locus fortasse delectet: siquidem etiam ille sapientissimus vir, Ithacam ut videret, immortalitatem scribitur repudiasse.*

The house of Marius is popularly stated to have stood on the spot occupied by the fine palace of the *Castello*, now in ruins.

Certain inscriptions record the existence of several *fullonica* (workshops

of fullers and dyers), a curious particular which proves that the ancient town had the same kind of industry as the new one, where great quantities of *peloncino*, a kind of common shagged cloth, are manufactured; the limpid waters of the Fibreno still favouring that kind of industry.

The various churches and private galleries of Arpino present paintings and drawings by Gioseppino, called the Cav. d'Arpino. The house in which he lived outside the *Porta dell' Arco*, has, on a ceiling, a *phaeton* by this talented but taste-corrupting artist, who has been justly styled the Cav. Marini of painting.

The inhabitants of Arpino are for the most part in easy circumstances; *dilettanti* are numerous there, and they are now performing on the new and pretty *Tullio* theatre works composed by these distinguished amateurs.

Arpino is the native place of the learned and zealous missionary, P. San Germano, who resided in India from 1782 to 1808, finished the church of Rangoon, the only port of the Birman empire, formerly open to Europeans, and managed the college which he had also completed, a flourishing and civilising institution, which supplies the country with priests, surgeons, engineers and pilots. The services rendered by P. San Germano had so gained the esteem of the viceroy of Rangoon and his consort, that they visited the college and even the church during the ceremonies; the princess showed a great inclination to embrace the catholic faith. The map of the port, accurately drawn by P. San Germano for the East India Company, procured him a pension from England, of which Rangoon soon became one of the most important conquests. In 1808, P. San Germano came back to Italy, intending to return to the East, but was prevented by the war. He then settled at Arpino, and, being named director of the Barnabite college, he was occupied in arranging the documents that he had collected during his long residence at Rangoon and in other parts of the Birman empire, when he died in 1819. It was at Rome, but at the expense and under the auspices of the London Asiatic Society, that the publication took place, in 1833, of the De-

<sup>1</sup> *Epist. ad Attic. lib. v. 4.*

<sup>2</sup> *Lib. II.*

scription of the Birman empire by the Roman catholic missionary, a picture reckoned the most exact, the most positive that has yet appeared of the intellectual and moral condition of that country, and of which Mr. W. Fandy was the translator; this case presents an honourable and consoling example of that Christian and scientific fraternity which ought to unite generous and elevated minds. Is it not wonderful? the missionary, the Barnabite, the fellow-countryman of Cicero, has, by the power of his doctrine alone, spoken to remote nations who never heard the name of the Roman orator: charity goes much further than eloquence and philosophy.

## CHAPTER XIV.

*Isola di Sorra.*—Valley of lake Fucino.—Mount Velino.—Lake.—Emissario.—Alba.—Antiquities.—Church of Saint Peter.

The valley of lake Fucino is now one of the points of Italy most worthy of a visit from enlightened travellers, and it is ranked with the valley of Tivoli, the hills of Albano and the shores of Pæstum.

The *Isola di Sorra*, on the road, presents the most varied views, and a majestic and noisy double cascade formed by the Liris.

Lake Fucino is of a circular form, sixteen miles in diameter and forty in circuit, abounding with excellent fish, and is girded by an amphitheatre of hills covered with towns and villages, and crowned with a flourishing vegetation. Being sheltered by the mass of Mount Velino, the highest point of the Apennines, which rises two thousand three hundred and ninety-three metres above the level of the sea, the country enjoys a salubrious and temperate climate.

The grand Emissario of Claudius falls into the Liris after passing through Mount Salviano, a length of three thousand five hundred metres. This monument of an imbecile emperor, the widest, deepest, and longest of all known tunnels, superior even to the Greek one of lake Copais in Bœotia, was excavated in eleven years by thirty thousand slaves, and it excites the highest admiration of engineers and antiquarians.

In the valley of lake Fucino the powerful colony of Alba was founded, in the country of the Æqui, now but a miser-

able village of a hundred and fifty inhabitants. Charles of Anjou ransacked and plundered these ruins to build the superb monastery of the Templars which he erected near Scurgola in commemoration of his victory over the unfortunate Conradin, and its vast ruins may still be seen. Alba, an ancient fortified town, retains some fragments of its ramparts, towers, and outworks, Roman constructions of amazing solidity. The present population is grouped round the principal tower on the summit of one of the three hills of the old town.

The temple on the hill of Saint Peter is also a very remarkable Roman work, but prior to the conquest of Greece and when all was Tuscan at Rome. Despite its metamorphosis into a Christian basilic, dedicated to Saint Peter, which has mutilated it, the edifice is still interesting for art. The three naves are separated by eighteen marble Corinthian columns; an ambo of precious marbles is one of the works called Alexandrine, from the emperor Alexander Severus, who invented or improved this kind of mosaic. The balustrade of the choir, ornamented with mosaics and elegant miniature columns, is the workmanship of the celebrated Cosmati, a family, who for more than three centuries, practiced and taught sculpture and mosaic at Rome with honour.

## CHAPTER XV.

Road to Rome.—Aversa.—Hospital.—Wine.—Capua.—Amphitheatre.—Cathedral.—Ancient Minturnæ.—Via Appia.—Garigliano.—Gaeta.—Castellone.—Villa and tomb of Cicero.—Fontana Artachia.—Itri.—Fondi.—Death of Esménard.

Aversa was famous for its madhouse, which some foreigners have thought undeserving its reputation. Its only merit was, perhaps, to have been the first, in Italy, to deliver these unfortunates from the chains with which they were shackled. Aversa was the ancient Atella, noted for its satirical farces, a kind of prelude to the Latin theatre, said to have been played in the Oscan tongue, the ancient vernacular language of Italy, which survived in some measure there, even after the Latian idiom became predominant with the Roman power.

The convent of Saint Peter, at Majella, formerly the castle, was the place at which Andrea, the husband of Queen



Giovanna, was strangled and thrown from the window; there too Giovanna herself also perished, and Charles of Duras, her second husband, an accomplice in the murder.

The sparkling wine of Aversa, called *asprino*, is mentioned by Redi in his di-  
thyramb, and it is given to inexperienced amateurs for Champagne.

The magnificent amphitheatre of Capua shows the wealth, the power, of this queen of the Campania, whose Etruscan civilisation long preceded that of Rome. It has been regarded as the oldest amphitheatre and the model of all others. The Campanians invented gladiatorial combats. Cicero pretends that the fertility of the soil caused the ferocity of the inhabitants, an extraordinary effect, but explained by other examples: how many times has blood flowed in the midst of banquets, flowers, and perfumes! The republic of Capua was treated by the Romans with an excess of barbarity unheard-of in history; the people were reduced to slavery and sold by auction, and the senators beaten with rods and beheaded. And yet Cicero, one of the mildest of men, shrunk not from approving such horrors, which he attributes rather to prudence than cruelty, *non crudelitate.... sed consilio*. The voluptuous and sanguinary Capuans first used the *velarium* (a silk curtain of many colours stretched over the amphitheatre to keep off the sun) which procured them from the Romans the reproach of effeminacy, though they themselves were not slow to adopt it. The amphitheatre of Capua is the only one existing that has some constructions in the centre the use of which is not yet explained. Florus wittily expresses the common error refuted by Montesquieu on the protracted sojourn of Annibal at Capua, when he says that he was better pleased with enjoying than taking advantage of his victory, *cum victoria posset uti, frui maluit*. Capua was rebuilt by Julius Cæsar, who settled a colony there; it was burnt in 840 by the Saracens, and the amphitheatre, built by Cæsar's colony, repaired and embellished under Adrian, and dedicated to Antoninus Pius, became a citadel. Being besieged by Athanasius, bishop of Naples, the Saracens defended themselves, and then the statues perished, the columns were overthrown, and the walls and ar-

cadees fell. To aggravate this destruction, the ruins furnished materials for the duomo, the steeple, and the tower of the princes of Conca.

The modern Capua is a kind of fortified town which might be dismantled without much harm, as it is combined with no strategic operation, and could make but a feeble resistance. It has a practical school for artillery and engineering.

The Gothic cathedral has many columns of antique granite: *A Piety and Christ in the sepulchre*, in the subterranean chapel, statues vaunted by Lalande and other travellers, as Bernini's, are neither good nor by him, but by his pupil Vaccaro.

The fabulous and poetical Liris, after bearing a succession of names in antiquity, took the barbarous name of Garigliano about the ninth century. Its current is as dilatory and dull as in the days of Horace:

Non rura, quæ Liris quieta  
Mordet aqua, taciturnus amnis.

In 1832 a new iron suspension bridge was thrown over it by M. Girard, the first erected in Italy. These constructions of modern industry, very useful certainly and preferable to the old ferries and vacillating boat bridges, must nevertheless contrast with the rich materials, the majesty, and the associations of antique monuments. The French army was defeated by Gonsalvo on the picturesque banks of the Garigliano, a formidable military position. Machiavel, in reporting the events of this war to his government which had an interest therein, said that "on the French side there was money and the best troops, and fortune on the Spanish side." Brantôme, rather a courtier and selfish man than a Frenchman, who more than once regrets not having attached himself to some foreign court, evinces a more patriotic emotion on the subject of this reverse than usual, when he exclaims with a degree of feeling and imagination: "*Hélas! j'ay vu ces lieux-là derniers, et mesmes le Garillan, et c'estoit sur le tard, à soleil couchant, que les ombres et les mânes commencent à se paroistre comme fantosme plustost qu'aux autres heures du jour, où il me sembloit que ces âmes généreuses de nos braves François là morts s'esle-*

*voient sur la terre et me parloient, et quasi me respondoient sur mes plaines que je leur faisois de leur combat et de leur mort.*"

Here begins the *Via Appia*, the oldest and grandest of ancient highways, surnamed the queen of the Roman roads (*regina viarum*), which has given to immortality the name of the severe blind old censor Appius Claudius; it was once lined with superb mausoleums, temples, triumphal arches, and other monuments, and extended to Benevento and Brindæ; while its management and reparation have thrown glory on Cæsar, Augustus, Vespasian, Domitian, Nerva, Trajan, and Theodoric.

Between the Garigliano and Mola are the ruins of an aqueduct, a theatre, and a fine amphitheatre, the remains of the ancient Minturnæ, whose marshes and reeds concealed Marius.

Gaeta, with its orange and lemon orchards on the seaside, has an enchanting aspect. The women are handsome, dressed in a picturesque manner, and wear pretty tresses of riband in their hair; which, instead of the glossy black of Italian females, is of a light chesnut, like Alcina's.<sup>1</sup> There are some vestiges of a theatre, an amphitheatre, a temple of Neptune, and of the villas of Scaurus and Adrian. It was on these same shores that Lælius and Scipio made ducks and drakes, and returned to the games of infancy like many other celebrated men.

In the baptistry of the cathedral of Gaeta, an antique monument, there is a fine basso-relievo. The steeple is remarkable, as also the celebrated column of twelve faces, with the indication of the winds in Greek and Latin.

The citadel of Gaeta is famous for two fine defences; the first in 1501, the second in 1806. It presents, on its highest point, the picturesque tower visible at a great distance, called the *Tower of Orlando*, after the Italian-practice of giving the name of Charlemagne's paladin to certain great old edifices. This monument is antique, and the inscription proved it to have been the tomb of L. Munatius Plancus.

Castellone di Gaeta, delightfully situated, is the ancient Formiæ; a part of

the walls and a door still exist. The celebrated villa of Cicero, the site of which now belongs to the estate of a man of erudition,<sup>2</sup> stood between Mola and Castellone. It is said that when Alfonso V. of Aragon, king of Naples, justly surnamed the Magnanimous, was besieging Gaeta, he refused to take stones from the house reputed to have been Cicero's, for the purpose of loading his great guns, declaring that he would rather leave his artillery inactive than profane and destroy the house of such a philosopher and orator. The lofty monument in ruins called *Torre di Cicerone*, is not, as asserted, Cicero's tomb, nor yet the temple he had erected to Apollo, as the abbé Chaupy pretended. The tomb erected to the great Roman orator by his freedmen, would be, according to other conjectures, the vast rectangular mausoleum, the ruins of which are at the foot of Mount Acerbara, opposite the tower, to the right of the *Via Appia*.<sup>3</sup> Marius, in his prison at Minturnæ, is respected by the Cimbrian; Cicero dies by the hand of the tribune Popilius, whom he had defended: the barbarian with his savage instinct was more easily moved than the Roman, the agent of the triumph; and the father of his country was destined to die near the spot where the proscriber of Rome was saved.

At the very place where Cicero perished, the young Conradin was taken and betrayed by the lord of Astura; this enchanted strand seems fatal to innocence and genius.

Notwithstanding the ever suspicious prepossessions of every man in favour of his own, the fountain of Artachia, near which Ulysses met the daughter of Antiphates, king of the Lestrigons, who was going thither for water, may possibly be in the above mentioned little town rendered famous by the ruins of Cicero's house.<sup>5</sup>

Itri was the *urbs Mamurrarum* of Horace, where he lodged at Murena's and supped at Capito's:

Murena præbente domum, Capitone culinam.

The soil is of a deep red, and the valley savage.

*iscrizioni esistenti nella villa Formiana in Castellone di Gaeta.* Naples, 1827, 8vo.

<sup>4</sup> See the *Antichità*, p. 47 et seq.

<sup>5</sup> *Id.* p. 35 et seq.

<sup>1</sup> *Vie de Gonzalve de Cordoue.*

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, book xi. ch. v.

<sup>3</sup> Prince Caposele. See his letter to madame Brun of Copenhagen, entitled *Antichità Ciceroniane ed*

Fondi, an ancient town, has now a most dismal aspect; it was again destroyed a second time and burnt by the famous corsair Barbarossa II., enraged at not being able to carry off the beautiful and witty Giulia Gonzaga, widow of Vespasiano Colonna, and countess of Fondi, that he might present her to Soliman II. : Giulia, alarmed in the dead of night and seized naked in her bed by a gentleman whom her jealous and ungrateful modesty caused afterwards to be put to death, had only the time to leap from a window, jump on a horse and gain the mountain.

The schoolroom where Saint Thomas taught theology at Fondi was under repair when I passed, and was, I believe, about to be converted into a chapel. His chamber is also shown, his well, and a partly withered orange-tree, which he planted head downwards, a phenomenon now acknowledged as very possible. This noble plant accorded with Saint Thomas, as the cypress with Saint Dominick. :

It was at one of the rapid descents of this road that the bard of *Navigation* was thrown from his carriage amid the rocks, in consequence of which he died six days after at Fondi, while his fellow-traveller, the excellent Granet, was nowise injured. The academician, Es-ménard's successor, ingeniously alludes to this catastrophe in the following passage : " Propitious muses, said Horace, ye ever watch over him who joins your choirs, who drinks the pure waters of the sacred fountain : under your conduct he shall safely pass the precipitous paths of the country of the Sabines.—This sweet oracle of the prince of lyrics was then fated to be falsified almost on the very spot where it was inspired." <sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER XVI.

Road to Rome continued.—Measures against banditti.  
—Garbaroni.—Terracina.—Palace of Theodoric.  
—Port.—Cathedral.—Pontine marshes.—Monte Circeo.—Walls, temples of Cora.—Velletri.—Genzano.—Larriola.—Chigi palace.—Church.—Albano.—Tombs.—Gallery.—Castel-Gandolfo.—Lake.—Emissario.—Patriotic superstition of Rome.—Nymphaea.—Palace.—Church.—Barberini villa.—View of the Campagna of Rome.

The measures taken against banditti on the road to Rome were really formidable in 1826. The military posts were

so near each other that the road had the appearance of a long camp. The capitulation of Garbaroni, the last of the Roman banditti, had contributed to the extinction or rather suspension of robbery. Garbaroni was at first confined in the castle of Saint Angelo, but afterwards removed to Civita Vecchia, to seclude him from the curiosity of travellers, several of whom had even thought proper to make him presents. He pretended that he was slandered, having killed only *thirty-five* persons instead of the hundreds attributed to him. The moral education and material prosperity of the people, would be far preferable to all these violent external remedies, the cosmetics of brute force and police regulations, which keep down the evil but do not cure it.

Terracina, the first town of the Roman states, is the ancient and opulent town of the Volscians, Anxur, the pillage of which enriched the Roman army of the military tribune Fabius Ambustus. Its steep hill still presents the bright aspect painted by Horace :

*Impositum saxis late candentibus Anxur.*

The ruins of the palace of Theodoric, of the beginning of the fifth century, whence there is an admirable view, are a curious monument of the construction of Roman edifices in the earlier days of the decline.

The remains of the ancient and now waterless port of Terracina, eleven hundred and sixty metres in circumference, prove that it was built for an extensive and very active navigation; one may see the marble modillions with holes through which the cables were passed in mooring vessels. The mole, or boundary wall, appears even now of amazing solidity. Nothing is known of the epoch or founder of this port, a monument of the civilisation, power, and wealth of the ancient Terracina, but, from the kind of its reticulated fabric, it must be regarded as among the first regularly built ones in Italy.

The cathedral has several fine fluted columns of white marble, procured from a temple of Apollo, and other antique pillars.

A splendid palace, vast granaries, and

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book VIII. ch. 6.

<sup>2</sup> *Discours de réception de M. Ch. Lacretelle.*



other buildings erected by Pius VI., show the bold enterprise of this pope for draining the Pontine marshes, as well as the fertility of these insalubrious plains, unreasonably feared by travellers who only pass over them. The digging of numerous canals, the uniform management of the canal of the *Linea Pia*, some maritime establishments as in the days of the ancients, would be the best means of restoring prosperity to this boggy coast, in past times so populous and flourishing, which, as Pliny informs us, once counted twenty-three cities.<sup>1</sup>

Monte Circello, at the western extremity of the Pontine marshes, deserves a visit from the traveller, whether poet, antiquary, mineralogist, or botanist. This ancient cape of Circe, a calcareous perpendicular rock that every thing demonstrates to have been once washed by the waves, still retains the *grotta della Maga*, one of those vast caverns whence marble and alabaster are procured. At the summit are some ruins and substructions which belonged apparently to an ancient temple of the Sun. It is worthy of remark that herds of wild hogs are still pretty numerous on this coast. No mortal can boast a more ancient genealogy than these pigs, as they descend from the companions of Ulysses, and their ancestors were sung by Homer. In Brittany they talk of the noble pigs of MM. de Rohan; they are of a very insignificant family in comparison. Circe is the most ancient of botanists, according to Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, who thinks that not a single plant known in her day is lost, as may be seen by her herbal, which Homer has partially handed down to us.<sup>2</sup> These plants must more especially be found on Monte Circello, which has a great variety of them. An amiable young lady of Terracina, Signora Elizabetta Fiorini, is celebrated in Italy for her skill in botany; though not less learned than the daughter of the sun, her enchantments are less to be dreaded. Signora Fiorini, a pupil of the illustrious mineralogist Brocchi, has been zealously occupied on the Flora of the Pontine marshes, and I have heard that she has discovered and ingeniously classed a considerable number of plants.

The small town of Cori, the ancient Cora, beside its antique walls which long resisted the Romans, has two superb temples of Hercules and Castor and Pollux; the first erected in the reign of Claudius, regarded for its lightness as the most perfect model of the Grecian Doric order, and wonderfully posed on a basement of perfectly insulated rock; of the other, only two Corinthian columns and the inscription remain.

Velletri, ill-built, is remarkable for the truly rare beauty of the women, their pretty costume, and magnificent marble stairs of the ancient Lancellotti palace. The architect was Martino Longhi the elder, the cleverest of the three of that name, and superior to his son and grandson. In the church of Santa Maria dell' Orto, is a painting, cited as of good design and colouring, the *Virgin, the infant Jesus*, with angels in Roman dresses, the work of Rositi, a painter of Forlì, of the sixteenth century. The *Atti della Società Volscæ Velliteræ*, published at Velletri and forming altogether two octavo volumes, contain some learned memoirs and the biographies of learned academicians. The pretty lake of Nemi, which from its form and the clearness of its waters was gracefully styled in the mythology the mirror of Diana (*speculum Dianæ*), is bordered with a smiling and luxuriant vegetation of flowers and trees. On one side of it is Genzano, of four thousand inhabitants, renowned for its air, wine, pears, and the charming mosaic of flowers with which the pavement of the approaches to its spacious church is covered on the octave of the festival of Corpus Domini: a brilliant decoration, indicative of some kind of taste and inclination for art even in a little town.

The modern Larricia, of a thousand souls, occupies the place of the fortress of the ancient Aricia, some ruins of which are visible lower down, and the remains of the Via Appia, which was destroyed in 1791 to pave the new road.

The severe Ghigi palace, and the church, are among the most distinguished of Bernini's works. The cupola of the latter is ingenious, but the details are too profuse on the ceiling. In these

<sup>1</sup> See the fine work of M. de Prony, *Des Marais Pontins*, Paris, Impr. Roy., 1814, in 4to.

<sup>2</sup> *Études de la Nature*, t. i. p. 239.

two edifices may be remarked the character of Bernini's talent, a superior architect for effect and disposition, but bad in details.

Albano is the most fashionable summer residence in the environs of Rome. The population is about five thousand persons. On the door of the church of Santa Maria della Rotonda, are some magnificent marble ornaments sculptured in acanthus leaves, taken from some antique edifice. The two ruins, called the *tomb of Ascanius*, founder of Alba Longa, and the *tomb of the Horatii and Curiatii* must have been magnificent mausoleums. The latter, very probably Etruscan, of Tarquin's time, has recently been given for the tomb of Aruns, son of Porsenna, and by other archeologues for the cenotaph consecrated to Pompey by Cornelia: the five cones it presents would then be allusions to the five victories of the Roman captain.

The *Gallery*, a fine avenue of ever green oaks, leads from Albano to Castel-Gandolfo. The lake which fills the nearly oval crater of an *ancient volcano*, also offers its superb *emissario*, a tunnel, of half a league in length, cut through the mountain, which, after 2230 years,

attests the power of Rome in her earlier days, a monument of that patriotic superstition which contributed so much to her greatness.<sup>1</sup> A *Nymphaea*, called by the peasants *grotta di Bergantino*, and by the learned the *bath of Diana*, a reticulated construction in the form of a grotto, formerly intended for a cool retreat, and enveloped by a vigorous vegetation, is of a singularly picturesque aspect.

The large village of Castel-Gandolfo dates only from the twelfth century. The plain palace is the only country house possessed by the pope. The cathedral, consecrated by Pope Alexander VII. to Saint Thomas of Villanova, and built by Bernini, has, at the high altar, a picture by Pietro of Cortona, and an Assumption, by Carlo Maratta, painters of the period of declining taste, like the architect of the palace Carlo Maderno.

The vast gardens of the Barberini villa present considerable remains of the country house and *Thermæ of Domitian*, mixed with fine trees. Here we overlook the whole Campania of Rome, an uncultivated desert, sown with ruins, in which the pontifical city, with its gilded domes, its marble columns, its granite obelisks, its immense palaces, looks like a majestic oasis of monuments.

## BOOK THE FIFTEENTH.

### ROME.

#### CHAPTER I.

Impression.—Saint Peter.—Piazza.—Colonnade.—Obelisk.—Fountain.—Front.—Navicella.—Door.—Jubilee.—Interior.—Expenditure of the basilic.—Canopy.—Cupola.—Pulpit.—Tombs of Paul III. and Urban VIII.—Basso-relievo of Attila.—Tombs of Alexander VII.—Pius VII.—Leo XI.—Tomb of Innocent VIII.—Monument of the Stuarts.—Michael Angelo's *Piety*.—Christina and the countess Matilda.—Rezzonico monument.—Mosaic of Saint Petronilla.—Vatican grottoes.—Sacristy.—Upper part of Saint Peter's.—Ball.

The name alone of Rome is magical to the traveller who arrives within her walls:

to be at Rome seems a sort of honour, one of the important events, one of the grand reminiscences of our after life. Victorious by her arms or dominant by her faith, Rome, for more than twenty centuries, has reigned over the universe, and the imagination cannot conceive for her a farther and more exalted destiny.

If Rome be the chief object of the traveller in Italy, Saint Peter's is the first wonder that he seeks to contemplate.

The famous colonnade, the chef-d'œuvre of Bernini's theatrical architecture,

<sup>1</sup> Every body must remember the prophesy of the old Etruscan augur which the senate had the

dexterity to get confirmed by the oracle of Delphos. This prediction, which has much the appearance of

encloses the magnificent oval piazza, and serves as a proscenium to the colossal peristyle of Saint Peter's. This double colonnade of travertine marble seems light and simple, from a certain point of the piazza; and I have heard that an Englishman, a conscientious traveller, who, not having been informed of it during his stay at Rome, returned post to this spot, alighted from his carriage, and after viewing it a moment resumed his journey with satisfaction.

In the middle of the piazza rises the obelisk of red granite, perfect as ever, which, being without hieroglyphs, can be only a Roman imitation of the Egyptian obelisks, brought over by Caligula. This monument, cleverly reared by Domenico Fontana, has been, as well as the cross surmounting it, twice sung by Tasso.<sup>1</sup> The two majestic fountains, that throw up their waters on each side of the piazza, worthily complete its decoration, whether seen in the day, when the rays of the sun form brilliant rainbows, or at night, when the moonlight adds to the whiteness of their foaming streams, whose unceasing murmurs inspire and cherish the soul's imaginings.

The history of the construction of Saint Peter's is almost the history of the art. This first of basilics, begun by Bramante in 1503, erected on the basilic built by Constantine, continued by Giuliano and

Antonio San Gallo, P. Giocondo the Dominican, Raphael,<sup>2</sup> Baltassare Peruzzi, and Michael Angelo, was not finished till the seventeenth century, by Carlo Maderno. The front, by this last architect, is more fit for a palace than a temple, and by a deplorable fatality, the worst of the projects was the one that prevailed. Under the rich portico, near the staircase of the Vatican, the equestrian statue of Constantine, by Bernini, is exaggerated and of very bad taste; that of Charlemagne by Cornacchini, is also inferior, and unworthy of such a place. A horse like that of the Constantine was sent by Bernini for the statue of Louis XIV., but it did not please him; the *grand roi* became a Curtius by the means of an antique helmet placed over his large peruke, and the disgraced statue is banished to the extremity of the *pièce d'eau des Suisses* at Versailles. Opposite the principal door is the deservedly celebrated mosaic called the boat (*navicella*) of Saint Peter, by Giotto and his pupil Pietro Cavallini, a further proof of the diversified talents of this prodigious artist. The basso-relievos of the middle door, ordered by Pope Eugene IV., but adapted under Paul V. to the door of the new basilic, and executed by Filareta and Simone, Donatello's brother, very inferior to the doors of the baptistry at Florence and to the good works of the same epoch, are neverthe-

being concerted, announced that the Romans would never take Vell if the extraordinary rise of the lake, which had taken place without rain and in a dry season, did not find an issue, otherwise than into the sea. This latter part of the oracle was a means employed by the government of Rome to prescribe with higher authority the irrigations so useful to agriculture. Cicero seems to have thought in this way when he said: "Ita aqua albana deducta ad utilitatem agri suburbani non ad arcem urbemque retinendam (De Divinit.)." This undertaking had also a military object, as it formed soldiers to the art of mining, as we see by the one they pushed right under the citadel of Vell, which decided the fate of the place.

<sup>1</sup> Taccia omai Roma, e taccia il grand' Egitto, Signor, tanto innalzarsi al ciel lo scerno.

Rime, part. II., son. 167, 483.

<sup>2</sup> It appears that Raphael, had he lived longer, intended to devote himself more to architecture than painting. We read in Bembo's Works (Venice edition, 1729, folio, t. IV. lib. IX. num. 43) the singularly honourable letter written by the latter in the name of Leo X. naming him architect of Saint

Peter's after Bramante's death, with a salary of 300 golden crowns (about 86l.). Another Latin letter (*lib. x. num. 54*, p. 87) charges him with the superintendence and purchase of all the antiquities dug up within ten miles of Rome, and imposes the penalty of from 100 to 300 gold crowns on persons who neglect to make known their discoveries to him within three days. It is also forbidden, under the like penalty, to saw or injure marbles or inscriptions, *quæque servari operæ pretium esset ad cultum litterarum Romanicæ sermonis elegantiam excolendam*, until Raphael had examined them and given permission. It is however a matter of deep regret that, during the last six years of his too brief existence, Raphael was diverted from painting by his antiquarian and official occupations. Canova has since held the same powers, and the example of Leo X. and Raphael was cited in the letter written to him on the 2nd of August 1802, in the name of Pope Pius VII., by Cardinal Doria Pamfili, *procamerlingo*, naming him inspector-general of fine arts and antiquities at Rome and throughout the Roman states, with a yearly pension of 400 silver Roman crowns, and also in the decree (*chirographo*) of the 1st of October in the same year relative to these functions.



The impression produced by the sight of the basilica inside is not adequate to one's preconceived ideas of its extent, and seems even less than it really is. This sense of disappointment however wears away after a few visits, when the study of the different parts has convinced you of its immensity. Then it becomes a real city through which one loves to wander: its light, though too brilliant to be religious, and its climate, if one may so say, are all softness; for it has been remarked that the temperature is nearly always the same, and that a kind of agreeable vapour is diffused throughout the air. The population, the manners of this city, moreover offer a thousand contrasts: poor peasants, loaded with

		TOTAL.
1575. . . . .	{ 96,848 men. }	106,848
1600. . . . .	{ 40,000 women. }	321,600
1625. . . . .	{ 460,269 men. }	582,760
	{ 22,491 women. }	
1650. . . . .	{ 226,711 men. }	308,533
	{ 81,822 women. }	
1675. . . . .	{ 218,340 men. }	344,777
	{ 98,437 women. }	
1700. . . . .		300,000
1725. . . . .		382,140
1750. . . . .		494,832

The interior of Saint Peter's is rich, ornate, magnificent, rather than tasteful,<sup>3</sup>

1825. . . . .	{	181,914 men.	}	273,299
		94,385 women.		

3 According to Fontana's extracts from the chancery registers, the money expended on the basilica of Saint Peter amounted at the beginning of the last century to 46,800,498 silver crowns, about 8,800,000*l.* sterling, one tenth of which at least had been employed under Bernini's direction : the pulpit alone cost above 107,000 crowns. The sale of indulgences to supply funds for these expenses is generally, but improperly, regarded as the cause of the reformation. Luther could easily have found another pretext ; the taxes levied for the war against the Turks excited the same resistance a short time after.

but the bad and exaggerated which abounds there, does not fail, in the whole, to contribute to the effect and to have a kind of grandeur. It must ever be a matter of regret for the elegance and majesty of the building, that the Greek cross of Michael Angelo was not preferred to the prolongation of the Latin cross adopted by Carlo Maderno.

The bronze *St. Peter*, the foot of which is kissed with devotion, is not, as constantly asserted, an ancient Jupiter, but a real *St. Peter* of barbarous times, a Christian monument of the fifth century. Statues worn away by the same kind of kisses were common among the ancients :

. . . . . Tum, portas propter, athena  
Signa manus dextras ostendunt attenuari  
Sæpe salutantum tactu, præterque meantum.<sup>1</sup>

Cicero eloquently alludes to the *Hercules* of Agrigentum that *Verres* had attempted to remove.<sup>2</sup> The divinities of polytheism could not inspire such fervour without all the warmth of imagination peculiar to these people of the south. *Juvenal* speaks of the bronze statue of a citizen, the hands of which were wore away by the reiterated kisses of the Roman people, an expression of respect far more moral and sensible.

The baldachin placed over the bodies of *Saints Peter* and *Paul*, the work of *Bernini*, seems an enormous *conchetto* of architecture ; but the caprice of this baldachin is not destitute of ingenuity, brilliancy, and grandeur. The head of an ass braying, on the base of the columns, was meant by *Bernini* for his rival *Borromini*, an artist more elaborate than himself, who certainly was not entitled to criticize the baldachin.

The statue of *Pius VI.* kneeling on his tomb, by *Canova*, is simple, noble, expressive ; the extreme resemblance and the fitting of the pontifical costume is much admired. The pope, from the place of his exile and captivity, had prescribed the position of the mausoleum which should one day receive him, as well as the attitude of the figure praying near the tomb of the two apostles.

The immortal cupola is said to have been projected by *Bramante*, but the genius of *Michael Angelo* could alone execute it ; this rival of the great artists

of antiquity in painting and sculpture, has surpassed them in architecture. On beholding this sublime creation, one feels a noble pride in the power of man, and gratitude is mixed with admiration of him who raised it so high. The four colossal statues of *St. Longinus*, *St. Helena*, *St. Veronica*, and *St. Andrew*, by *Bernini*, *Borghi*, *Mocchi*, and *Fiammingo* respectively, are horribly affected, as are most of the statues at *Saint Peter's* ; the last, however, is now reckoned the least bad of the four. The attitude and flying drapery of the *Veronica* gave occasion for the humorous answer made to *Bernini* when he found fault with the motion of these draperies in a close place, to the effect that their agitation was caused by the wind which entered at the crevices of the cupola through the weakening of the pillars by the niches and galleries of *Bernini*.

The pulpit of *Saint Peter's*, the most considerable work in bronze after the baldachin, is also, by *Bernini*, that inevitable artist, who was entrusted with the principal works under nine popes. The idea of setting the four doctors of the Greek and Latin churches to uphold the apostle's pulpit is grand, but the execution is execrably elaborate, and the graces of these bronze colosses and fathers of the church are perfectly ridiculous. A monument might have been erected with the money this pulpit cost.

The celebrated mausoleum of *Paul III.*, by *Guglielmo della Porta*, under the direction of *Annibale Caro*, the finest mausoleum at *Saint Peter's*, seems a reflection of *Michael Angelo*. The two admired statues of *Prudence* and *Justice* are however inferior to that of the pope, whose humpback is most adroitly concealed. The statue of *Justice* has been decently clothed by *Bernini* with a bronze tunic, painted to imitate marble, doubtless to prevent a second attempt like that of the Spaniard, who, being in love with the statue, remained all night in *Saint Peter's* and renewed the obscene transports excited in ancient times by the *Venus* of *Praxiteles*.

The tomb of *Urban VIII.* restored the once tottering reputation of *Bernini* : the two figures of *Charity* and *Justice* are truly *Rubens* in sculpture ; the marble of

<sup>1</sup> *Lucretius*, l. 317.

<sup>2</sup> *De Signis*, XLIII.

the heads has certain reddish stains which would make one suppose them coloured.

At the altar of Saint Leo, the enormous basso-relievo of Attila, by Algardi, the greatest, doubtless, that has ever been executed, long noted as a prodigy of art, is pitiful in style and drawing. In Attila's little page, however, we discover the grace of this sculptor of children, as Algardi has been surnamed. The last pope of the name of Leo (della Genga), reposes at this altar, and the inscription on the plain slab that covers his remains was written by himself.

The mausoleum of Alexander VII., over a door, although of Bernini's old age and his last work, has all the warmth, enthusiasm, and youth of his bad taste. The nudity of the figure of *Truth* having given offence, it was draped by order of Innocent XI.

The Clementine chapel has received the tomb of Pius VII., the last mausoleum admitted to Saint Peter's. This monument, erected at the cost of Cardinal Consalvi, is by Thorwaldsen, but little worthy of him, and is perhaps the only one that Rome will preserve of the celebrated Danish sculptor who passed his life in her bosom. The same chapel contains the heavy mausoleum, by Algardi, of Pope Leo XI., likewise of the Medici family, but obscured by his glorious predecessor, although he had been charged as legate to receive the abjuration of Henry IV., which is sculptured on the mausoleum; he only wore the tiara the first twenty-seven days of April 1605, and his death was occasioned by his not finding a shirt to change himself on returning to the palace after the ceremony of the *Possesso*. A circumstance not generally known proves that this pope was worthy of the name of Medici. Having been informed that Clement VIII. had determined on taking from Saint Agnes *extra muros* the four unique columns of marble of *porta santa* and of *pavonazetto*,<sup>1</sup> for the purpose of decorating the chapel of his family at Santa Maria sopra Minerva, the cardinal de' Medici, then commendatory of Saint Agnes, without complaining to the pope, procured at his own expense four columns for the

chapel, and, attending a pontifical audience, he offered them to the pope. The latter, touched by such an action, embraced the cardinal, gave him the sapphire that he wore on his finger, and thanked him for having prevented such a spoliation, the blame of which he threw on his ministers. The Italian historian (in manuscript) pretends that God recompensed this respect for the antique columns by raising the cardinal to the see of Saint Peter, which, however, he was not long to occupy.<sup>2</sup>

In the chapel of the choir, the simple and elegant tomb of Innocent VIII., by Antonio Pollajolo, is the only ancient monument of art subsisting among the perpetual embellishing of Saint Peter's. In the orchestra of this chapel the body of the last pope is always provisionally placed, as in the vestibule of his last abode.

The monument of the Stuarts, though by Canova, and praised by Peticari, Quatremère, and Stendhal, is paltry in style, without invention, and perfectly unworthy of its author; the Genii are languid and ordinary, like the last scions of that race, whom Alfieri, with a lover's rancour, has handled in so angry and unbecoming a manner :

. . . . . Obbrobriosi giorni  
Quivi favola al mondo, onta del trono,<sup>3</sup>  
Schernò di tutti, orribilmente vivi....<sup>3</sup>

The paintings of the cupola in the chapel of the baptistry, imitating basso-relievos, are perfect in execution.

The celebrated *Piety* of Michael Angelo, in the chapel of that name, is ill-placed, and produces no effect. Some parts of this group, the last work of Michael Angelo's gentle style, are exceedingly beautiful, but it is not the artist's best. Michael Angelo was in his twenty-fourth year when he made it for Cardinal Jean Villiers de la Grolaie, abbot of our Saint-Denis. He justified the Virgin's youthful appearance which seems in contradiction with her son's maturity, in a singular and not very conclusive manner, by referring to the ordinary fresh healthy appearance of chaste women.<sup>4</sup> To avoid for the future

<sup>1</sup> See post, ch. xlii.  
<sup>2</sup> *Diario Mss. di Marco Antonio Valena*, cited by the abbé Cancellieri in his *Storia dei solenni possessi dei sommi pontefici*, p. 158, n. 1.

<sup>3</sup> *Maria Stuart*, atto v. sc. i.  
<sup>4</sup> See the following curious passage from Conditi, Michael Angelo's friend and biographer : "Non sai tu che le donne caste molto più fresche si manten-



the mistake of these Milanese amateurs who had wounded his self-love by attributing the *Piety* to their countryman Gobbo, Michael Angelo suffered himself to be shut up in Saint Peter's one evening, and during the night he engraved his name on the Virgin's girdle, the only one of his works that he ever signed.

The splendid but formal tomb of Christina has inspired Alessandro Guidi with a fine poem :

Benchè tu spazi nel gran giorno eterno ;

a basso-relievo by the French Teudon represents the *Queen's abjuration at Inspruck*; opposite is the judiciously composed tomb of the countess Matilda. These two women showed themselves differently devoted to the Holy See, but the friend of Gregory VII, amid the agitations of the middle ages, was generous, enthusiastic, powerful, respected; Christine, at an epoch of civilisation and intelligence, was egotistic, philosophical, indifferent, without consideration and real greatness. The countess Matilda was not laid in Saint Peter's till 1635, by Pope Urban VIII., who charged Bernini with the execution of the monument; the design and the head of the statue are by him, the rest by his brother Ludovico; Matilda had been interred at the monastery of Saint Benedict at Polizone : some years before the translation, the duke of Mantua had the curiosity to have the tomb opened, and the body, after nearly five centuries, was found in a wonderful state of preservation.

Among the rich-ornaments that embellish the chapel of the Holy Sacrament, may be remarked the magnificent ciborium of lapis-lazuli, in the form of a little temple, an imitation of the circular one at Saint Peter in *Montorio*, a masterpiece of Bramante's.\* The tomb of Gregory XIII., who reformed the calendar,

gono che le non caste? Quanto maggiormente una vergine nella quale non cadde mai pur un minimo lascivo desiderio che alterasse quel corpo! Anzi ti vo' dir di più, che tal freschezza e fiore di gioventù, oltre che per tale natural via in lei si mantenne, è anche credibile che per divin' opera in lei fosse ajutato a comprovare al mondo la verginità e purità perpetua della madre. Il che non fu necessario nel figliuolo, anzi piuttosto il contrario, perchè volendo mostrare che il figliuol di Dio prendesse, come prese veramente, corpo umano, e sottoposto

by Camillo Rusconi, is even inferior to that execrable artist of the beginning of the eighteenth century, a great man in his day, who was then reckoned to unite *the accuracy and majesty of the ancients with the expression and charm of the moderns*; a judgment which is now perfectly ridiculous, and proves the fragility of all circumstantial reputations in arts as well as letters.

The chapel della *Madonna*, still called *Gregoriana*, from its founder Pope Gregory XIII., is from Michael Angelo's designs. Under the altar is the reverend body of the immortal saint Gregory of Nazianze. The mosaics of the cupola, by Muziani, have been highly extolled. Close by is the ordinary tomb of the excellent Benedict XIV.

The beautiful, noble, and severe monument of Rezzonico, stamped the reputation of Canova. It was uncovered on the Wednesday before Easter 1795, under the glare of the great cross of fire, which illuminated Saint Peter's on that day. The artist, then thirty-eight years of age, whom it had cost eight years' labour, mixed with the crowd in the costume of an abbé to learn the various opinions, and the impression produced by this novel sculpture. The figure of the pope, a plain old man at prayer, is admirable; the two lions are the finest executed by the moderns: the lion sleeping is such as Dante would have given:

A gulsia di leon, quando si posa.

The lion roaring, as an allusion to the pontiff's strength of mind in refusing the destruction of the Jesuits to the Spanish ministers, is not very natural. The stiffly draped figure of *Religion* is the feeblest: the funereal Genius, despite the merit of the trunk, seems listless rather than afflicted.

The mosaic of *Saint Petronilla*, after Guercino, is the best executed in Saint Peter's.

a tutto quel che un ordinario uomo soggiace, eccetto che a peccato, non bisognò col divino tenere indietro l' umano, ma lasciarlo nel corso ed ordine suo, sicchè quel tempo mostrasse che aveva appunto. Pertanto non ti hai da meravigliare se per tal rispetto io feci la santissima Vergine madre di Dio a comparazione del figliuolo assai più giovane di quel che quell' età ordinarimente ricerca, e il figliuolo lasciai nell' età sua."

\* See *post*, ch. xviii.

The grottoes of the Vatican, the subterranean church of Saint Peter, with the exception of some mosaics and old monuments, do not altogether correspond with the idea one forms of the ancient Christian catacombs; they are narrow, confused, and tortuous. Here are the tombs of Charlotte, queen of Jerusalem and Cyprus; of the emperor Otho II., Popes Adrian IV., Boniface VIII., Nicholas V., Urban VI., and Paul II. The monument of Boniface VIII., of 1301, is with all its nakedness curious as a work of art. Though Vasari and Baldinucci attribute it to Arnolfo, it is not by him, but probably by Giovanni Cosmate, a Roman sculptor of the fourteenth century. This sculpture reminds one of Dante's satirical verses on Boniface, when he makes Saint Peter say in a sublime speech, that his cemetery is become a common sewer of blood and filthiness :

Fatto ha del cimiterio mio cloaca  
Del sangue e della puzza.....<sup>1</sup>

Some persons have pretended, but erroneously, that the erection of the rich sacristy, of such indifferent taste, led to the demolition of an antique temple of Venus, in the last century. The oldest and most correct plans of Saint Peter's indicate no trace of such a building. *Jesus Christ giving the keys to St. Peter*, by Muziani, is feeble. The statue of Pius VI., who founded the sacristy, by the Roman sculptor Penna, is deficient in expression and nobleness. At the bottom of the corridor is the copy, as ancient as the emperor Heliogabalus, of the celebrated inscription of the rural brethren (*fratres arvales*), priests instituted by Romulus, some of the verses of which, with the remains of the Salian songs, are the oldest monument of the Latin tongue; though hardly intelligible, they seem to be a prayer to the gods of the country for an abundant harvest.

One must ascend to the cupola to judge truly of the extent of Saint Peter's, and to admire Michael Angelo as he deserves; he was eighty-seven years old when he finished this cupola. It is there that we see him entire, and his beautiful conception is not impaired. Esteem for the man heightens still further our en-

thusiasm for the artist. Michael Angelo, accustomed to work for glory or his friends, refused the salary of 600 Roman crowns accorded him by Pope Paul III., and for seventeen years he gratuitously directed an undertaking which had enriched most of the first architects. This expedition to the cupola is a kind of journey. A population of workmen, always occupied in repairs, inhabits the summit of the temple, which seems like a public place in the air. An ever flowing fountain exists at this height and adds to the illusion. The stairs lead to the interior entablature near the glorious promise made to the first apostle, inscribed in letters six feet high : *Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam, et tibi dabo claves regni cælorum*. From the famous bronze ball, which is large enough to hold sixteen persons seated, the aspect of the city, the Campania of Rome, the Apennines, and the sea, is most magnificent.

## CHAPTER II.

Vatican.—Pope's expenditure.—Stairs.—Sala regia.  
—Sixtine.—Lost Judgment.—Ceiling.—Service.—  
Music.—Pauline chapel.

The Vatican represents the new religious grandeur of modern Rome, as the Capitol did the martial and triumphant greatness of ancient Rome. But this palace, once noted for its eleven thousand rooms, this pontifical court, long so pompous, is now all simplicity and moderation, the pope's expenditure barely surpassing the income of a president.<sup>2</sup> The Vatican no longer thunders; in our days it is nothing more than the most extensive of museums, and a curious monument of the architectural talents of Bramante, Raphael, San Gallo, Pirro Ligorio, Fontana, Carlo Maderno and Bernini.

The grand staircase (the Vatican has eight principal and about two hundred small staircases) is one of Bernini's cleverest and most magical constructions. Among the great frescos of the *Sala regia*, representing glorious actions taken from the history of the popes, may be seen *Charles IX. confirming the sentence of Coligny in Parliament, Coligny's body thrown from the window*,

returns made by the French administration. See Tournon's *Études statistiques sur Rome*, t. II. p. 65.

<sup>1</sup> *Parad.* xxvii. 25.

<sup>2</sup> The expenditure was 17,160*l.*, according to the

and the *Massacre of St. Bartholomew*, which, if not planned at Rome, as now appears probable, produced the intoxication of a victory there, and was approved of, in full consistory, by Gregory XIII., a learned and virtuous pope. The three best frescos of the *Sala regia* are: *Gregory VII. absolving the emperor Henry IV. from his excommunication in presence of the countess Matilda*, begun by Taddeo Zuccari, and finished by his brother Federico; its pendant, the *Attack of Tunis* in 1535, by the same; and *Alexander III. on his throne in the great square of Venice blessing Federico Barbarossa*, by Giuseppe Salviati.

The Sixtine chapel was ordered by Sixtus IV., a pontiff little acquainted with painting, but who felt and loved the glory that the arts can give. The *Last Judgment* was a subject singularly suited to the vast and daring genius of Michael Angelo, his skill in drawing, and his cleverness in foreshortening. It appears that he spontaneously turned his attention to this subject, and Pope Paul III., having heard of the studies he had made, visited him attended by ten cardinals to advise him to treat that subject, and almost to entreat him: an honour which stands alone in the annals of painting, and manifests the great importance and consideration of the artist! But besides the grandeur of the style and the inspiration of Dante, the spectator feels that this awful fresco, begun after the sack of Rome, is impressed with the desolation of the time and the sombre melancholy of the painter. The elect appear therein almost as furious as the damned. The sublime fresco of the Sixtine, which has suffered from age, humidity, neglect, and the explosion of the powder magazine of Saint Angelo in 1797, narrowly escaped destruction under Paul IV. on account of the nudities inseparable from the subject, and Michael Angelo has represented, under the semblance of Midas with ass's ears, Messer Biagio, master of the ceremonies to the pope, who had stupidly denounced them. Michael Angelo's answer to the person who informed him of the pope's Vandal determination was severe: "Tell the pope that is but a trifle, and may be easily remedied; let him correct the world, and I will instantly correct my picture:" *Dite al papa, che questa*

*è piccola faccenda, e che facilmente si può acconciare, che acconci egli il mondo, che le pitture si acconciano presto.* Daniel of Volterra, Michael Angelo's greatest pupil, undertook to veil the damned, a ridiculous operation that procured him the surname of *Brachettone* (breeches-maker) and drew down on him the piquant verses of Salvator Rosa:

E pur era un error sì brutto, e grande,  
Che Daniele di poi fece da sarto,  
In quel Giudizio a lavorar mutande. <sup>1</sup>

This extraordinary fresco, finished by Michael Angelo in his sixty-seventh year, after nearly nine year's labour, has produced, like other great masterpieces, a multitude of wretched imitators, and more than once its immortal author has been heard to say of the persons he found drawing in the Sixtine chapel: "How many persons will my work prove to be bunglers!" *O quanti quest' opera mia ne vuole ingoffire!* Raphael however contrived to escape this danger and to profit by the beauties of Michael Angelo's execution, when, being clandestinely introduced into the chapel by Bramante, he had an opportunity of observing them before they were uncovered.

In the space of twenty months, from the year 1507, Michael Angelo had executed, without assistance, at the command of Julius II., the compartments of the immense roof of the Sixtine, paintings as highly finished as the *Last Judgment*, representing divers subjects from the Old Testament with a host of prophets, sibyls, patriarchs, and other academic figures. The Eternal Father, in the *Creation of the world*, has been revived with marvellous originality: there is nothing to be seen but his immense head and his hands in a little space, as if to show that God is all intellect and power. The *Eve* has that native grace which could belong to none but the first woman, and which contrasts with the force and terror of the other paintings, and the grotesque figures of the compartments. The prophets and sibyls, the finest in the world, seem inspired: the *Isaiah* called to by an angel is turning slowly towards him, so profound is his meditation.

The grandeur of the paintings on the

<sup>1</sup> Sat. III. *la Pittura.*



roof completely annihilates the twelve other frescos of this chapel, by Luca Signorelli, Alessandro Filippi, Cosmo Rosselli, Perugino, and other masters; many of them are nevertheless remarkable: the *Adoration of the Golden Calf*, by Cosmo Rosselli; the *Baptism of Christ*, by Perugino; *Jesus Christ calling St. Peter and St. Andrew to be apostles*, by Ghirlandajo.

I attended the services of the Sixtine chapel, a sight rendered imposing by the presence of the pope and cardinals, who are, however, somewhat negligently dressed. The aspect of this christian senate which had not the honour of receiving Francis de Sales, Bossuet, and Fénelon, shows the power, majesty, and independence of the Church, an imperishable society which subdued the ancient world, civilised the modern, and would fall short of its destiny in opposing the enlightenment and improvement of the human race. On All Saints day, a pupil of the German college,<sup>1</sup> Count Charles Augustus de R\*\*\*\*\*, delivered, with a sonorous but unmeaning accent, an ineffective Latin discourse, which reminded me of what Cardinal Maury said of these school-boy orations: "That for the most part they are neither the word of God nor their own."<sup>2</sup>

The music of the Sixtine chapel, which was formerly the admiration of artists, seems, like that of Saint Peter's, to be near its end. It is not merely the *soprani* that are deficient in the pontifical chapel, but tenors as well: in 1828, out of the thirty-two singers, there were seven places vacant of these two voices. All the musical power of the Sixtine chapel is now included in Allegri's famous *Miserere*, executed by two choirs without an instrument during Passion week, which it was formerly forbidden to copy under pain of excommunication, but of which Mozart made himself completely master, by hearing it twice.

In the Pauline chapel, the two frescos of the *Crucifixion of St. Peter* and the *Conversion of St. Paul*, finished by Michael Angelo in his seventy-fifth year, were his last work in painting; they are very inferior to the frescos of the Sixtine, and almost obscured by the smoke of the

tapers burnt round the Holy Sepulchre during Passion week.

### CHAPTER III.

Raphael's Loggia.—Borgia apartment.—Aldobrandini Marriage.—Corridor of Inscriptions.—Raphael's Stanze.—Burning of Borgo.—Doors.—Dispute of the Holy Sacrament.—School of Athens.—Heliodorus.—Miracle of Bolsena.—Prison of Saint Peter.—Battle of Constantine.—On excessive encouragement of art.—Chapel of Nicholas V.

Raphael's *Loggia*, if not entirely by his hand, must have been executed by his pupils under his guidance. This prince of the Roman School never went to the Vatican without a train of fifty painters, the vassals of his genius, attracted and bound to him by the charm of his character. This feudalism in the arts, so favourable to great works, was a consequence of other manners that cannot rise again. The pretensions, the independence of present artists, and academic dignity, are opposed to the obedience and subordination which produced the vast and beautiful works we now contemplate with surprise.

What must have been the effect, in their primitive freshness, of the brilliant stuccos and arabesques of Giovanni d'Udina, that skilful painter of flowers, fruits, and ornaments of every kind, is proved by the incident of the pope's groom, who, running to fetch a carpet for his master's use, was deceived by the imitation, and snatched at one of the little carpets of the *Loggia*. The arabesques of the *Seasons*, the *Ages of life*, figured by the Fates, are real pictures full of poetry. The most admirable of the frescos, ideal paintings inspired by the genius of the Scriptures, and known by the appellation of *Raphael's Bible*, is *God dividing the light from the darkness*, done by Raphael himself as a model for his disciples. This great artist has executed four figures of the Eternal Father, each differing from the others, but all sublime. The *Creation of the sun and moon* is also of rare beauty. The *Deluge*, by Giulio Romano, is most powerful and pathetic in expression. The *Three Angels appearing to Abraham* in the likeness of young men, have a

<sup>1</sup> The German college, established by Saint Ignatius for young Germans and Hungarians, was comprised in the suppression and revival of the Jesuits.

It is in the house of these Fathers at the *Gesù*, and follows the lectures of the Roman college.

<sup>2</sup> *Essai sur l'Éloquence de la chaire*, ch. lxvii.

kind of Oriental elegance unlike the Greek forms. The composition of the group of *Lot and his daughters flying from Sodom* is perfect. *Jacob smitten with Rachel*, whom he meets near the well, by Pellegrino of Modena, a fresco full of grace and simplicity, has a landscape treated with great finesse. The four subjects from the *History of Joseph* are distinguished by rich and ingenious composition and vigorous colouring. The *Moses rescued from the water*, by its freshness of tone, the gradation of tints and truth of colour in the waters of the Nile, is like the creation of landscape, which, before Raphael, was merely drawn and not painted in the background, or if painted, it was done without harmony or perspective. The *Judgment of Solomon* is not surpassed by Poussin for distinctness, precision, and eloquence in the pantomime of the two mothers. In the last division a *Last supper*, in good colour and more scientifically executed than its neighbours, seems also by Raphael. He seems to have superintended the frescos of the Loggia after his clandestine inspection of Michael Angelo's frescos in the Sixtine. Most of the frescos of the Loggia, especially those by his own hand, have an air of grandeur which proves that some peculiar and important circumstance must have determined this revolution in his talent.

The Borgia apartment owes its name to the infamous Alexander VI. whom a blasphemous, but well-turned and curiously servile distich places higher than Cæsar and compares with God :

Cæsare magna fuit, nunc Roma est maxima :  
Regnat Alexander ; ille vir, iste Deus. [Sextus

The stuccos and paintings of Giovanni d'Udina and Perino del Vaga, which adorn the ceiling of the great hall, are decorations superior in style. Among the valuable wrecks of antiquity preserved in the five rooms of this apartment, may be distinguished fragments of the frieze of the Ulpia basilic, the Gustiniani basso-relievo of the *Education of Bacchus*, a marble tripod, and the famous Aldobrandini Marriage, an antique painting supposed to represent the union of Thetis and Peleus, but which the paintings since discovered at Pompeii have stripped of its glory.

The long lapidarian gallery has the

Pagan inscriptions on the right hand, and the Christian on the left, a species of stone manuscripts which are the delight of the learned. Some monuments are interesting for mere lovers of curiosities. Such, for instance, is the grand cippus of Lucius Atimetus, which has two basso-relievos, one representing a shop and the other a cutler's workroom.

The pagan inscriptions are placed according to rank and condition from divinities down to slaves ; excepting some consular inscriptions, the same hierarchy does not prevail among the Christian inscriptions.

The *Stanze* (chambers) of Raphael are the triumph of painting, and never has this art elsewhere appeared so grand, so varied, or so powerful. These chambers were already painted in part when Raphael, in his twenty-fifth year, was summoned from Florence to Rome by Julius II., to work at them with Pietro del Borgo, Bramante of Milan, Pietro della Francesca, Luca Signorelli, and Perugino. But on beholding the *Dispute on the Holy Sacrament*, his first essay, the pope, enraptured with the purity and expression of the heads, suspended the painting of the other frescos and destroyed those already done, with the exception of a ceiling, the work of Perugino, protected by his great and generous pupil.

The fresco of the *Fire of Borgo Vecchio*, at Rome, which surpasses all Raphael's other works in the number of naked figures, rivalling those of Michael Angelo in beauty and expression without equalling them in muscular science, precision of outline, and freedom of action, is rather a sublime and poetical inspiration of the second book of the *Æneid* than a representation of the miracle of Saint Leo and the spectacle of a fire. The fire, flames, smoke, and all the physical ravages of the disaster are the least prominent parts of the painting ; but the moral picture of the terrors it produces is extremely moving ; such is the young man escaping over a wall ; and especially the mother who is about to drop her infant child from the top of the same wall into its father's arms, who is standing on tiptoe to catch it. The fine group which might be taken for an *Æneas* saving his father Anchises on his shoulders and followed by his wife Creusa, is by Giulio Romano. The women carrying

water are superb. Opposite, the majestic *Coronation of Charlemagne* by Leo III. in the Vatican basilic, is supposed to have been only coloured by another hand on Raphael's cartoon. Over the window, Leo III., justifying himself before Charlemagne, presents the likeness of Leo X. and Francis I. in the figures of the pope and emperor. In this chamber is the ceiling by Perugino which was spared by Julius II. The graceful carvings in wood on the doors are by the clever Florentine Giovanni Barile, whose labours in the Vatican were directed by Raphael; Louis XIII. ordered Poussin to take drawings of them, that similar ones might be executed for the Louvre. The scrupulously minute designs of Poussin formed two large volumes, preserved in Colbert's library till 1728, when they were purchased by Mariette; what became of them when his rich cabinet was dispersed is unknown.

The two grand paintings of the *Dispute on the Holy Sacrament* or *Theology* and the *School of Athens* are unanimously regarded as Raphael's most sublime productions; in no instance has he surpassed them in grace, purity, and elegance of design. In the *Dispute*, an ideal poetic picture of the council of Placentia, where the controversies on the sacrament of the Lord's Supper were terminated, Dante is placed, according to the opinion of the time, among the theologians; <sup>1</sup> Raphael has there given his own portrait and Perugino's under the figures of mitred personages. It is thought that Ariosto was consulted on the historical composition of the *School of Athens*. The head of Homer, although the antique bust of the poet was not then discovered, is perhaps the most astonishing of these fifty-two figures and breathes the highest inspiration; beside him are Virgil and Dante. The Aspasia, young and beautiful, covered with a helmet like another Minerva, is pensive. The different groups have a natural connection with the principal action. Several figures are portraits: the Archimedes is Bramante; the young man with one knee on the ground, Frederick II. duke of Mantua; the two figures to the left of Zoroaster with a crown on his head, are

Perugino and Raphael. The architecture, traced by Bramante, presents the perspective of the primitive plan of Saint Peter's.

The *Parnassus*, an able and graceful imitation of the antique style, is nevertheless inferior to the two frescos above-mentioned, as a whole, and some figures are rather cold in the colouring. Apollo is playing a violin, and, strange to say, Raphael had at first given him a lyre! Some persons have pretended that he was weak enough to suppress it to flatter a musician in favour at court, who accompanied the songs of the poets at the suppers of Leo X.; which must be an error, as the *Parnassus* was painted in 1511, two years before the pontificate of Leo. This violin was not, however, so strange as it now appears, as all the cherubim have played on the same instrument from the revival of painting. According to another conjecture, Raphael meant to do honour to Leonardo Vinci, then about sixty years old, and a great violin player, in representing the god in this manner. Among the illustrious poets may be remarked Homer between Virgil and Dante, Sappho, Pindar, Callimachus, Ovid, Horace, Petrarch, and Laura under the semblance of Corinna, Boccaccio, and Sannazzaro.

The fresco called *Jurisprudence* is noble, grand, ideal.

On the ceiling, the four figures of *Theology*, *Philosophy*, *Jurisprudence*, and *Poetry*, have the taste and gracefulness of antiquity.

*Heliodorus*, the richest, most copious, and most animated of Raphael's compositions, is an allusion to the history of Julius II., who drove the enemies of the church from the patrimony of Saint Peter, and Raphael has given his portrait therein. The superior nature of the two angels over Heliodorus armed is marvellously expressed. The groups of the pope borne on the *Sella gestatoria*, of the women, and of the angel vanquishing Heliodorus, are perfect. The figures in black and white on the ceiling have a beautiful and grand character.

*St. Leo arresting Attila at the gates of Rome* is the portrait of Leo X., a great literary pope, but scarcely strong enough for such an action. The cross-bearer, near him, is another portrait of Raphael, always accompanied by his master Perugino. The tranquil majesty of the pa-

<sup>1</sup> The quality of *eximio theologo* is joined to that of poet in the title of Dante's *Credo*, printed at Rome about 1478.



pal cortege forms an admirable contrast with the disordered, infuriate army of the barbarians issuing from a defile in the mountains to pour down on the plain of Rome.

The upper part of the *Miracle of Bolsena*, namely the priest, the pope (a portrait of Julius II.), the altar and the desk, is worthy to be compared, for colouring, to the finest productions of Titian. The various groups of this dramatic fresco admirably express the most diversified contrasts: the passions of fear and agitated curiosity in one portion of the spectators, the emotion of the women on seeing the miracle, the rude indifference of the pontifical grooms kneeling at the bottom of the steps, and the saint-like gravity, the calm and confident faith of the pontiff and cardinals.

The extraordinary effect of the three different lights in the *Prison of St. Peter* proves that no part of the art was unknown or impossible to Raphael's genius. This fresco is another allusion to the life of Julius II., who had borne the title of cardinal of Saint Peter in *Vinculis*, hereditary in his family. The artist, according to the ingenious d'Hancarville, has composed the countenance of the apostle by blending together his own features and those of Julius, like Apelles, who, in a portrait made for the temple of Ephesus, made Alexander and Jupiter both recognisable, without impairing the youthful appearance of the former or the majesty of the latter. The four subjects in black and white on the ceiling, greatly injured, are treated with exquisite taste.

The *Battle of Constantine*, the largest historical painting known and one of the best composed battle scenes, though executed by Giulio Romano, shows the order, the sagacity, the method, of Raphael in his greatest and most vivid compositions. This picture wants nothing but a richer and more picturesque colour. Poussin, however, was of opinion that the rough tints of Giulio Romano were suited to the fury of such a struggle. The enthusiasm and warmth of execution admired in this painting are so great that, according to an able Italian critic, the artist seems to be carried away by the action he depicts, to participate in the ardour of the warriors, and

to fight, if the expression be allowable, with his pencil. One of the most touching episodes is the young standard-bearer, whose dead body is raised by an old soldier. The two fine lateral figures of *Justice* and *Benignity* are entirely by Raphael. The former, remarkable for her stately and graceful attitude and the full majestic adjustment of the draperies, lays one hand on the long neck of an ostrich somewhat strangely placed beside her. The sheep at the feet of *Benignity* is a much more natural attribute of that figure, likewise distinguished by its quiet and ingenuous air.

The *Cross appearing to Constantine*, by Giulio Romano, displays all his power and boldness. The background contains some of the principal monuments of Rome; the dwarf attempting with both hands to put a helmet on his head is a whimsical episode, unworthy of such a composition.

Raphael is visible in the fine invention of the *Baptism of Constantine*. Some parts of Constantine's baptistry, a small octagonal church near Saint John in *Laterano*, are still in nearly the same state. The personage in black with a velvet cap is Giovanni Francesco Penni, called *Il Fattore* because he managed the money matters of Raphael his master; this painting was feebly terminated by him. The clare-obscures of the basement, by Polidoro di Caravaggio, are excellent. The ceiling, by Lauretti, all but the temple, the perspective of which is wonderful, presents gigantic and clumsy figures of vulgar forms and harshly coloured. The history of this ceiling is pretty good proof of the bad effects of excessive encouragement. The artist was lodged in the palace, and had obtained from Gregory XIII. such favours and a kind of princely state, that, becoming used to this pleasant life and wishing to prolong it, he had made little haste, and had not finished at the pope's death. Sixtus V., being less patient, insisted on his scaffold being taken down without delay: thus compelled to expedition, Lauretti finished the ceiling some way or other in less than a year: it had not the least success, and the merciless Sixtus not only refused to pay him, but compelled him to disburse the expenses of his splendid living, and even the keep of a horse he had purchased, by which he was ruined.

1 Bellori, *Descrizione delle Pitture*, p. 116.

The little chapel built and decorated by Pope Nicholas V. ought not to be forgotten. This pope had it painted by Fra Angelico, whose charmingly natural frescos represent different incidents of the life of Saints Stephen and Laurence, and although partially injured, are worthy of the excellent Florentine master of the fifteenth century. Such was the pious simplicity of Fra Angelico, that the pope, touched at the condition to which he was reduced by incessant labour and the austerity of his fasts, commanded him to eat meat: "I have not the prior's permission," innocently answered the religious artist.

## CHAPTER IV.

Vatican library.—Nicholas V.—Excommunication.—Virgil.—Terence.—Petrarch.—Dante.—Bible of the dukes of Urbino.—Breviary of Mathias Corvinus.—Manuscript of the monk of the Golden Isles.—Letters of Henry VIII.—Sketch of the first cantos of the *Jerusalemme*.—Other autographs of Tasso.—Printed books.

The first beginning of the Vatican, the oldest library in Europe, was under Pope Saint Hilary, who collected some manuscripts in his palace of Saint John in *Laterano* in 465. This illustrious library was transferred to the Vatican by Nicholas V., who must be regarded as the actual founder, an admirable pope, and worthy precursor of Leo X., and not less serviceable than he to letters and the arts, though less renowned. One of his successors, Sixtus IV., also enriched it considerably, as we learn from these verses of Ariosto :

Di libri antichi anche mi puoi proporre  
Il numer grande, che per publico uso  
Sisto da tutto il mondo se raccorre.\*

Sixtus had appointed Platina librarian, and receives from him the same elogium

\* Sat. vii. 439.

<sup>2</sup> This library, taken at Heidelberg by Tilli, was presented to Pope Gregory XV. by Maximilian, duke of Bavaria. It is singular enough that one of the most precious portions of the Vatican is the proceeds of pillage. The manuscripts, thirty-eight in number, which had been brought to Paris, were restored to the university of Heidelberg in 1815, as well as the eight hundred and forty-seven German manuscripts remaining at Rome, the celebrated Teutonic manuscript of the *Paraphrased translation of the Gospel*, by Otfrid, and four Latin manuscripts concerning the history of the university.

in these verses, less elegant than he usually wrote :

Templa, domum expositis, vicos, fora, mœnia,  
pontes  
Virgineam Trivii quod reparavit aquam  
Prisca licet nautis statusas dare commoda portus,  
Et Vaticanum cingere, Xiste, jugum;  
Plus tamen urbs debet, nam quæ squallore latebat  
Cernitur in celebri bibliotheca loco.

The present spacious edifice appropriated to the library, of Fontana's architecture, was ordered by Sixtus V., who, by reiterated menaces, succeeded in getting it built in one year, and painted in the next; but he seems to have paid more attention to the decoration of the building than the increase of the books. It is not improbable that the erection and external embellishments of this library cost more than its manuscripts and books. Leo X., in employing persons to seek for manuscripts in distant parts and copy them, was as zealous as his two successors Adrian VI. and Clement VII. were indifferent, as may be seen by these two opposite and indifferent epigrams by the zealous librarian Sabeus, the first addressed to Leo, the second to his cousin Clement, who was indeed truly unworthy of the name of Medici :

Ipsæ tull pro te discrimina, damna, labores,  
Et varios casus barbarie in media,  
Carcere ut eriperem, et vinculis et funere libros  
Qui te conspicerent et patriam reduce.

Dicere non possum, quod sim tua, visere quam non  
Hactenus ipse vells, Septime, nec pateris.  
Hinc gemo et illacrymor, quod sim tibi villor alga,  
Sordidior cœno, Tisiphone horridior.

Besides the different purchases made by the popes, the Vatican has successively augmented by the libraries of the elector palatine,\* of the dukes of Urbino,<sup>3</sup> of Christina,<sup>4</sup> of the marquis Capponi, and

This university of Heidelberg, so fallen in our days through the unruly conduct of the students, counted among its pupils Sand, the fanatical assassin of Kotzebue, who had profited but little from the restitution of the manuscript Gospel.

<sup>3</sup> The library of Urbino was founded about the end of fifteenth century by Duke Federico of Montefeltro, a great book-hunter, who, at the taking of Volterra, in 1472, claimed no booty but a Hebrew Bible.

<sup>4</sup> Part of Christina's books, like those of the old library of the elector palatine, were obtained by conquest, having been taken at Wurtzburg, Pra-

of the Ottoboni family. It now contains a hundred thousand volumes and twenty-four thousand manuscripts, namely: five thousand in Greek, sixteen thousand in Latin and Italian; the last few in number; and three thousand in different oriental languages. Such is the mystery of its bookcases that no one would suspect what literary treasures it contains, and that the traveller who goes over it is not really struck with anything but the paintings, the Etruscan and Sévres vases, the beautiful column of oriental alabaster, and the two statues of the sophist Aristides and the bishop St. Hippolytus; the latter is a work of the fourth century, and on the seat is sculptured the celebrated paschal calendar, composed by the saint in the year 223, to combat the error of those heretics who celebrated Easter on the same day as the Jews. Among the objects exposed in the different rooms, may be remarked a small fresco of the eighth century representing Charlemagne, and the iron armour of the constable of Bourbon, except the sword, in which he perished during the sack of Rome, a great catastrophe both for letters and the arts, which amid the bright days of the revival, was like a day of the barbarian invasion.

On a marble table in the reading-room, nearly always deserted, is the decree of Sixtus V., excommunicating any man, even the librarian or his assistants, who should take a single volume out of the

library without an autograph permission from the pope, a regulation breathing the Roman pontifical spirit, and utterly opposed to the literary habits of France.

The fifty miniatures of the *Virgil* are a curious monument of painting in Italy in the fourth and fifth centuries. The portrait of Virgil seems the least uncertain image of his features. Some details of the miniatures, by their simplicity, nature, brightness, and even a kind of dignity, recall older and better times. Most of these compositions, though incorrect and without either clare-obscure or perspective, render the different subjects with great nicety.

The *Terence*, of the end of the eighth century or beginning of the ninth, seems a copy of an original of earlier date. The figures are animated and expressive, but still more barbarous than those of the *Virgil*. These two ornaments of the Vatican made part of Bembo's library, from which they passed into that of the dukes of Urbino. The first had previously belonged to the celebrated Pontano; the second, to the Neapolitan poet Porcello Pandonio, who had ceded it to Bernardo Bembo, the cardinal's father. This manuscript is extremely curious for its information respecting the habits of the time and some ancient usages, several of which have continued to our days, such as the use of the neckerchief (*sudarium*), still worn at Rome by servants and other labouring men.

gue, and Bremen, by her father Gustavus Adolphus, who carried the libraries of the Jesuits and Capuchins into Sweden.

The population of Rome, which under Leo X. had risen from forty thousand to ninety thousand, was reduced to thirty-two thousand. Beside the ravage of the Vatican, a long catalogue might be made of the works and learned labours that were lost in this pillage. It was the subject of an interesting treatise by Valeriano on the misfortunes of men of letters (*de Litteratorum infelicitate*). Raphael's school was dispersed by the ill-treatment of the soldiery. See an eloquent answer by Count Castiglione to the dialogue of the secretary Valdes on this event, and the book, by an unknown author, entitled: "Ragguaglio istorico di tutto l'occorso, giorno per giorno, nel sacco di Roma dell'anno 1527, scritto da Jacopo Euenaparte, gentiluomo Samminiatense, che vi si trovò presente, trascritto dell'autografo di esso." So great was the terror inspired by the sack of Rome that the name of Bourbon (*Borbone*) continues to be an object of fear and hatred at Rome, and, changed into *Barbone*, it is still used as a bugbear to frighten children. The corpse of the constable was long preserved in the

citadel of Gaeta, and there existed a singular custom of changing its costume three times a year. There is a tradition that the soldier who was charged with the duty of dressing this mummy, had said: "Questo B... grida la notte come un diavolo, se non si veste a suo tempo." If we may judge by Courier's *Lettres inédites* (l. i. p. 36), the Vatican was pillaged with no less fury, ignorance, and cupidity in 1795 than in the sack of 1527. By the article VIII. of the suspension of arms, concluded at Bologna June 23, 1796, it was stipulated that Plus VI. should cede five hundred of the Vatican manuscripts, to be chosen by the commissioners of the republic, and the treaty of Tolentino (art. XIII.) mentions this clause. The commissioners named were Monge, Barthélemy, a painter, Molitte, a sculptor, and Tinel, who had but little experience in paleography, and received their directions from Paris, taken from Montfaucon's *Bibliotheca bibliothecarum*. Printed books, vases, and medals, were also taken against the text of the treaty. See the work entitled: "Recensio manuscriptorum codicum qui ex universa bibliotheca Vaticana selecti.... procuratoribus Gallorum..... traditi fuerunt." Lipsiæ, c1819ccccc11. 8.



A manuscript palimpsestus of the Vatican, which, like those of the Ambrosian at Milan, came from the convent of Saint Colomban di Bobbio, has supplied to Cicero's *Republica* some new fragments, hidden for eight or nine centuries under the text of Saint Augustine's Commentary on the Psalms.

The precious autograph manuscript of Petrarch's *Rime* shows to what extent he laboured his poems :

Da indi in qua cotante carte aspergo  
Di pensieri, di lagrime e d' inchiostro,  
Tanto ne squarcio, n' apparecchio, e vergo.<sup>1</sup>

Petrarch throws some familiar details of his life among his verses : in this manner he writes that he is called to supper (*sed vocor ad cœnam*), and other remarks not less prosaic.

A fine manuscript of Dante in Boccaccio's writing, was sent by him to Petrarch, who, as some say, has annotated it. This manuscript, the most precious of the *Divina Commedia* in existence, is connected with and represents the three great creators of Italian literature, but it does little honour to Petrarch, as it proves how little eager he was to procure the *Divina Commedia*, and shows us by the singular answer to which this present gave occasion, that he concealed his envy of Dante's verses under a show of contempt.

The magnificent Latin Bible of the dukes of Urbino, two large folio volumes, illustrated with figures, arabesques, landscapes, is a monument of art which has been reckoned worthy of Perugino or the best painters his contemporaries.

The mutilated scroll, thirty-two feet long, of fine parchment covered with miniatures, representing a part of the *History* of Joshua, which ornaments a Greek manuscript of the seventh or eighth century, is one of the greatest curiosities of the Vatican.

The *menologus*, or *Greek Calendar*,

ordered by the emperor Basil, embellished with four hundred rich and brilliant miniatures representing martyrdoms of saints of the Greek church, with views of churches, monasteries, and basilics, is a curious and complete monument of the cold, pompous, monotonous painting of the Byzantine school at the end of the tenth century.

The *Breviary* of Mathias Corvinus is admired for the composition and richness of its miniatures and ornaments. This great king of Hungary had collected at Buda a library of more than fifty thousand volumes and manuscripts, confided to two Italians, Galeotti and Ugoletti, the finest of its time ; and its pillage by the Turks in 1527, the year in which Rome was sacked by the troops of Charles V., may be regarded as one of the great bibliographic catastrophes of modern times, and one of the chief events of his reign and of the history of his country. Corvinus purchased annually to the amount of 30,000 ducats, a prodigious sum, equal to 72,600*l.* of our present money. This *Breviary*, of the end of the fifteenth century, seems to have been executed at Florence by one of the clever calligraphers that he maintained in Italy, of whom he had no less than thirty.

A *Life* of *Federico*, duke of Urbino, presents some fine miniatures by Dom Clovio, a good painter of such portraits, pupil of Giulio Romano and friend of Annibale Caro.<sup>2</sup>

The curious Mexican calendar unfolds and stretches to a prodigious length. It is not on human skin like the two horrible Mexican manuscripts of the Dresden and Vienna libraries ; the manuscript in the first of these libraries is also a calendar, and both of them have been represented by Humboldt.

A Plutarch, from Christina's library, has manuscript notes by Grotius.

The imperfect miniatures of the twelfth century on the manuscript of Donizone's Latin poem present the full-

<sup>1</sup> *Trionfi*. These *Rime*, with the note at the Ambrosian and the letter to Dondi (see book vii. ch. v.), are the principal autographs of Petrarch now extant. There is a story stating that in his solitary walks at Vacluse and Arquà, he had written a great number of verses on his pelisse ; but that this garment was burnt at Florence in the sixteenth century, during a plague, as suspected of contagion. See the *Preface* to the edition of the

*Rime* with various readings, followed by the treatise on the *Moral Virtues* of King Robert, who therein takes only the title of king of Jerusalem so as to be more like Solomon ; of the *Tesoretto*, by Brunetto Latini, and of four *Canzoni*, by Bindo Bonicchi, of Siena, Rome, 1642, in folio.

<sup>2</sup> See a charming letter written in his name by the latter to a young German lady, also a vignette painter, t. vi. p. 565 *et seq.*

length portrait of the heroical countess Matilda, holding a grenade: her costume is rich and picturesque; she is covered with a gold cap of a conical form, ornamented with precious stones in the lower part; a rose-coloured veil is thrown over this cap; the chlamys is lack colour, with a gold band also set with stones; the gown is sky blue. Some scenes are characteristic: one miniature represents the emperor Henry IV. prostrated before Matilda, and Hugo, abbot of Cluny, with his crosier and mitre; the inscription is: *The king implores the abbot and Matilda also*. He was in reality indebted to their intercession for the absolution which the pope had refused him; but a powerful emperor at the feet of an abbot and a woman shows the spirit of the age.

The manuscript of the *Lives and poems of Provençal poets*, by Le Monge, of the Golden Isles, as he was surnamed, of the isles of Hyères where this monk, who died in 1408, had his hermitage; this brilliant manuscript had belonged to Petrarch and Bembo, and bears some notes by them. If it be not the original and one of the best manuscripts of the troubadours, it must still be esteemed the most curious monument of the ancient poetry of Provence that the Vatican possesses.

The manuscript copy of the *Treatise on the Seven Sacraments*, the work of Henry VIII., sent and dedicated by him to Leo X., and which procured its author the title of *Angelic*, despite the coarse abuse it lavishes on Luther his adversary, is laboriously written. At the bottom of the last page is this distich in the king's hand:

Anglorum rex Henricus, Leo Decline, militi  
Hoc opus, et fidei testē et amicitie.<sup>1</sup>

The letters of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn, his mistress, the title by which he addresses her, are seventeen in number: nine in French and eight in English. They were at our great library for eighteen years. Love-letters might have been left in France, where they would

have been more naturally placed than in the Vatican.

A sketch of the three first cantos of the *Gerusalemme*, written by Tasso in his nineteenth year, when living at Bologna under the protection of the duke of Urbino, to whom he dedicates them, is singularly interesting. Of the one hundred and sixteen octaves in this manuscript, several are retained in the poem. It was on reading these fine fragments that the Bolognese senator Bolognetti, likewise a poet, rapturously repeated the verses of Propertius on the *Æneid*:

Cedite, Romani scriptores, cedite Græci.  
Nescio quid majus nascitur illade.<sup>2</sup>

The other autographs of Tasso consist of several of his treatises and dialogues: viz.: *Riposta a Plutarco sulla fortuna de' Romani, e della virtù d' Alessandro*; *il Porzio, Dialogo della Virtù*; *il Minturno, Dialogo della Bellezza*; *il Caltaneo, Dialogo delle Conclusioni amorose*; *il Ficino, Dialogo dell' Arti*; *il Malpiglio, secondo Dialogo del Fugir la Moltitudine*; *e il Constantino, Dialogo della Clemenza*.

Some printed works at the Vatican, on vellum, are in the first rank of the masterpieces and rarities of typography; we may enumerate as such: one of the three copies of the *Treatise on the Seven Sacraments* (London, 1501), sent by Henry VIII. to Leo X.; one of the four copies of the famous edition of the *Bible* in four languages, called the Polyglot of Cardinal Ximenes (1514-17); the magnificent Arabic *Bible* (Rome, 1671); the fine Greek *Bible* of Aldus (1518); one of the three copies of the *Epistles of St. Jerome* (Rome, 1468); one of the three copies of the first and rare edition of Aulus Gellius (Rome, 1469). The library of works on art formed by Cicognara, containing more than four thousand eight hundred articles, was sold by him for 4,000*l.* and given to the Vatican by Leo XII.<sup>3</sup> It must be esteemed one of its most important additions.

the library was farther augmented by Cicognara, and a considerable number of volumes of the Vatican have since been added thereto.

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book VIII. ch. II.

<sup>2</sup> *Lib. II., Eleg. ultim. v. 65.*

<sup>3</sup> This number of four thousand eight hundred is taken from the catalogue printed at Pisa in 1821;

## CHAPTER V.

Museum.—Chiaramonti museum.—Medica Minerva.  
 —Nile.—Pio-Clementino museum.—Torso.—Me-  
 leager.—Canova's Perseus, Wrestlers.—Mercury.  
 —Laocoon.—The Apollo.—Hall of animals.—  
 Ariadne.—Jupiter.—Visit by torchlight.—Grego-  
 riano museum.—Geographical maps.—Arazzi.

The museum of the Vatican, the finest and richest in the world, was begun about fifty years ago in a court and a garden. One hardly knows which to admire most, the zeal of the late pontiffs, or the singular fecundity of a soil which has produced so many chefs-d'œuvre in so little time. Pliny states that in his day there were more statues at Rome than inhabitants. The abbé Barthélemy calculated that, notwithstanding the ravages of centuries and the mutilations of the barbarians, the number of statues exhumed at Rome up to the present century exceeded seventy thousand. If we likewise consider the great number of its columns, differing in size and workmanship, without including those destroyed or transported to other countries, how numerous must the edifices have been, how glorious the splendour of the eternal city, when peopled with this multitude of figures, uninjured or new, placed in these same sumptuous edifices! A bishop of Tours, the venerable Hildebert, who died in 1139, celebrated the antique statues then discovered at Rome in verses remarkably elegant for the time, and with a kind of profane reverence extraordinary in a bishop of the twelfth century :

Nec tamen annorum series, nec flamma, nec ensis  
 Ad plenum potuit tale abolere decus,  
 Nec superum formas superi mirantur et ipsi  
 Et cupiunt fletis vultibus esse pares.  
 Nec potuit Natura Deos hoc ore creare  
 Quo miranda Deum signa creavit homo.  
 Cultus adest his numinibus, potiusque coluntur  
 Artificis studio, quam deitate sua.

It is impossible to contemplate unmoved this great number of personages known and unknown, of these names, stones, and inscriptions, which are like an apparition, a resurrection of antiquity. The physiognomies of many of these personages differ much from their fame: the features of Nero, of a noble expression, are not disfigured by crime; Marcus Aurelius has not a very fine face; Claudius might be supposed a wit.

The vast Chiaramonti museum was created by Pius VII. and classed by Canova. The following articles may be distinguished: a fine fragment of a basso-relievo of Apollo seated; a statue of a woman with the attributes of Autumn; the hermes, called *Plato, Sleep*, or the *bearded Bacchus*, but which seems to be a portrait of a person unknown; the curious little hermes presenting the double emblem of *Bacchus*, young and old; a statue of Domitian; a *Discobolus* in a niche of *Braccio Nuovo*; a head of *Apollo* near it; the *Lucius Verus* naked, as a hero, cleverly restored by Bacetti, the head and trunk only being antique; the bust of *Commodus*; the beautifully elegant *Minerva*, erroneously called *Medica*, in perfect preservation, the best of all statues of *Minerva*, surnamed by Canova, the *Apollo of draped figures*; the colossal *Nile*, noble and poetic, with the sixteen little figures, emblems of the sixteen cubits necessary to inundate Egypt; a pretty little *Anadyomene Venus*; an unknown Greek philosopher resembling a *Homer* in the head; the superb statue of *Fortune*; *Antonia*, mother of *Claudius*; the *Juno*, called *Clemency*; the bust of *Caracalla* when young; an *Euripides*, full of character; a graceful *Ganymedes*; a *Demosthenes*, whose stuttering is seen and heard by the motion of the lips; a *Nerva* superiorly draped; *Antinous* under the form of *Vertumnus*; two heads, one of which passes for *Sappho*, the other for *Niobe*; a bust of *Adrian*; a head of *Venus* of admirable outline; *Sabina*, *Adrian's* wife, as *Venus*; the bust supposed to be *Trajan's* father; a fine head of *Cicero*.

The *Pio-Clementino* museum takes its name from the popes *Clement XIII.*, *Clement XIV.*, and *Pius VI.*, who began and augmented it; the latter bought more than two thousand statues. The sarcophagus of *peperino* and the noble and simple inscriptions taken from the tomb of the *Scipios*, seem to have been torn away by a real profanation; and they would be of far more touching effect in that solitary place, than exposed amid a promiscuous crowd of statues in a museum; the inscription of the sarcophagus, stating it to be that of *Cornelius Lucius Scipio Barbatus*, the conqueror

<sup>1</sup> See post ch. xlv.



of the Sammites and of Lucania, is not, as long supposed, the oldest in Latin, though among the most ancient.

The sublime torso of Apollonius, perhaps the best piece of sculpture in the Vatican, is apparently one of the latest masterpieces of art among the Greeks before the loss of liberty. No other figure has the flesh so true. Winckelman, whose science is very superior to his taste, falls into a singular exaggeration in his Pindaric description of the Torso, both in comparing the back to a chain of pleasant hills of muscles, and in pretending that the body is above human wants, that it has no veins, and that it is made to enjoy life and not to eat: this stomach, with all its ideal, is that of a man of excellent digestion. Michael Angelo used to say that he was the pupil of the Torso: he was indebted to it for his grandeur, as may be seen by the naked of the figures in the chapel of the Tombs, and he has almost copied it in the St. Bartholomew of the Sixtine. The tradition that he when aged and blind often felt the Torso with his hands, despite its uncertainty, is characteristic of the spirit of the time and the passion for antiquity that prevailed among the artists of that epoch.

The legs and drapery of the fine Meleager, one of the best preserved antique statues, are hard and formal: the boar's head is perfect, and proves the care with which the ancients executed animals and treated the different accessories.

The *Perseus*, by Canova in his youth, and not one of his good works, was his first heroic statue. Notwithstanding the artist's opposition, it was set on the pedestal of the absent Apollo, and obtained the surname of the *Consolatrice*. With all the merit of the muscles and ingenuity of contrast, the *Damoxenes* and *Creugas* have the air of pugilists; it is difficult to imagine a more ignoble conqueror than the first of these wrestlers: it is the triumph of brute force in its most abject state.

The Mercury, long erroneously called the *Antinous of the Vatican*, is perfect in grace, vigour, and softness.

The *Laocoon* seems to be of the times of the first emperors. The three artists of this immortal chef-d'œuvre, so finely blending strength, expression, and pain, which Pliny and Diderot reckon the sublimest performance known, were Age-

sander and his two sons, Polydorus and Athenodorus, of Rhodes. Sadolet celebrated the discovery of the *Laocoon* in an eloquent poem, his best work. A lucrative recompense was accorded by Julius II. to Felice de' Fredis, who had found it in his vineyard; he and his sons received a portion of the gabel dues at the gate of Saint John in *Laterano*, and when Leo X. restored this revenue to the basilic, he gave them in compensation the office then called *officium scriptoriæ apostolicæ*, which is now abolished. A curious letter from Cesare Trivulzio to his brother Pomponio, written from Rome on the 1st of June 1506, gives an account of the festival then celebrated by the *Roman Poets*. *Laocoon* and his sons, though sacrificing at the altar in the temple of Minerva, are quite naked, and yet on beholding this isolated ideal representation of suffering humanity, of this spectacle of terror and pity excited by the anguish of the father and his children, the eye does not miss the costume of the high priest, or the fillets of *Laocoon*, so much is truth superior to reality, so completely does the imagination pass over the latter to contemplate the former. Of the multitude of productions inspired by the *Laocoon*, perhaps the happiest is by Canova, who has imitated the head of *Laocoon* in the dying Centaur of his *Theseus*.

On an enormous granite tomb is a fine basso-relievo representing Augustus about to offer a sacrifice.

The *Apollo* was discovered near Ostia, in Nero's baths, and madame de Staël shrewdly expressed her surprise that he could look at this noble figure without a generous emotion. The convulsive group of the *Laocoon* was found in the hot-baths of Titus: the two chefs-d'œuvre might have been displaced. Winckelman, in his celebrated and emphatic description of the *Apollo*, deems it the sublimest of antique statues; his countryman, Mengs, with still more exaggeration, will have it the only complete example of the sublime. All this studied enthusiasm seems to have caused a reaction in opinions concerning the *Apollo*. M. de Chateaubriand thinks it *trop vanté*; Canova and Visconti are inclined to suppose it an improved imitation of a statue of bronze of much greater antiquity, that of Calamis, which the Athenians placed in the Ceramicus when

they were delivered from the plague. The shuddering anger of the conqueror of Python, though rather theatrical, does not impair his divine beauty. Such is the privilege of Italy, and such was our long barbarism in the arts, that the Apollo, placed by Michael Angelo in the court of the Belvedere, has reigned over the other masterpieces of antique statuary for three hundred years, whilst our *Diana*, which is neither less animated nor less noble, and, when placed in juxtaposition with the Apollo for fifteen years by our victories, appeared not inferior and is even preferred by some good judges of the present day, was neglected and misesteemed in the gallery of Versailles, by the court, the men of genius of the seventeenth century, and the wits of the following.

The Hall of Animals, a brilliant museum of beasts, a menagerie of art, is unique. It is a further proof of the wonderful skill of the ancients in representing animals, and in imparting to them their peculiar kind of beauty. A *Stag* of flowered alabaster, a *Tiger*, a *Lion* in yellow breccia, a great *Lion* in bigio marble, a *Griffin*, of flowered alabaster, are worthy of particular notice. The emperor *Commodus* on horseback, throwing a javelin, is living, and like the great *Tiberius* of the principal niche, is not misplaced amid the ferocious beasts of this gallery.

The gallery of statues presents a fine *Caligula*; a superb *Amazon* drawing a bow, horribly repaired; a small and very pretty *Urania*; the two remarkable seated statues of *Menander* and *Possidippus*, formerly called *Marius* and *Sylla*; a *Venus* with a vase, supposed to be an antique copy of the *Venus* of Praxiteles; *Ariadne* forsaken, long called *Cleopatra*, a noble composition, which has almost given a reputation for dignity and constancy to this frivolous and voluptuous Egyptian, the real *Armida* of antiquity. The discovery of this figure, which is somewhat dry in the draperies and perhaps only a copy of a more perfect original, inspired the Count Castiglione with one of those elegant pieces that the literati of the revival produced on the apparition of the antique chefs-d'œuvre, which concludes with a Virgilian panegyric of the age of Leo X.

In the last chamber of the busts is the celebrated statue of *Jupiter* seated, tran-

quil, with the sceptre and thunderbolt in his hands, and the eagle at his feet.

The cabinet called *delle Maschere*, ornamented with precious marble and the magnificent mosaic pavement of Adrian's villa, contains the graceful *Ganymedes* and the eagle, the *Venus* ready to bathe, the basso-relievo of *Adrian's Apotheosis*, and a *Diana*.

In the hall of the Muses, of which Melpomene, I believe, is the finest, the portraits of illustrious persons with names in Greek are extremely interesting: a hermes of *Sophocles*, very rare; the orator *Æschines*, unique; an inferior *Aspasia* veiled; a hermes of *Pericles* covered with a helmet, very scarce; *Alcibiades*; a hermes of *Socrates*. The *Apollo Citharæda* crowned with laurels, in a long robe, singing and dancing, is very fine.

The well-lighted rotunda, the rich mosaic pavement of which is one of the largest existing, has a magnificent bowl of porphyry, found in the thermæ of Titus, a colossal head of *Jupiter*, and a colossal *Juno*.

The door of the spacious hall of the Greek Cross is one of the most imposing ever seen. In the entrance, the two enormous *sphinxes* of red granite and in the centre on the pavement a *Pallas*, a mosaic of hard coloured stones, are superb. A half-naked statue of *Augustus* is precious, and very rare, because it retains its original head.

In the grand staircase, the head of one of the two rivers recumbent was restored by Michael Angelo, but, though fine, it does not accord well with the rest of the statue; the independence of his genius must make him a most unfaithful restorer; instead of the majestic indolence common to rivers, this head has something agitated, violent, satanic.

The apartment of the Car, so called from the elegant antique car, very well repaired, which stands in the middle, has the pretended *Sardanapalus*, which is only a bearded *Bacchus*; a *Bacchus*; a statue of a man veiled in the act of sacrificing, the drapery of which is rich and in good taste; two horses, one antique and restored, the other modern.

The long gallery of Candelabra has some excellent ones; a great *Bacchus* in wonderful preservation; a fine fountain supported by syrens. A mosaic representing fish, a pullet, asparagus, dates

is curious from its having been the floor of a *triclinium*.

Notwithstanding the cortege with which the visit of the statues by torch-light is generally made, a cortege mundane enough and but little favourable to emotion, ten years have not obliterated the impression it made on me. By this light the coloured marble glows and becomes flesh; all the physiognomies of the Roman emperors are alive again; they seem animated with the violent, sanguinary, or abject passions of those masters of the world, and the head of Tiberius seems overloaded with his crimes. The anatomical details and the slightest touches of the chisel are distinctly shown by the reflection of the torches which the *custodi* dexterously wave close by the outlines. This visit also affords an interesting study in an artistical point of view, as some of the antique masterpieces, such as the Laocoon, placed in obscure subterranean thermæ, were intended to be viewed by this light.

The Gregoriano museum is consecrated to Etruscan art; it seems called to high archeological destinies, and already deserves a place in the foremost rank of similar collections by its tombs, its furniture, its jewels, and especially its bronzes and painted vases. Among the bronzes may be distinguished: the *tripod*; the celebrated statue of a woman found at Vulci; the *military figure* of Todi, which is not inferior to it; the *mirror*, formerly supposed the patera of Thamyris; the arm and fragments of the colossal image found in the dock of Civita Vecchia, apparently intended for Trajan; the *beautiful spinster*. Among the vases: *Minerva making Jason young again by means of the dragon which rejects him*; the *Poet between two victories*; the celebrated vase of *Jupiter accompanied by Mercury scaling Alcmena's window*, and the curious amphora of *Orpheus pursued by an enraged woman*.

The geographical maps of P. Ignatius Danti, painted on the walls of the fine corridor called after them, procured that Dominican the archbishopric of Alatri, so much was the court of Rome then inclined to encourage the sciences. The grandfather of Danti, Vincenzo Rainaldi, who had a passion for Italian poetry and for Dante in particular, after presump-

tuously attempting to imitate his style, took his surname, which passed to his descendants.

Although the colour of the tapestry (*arazzi*) executed at Arras and in the towns of Flanders from the cartoons of Raphael is now faded, these celebrated productions faithfully express the broad design and the style of Raphael. The most admirable of these compositions, of the artist's best days, probably executed in the last two years of his life, and one of the first monuments of his mighty genius, are: *St. Peter and St. John healing the cripple*, which, under a rich portico and beside the noblest figures, offers the contrast of the two lame beggars, the ideal of deformity; the *Massacre of the Innocents*, so touching and fearful in expression; *Elymas the sorcerer struck blind by St. Paul* before the proconsul, of which only the half escaped the sack of 1527, remarkable for the stupefaction of the proconsul and spectators, and the gestures of Elymas suddenly deprived of sight, who stretches out his arms, to seek support, and grope his way; *Jesus Christ giving the keys to St. Peter*, pure and noble in design and effect, proving also by its scenery that Raphael could have excelled in landscape; *Ananias struck dead by St. Peter*, which seems by Raphael alone, in such high degree does this conception blend the ensemble of the qualities that constitute and even serve to define the pictorial art: the group of apostles, in which St. Peter is most conspicuous, shows the simplicity of these fishermen become preachers and missionaries: Ananias violently thrown on the ground, and the two persons behind him, admirably explain his imposture and the death that ensued; the *Miraculous draught of fishes*, lively, fresh, and brilliant, the waters of which, with the sky, the scenery, and the aquatic birds of the foreground, seem by Giovanni d'Udina; *St. Paul preaching at Athens*, reckoned the finest of these tapestries, which includes in the physiognomies of the characters the different degrees of examination, faith, and unbelief; *St. Paul and St. Barnabas in the town of Lystra*, restoring the use of his limbs to a cripple and refusing the idolatrous worship of the inhabitants, a distinct, varied, and speaking composition; the *Ascension*, grand, and the *Adora-*



tion of the *Kings*, so striking for the diversity of the clothes and ornaments, the pomp of the Asiatic cortege with its elephants and camels, and especially by the contrast of such gorgeous grandeur at the feet of a child with a manger for a cradle. Italy no longer possesses the cartoons of this precious collection, ordered by Leo X., a part of the exquisite ornaments of which allude to the glory of the Medici, and show with what art Raphael had appropriated to himself the taste and system of the historiographical sculpture of Trajan's column; seven of the principal cartoons have passed into England, and may be seen in the gallery of Hampton-court palace.

## CHAPTER VI.

Gallery.—Transfiguration.—Communion of St. Jerome.—Saint Romuald.—The Madonna di Foligno.—Other paintings.—Portrait of George IV.

The gallery of the Vatican has not fifty pictures, but three or four of them make it the first in the world. The *Transfiguration*, the chef-d'œuvre of painting, praised, admired, celebrated for three centuries, brought Raphael little more than a thousand crowns of the present currency, and it was intended for a small town of France, Narbonne, of which Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, who ordered it, was archbishop. Every body knows that this immortal work was the finest decoration of Raphael's funeral, deceased in his thirty-seventh year: what might he not have done had he lived the ninety-nine years of Titian, or the eighty-six of Michael Angelo? But who knows that his unique destiny was not complete, that he was not opportunely withdrawn by Providence, and that, after attaining perfection, being incapable of surpassing himself, he was not favoured even in his death? Some learned judges have reproached the *Transfiguration* with want of unity, but its twofold action, in conformity with the evangelical narrative, is connected and proceeds simultaneously. It may even be said that in this magnificent composition, heaven, earth, and hell allegorically contribute to recognise the God-man. The latter figure really renders the divinity visible. The upper part is superb; the side of the apostles very pathetic; the woman kneeling and

the demoniac are of a less despairing perfection, and may have been finished by Giulio Romano.

The celestial expression of resignation given by Domenichino to his *St. Jerome* has almost procured the irascible and impetuous doctor of the Latin church a reputation for mildness which his writings and combats contradict. The arts have an immense moral power to which the genius of eloquence or even poetry cannot attain. If there are talents that precede great and good taste, there are others not less admirable that survive it: Masaccio and Domenichino, models equally classical at different periods, are the different prodigies of these phases of painting. The *Communion of St. Jerome*, admirable for the unity and judgment of its composition, and the truth, the simplicity of its figures, is regarded as the best painting at Rome after the *Transfiguration*, and deserves all its renown: yet, might not one suppose the perfect nudity of the saint rather strange amid personages so richly clothed and under so fine a portico? The angels in the upper part of the picture, too, would seem more poetical if painted with a vapoury tint, instead of having the same carnation and the same prominence as the terrestrial figures. The tone of the painting is a reddish black, a defect to be attributed to the bad practice of the Bolognese school of painting on canvas printed red, which in process of time overcomes the shades and the half-tints. Domenichino received only fifty crowns for this chef-d'œuvre, and had the annoyance of seeing an indifferent French artist paid double for a copy.

The *history of St. Nicholas of Bari*, in several compartments, by Fra Angelico, has all his charm. The *Sibyl and Augustus*, by Garofolo, is remarkable for the radiant and bearded head of the emperor.

A *Piety* is one of Mantegna's best works. A *Doge of Venice*, a fine portrait, and the *Virgin with saints*, excellent, are by Titian. *Sixtus IV. installing Platina as librarian of the Vatican*, by an unknown author, is of interest for the action and the resemblance of the portraits. The *Descent from the Cross*, the masterpiece of Michelangelo di Caravaggio, has a potency of effect, a force of expression, and a vigour equally extraordinary; but how

is it possible to recognise in those mean heads, though so cleverly painted, the image of Christ and the Virgin? Caravaggio, the exaggerated antagonist of his contemporary the Cav. d'Arpino, has fallen into the ugly, through horror of mannerism.

The *St. Helena* is of the best days of Paolo Veronese. A *Resurrection of Christ* is of Perugino's earlier style: the sleeping soldier is said to be the portrait of Raphael, who, on his side, painted Perugino in the figure of a soldier flying in terror.

The *Crowning of the Virgin in the middle of the angels*, abandoned and resumed by Raphael, was finished after his death by Giulio Romano and *Il Fattore*, his pupils and legatees: the former did the upper part; the latter the lower. It is easy to distinguish the work of these two masters. The group of apostles scarcely reaches mediocrity.

*St. Romuald and his disciples*, by Andrea Sacchi, was long regarded as one of the four paintings of Rome. If unworthy so high a rank, it is nevertheless difficult to contemplate it unmoved: there is in each of these monks a character of piety, different, but equally true, profound, and melancholy.

The *Crucifixion of St. Peter*, by Guido, is poor in design and deficient in energy. The *Martyrdom of St. Erasmus*, though the largest of Poussin's paintings, is one of the worst: the martyr's head has a fine expression. The *St. Thomas*, one of Guercino's good works, is correct in design and harmonious in colouring. The *Ecstasy of Saint Micheline*, Baroccio's masterpiece, is false in colouring, affected in design, and poor in composition: its only merit is a kind of freedom and facility of pencil. The *Martyrdom of Sts. Processus and Martinian*, an energetic painting, and Valentin's best, but getting too black, recalls the vivacious petulant manner of Michelangelo di Caravaggio.

The *Madonna di Foligno*, one of Raphael's first chefs-d'œuvre, presents in its two parts the expression of divine and human nature: the Infant standing, with its head and eyes turned upwards to the Virgin, and holding a kind of tablet, is ravishing for gracefulness, beauty, and shape; to the left, kneeling, the chamberlain of Pope Julius II., Sigis-mundo Conti, who had ordered the paint-

ing, seems rather life itself than paint; the St. John Baptist, though eulogised by Vasari, is the least perfect in execution of all the personages in this admirable composition.

The *Redeemer on the rainbow amid the angels*, and holding out his arms as if to draw all men to him, by Correggio, was ordered of him for his native town; without being among his most finished works, it is still remarkable and precious.

The full length portrait of George IV., given by him to Pope Pius VII., is in the gallery. A portrait of a king of England placed with honour in the Vatican, would have been a strange event two centuries ago. I cannot forget the odd and contradictory impression produced on me by this work of Lawrence put in the first room. On entering, it appeared to have effect, brilliancy, and a kind of noble reality; but when going out, after contemplating the classic masterpieces of the great masters of the Italian schools, it seemed frightful, deformed, illuminated, and I found that this royal figure, with all its ribands, had the air of an actor dressed for his part and practising in his closet. The study of the writers of the age of Louis XIV. would probably be a no less fatal ordeal to the verse and prose of certain great authors now living.

## CHAPTER VII.

Mosaic workroom.—Cav. Barberi.—Garden.—  
Villa Pia.

The vast workroom (*studio*) of mosaic, placed under the direction of S. Camuccini, occupies a part of the ancient palace of the tribunal of the Inquisition, created by the violent Pius V. The collection of enamels of various shades amounts to nearly seventeen thousand. This slow work (twenty years being in some cases necessary to make a picture), this patient handicraft, gives immortality to the perishable chefs-d'œuvre of painting; but after all it is only a copying imitative talent. The necessity of occupying this manufacture has some disadvantages for Saint Peter's, which has already received too many ornaments, and is here menaced with a perpetuity of the evil.

This art of mosaic, which, according to the fine expression of the poet:

L'arte che i dipinti emula e serba,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Monti.

seems indigenous at Rome, and its history is preserved from the fourth century. In our days it has been cleverly practised by the Cav. Michelangelo Barberi, of Rome, whose grand and poetic compositions decorate the palaces and houses of London, Munich, Vienna, and Saint Petersburg. The workroom of this mosaist, which must not be confounded with the shop of S. Giovacchino Barberi in the Piazza di Spagna, affords foreigners equal pleasure and interest, for the Cav. Barberi is both a superior artist and a man of parts.

The gardens of the Vatican, begun by Nicholas V., were enlarged and embellished by Julius II., under the direction of Bramante. The colossal pineapple with the two peacocks in bronze is said to have surmounted Adrian's mausoleum; but it could not have been on the top of the Pantheon, as the roof is open at the place where it must have been set. The pedestal of the column of Antoninus Pius, with fine sculptures, and the apotheosis of Antoninus and Faustina, is perfect.

But the principal ornament of these gardens is the charming *Villa Pia* or *Casino del Papa*, erected by Pius IV., from the designs of the illustrious antiquary Pirro Ligorio, one of the smallest and most celebrated monuments of Rome, perhaps the most original creation, and one of the most perfect, of modern architecture. The gushing fountain falls into a basin of violet marble, more valuable for its workmanship than material; at the extremities, the two groups of children on a dauphin are Roman and of a good epoch. This villa, a happy and poetical inspiration from the ancients, is covered with exquisite figures and ornaments, taken from fable and mixed without impropriety with biblical subjects, grander and more numerous. A curious collection of antique basso-relievos in burnt earth, was formed by Canova.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Coliseum.—Impression of the ruins.—Moonlight.

The Coliseum represents ancient Rome, as Saint Peter's new and Christian Rome: in no part of the world are there monuments that speak more forcibly to the soul in different ways. The history of the Coliseum shows the various

changes that have taken place in society during nearly eighteen centuries: a magnificent circus of gladiators under Titus, an arena of martyrs under Diocletian, it became a military post in the middle ages, a kind of redoubt contended for by the rival families of Frangipani and Annibaldi; it is a hospital during plagues; or brilliant lists for knights. At the close of the fourteenth century, the epoch of its principal destruction, for it was less injured by the barbarians than reviving science and civilisation, it is only a stone-quarry, furnishing till the middle of the next century, materials for the building of several great palaces of Rome. Sixtus V. wanted to convert it into a woollen factory and make shops under the arcades, a project that his death put aside, though the clever architect Fontana had given a plan of this vulgar transformation. In the last century, the president Debrosses, an ingenious and learned traveller, but tainted with the corrupt taste of the time, proposed to pull down the ruined half of the Coliseum to mend the other with, and thus to have a half Coliseum in good repair, rather than leave the whole in latters. The ruined appearance is on the contrary one of the beauties of the Coliseum, and I freely confess that I have lately thought it too much rebuilt, renovated, and modernized.

The Coliseum did not take its modern name, due to its colossal mass, till about the eighth century, and it is most wonderful that a Christian, Gaudentius, is reputed the architect of this Flavian amphitheatre, so fatal to his religion, and thus named from Vespasian who begun it.

The impression made by ruins differs according to the age of the spectator: they please in youth, because they contrast with the life, ardour, and hopes that one feels within; but in a more advanced age, when this disposition has changed, and one's self is nothing more than another kind of ruin, they sadden, and all this vanished greatness only makes you reflect that yourself must also pass away. Ruins, whatever the poet may say, do not console each other, and this grand image, applicable perhaps to sudden reverses of fortune, is not so to the irreparable ravages of time.

The effect of the Coliseum, when one climbs and goes over the different stages,



is wondrous; the variety of the views is renewed at each arcade, and presents a thousand details of ruins that cannot be expressed. This first of amphitheatres might perhaps contain more than a hundred thousand spectators, eighty-seven thousand on the raised seats, and twenty thousand under the porticos: The Calvary founded by Clement X., and restored by Benedict XIV., with its cross of painted wood and fourteen little chapels, is too paltry for such a place; there ought to have been a more solid, more imposing monument, to bear witness to the triumph of Christianity in the very scene of its persecutions: Michael Angelo's *Christ victorious* would have a fine effect there.<sup>1</sup> In the evening I heard a monk preach in the Coliseum; he was surrounded by a brotherhood whose costume left the eyes only visible. Notwithstanding the inspiration he might have drawn from recollections of the martyrs and the neighbourhood of the Forum, his discourse was but a poor sermon on penance; he delivered it from a kind of hustings (*palco*), continually stepping from one side to the other, and his agitation, a kind of evolution, was cold and almost uniform.

There are some usages among travellers not remarkable for good sense, but the practice of visiting the Coliseum by moonlight is not of that number. Its ruins then appear aggrandised, and its arcades are truly resplendent. I cannot forget the evening that I passed there with the ladies G\*\* and our excellent painter Schnetz. We climbed to the summit, and went under vaults recently cleared. A man preceded us with a torch, and Schnetz made ingenious dispositions so as to show the wonderful effects of light and shade.

## CHAPTER IX.

Forum.—Tabularium.—Temples of Fortune,—of Concord.—Arch of Septimius Severus.—Column of Phocas.—Columns of the temple of Jupiter Stator.—Curia.—Via Sacra.—Temple of Antonia and Faustina.—Basilic of Constantine.—Temple of Venus and Rome.—Arch of Titus.—Palatine.—Palace of the Cæsars.—Farnese gardens.—Vigna Palatina.—Arch of Constantine.—Basso-relievos.

The Forum, the most illustrious spot in

the universe, became the ignoble *Campo-Vaccino*; antiquarians had restored its noble name without changing its destiny: the lowing of oxen was heard where the magnificent language of the Roman orator once resounded, and, for all but simplicity of manners, one might say as in the time of Evander:

Passimque armenta videbant  
Romanoque foro, et lautis mugire carinis.<sup>2</sup>

The rostra were in the centre, till Cæsar had them removed to the corner near the Velabrum. The excavations of the Forum, begun by the French administration, which cleared the principal monuments, have been since resumed, and carried on with intelligence and activity, and while other capitals are increasing by new edifices and buildings, Rome is enlarged and embellished by the discovery of its antique ruins. The monuments in the Forum were crowded, confused, not having the clear open space considered indispensable before modern monuments.

Descending towards the Forum, we pass under the vast substructions of the *Tabularium*, the only considerable building prior to the emperors now remaining, the sole state edifice of ancient Rome, and one of its most majestic monuments, the archives in which the senatus-consulta and other public acts were kept on tables of bronze, the brazen diplomas of the grandeur of the imperial people. The stern arches of the *Tabularium*, of travertine and peperino, seem in analogy with the harsh government and policy of republican Rome:

Nec ferrea jura,  
Iusannumque Forum, aut populi tabularia vidit.<sup>3</sup>

The temple of Fortune, for a long time supposed the temple of Concord, according to a learned German antiquary, is the *Juliana basilic*. It is composed of fragments of divers epochs, some of the best days of art, but the plan belongs to the decline.

The same antiquarian, whose authority does not appear infallible, sees the wreck of a temple of Saturn in the three elegant columns of the temple of Jupiter Tonans, erected by Augustus, after his preser-

<sup>1</sup> See post, ch. xxiii.

<sup>2</sup> Under Pius VII., the cattlemarket was removed outside the *Porta Flaminia*, near the Tiber, and

this change contributes to public security, which was compromised by the oxen passing through the streets.

<sup>3</sup> Georg. ii. 501.

vation from lightning, which fell one night near his litter in the Spanish war.

The temple of Concord, in which Cicero assembled the senate during Catiline's conspiracy, was burnt under Vitellius, rebuilt under Vespasian, and burnt again in the middle ages; it is now a shapeless ruin, of no interest but for its associations.

The majestic but heavy arch of Septimius Severus announces the epoch of decline. It was erected, as the inscription states, by the Roman senate and people to Septimius Severus and his sons Caracalla and Geta, in memory of the victory over the Parthians, Arabians, and the inhabitants of Adiabena: Geta's name was effaced after his death by his barbarous brother, a fact opposed to the hypocritical apotheosis which he decreed him.

The name of Phocas has also been obliterated from his column by his successor Heraclius. This column to a tyrant has but little interest near the noble theatre of Roman liberty. In style, it appears long prior to Phocas, and must be of the epoch of the Antonini: the exarch Smaragdus probably took it from some edifice to consecrate it to his master.

The three superb Corinthian columns, said to belong to the temple of Jupiter Stator, most certainly never formed part of that edifice. In 1828 and even in 1830, it was the opinion of antiquaries that they belonged to a Græcostasis, a building for the reception of ambassadors from the Greek republics and other allied nations, where they attended the deliberations of the Forum, or awaited an audience of the senate; a vast diplomatic tribune, thus named from the Greek ambassadors sent by Pyrrhus, the first ever received at Rome. The old building had perished, but it was magnificently rebuilt by Antoninus Pius on the same spot of the former pretended Græcostasis.

The ancient Curia Hostilia, where the senate assembled, erected by the third king of Rome, whose name it took, was rebuilt by Augustus, who gave it the surname of *Julia* in honour of Cæsar. These wrecks consist of three well-built walls, in the middle of the south side of the Forum. Between the Curia and

Comitium stood the famous figtree, called *ficus ruminalis*, under which, according to a pious and patriotic tradition, Romulus and Remus were suckled by the wolf; and thus named from the word *Ruma* (teat), a sacred symbol of the empire and eternity of Rome.

On beholding the pavement of the Via Sacra, recently discovered, I fancied I saw Horace advancing, as he was wont, plunged in his trifling reveries:

Ibam forte via Sacra, sicut meus est mos,  
Nescio quid meditans nugarum, totus in illis;

and my thoughts dwelt with pleasure on that charming scene of Roman manners, without any trace of Greek imitation, so generally prevalent in Latin poetry and philosophy.

The temple of Antoninus and Faustina, erected by the senate, shows the magnificence and arrangements of antique temples. The ornaments on the frieze and of its six columns of *cipollino*,<sup>1</sup> the highest known of that brilliant marble, are esteemed as classic models of taste.

The elegant temple of Romulus and Remus is still remarkable for its bronze door, still retaining the fastening, a curious monument of ancient lock-work.

The three majestic arcades, said to belong to the temple of Peace, the subject of hot disputes among antiquarians, are more probably part of the basilic erected by Constantine after his victory over Maxentius.

The temple of Venus and Rome was planned by Adrian, a Cæsar-architect still more jealous of his architect Apollodorus, whom he put to death, than of the emperor Trajan.

The arch of Titus was erected after his death by the senate and the people. The two principal basso-relievos are the best Roman works known: one represents Titus on a triumphal car conducted by an allegorical figure of Rome; the other, the captive Jewish soldiers, the table, the seven-branched golden candlestick, and other spoils from the temple of Jerusalem. When we remember that this city was utterly destroyed by Titus, he seems little worthy his surname of the *delight of mankind*, which he would

<sup>1</sup> The word *cipollino* (little onion) is given by the Italians to this marble, which has several varieties, because the disposition of its veins seems to

bear some resemblance to the strata of an onion. The ancients procured the *cipollino* from Egypt, but the quarries of that country are now unknown.

never have obtained in a really civilised age. What a remarkable thing! how great an argument has been forgotten! the least injured monuments of Rome, the Coliseum and the arch of Titus, are monuments connected with the traditions and history of our religion.

The Palatine, the most celebrated of the seven hills, at once the cradle and the throne of Rome, now presents only some dubious ruins, irregularly covered with holm-oaks, rose-laurels, ivy, and cypress. The palace of the Cæsars was repeatedly demolished, rebuilt, enlarged, or diminished, by its different masters, imperial masons, like all Italians. The first constructions were raised under Augustus; Tiberius and Caligula extended them; afterwards came Nero with his immense gilded house, in which he at last found himself lodged almost like a man, a house which went beyond the Palatine and spread over the Esquiline; Vespasian and Titus suppressed the additions of Nero, out of which they built the Coliseum and the Thermæ called after the latter emperor; Domitian, without exceeding the Palatine, augmented and decorated the palace, which was burnt under Commodus. Despite the devastation inflicted on this palace by the barbarians, a great part of it existed at the beginning of the eighth century, and the emperor Heraclius was crowned there. It seems to have fallen about the middle of the ninth century. Paul III. (Farnese), a learned pope and a poet, built on its site, with a portion of its vast ruins, a delightful villa, on the designs of Vignola, which, abandoned to Neapolitan negligence, is itself but a kind of modern ruin. Its gardens, now degenerated into marshes, badly cultivated, and tended by people of a sinister and sickly air, contained part of the dwelling of Augustus, the magnificent Greek and Latin library founded by him, and the temple of Apollo adjoining, another part of the palace of Tiberius, of Caligula, and of the gilded house.

The two small underground rooms called the *Baths of Livia* have some antique paintings and gildings in good taste and well preserved, which are sufficient to give an idea of the magnificence of the palace to which they belonged.

But there is one charming habitation, which forms a real contrast with the desolate aspect of the Farnese gardens,

the *Vigna Palatina*, situated on the summit of the hill, and which, after being the Spada and then Magnani villa, is at present occupied by an Englishman, Mr. Charles Mills, who does the honours of it with infinite politeness. The view is one of the most remarkable in Rome. The casino has a portico painted by Raphael or Giulio Romano, and carefully restored by S. Camuccini. The garden is covered with roses; and if Nero should revisit those places, he might still say with our eloquent and daring lyric poet:

..... Esclave, apporte-moi des roses,  
Le parfum des roses est doux.

A convenient staircase leads down into the three large and curious rooms of the house of Augustus, discovered in 1777 by our compatriot the abbé Rancureil, superintendent of the Farnese gardens for the court of Naples, who inhabited the villa. The apparition, over the palace of the Cæsars, of this English house, this pleasant *cottage*, with such fresh countenances and grass-plots, seems a monument, a trophy of modern civilisation beside the haughty and despotic barbarism of the ancient masters of the world.

The arch of Constantine, the most imposing of Rome, has all the marks of that epoch of decline; but it is magnificently decorated with eighteen basso-relievos taken from an unknown arch of Trajan; the two most admired, which made only one in their first place, represent the victory over the Dacians. The inscription on the arch of Constantine, *Fundatori quietis*, announces the end of the persecutions of the church with a noble simplicity.

## CHAPTER X.

Capitol.—Lions.—Statues of Castor and Pollux.—Trophies of Marius.—Statue of Marcus Aurelius.—Palace of the Senator.—Academy of the Lincei.—Tower.—View of Rome.

The Capitol and the Palatine, the most illustrious hills in the world, seem almost historical monuments exhibiting and uniting the double contrast of republican and imperial Rome, of freedom and servitude. This noble name of Capitol, corrupted into *Campi d'Oglia* (Field of

<sup>1</sup> Victor Hugo. *Un chant de Fête de Néron*. Ode.



Oil), is scarcely less disguised than that of the Forum. It is true that the petty architecture of the present buildings, though in part by Michael Angelo, corresponds to its modern title and its new destination, as it seems much more worthy to witness the crowning of Italian improvisatori than of the ancient triumphers of Rome.

The two lions of black granite placed on each side the large staircase *a cordoni* must have proceeded from a temple of Serapis. It was near one of them that the Roman tribune of the middle ages, Rienzi, caused his sentences of death to be promulgated; he was killed there by the sword-thrust of an artisan who feared the effect of his popular eloquence; a strange victim of Roman liberty near the spot which was once its proudest refuge.

The two colossal statues represent Castor and Pollux ready to guide their steeds.

The two beautiful trophies called *Trophies of Marius*, said to have been erected to him after the defeat of the Cimbri and Teutones, but which Sylla would not have left standing, are doubtless of the time of Augustus or Trajan. Notwithstanding the opinion of learned antiquarians, the high character of their sculpture proclaims them not of the epoch of Septimius Severus.

The equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, the only great bronze statue of ancient Rome known to exist, breathes the most simple and natural majesty: the head alone retains the gilding. Michael Angelo, who, less difficult than our Monsieur Falconet, greatly admired it, made the pedestal, which is very inferior for taste and elegance to that of the Colleoni monument, a century older.<sup>1</sup>

The palace of the Senator has Michael Angelo's fine perron with two balusters, at the bottom of which are happily placed the two reclined colosses of the *Nile* and the *Tiber*, with the mutilated statue of *Minerva*, surnamed of *Rome Triumphant*. The great hall is used for the sittings of the senatorial tribunal, which, despite its high-sounding title, has but very limited civil jurisdiction. The artists to whom prizes were adjudged by the Academy of San Luca were for-

merly crowned there, a solemnity attended by the Sacred College and the choir of Arcadian academicians, who celebrated the young laureats in verse and prose, as well as an allegorical cantata intended to excite them to the love of glory. A statue of Charles of Anjou, king of Naples and senator of Rome, is curious as a work of art. In the upper story the academy of the new *Lincei* hold their meetings, the oldest of the academies of physico-mathematical sciences, instituted on the 17th of August 1603, by the young Roman prince Federico Cesi, a society that powerfully aided the progress of the human mind, and had the honour of counting among its members Porta and Galileo. This academy was re-established in 1795 by the abbé Scarpellini, a clever astronomer, afterwards a legislator of France (a rather too pompous title, given to our deputies under the empire), lodged in the Capitol with his cabinet of excellent instruments executed by himself or under his direction, and whose plain and modest demeanour was not in the least impaired by his superior scientific attainments.

I ascended the tower of the Capitol, crowned with the statue of Christian Rome, a central point between the ancient and modern city. The bell of the Capitol, the famous *Patarina*, taken from the Viterbians (for the bells and gates of towns were the trophies of the middle ages), by a strange contrast, usually announces the death of a pope and the beginning of Carnival. The view is the finest and most interesting in Rome: from this height the immense mass of the Coliseum seems elegant and light. The seven famous hills are not easily distinguished now, owing to the great changes on the surface of the soil, and the Tarpeian rock, at the highest point, is barely fifty feet high. The contemplation of Rome produces the effect of extensive and profound reading; but this study is not dull, painful, confined, as in our northern climes; there it is in the air we breathe; the book of antiquity is always open, and we need but look to be instructed. Each of the grand reminiscences of this city, ever, in different ways, the mistress of the world, has in a manner chosen its quarter: the Rome of the kings extends over the Aventine; republican Rome occupies the Capitol;

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book vi. ch. xviii.

that of the emperors sways over the Palatine, and the Christian Rome, isolated and solitary, reigns at the Vatican.

## CHAPTER XI.

Museum.—Colossus of Marforio.—Plan of Rome.—Iliac table.—Mosaic of the Pigeons.—Chambers of the Emperors, and of the Philosophers.—Faun.—Gladiator.—Antinous.—Venus.

The museum of the Capitol, with its little staircase and its narrow rooms, is far removed from the magnificence of the halls of the Vatican, and its neglected appearance does not altogether correspond with the importance of the chef-d'œuvre it contains.

The celebrated colossal statue called Marforio, from the supposed forum of Mars where it was found, and which appeared to me a personation of the Ocean, may possibly be the Rhine and a part of the bronze monument and equestrian statue of Domitian erected in the Forum. Under the vestibule, may be remarked a semi-colossal torso; a colossal *Minerva*; a *Neith*, the Egyptian *Minerva*, taken for an *Isis*, of black granite; the *Diana* as a huntress, so perfect in its draperies; the colossal statue restored as a Mars, seemingly a *Pyrhus*, with a cuirass in excellent style; a fragment of porphyry statue of a woman, superb.

In the chamber of Canope, thus called from its Egyptian statues proceeding from Adrian's villa, may be admired: the hermes of *Isis* and *Apis* on a lotus-flower, and the marble bust of Adrian. The chamber of consular and imperial Inscriptions, more than a hundred and twenty-two in number, has few remarkable sculptures, except the square altar presenting the labours of Hercules, a work of the oldest Greek style. The chamber of the Urn owes its name to the great and precious sarcophagus, supposed that of Alexander Severus, because its subjects are from the life of Achilles, whom that emperor was ambitious to imitate. The basso-relievo of the *Archigallus* or first priest of Cybele, with the attributes and symbols of the Goddess, is beautiful and curious.

On the landing of the first floor is a plan of Rome under Septimius Severus and Caracalla, drawn on twenty-six slabs of marble; it is incomplete, but

these fragments are indelible, and well suited to the image of the eternal city. The chamber of the *Vase* is so named from its superb Greek vase of pentelic marble. Another vase, of bronze, was given by Mithridates to the gymnasium of the Eupatoristes, as may be seen by its Greek inscription. The celebrated *Iliac table* is a curious but inferior monument of Roman art, or Greek art among the Romans, probably intended, by the Greek rhetoricians charged with the education of Roman youth, as an exposition of the principal features of mythology. A fine sarcophagus covered with masks in mosaic, presents the amours of Diana and Endymion. Another sarcophagus, badly sculptured, is of interest for the philosophical history of the ancients, as it represents, with a sort of artlessness, the doctrines of later Platonic philosophers on the formation and destruction of souls. The celebrated mosaic of the Pigeons is justly esteemed one of the most perfect and delicate that has descended to us. This mosaic has as many as a hundred and sixty bits of marble in every *uncia* of the Roman palm; the great mosaic of Pompeii has only a hundred and twenty-five. In the gallery are two well-preserved busts of Marcus Aurelius and Septimius Severus; the famous Jupiter, called *della Valle*, from the family to which it belonged; the sarcophagus with the *Birth and Education of Bacchus*; the bust of *Scipio Africanus*; a fine hermes with the head of *Ammon*.

The precious collection of portraits of emperors gives its name to the chamber containing it. The most remarkable are those of Tiberius, Drusus, his brother; of Antonia, wife of Drusus; of Caligula in green basalt, Messalina, the second Agrippina, incomparable for its attitude; of Nero, Poppeia, Galba, Otho, Vitellius; the three last are scarce; of Julia, daughter of Titus; of Plotina, Trajan's wife; Marcia, his sister; Matidia, his daughter; of Adrian; Julia Sabina, his wife; of Commodus, his wife Crispina, Pertinax, Septimius Severus, and Julian. The basso-relievos of *Andromeda delivered by Perseus*, and, especially, of *Endymion* asleep on a rock, with his dog, are exquisite.

The chamber of Philosophers, so called

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book XIV. ch. v.

because they are most numerous, though there are some poets and historians, has the excellent basso-relievo of a *Bacchanal scene*, inscribed with the name of the celebrated sculptor Callimachus. A pretty little statue of bronze is Camillus, a young minister of the sacrifices. The remarkable portraits are: *Homer*, *Aspasia*, but little resembling the authentic bust at the Vatican; *Epicurus*, *Metrodorus*, *Sappho*, *Thucydides*; the seven heads of *Plato* are nothing but bearded or Indian images of Bacchus. A very fine bust, said to be Cicero, is perhaps only Mæcenas. The portrait of *Gabriele Faerno*, a Latin poet and fabulist of Cremona in the sixteenth century, is one of the few busts Michael Angelo executed; for the haughty independence of his genius would scarcely submit to the restraint of resemblance.

The saloon has some fine statues: *Jupiter*, *Esculapius*, two superb *Centaur*s, amazingly preserved, and bearing the names of two Greek artists, Aristeas and Papias; the infant *Hercules*, a colossus of green basalt; two Amazons, one drawing her bow, the other wounded; a group called *Veturia and Coriolanus*, which are only portraits of persons unknown under the forms of Venus and Mars; the statue of *Julia Pia*, wife of Septimius Severus, well draped; that of *Lucius Antonius*, brother of the triumvir, which is also taken for a Marius; the *Isis*, graceful; a *Gymnasiarch*, which has been taken for a Mercury, and is probably only a *morra* player, a game still popular among the Italians, handed down from the ancients, and called by Cicero *micare digitis*; a *Hecuba* disconsolate; a superb *Harpocrates* crowned with a lotus.

The fine *Faun intoxicated*, of rosso antico, gives its name to the room in which it stands. A curious bronze inscription presents a part of the decree of the senate which confers on Vespasian the imperial authority as held by Augustus, Tiberius, and Claudius. The sarcophagus representing the *Amours of Diana and Endymion* is one of the best known for workmanship and expression. There are other articles also worthy of

notice: the altar consecrated to Isis with the mystic cistus of Anubis and Harpocrates; a child playing with a mask, the best executed that antiquity has left us; and, above all, the magnificent and well-preserved sarcophagus with its true and pathetic basso-relievos of the *Defeat of the Amazons*.

The celebrated *Gladiator* seems now a young barbarian dying; perhaps he represents some Gaul whose statue was an accessory of a group alluding to the adventurous expedition of our ancestors in Greece. Some few incorrect parts do not weaken the artless effect of the composition, or the noble and pathetic expression of the head. The right arm has been restored by Michael Angelo. Most of the sculptures in this room are in the first rank of antique chefs-d'œuvre, such as: the majestic *Juno*, with drapery so cleverly executed; the fine head of *Alexander*; another of *Ariadne*; the group of *Cupid and Psyche*; the *Faun*, copied from that of Praxiteles or Protogenes; the graceful *Antinous*, worthy of its celebrity, and the most perfect of his numerous statues; the *Flora*, smiling and elegant, but whose elaborate details indicate approaching decline; the *Venus* leaving the bath, the truest, most lifelike, freshest, and most desirable of all the Venuses; the rare and perhaps unique bust of *Marcus Brutus*, in design most pure and speaking.

## CHAPTER XII.

Palace of the Conservators.—Protomoteca.—Arcadian academy.—Wolf.—Bust of Brutus.—Capitoline annals.—Head of Michael Angelo.—Statues of Virgil and Cicero.

The great centre window with its balcony and the other side windows added by the architect Jacopo del Duca, have greatly impaired the simplicity of the front of the palace of the Conservators, built by Michael Angelo. Under the majestic portico is the statue of Cæsar, now the only authentic portrait in Rome of the greatest man of ancient Rome. In the court, exposed to the injuries of the atmosphere and greatly injured by the

<sup>1</sup> These Conservators, whose secular magistracy only lasts six months, form with the unmoveable senate of Rome, what is called the Roman Senate; they have a guard and a livery; in public ceremonies

they wear a long mantle flowered with gold and purple, and retain the antique and glorious S. P. Q. R. formerly respected by the universal world.



rain, the fine group of the *Lion* tearing a horse is reputed to have been restored by Michael Angelo. The statue of *Rome triumphant* sitting, with two captive barbarian kings by her side, is remarkable, as are several fragments of colossal statues.

Eight rooms are devoted to the *Protomoteca*, or collection of the busts of illustrious Italians. In the first, are the regulations in Latin relative to the mode of admitting the great men of this new Pantheon, founded by Pope Pius VII., when there was no more room in the ancient Pantheon of Agrippa, which it has replaced, and which gave the idea of our Pantheon. Great men can never be admitted till after death, and when they are acknowledged as spirits and capacities of the first order, possessing the requisite qualities for immortality : the proposal of persons deserving this honour is singularly confided to the three conservators of Rome, commonly princes or great lords, who are not always very competent judges of great men ; and this charge might be more fitly entrusted to the different academies, who are only consulted. The decree is issued by the pope who decides when the votes are equal. The execution of this decree, and maintenance of a kind of temple, belong to the Conservators. This first room presents the portraits of six foreigners, looked on as naturalised Italians on account of their labours and long residence in Italy, namely : Poussin, d'Agincourt, Raphael Mengs, Winckelmann, Angelica Kauffmann, and Suvée, director of the French Academy at Rome. The busts of the third room, containing the artists of the sixteenth century, were all, except Raphael, executed by the hand or at the expense of Canova ; and those in the sixth room, intended for poets, were sculptured at his order, except Annibale Caro, Trissino, and Metastasio. Most of these busts are of inferior execution. It is in the principal room of the *Protomoteca* that the famous Arcadian academy holds its grand sittings, which are independent of the Thursday meetings. The Arcadian academy, presided by a *custode* general, two under-custodes, and twelve members, admits females. Sovereigns, princes, literati of different nations, have thought themselves honoured in being among its members, but the title, lavished rather too indiscriminately, has not always escaped ridicule.

On the staircase of the Conservators is an imitation of the celebrated rostral column, erected to Duillius. The inscription, regarded as a copy of the original taken in the times of the emperors, one of the oldest monuments of the Latin tongue, was discovered in the sixteenth century ; the column is of the same epoch. The celebrated basso-relievo of *Mettius Curtius*, general of the Sabines, thrown by his horse into the miry soil between the Palatine and Capitoline, is very antique. The two basso-relievos relative to the history of Marcus Aurelius, taken from his arch demolished by Alexander VII. to enlarge the *Corso*, are curious for the facts they represent, and because they give the aspect of several monuments.

The first of the rooms of the Conservators bears the name of the Cav. d'Arpino, because he has painted several incidents of Roman history there : the *Birth of Romulus* and the *Battle of the Romans and Sabines* are the best of his frescos. Those of Laureti, in the next room, are nowise remarkable. The friezes of Daniello da Volterra, in the third room, are not distinctly visible ; the colour is faded, but the figures are in good style and well drawn. In the centre of this room is the famous she-wolf, one of the most astonishing monuments of the antique arts of Rome, which manifests Etruscan art, and on which it would be easy to write a volume ; this wolf was celebrated by Cicero in prose and verse, in his Catiline orations and the poem on his Consulship. The *Romulus* and *Remus* are modern. The young man, naked, who is pulling a thorn out of his foot, an Etruscan figure in bronze, is very graceful. A superb and precious bronze bust of the first Brutus still presents the physiognomy of the people of Rome, as it may be observed in the squares, markets, in fact, on all sides, where its old race has not been impaired. The next room presents on the wall the celebrated marble fragments of the Capitoline annals, formerly in the comitia, ineffaceable diplomas of the grandeur and glory of Rome, which the scientific S. Borghesi has published and illustrated. The *Holy Family*, attributed to Giulio Romano, in the hall of audience, does not seem very authentic, and belongs rather to his school. A *Medusa* in marble, by Bernini, is terrible. The bronze bust of Michael An-

gelo, made by him, is the head of a genius. Annibale Carraccio has painted, in the sixth chamber, the *Actions of Scipio Africanus*. The tapestries are copied from Rubens. The last room has some beautiful busts, two of which are pretended to be Virgil and Cicero. The frescos of Perugino, representing the *Battles of the Punic war*, are natural; we therein recognise the talent of the painter to whom Raphael was indebted for his first and picturesque education, but the figures are neither Roman nor Carthaginian.

The chapel has some good paintings: the *Evangelists*, by Caravaggio; the *Eternal Father* and other figures on the ceiling, by the Carracci; *St. Eustace*, *St. Cecilia*, *St. Alexis*, the *Blessed Luisa Albertoni*, by Romanelli; a *Virgin*, in fresco, by Pinturicchio.

### CHAPTER XIII.

Gallery.—Sibyl, by Guercino.—Romulus and Remus, by Rubens.—Saint Petronilla, by Guercino.—Reserved cabinets.

The gallery of the Capitol presents a great number of paintings by celebrated masters; but, excepting some few admirable chefs-d'œuvre, these paintings are of second or even third rate.

In the first apartment may be distinguished: *St. Lucy*, of a higher style than belongs to Garofolo; his *Virgin* in a glory and some holy doctors; his *Marriage of St. Catherine*; his two *Holy Families*; the portrait of Guido, by himself; the *Combat of the Romans and Sabines*, by Pietro da Cortona, spirited and picturesque; the portrait of a man, excellent in colouring, by Velasquez; the *Dismissal of Agar*, by Mola; *Christ before the doctors*, sweet and pleasing, by Dossi; the famous *Sibyl Persica*, by Guercino, a fine head, well-painted, adjusted rather picturesquely, but it has neither the expression, elevation of style, nor costume which should characterise a sibyl; a *Virgin*, by Albano; a *Magdalen penitent*, by Tintoretto; *Christ before the doctors*, by Valentin; the *Sibyl of Cumæ*, by Domenichino, inferior to that of the Borghese palace; the *Triumph of Flora*, by Poussin, a copy or repetition of the paint-

ing in our Museum; *Cupid and Psyche*, by Luti, elegant and in good taste; *Romulus and Remus*, by Rubens, in which the wolf is exceedingly well painted; *St. Nicholas of Bari*, by Giovanni Bellini.

The best paintings in the second room are: another and superb *Adulterous Woman*, by Titian, who seems to have had a passion for this subject; his *Baptism of Christ*, containing a profile of himself; a portrait of Annibale Carraccio; the *Battle of Arbes*, one of the most esteemed works of Pietro da Cortona; the *Presentation of Christ in the Temple*, ascribed to Fra Bartolommeo, and worthy of him; the *Virgin, Infant Jesus, and St. John*, by Garofolo; *Cleopatra before Augustus*, by Guercino, and above all, his capital work, the admirable *St. Petronilla*, the first painting in the gallery of the Capitol; the portrait of a Spanish priest, by Giovanni Bellini, which has all the native truth of that old Venetian master; *St. Sebastian*, by Ludovico Carraccio; *Innocence* with a dove, by Romanelli; the celebrated *St. Sebastian of Guido*; *St. Barbara*, a half-length, worthy of either Annibale Carraccio or Domenichino; *Tityus chained to his rock*, in the Venetian style; *Bathsheba*, well coloured, by the elder Palma; the *Graces*, by the younger; the *Rape of Europa*, by Paolo Veronese, a repetition of the chef-d'œuvre in the Ducal palace at Venice. The portrait of Michael Angelo, said to be his own and praised as such, is very possibly not by him, for it has not the slightest trace of his breadth of style.

The fine *Vanity* of Titian, and the celebrated *Fortune* of Guido, have been removed from the gallery on account of their naked figures. A similar scruple caused the withdrawal of the three Graces, small antique statues, not very extraordinary and by no means indecent. This punctiliousness does not seem over sensible: Titian's *Vanity*, the far too highly praised *Fortune* of Guido, and the three Graces would have been scarcely noticed among the other paintings and statues. As this zeal does not go to the extent of destroying them, a much greater inconvenience arises, namely, the immoral and scandalous creation of the secret cabinet, which one is almost compelled to enter with lascivious ideas; a reserved cabinet, it is true, which the

<sup>1</sup> See post, ch. xxxv.

public does not see, though it is shown to every body.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Porta,—Piazza del Popolo.—Obelisk.—Santa Maria del Popolo.—Mausoleums of Cardinals Sforza and Recanati.—Ghigi chapel.—Jonas.—Saint Charles. Count AL. Verri.—Saint Laurence in *Lucina*.—Poussin's monument.

The Porta del Popolo, a kind of triumphal arch, is of a good style of architecture on the outside, and this part has been attributed to Michael Angelo and Vignola. The interior, hastily finished by Bernini for the entry of Queen Christine, has something petty and affected like the heroine.

The Piazza and its pitiful statues are little better than the interior of the gate. Despite its recent regularity, this Piazza, of a confined architectural taste, seems but a poor entrance to Rome, far inferior to the gloomy, desolate, ruined aspect presented by the Coliseum as we approach by the road from Naples. The four modern sphinxes of the obelisk have the air of calves but little enigmatical. This superb obelisk of a single stone covered with hieroglyphics was raised at Heliopolis by King Ramses I. to decorate the temple of the Sun: it was brought to Rome by Augustus and placed at the *Spina* of the Grand Circus: its Greek inscription proves that the Egyptians knew the Trinity. It was drawn from the ruins by Sixtus V. and erected by Fontana.

According to a popular tradition as old as the close of the eleventh century, a large tree once stood near the gate del Popolo, on which a raven used constantly to perch. The earth was dug up at the foot of this tree, and an urn was found with an inscription stating it to contain the ashes of Nero. They were scattered to the winds, and Pope Pascal II. founded, on the spot where the urn was discovered, the church of Santa Maria del Popolo. Rebuilt by Sixtus IV. on the designs of Baccio Pintelli, and embellished by Julius II. and Alexander VII., it has become very interesting as a work of art. In the chapel of the Virgin, the paintings by Pinturicchio are finished and aerial. The splendid Cibo chapel has a *Conception* by Carlo Maratta. The third chapel, dedicated to the Virgin

and several saints, presents some remarkable paintings by Pinturicchio, restored by S. Camuccini. On the altar of the fourth chapel, the basso-relievo of *St. Catherine between St. Anthony of Padua and St. Vincent the martyr* is an elegant work of the fifteenth century. The ceiling of the choir, superb, is by Pinturicchio; behind the high altar are the beautiful painted windows of the French glass-stainers Claude and Guillaume, invited by Bramante, the only painted windows at Rome, and which after more than three centuries have all their pristine brilliancy. The two celebrated tombs erected by Julius II. to the Cardinals Ascanio Sforza and Recanati present the exquisite statues and ornaments of Contucci da Sansavino. Several tombs of the middle ages are also of a grand style of their kind. In the next chapel is a fine *Assumption*, by Annibale Carraccio; the *Crucifixion of St. Peter*, and the *Conversion of St. Paul*, by Michelangelo di Caravaggio, beautifully executed, are so badly placed that it is difficult to see them well.

The Ghigi chapel, one of the most renowned in Rome, is from Raphael's designs; he is even said to have executed the cartoons of the four mosaics of the graceful cupola, of the paintings on the frieze, and of the altar-piece, which were finished by Sebastiano del Piombo, Francesco Salviati, and Vanni. The *Daniel* and the prophet *Habakkuk* whom an angel is carrying by the hair of his head, are by Bernini; the *Elias*, the elegant *Jonah* sitting on the whale, are by Lorenzetto: the Jonas, an imitation of the Antinous, justly enjoys great celebrity; it has even been pretended that Raphael modelled it, but the greater probability is that he only gave the design to his favourite pupil Lorenzetto. The sumptuous tomb of the princess Odescalchi Ghigi, designed by Posi and sculptured by Penna, appears at once graceful and fantastical; a lion is well executed.

Among the sepulchral stones of this church is one of a man whose death ensued from the bite of a cat on his finger, as may be seen by the epitaph, which contains a useful moral:

Hospes, disce novum mortis genus; improba fells,  
Dum trahitur, digitum mordet, et intereo.



The tomb of a Roman noble, who died in 1485 of the venereal disease, as the inscription states,<sup>1</sup> proves an important medical fact, curious and but little noticed, since this shameful death occurred seven years before the discovery of America.

The church of Saint Charles is splendid, but of bad taste. The architects were Onorio Lunghi, his son Martin, and Pietro da Cortona, who finished it. The heavy front, disfigured by the enormous size of its columns and their disproportion to the confined space where they are set, is by the priest Menicucci and the Capuchin Mario da Canepina. In the richest chapel of the church are the formal statues of *David* with his harp, by Pacilli, and *Judith*, by Lebrun. The *St. Charles presented to Jesus Christ by the Virgin*, at the high altar, is the largest and one of the most esteemed paintings of Carlo Maratta. In this church reposes Count Alessandro Verri, author of the *Roman Nights*, a generous writer, full of the spirit of antiquity, though his exaggerated, turgid, redundant, monotonous style, as well as his pure and honourable life, are not unlike an Italian Thomas. Verri has left an inedited history of the French revolution to the Consulate; it would be interesting to know in what light such a man has considered and judged it.

The ancient church of Saint Laurence, which retains the Pagan surname of *Lucina*, presents a *Crucifix*, a fine painting by Guido. Poussin is interred here. I sought the tomb of the great and poetic French painter with singular emotion,<sup>2</sup> and I found only the funereal inscriptions of cardinals, of an engraver and an Aulic counsellor. M. de Chateaubriand, when ambassador, has since remedied this culpable neglect; a late mausoleum, confided to French artists, of which Lemoine supplied the design and the bust, has been erected to Poussin: on it is sculptured, at the suggestion of M. de Chateaubriand, the melancholy landscape of the *Arcadia*, which its simple disposition renders very suitable for sculpture.

## CHAPTER XV.

Saint Ignatius.—Roman College.—Jesuits.—Library.  
—Christina's notes.—Kircher museum.—Saint Marcellus.—Pierre Gilles.—Cardinal Consalvi.—Gesù.—Bellarmín.

The grandeur, the richness, the ornaments of Saint Ignatius are offensive from their bad taste. The faulty front, by Algardi, is nevertheless imposing; the paintings on the roof of the gallery are the most considerable work of the famous Jesuit Pozzi, who, with all his vagaries, there exhibits imagination and clever effects of perspective. The tomb of Pope Gregory XV., by our compatriot Legros, is highly spoken of, as well as the basso-relievo of *St. Ludovico of Gonzaga*, of good mechanical execution, and remarkable for the noble and modest expression of the principal figure.

The Roman college, of Ammanato's architecture, one of the greatest and most solid masses of building known, adjoins Saint Ignatius. The court is one of the finest in Rome: if the whole has no essential faults, it is still deficient, despite its enormous proportions, in character and grandeur. The Roman college, directed by the Jesuits, has some monks distinguished for learning and piety; such as P. Pianciani, a great experimental philosopher and chemist; P. Secchi, a good Grecian and archeologist; and P. Grassi. Several of the students belonged to the highest class of European society; such as M. Ch. de C....., nephew of the author of the *Génie du Christianisme*; Count C....., a Pole formerly distinguished for his accomplishments, and some others, sincere men, priests worthy of all respect, who from conviction have relinquished the most brilliant scenes of worldly greatness for the humble life and condition of simple monks. The Jesuits, though in the very heart of their empire, had numerous enemies, and a well-informed observer expressed his conviction that they could not maintain their ground.

The library of the Roman college, which is considerable in number, but greatly behindhand, and has lately expe-

<sup>1</sup> Marco Antonii equitis Romani filio ex nobili Albertonum familiâ corpore animoque insigni qui animum agens XXX peste inguinariâ Interitit an. salutis christianæ M.CCCCLXXV, die XXIII Julii heredes b. m. p.

<sup>2</sup> M. d'Agincourt, to put down the pretensions of the Italians, who claimed Poussin on account of his long residence in Italy, had his bust executed at his own expense, and placed it in the Pantheon with the inscription, *Nic. Poussin Pietori Gallo*.

rienced losses to the amount of about eleven thousand volumes, did not seem to me very well arranged, and notwithstanding the kindness of the guardians, it was not in reality very easy of access. A *Quintus Curtius* is annotated in Christina's hand; and she treats Alexander's conduct very shrewdly: *He reasoned badly in this case*, says she in one place; and in another: *I should have done just the contrary; I should have pardoned*; and further on: *I should have shown clemency*. The clemency of Christina may seem singular after the murder of Monaldeschi. It appears that it was not the queen, but the woman, the mistress, who took vengeance of the traitor. Christina had a taste for marginal notes. To induce a belief in her strength of mind, she had written on a *Seneca*, Elzevir: *Adversus virtutem possunt calamitates, damna et injuriæ, quod adversus solem nebula possunt*. At page 141 of vol. 1 of the copy of the *Bibliotheca Hispana* (Rome, 1672, 2 vols. fol.), in the library of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, is the following curious note relating to the work of D. Francesco della Cartera, entitled *Conversion de la Reina de Svecia in Roma*, 1656, which was there alluded to: *Chi l'ha scritta, non lo sa; chi lo sa, non l'ha mai scritta*. The books and manuscripts of Muret, which he bequeathed to his disciple and friend P. Benci, were added to the library of the Roman college, but only a small part remains there, the greater number being at the Vatican. The compilation of various readings and materials collected by P. Lagomarsini for a complete edition of Cicero, which has not appeared and which it was reserved for a learned Frenchman to publish first,\* formed thirty large folio volumes; some leaves have been cut out and two volumes lost, one of which contained the explanations of the referential signs, so that it is almost impossible to make any use of this long labour. His first work in twelve thick folio volumes had been suppressed on account of some inaccuracies, by this laborious and persevering admirer of Cicero, who had examined for the Milonian oration alone eighty-four ma-

nuscripts and thirteen editions. Sixty Chinese volumes on the mathematics and astronomy, collected by Jesuit missionaries, would perhaps afford some interesting discoveries.

The museum of the learned, laborious, but very chimerical P. Kircher, the creator of hieroglyphic erudition, is curious, though badly arranged, for its figurines, inscriptions, earthen lamps, medals, cameos, glass, and other minor antiquities. It has been very considerably augmented by another learned Jesuit, P. Contucci, whose shop of paintings from Pompeii was, however, discovered by the abbé Barthélemy to be the fabrication of some clever counterfeiter. Among the simple curiosities of this museum, I observed a fine cameo of Saponarola, with an inscription giving him the title of martyr, ordered by the fanaticism of his partisans, which seemed to have been worn round the neck; and the unfaithful sword of the constable of Bourbon, whose iron armour is at the Vatican. The constable's name is written on the blade, as well as those of two Italian generals to whom it had previously belonged; the sword has also some Malabar characters, which prove that it came from India, and not Damascus.

The church of Saint Marcellus, with a front by Carlo Fontana in detestable taste, has some good paintings in the chapel of the Crucifix: the *Creation of Eve*, by Perino del Vaga, which recalls the Florentine style and has two little angels that are lifelike; the *St. Mark*, nearly all the *St. John*, by the same, and the rest of the chapel, completed on his designs by Daniello da Volterra, assisted by Pellegrino of Modena. At Saint Marcellus was interred the ancient French naturalist and traveller, Pierre Gilles, who died in 1555, the author of a superficial catalogue of the fish of the Mediterranean, whom Rabelais has Pantagruellically described: "*Ung urinal en main, considérant en profonde contemplation l'urine de ces beaulx poissons*." A more serious and contemporary tomb is that of Cardinal Consalvi in the chapel of the Crucifix, in which his last will directed his body to be united to his beloved brother's. The mausoleum of this accomplished seductive diplomatist, this moderate and dexterous reformer of the Roman court, is a much

\* M. J. V. Le Clerc, professor of Latin eloquence and president of the Faculty of Letters in the Academy of Paris.

esteemed work of S. Rinaldo Rinaldi.

Santa Maria *in via lata*, gilded and modernised, is said to occupy the spot where Saint Paul and Saint Peter lived. The spring in the subterranean church served to baptise those whom the rude eloquence of the latter apostle converted. The portal, by Pietro da Cortona, was reckoned by him as his masterpiece of architecture.

The antique church of Saint Mark, several times renovated, has some good works: the *Battles*, by P. Cosimo, a Jesuit; the *Christ risen*, by the younger Palma; the *Adoration of the Magi*, by Carlo Maratta; *St. Mark* the pope and *St. Mark* the evangelist, by Perugino; the latter *saint*, and some lateral chapels, by Bourguignon; and the tomb of Leonardo Pesaro, a Venetian, by Canova.

The church of the *Gesù*, the professed house of the Jesuits, is of the architecture of Vignola and his pupil Jacopo della Porta, who has not in every instance very scrupulously followed his master's design, especially in the construction of the portal in travertine and too ornate decoration of the roof, which is not in keeping with its simple, pure, and elegant disposition. There is nearly always a strong breeze near the *Gesù*, owing to the elevation of Mount Capitoline and the direction of the streets. The Roman populace say that the Devil was one day walking with the Wind, and when he reached this church he said to his companion: "I have something to do in here; wait for me a moment." The Devil never came out, and the Wind is still waiting for him at the door. This splendid church presents good works and a great number of very bad ones. The *St. Francis Xavier*, by Carlo Maratta, in the false and easy style of Sacchi, and the *Circumcision*, pleasing, by Muziano, have been praised. The frescos of the roof of the gallery and of the great cupola pass for the best of Bacciccio, a painter of the Roman school, the friend of Bernini, who aided him with his advice. The sumptuous chapel of Saint Ignatius, from the design of P. Pozzi, seems singularly formal: the globe of lapis lazuli, held by the Eternal Father, is the largest in existence. Two of our compatriots, Théodon and Legros, seem there to dispute the mastery in refinement and exaggeration: the first in

his group of the *Japanese embracing Christianity*; the second, in that of *Faith overthrowing Heresy*, which, notwithstanding the defects of the period, has some well executed parts. Under the altar, the richest altar in the world, the tomb of the saint, of gilt bronze, contrasts with his life spent in poverty, toil, and sufferings; he reposes on a shroud adorned with precious stones, and his tall statue is of massive silver, partly gilded, and further ornamented with gems. The two little angels over a side door of this chapel are probably the least ridiculous sculptures of Rusconi, and of the eighteenth century.

The *Gesù* holds the tomb of Cardinal Bellarmin, the illustrious controversialist, who blended the principles of the sovereignty of the people and the pope, revived in our days: his invectives against the temporal powers, and perhaps the naive vanity displayed in the Memoirs of his life, have prevented his canonisation. The design is by Rinaldi; the two figures of *Religion* and *Wisdom* are by Bernini.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Araceli.—Pietro della Valle.—Column of the apartment of the Emperors.—Mausoleum of the Savelli.—Epitaph of De' Fredis.—Tomb of Fra Matteo.—Santissimo Bambino.—Mamertine prison.—Saint Luke.—Academy of Saint Luke.—Virgin.—False scull of Raphael.—Alvarez.

The church of Araceli probably occupies the site of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus; but its twenty-two columns of Egyptian granite cannot have formed part of it, as, according to Plutarch, the columns of that temple were Pentelic marble; differing in size and workmanship, they have been taken where they could be found: the third, on entering, has this inscription in ill-shaped antique letters: *A cubiculo Augustorum* (from the bed-chamber of the Cæsars on Mount Palatine). What a strange destiny for this column, to have passed from the apartment of the emperors into a church of Franciscans! The frescos of the *Life of St. Bernardin*, the best being the *Death of the Saint*, are good works by Pinturicchio; having been restored by S. Camuccini, they present true attitudes, a simple and well-conceived expression,



though somewhat stiff and dry in the drawing and execution.

The famous Roman traveller and pilgrim, Pietro della Valle, cited also as an elegant writer, is interred near his beloved wife, Sitti Maani Giaerida, a young Assyrian Christian, whom he married at Bagdad; the companion of his travels and his combats in Persia against the Turks, she died near the gulf of Ormuz; and in this same church of Aracœli he celebrated her funeral with great pomp and delivered a funeral oration. This sensible traveller, an acute observer, according to Gibbon, who had little reason to censure his vanity and prolixity, found the system of mutual instruction practiced by the Hindoos at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

The celebrated mausoleum of the ancient Roman family of the Savelli, of the thirteenth century, presents an antique sarcophagus at its base, adorned with Bacchic emblems, which forms a singular contrast with the Gothic architecture of the mausoleum, the work of Agostino and Angelo di Siena, though Vasari says the design was given them by Giotto. The tomb of another Giambattista Savelli, who died a cardinal in 1498, is of excellent sculpture, and has been thought worthy of Sansovino's school.

The epitaph of De' Fredis, who found the Laocœon in his vineyard, shows the honour which then attended such discoveries, considered as public events, as really noble actions worthy of immortality: .... *Qui ob proprias virtutes, et repperitum Laocœontis divinum, quod in Vaticano cernis, ferè respirans simulachrum, immortalitatem meruit anno Domini XDXXVIII.*<sup>1</sup>

The remarkable tomb of Fra Matteo Acquasparta, general of the order, who died a cardinal in 1302, has no inscription, a singular fact which did not escape Dante's ardent and minute investigation into the things of Italy, when he opposed the liberality and moderation of Fra Matteo d'Acquasparta to the absolute principles and rigour of Ubertino di Casal, another chief of the order of Saint Francis:

Ma non fia da Casal nè d' Acquasparta,  
Là onde vegnon tali alla scrittura  
Ch' uno la fugge e l'altro la coarta.<sup>2</sup>

The paintings of the chapel of Saint Margaret are among the best of the unequal Benefial. The roof of the chapel of Saint Anthony of Padua, by Nicolao Pesaro, is esteemed. A *Transfiguration*, by Sermoneta, evinces a happy imitator of Raphael.

At the church of Aracœli is preserved the revered miraculous *Santissimo Bambino*, which is carried to dying persons, a small wooden figure which, according to the legend, was made out of a tree of the Garden of Olives by a pilgrim of the order of Saint Francis, and coloured and varnished by Saint Luke, while the sculptor was asleep after a three days' fast. The pompous procession of the *Bambino* takes place every year after vespers, at the feast of Epiphany. This infant Jesus, with its swaddling-clothes covered, perhaps, with millions worth of pearls and precious stones, is taken from the crib where it had lain exposed in theatrical state between Augustus and the sibyl from Christmas; three times it is shown to the people from the top of the majestic stairs of Aracœli, made of marble taken from the temple of Romulus, and covered with the prostrate and excited multitude.

The little church of Saint Joseph, which has a *Nativity*, Carlo Maratta's best work, stands over the ancient and terrible Mamertine prison. This Roman dungeon, formed of enormous volcanic stones joined together without cement, a kind of Cyclopean construction of an aspect still fearful, is now a chapel consecrated to Saint Peter and Saint Paul, who are said by a tradition to have been imprisoned there; and the spring still seen there is taken for the miraculous fountain that they made to pour forth water for the baptism of saints Procelus and Martinian, with forty martyrs their companions. In the succession of monuments at Rome there is a kind of morality that paints her history: the oldest monument of the kings is a prison, while the tomb of the Scipios, the oldest monument of the republic, represents the glory and virtues of that epoch. It was in the Mamertine prison that Jugurtha died of shame and hunger, after entering it with a jest;<sup>3</sup> there, too, Syphax, king of Numidia, and Perseus, the last king

when thrown almost naked into his prison, "thermæ are cold at Rome!"

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, ch. v.

<sup>2</sup> *Parad. can. xii. 424.*

<sup>3</sup> "By Hercules!" exclaimed the African chief

of Macedon, were confined; and afterwards the accomplices of Catiline, who could hear the voice of Cicero accusing them in the temple of Concord, were here strangled without a trial; different victims that all contributed to the grandeur of Rome.

The church of Saint Luke was rebuilt by Pietro da Cortona, who was so pleased with its architecture, though inferior, that he called it his daughter. The front is so lofty that it masks the cupola, which is in tolerably good style. The rich subterranean chapel in which the body of Saint Martina reposes, the ancient patroness of the church, was erected by the same artist at his own cost, and he left his fortune to Saint Luke, amounting to 100,000 crowns. The *Assumption*, by Sebastiano Conca, though highly extolled, is ordinary, like the other paintings of the church.

The Academy of Saint Luke, the *insigne pontificia accademia romana di belle arti di San Luca*, a veritable Roman Academy of fine arts, created in the year 1588 by Sixtus V., adjoins the church. Its apartments present many works by the great Italian masters and living professors. The patron of painters and of the Academy making the portrait of the Virgin with the infant Jesus, by Raphael, who has painted himself therein, has all his admirable qualities. The skull, so long shown as Raphael's, near which was written Bembo's celebrated and elaborated distich,

Ille hic est Raphael, timuit quo sospite vinci  
Rerum magna parens, et moriente mori,<sup>1</sup>

which young artists used formerly to touch, in great ceremony, once a year with their pencils, this relic of painting, since the discovery of the body of the immortal artist,<sup>2</sup> has sunk into that of the canon don Desiderio de' Adjutori, the obscure founder of the society of the *Virtuosi* of the Pantheon,—a narrow skull, unworthy of the honours it received and the pious veneration it so long inspired.

The statue of Canova, who had been named perpetual president of the academy, commemorates one of the bene-

volent deeds of that excellent man. It is by the clever Spanish sculptor Alvarez, who, being without resources during the French occupation of Madrid, had offered to sell some of his works to the viceroy of Italy. Canova, being privately consulted as to their merit, answered: "The sculptures of Alvarez remain on sale in his studio because they are not in mine." Alvarez, afterwards informed of this generous conduct and worthy to feel it, obtained permission of the Academy of Saint Luke to execute gratuitously the statue it had decreed to Canova.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Saint Theodore.—Saint Gregory.—Frescos of Domenichino and Guido.—Imperia.—Navicella.—Saint Stephen il Rotondo.—Saint Clement.

The church of Saint Theodore is reared on the site of the ancient temple of Romulus, on the very spot where he was suckled by the wolf. The first Christians, who had great tact in turning popular traditions and prejudices to advantage, consecrated the temple to Saint Theodore, like Romulus, a warrior; with this view they also frequently changed the temples of the mother of the gods into churches dedicated to the Madonna. The people of Rome, who are apt to mix their antique reminiscences with their Christian creed, have corrupted Saint Theodore into *San Toto*; and mothers present their sick children at his altar, that they may be cured, and perhaps one day have the vigour of the first founder of their city.

The antique church of *Santa Francesca Romana*, repaired in bad taste in 1615, has the rich tomb of the saint, by Bernini, and that of the French pope, Gregory XI. (Pierre Roger), erected in 1384 by the senate and people of Rome: the esteemed basso-relievo of Olivieri, a Roman sculptor and architect of the last century, though not free from the defects of the time, represents the *Return of the Holy See to Rome* in 1377. We there see the desolation and ruin of the eternal city, then reduced to seventeen thousand inhabitants, and more degraded, more fallen through the absence

<sup>1</sup> This distich has been happily translated into Italian:

Questi è quel Raffael, cul vivo, vinta

Esser temea natura, e morto, estinta.

<sup>2</sup> See *post*, ch. xxiii.

of the popes than the inroad of the barbarians. Under the vestibule is the mausoleum, in tolerably good style, of Antonio Rido of Padua, governor of the castle of Saint Angelo, deceased in 1475, on which he is represented on horseback and in arms.

The solitary church of Saint Gregory *sul monte Celio*, built on the site of the monastery founded by this Roman patrician, who became a great pope and a singing-master, is served by the Camaldulite monks. The front and double portico are elegant, airy works by Soria, an architect of the seventeenth century, who resisted the progress of bad taste for a considerable period. This church is principally indebted for its celebrity to the rival frescos of Domenichino and Guido in the chapel of Saint Andrew. The *Scourging of the saint*, by the former, is a chef-d'œuvre for elevation, force of design and expression, and beauty of composition; the flogger, with his back towards the beholder, is admirably drawn. The fresco of Guido, *St. Andrew adoring the cross before his martyrdom*, richer and more vigorous in colouring than Domenichino's, is after all inferior. At the bottom of the chapel is a statue of *St. Gregory* sitting, which was rough-hewn with genius by Michael Angelo, and finished by his pupil, the sculptor Lorrain Cordier, called *Franciosino*. The *Concert of Angels*, by Guido, on the roof of the gallery of the chapel of Saint Silvia, mother of Saint Gregory, though much praised, is not one of his best works. The view of the ruins of the Cæsars' palace is wonderfully picturesque from this chapel. The chapel of the Saint has a painting by Annibale Carraccio, superbly coloured, representing him. It must be confessed that if Saint Gregory, from religious zeal, was as much the enemy of the fine arts as is falsely pretended, he did not deserve to be so magnificently treated by them: but the anonymous accusation of having destroyed ancient monuments and thrown statues into the Tiber, is an undoubted calumny, as no contemporary writer relates this action, which Saint Gregory had no right to execute, and which would have made so much noise at Rome, Constantinople, and throughout the Roman empire.

It was at Saint Gregory that the celebrated Roman courtesan Imperia, the Aspasia of the age of Leo X., the friend of Beroald, Sadolet, Campani, and Collocci, obtained the honour of a public monument and strange epitaph: *Imperia cortisana Romana, quæ digna tanto nomine, raræ inter homines formæ specimen dedit; vixit annos xxvi dies xii, obiit 1511 die 15 augusti*. Both monument and inscription were destroyed in the last century, not for scruple or decency, but by inadvertence during certain repairs. The existence of Imperia, and the kind of dignity of a Roman courtesan, are features characteristic of the pagan manners, if we may say so, of the literati at the revival.<sup>1</sup> Imperia was sung by her learned friends in Latin and Italian verse. Bandello relates that such was the luxury of her apartments, that the ambassador of Spain repeated there the insolence of Diogenes, by spitting into the face of a servant, saying he could find no other place for it.<sup>2</sup> Imperia seems also to have been very erudite, as we see in Bandello's description, that beside her music books, her lute, and other instruments, there lay several richly ornamented works in Latin and the vernacular tongue: *Parecchi libretti volgari e latini riccamente adornati*. In the fifth chapter of Paolo Giovio's treatise *de Romanis piscibus* (Basil, 1531), there is a very amusing story of an old Roman parasite, Titus Tamisius, who sent his valet to the market to ascertain where the best fish went to. Being informed that the head of an umbra was sent to one of the Conservators (according to an old usage that allowed these officials the head of fishes of extraordinary size), then presented to two cardinals, and to the banker Ghigi, he followed it with much fatigue and anxiety until it last went to Imperia, to whom Ghigi sent it crowned with flowers in a gold dish, and with whom the impudent Tamisius succeeded in dining. The daughter of Imperia, married at Siena, was a model of chastity; being entrapped, like Clarissa, into a house of ill fame, by Cardinal Petrucci, rather than yield she took poison and fell dead at the feet of her infamous ravisher. Geronimo Negro thus speaks of her unhappy fate in a letter to Marcantonio Micheli of Grotta Ferrata, of Decem-

<sup>1</sup> See *post*, cb. xxiii.

<sup>2</sup> Part. IIIa, nov. 42.



ber 19, 1522: *Questo caso tanto più è degno di esser celebrato, e quasi preposto al fatto di Lucrezia, quanto, che questa donna fu figlia di una pubblica e famosa meretrice, che fu l'Imperia, cortigiana nobile in Roma, come sapete.*

The ancient church Santa Maria in Dominica, called della Navicella, from a little vessel put in front by Leo X., was cleverly renovated on Raphael's designs. The portico is by Michael Angelo, and the frieze painted in clear-obscure, by Giulio Romano and Perino del Vaga.

Saint Stephen *il Rotondo*, which is only open early on Sunday mornings, is an instance of an antique edifice (perhaps a temple dedicated to Claudius) converted into a church about the fifth or sixth century: its successive repairs show the retrogression of art. The numerous paintings of Pomarancio and Tempesta, representing different *Martyrdoms of Saints*, bad enough, are the most hideous and complete collection of executions that can be imagined.

The antique church of Saint Clement presents the best preserved model of the disposition of the first basilics. How grand and popular does Christianity appear at its birth from this solemn arrangement, presenting a double pulpit for the public reading of the Epistle and the Gospel! We feel it a moral, positive, instructive religion, whose precepts are binding on all mankind without distinction. Some traces of this primitive religious equality seem perpetuated at Rome in the practices of the public services: every body kneels on the bare pavement of the temples, and we see nothing of the devotional comforts of our parish churches to mark a distinction of rank. The different compartments of the aisles also show the various grades, the holy hierarchy of the catechumens; the Church was then a militant body which had its degrees of advancement, and virtue alone produced the distance. It is no unreasonable supposition that in the centre of the *atrium* formerly stood the fountain in which the pagans purified themselves, probably the origin of the Christian holy-water vase. The foundation of the church of Saint Clement, with all its antiquity, is not so old as the fifth century, as some persons have stated, who confound it with another basilic of

the same name, which fell to ruin and was demolished by Pope Adrian I., about the close of the eighth century. The present church is of the ninth century, and it manifests the extent to which most of the traditions and practices employed in Roman buildings were perpetuated in the west, especially in Italy. The graceful frescos of the chapel of Saint Catherine, of Masaccio's youth, though badly retouched, still prove, after little less than four centuries, the talent of that great painter. The most remarkable tomb is cardinal Roverella's, an elegant work of the fifteenth century.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Saint John in Laterano.—Piazza.—Obelisk.—Baptistry.—Scala Santa.—Sancta Sanctorum.—Front.—Apostles.—Corsini chapel.—Agrippa's urn.—Martin V.—Heads of Saints Peter and Paul.—Mosaics.—Painting of Grotto.—Abbé Cancellieri.—On the cultivation of letters in Italy.—Door.—Santa Croce in Gerusalemme.—Convent library.—Porta Magiore.—Basilic of Saint Laurence.—Saint Bibiana.—Bernini's statue.—Saint Eusebius.

The piazza of Saint John in Laterano presents the most colossal and finest of known obelisks, erected at Thebes by the illustrious Thoutmosis II., the same as King Mœris, the enterprising creator of the lake; this obelisk, respected by Cambyzes, who mutilated and threw down all besides, was carried off by Constantine, and exhumed in a broken state from the ruins of the Circus Major by Sixtus V., under the direction of Fontana, who re-erected it. This superb obelisk, a single block of red granite, ninety-nine feet high without the pedestal, covered with hieroglyphics most perfectly sculptured, has been sung by Tasso:

L'obelisco di note impresso intorno,<sup>2</sup>

so much was the poet's imagination inspired by the apparition of these old and mystic monuments. All history is found at Rome, from that of Egypt to the latest times, from the Pharaohs down to the kings and princes of Napoleon's family. This admirable city assembles the mysterious monuments of Egypt, the poetic chefs-d'œuvre of the Greeks, and her own grand monuments.

The Baptistry of Constantine, the

<sup>1</sup> *Lettere de' Principi*. Venice, 1562, t. I, p. 84.

<sup>2</sup> *Rime*. Part. II. 345. See *ante*, ch. i.

founder of Saint John in Laterano, who erected about 324 this first, this mother of Christian basilics (*Sacrosanta Lateranensis ecclesia, omnium urbis et orbis ecclesiarum mater et caput*, as it is called), was reared on the supposed place of his doubtful baptism by Pope Silvester. It has been renovated several times, but still preserves the circular form it had in the ninth century. The eight great paintings of the *Life of St. John the Baptist*, by Andrea Sacchi, though boasted, are, like the other paintings of this sumptuous edifice, in bad taste and without remarkable qualities.

The *Scala Santa*, a beautiful portico, of Fontana's architecture, built under Sixtus V., preserves, according to a pious tradition, the twenty-eight steps of Pilate's house, which were ascended and descended by Jesus Christ during his passion. These steps were so worn by the faithful, who ascend them on their knees, that it was found necessary to cover them with thick planks, which have been worn away and renewed several times.

At the top of the *Scala Santa* is a chapel, which is rarely open and accessible to few but the pope, cardinals, and clergy; it contains the venerated antique image of Christ, seven palms in height (about six feet and a half). Behind this chapel is the famous *Sancta sanctorum*, a walled-up chamber, an obscure sanctuary, the subject of innumerable popular tales, which must have been more than once opened in secret, and the priestly mystery of which seems little worthy of Christianity in the present day.

The theatrical front of Saint John in Laterano, erected by the Florentine architect Galilei, for Clement XII., is one of the most imposing masses of architecture of its kind. In the vestibule is an antique marble statue of Constantine, found in his Thermæ on the Quirinal Mount. Under the lateral portico is a great, but indifferent, bronze statue of Henry IV., by Cordier; it has little merit except in the casting, and was erected to him by the chapter, as a benefactor to the basilic, and his descendants preserved the singular title of first canons. Every year, on the 13th of December, Henry IV.'s birthday, a chapel was held at Saint John in Laterano: the ambassador of France there represented the

most Christian King on an estrade placed in the choir. The bronze gate in the centre, of superior workmanship, belonged to the Emilian basilic of the Forum; it is the only model of the ancient gates called *quadrifores*. The principal nave, covered by one of the most splendid ceilings ever beheld, though of the elaborate architecture of Borromini, is not deficient in grandeur. The twelve colossal statues of the Apostles, fifteen feet six inches in height, was a noble undertaking in sculpture, but it was badly executed. The figures, according to the usage of that period, are draped but not dressed, and the personages could not take a step without losing their habiliments. The folds of *St. Philip's* robe look like splinters of rock, and the artist Mazzuola, Bernini's pupil, has surpassed his master in disorder of drapery. The composition of the *St. James the Less*, Angelo Rossi's best work, is the best of these bad performances. The *Prophets* painted, despite the eulogiums heretofore lavished on Conca's *Jonas* and Andrea Procaccini's *Daniel*, are neither less heavy nor less formal than the Apostles.

The rich, agreeable, and smiling Corsini chapel, the most beautiful in Rome, is Galilei's masterpiece, and is distinguished for the good style of its ornaments and judicious disposition. The celebrated porphyry urn of the magnificent tomb of Clement XII. was under the portico of the Pantheon, which procured it the false surname of the urn of Agrippa, who was interred in the mausoleum of Augustus.

The bronze tomb of the great Martin V. (Colonna), who died in 1430, by Simone of Florence, Donatello's brother, is remarkable. With this illustrious pope, who replaced Cossa,<sup>1</sup> begins in some manner the individual history of Rome, a city ever conquered and pillaged, never possessed, and which has never been subject a moment, except to France.

The Gothic tabernacle of the high altar, a monument curious for the history of art in the fourteenth century, is due to the munificence of the celebrated French pope Urban V. (Grimoard), whose arms it bears, as well as those of the king of France, Charles V., who as-

<sup>1</sup> See ante, book x. ch. ix.

sisted him; among many other relics it contains the heads of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, found by Urban, at the beginning of the year 1368, among the ruins of the old basilic which had been destroyed by fire. This pope, whose lively faith was equal to his learning and charity, after passing all one night with the cardinals in Saint John in Laterano, opened the doors in the morning to the impatient crowd, and showed them the precious heads, a miraculous discovery, which procured each of these Romans, who were transported with joy and, as Baluze says, thought themselves once more masters of the world, a hundred years and a hundred quarantains of indulgences, and it was regarded throughout Europe as one of the most brilliant events of Urban's glorious pontificate.

The splendid altar of the Holy Sacrament, from Olivieri's designs, has four antique columns of gilt bronze supposed to proceed from the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and to have been made by Augustus, of the bronze from the rostra of Egyptian vessels taken at Actium; another tradition says they were brought from Judea to Rome by Vespasian. An *Ascension* is by the Cav. d'Arpino, interred in this church as well as Andrea Sacchi, his contemporary and rival in facility and false taste. The altar of the Saviour, erected by Nicholas IV., still preserves its curious mosaics executed in 1291 by Jacopo da Turrina, a monk of the Minorite order, and his companion Jacopo di Camerino. The two fluted columns of antique yellow supporting the organ are esteemed the finest of that precious marble.\* One of the first monuments of art in the basilic is the painting attributed to Giotto, which represents Boniface VIII. between two cardinals, publishing the famous jubilee of 1300.

Among the new tombs of Saint John in Laterano, may be observed that of the abbé Cancellieri, near the monument which he consecrated to his protector, Cardinal Leone Antonelli, and who has obtained the honour, reserved to cardinals alone, of being buried in this basilic. The extensive, easy, indefatigable and almost encyclopedian erudition of

the abbé Cancellieri is celebrated among the learned. I was fortunate enough to know this true model of Roman urbanity, who received me most kindly in 1826, some weeks before his death. I yet remember his pretty house *al mascherone di Farnese*, with a Latin inscription and a view of the Tiber, in which this amiable and affectionate old man gave his Sunday morning receptions. There, on a long sofa occupying all one side of the saloon, and a long seat parallel to it, sat in two close rows cardinals, prelates with short cloaks, chiefs of orders with their ample garments, foreigners attracted to Rome by the love of learning, professors, etc., all met to enjoy literary conversation. The discovery of a column, a temple, an inscription, a medal, or a manuscript, became there an important event to be discussed with gravity, sometimes with enthusiasm; it was the same to this learned society as our amendments, address, and majority are to us. The spirit of investigation, our political and philosophic eclecticism, in Italy are occupied with the ruins and monuments of the past. Though ecclesiastics were the most numerous, there was not the least question of theological disputes: the Roman clergy have that kind of moderation and security which power imparts, and do not experience the same difficulties as an aspiring and suffering clergy. All these literati cultivated learning and study for the pleasures they afforded; for literature in Italy is not a source of emolument; a man must be rich to write; there is in reality no literary property, and, most frequently, authors think themselves particularly favoured when the bookseller will bear the expense of printing. Milan, Venice, and Florence are the only towns where manuscripts are occasionally paid for; their price is rarely 40 francs a sheet, which, for a volume of 500 pages, brings the author about 1200 francs. The noblest minds in Italy do not raise by their labours the splendid tributes of eminent writers in France and England: the translation of the *Iliad* procured Monti no more than 4,000 francs; Parini was rather high in his demands when he exacted 150 sequins (nearly 72l. sterling) of a Venetian bookseller for a reprint of his pretty poems *Il Mattino* and *Il Mezzogiorno*, to which he had added

\* This marble, which the ancients drew from Macedonia, must not be confounded with the Corinthian yellow.



*la Sera*; the first edition of Manzoni's fine tragedy of *Adelchi* did not clear its expenses, and his popular *Promessi Sposi* have returned him but very little. To all these miseries add the obligation, much more rigorous in Italy than in France, of presenting one's book to all sorts of friends, even those who detest you, a compulsory homage ridiculed by the abbé Galiani, when he published his *Reflections* on the Neapolitan dialect without the author's name, and said that he knew no better means of preserving both his books and his friends.

The curious Gothic cloister of Saint John in Laterano, of the thirteenth century, presents some singular monuments of the middle ages.

The gate of Saint John, the ancient *Porta Asinaria*, was rebuilt under Gregory XIII. by Jacopo della Porta. It was on this side that Totila penetrated into Rome, through the treason of the Isaurian soldiers.

The basilic of Santa Croce in *Gerusalemme*, founded by Saint Helena on the ruins of the gardens of the infamous Heliogabalus and the remains of the *Castrense* amphitheatre,<sup>1</sup> one of the Roman churches that are visited for obtaining indulgences, is served by the Bernardine monks of the congregation of Lombardy. Its name is derived from the largest of the too numerous pieces of the true cross, preserved among its relics. The *Invention of the Cross*, by Pinturicchio, on the ceiling of the gallery, has several good figures of warriors. The mosaics of the chapel of Saint Helena are by Baltassare Peruzzi. The convent library is now very limited. Under the French administration it was removed to the Vatican, and when restored to the convent in 1815, it was put in a provisional apartment where a great number of the manuscripts were stolen; several have been found at Petrucci's, a bookseller of Rome, who had been previously prosecuted for purchasing articles of this kind. It has a fine copy of Cicero's *de Senectute*, transcribed by the princess Ippolita Sforza, daughter of Duke Francesco, and consort of the king of Naples Alfonso II., with a great number of thoughts collected by her, a monument of the enthusiasm and ardour for study

which animated the greatest ladies of the fifteenth century.<sup>2</sup>

The Porta Maggiore, built by Claudius, is a majestic wreck of those aqueducts which, according to M. de Chateaubriand, brought water to the imperial people on triumphal arches.

The basilic of Saint Laurence *extra muros*, like Saint Clement's, characteristic for its pulpits, real *suggesta* called *ambos*, and its disposition,<sup>3</sup> is said to be as old as Constantine. This church, in which Pope Honorius III. crowned a Frenchman, Pierre de Courtenay, count of Auxerre, emperor of Constantinople, is now chiefly frequented by the country people who come to Rome to sell their produce, and the service is performed before sunrise. Among the frescos of the portico, painted in the beginning of the thirteenth century, and of the Græco-Italian school, representing the *Martyrdom of the saint*, the *Coronation of Courtenay*, and other subjects from the history of Honorius, who built the portico, may be remarked the demons contending for the soul of Saint Michael and weighing his actions, as in the *Iliad* Jupiter put the fate of the Greeks and Trojans in a balance. A lizard and a frog sculptured on the volutes on two capitals of the twenty-two Ionic columns of granite, were sculptured by Scaurus and Batrachus, artists of Sparta, working at Rome, who, not being allowed to inscribe their names, contrived to make themselves known by representing the two reptiles their homonyms. Near the door, is a *Roman marriage* in basso-relievo on a fine sarcophagus, the tomb of Cardinal Guglielmo Fieschi, nephew of Innocent IV. The twelve precious antique columns almost buried since Pope Honorius raised the pavement of the church, present richly ornamented Corinthian capitals. The modern paintings are all inferior.

The church of Saint Bibiana, too often shut, contains the simplest, most graceful, and best work of Bernini in sculpture, and one of his first, the statue of the saint, one of the most pleasing productions of modern art: when Bernini executed this, he had not taken such pains to corrupt his style: the present front of this church is also by him.

<sup>1</sup> See *post*, ch. xliii.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, book v. ch. xix.

<sup>3</sup> See the next chapter.

The roof of Saint Eusebius, painted by Mengs, was one of his youthful performances, and, as with most men of elaborate and systematic talent, it is perhaps the warmest and truest of his works.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Santa Maria Maggiore. — Chapel of Sixtus V. — Mosaics. — Borghese chapel. — Obelisk. — Saint Praxede. — Saint Martin. — Landscapes. — Saint Pudenziana.

The front of Santa Maria Maggiore, rebuilt under Benedict XIV. by Ferdinando Fuga, one of the last celebrated architects of Italy in the eighteenth century, is of inferior architecture. The interior renovation of the basilic, ornamented with a superb ceiling of gilt panels, the finest church ceiling known, and a baldachin supported by four Corinthian columns of porphyry, is infinitely superior and passes for Fuga's best work. This decoration, as well as the whole aspect of the splendid edifice, has something gay, showy, worldly, and almost profane. The thirty-six Ionic columns of white marble in the grand nave seem to have belonged to a temple of Juno. The baptistry, formed of a magnificent, richly-ornamented porphyry vase formerly in the museum of the Vatican, was given by Leo XII. The chapel *del Presepio*, by Fontana, admired for its form and symmetry, was ordered by Sixtus V. when only Cardinal Montalto; Gregory XIII., supposing from such an expenditure that he was very rich, suppressed his pension (*piatto*); and the enterprise would have remained unfinished, if the architect, no less devoted to the cardinal than anxious to execute his own designs, had not advanced the sum of 1,000 Roman crowns, the fruit of his savings. The noble disinterestedness of Fontana was the source of his fortune and procured him the friendship of Sixtus V.: shortly after the *Shepherd of Montalto* became pope; the chapel was finished, and sung by Tasso.<sup>1</sup> In it is the tomb of the ambitious pontiff, the approver of regicide, the founder of the ecclesiastical government of the Roman states, a deranged machine which he

himself would now doubtless reform in some parts, but retain its spirit of equality and plebeian constitution, its first, most ancient, and wisest principle.

The mosaics of the choir, by Fra Jacopo da Turrita, though really of the thirteenth century and ordered by Nicholas IV., another shepherd and mountaineer of the Marches, who attained the papal throne before Sixtus V., do not appear of so barbarous an epoch. The mosaics over the arch and columns of the middle nave, representing different subjects from the Old Testament, date from the fifth century and were ordered by Sixtus III., the friend of Saint Augustine, a simple pastor of Rome, who, notwithstanding his evangelical poverty, anticipated the encouragements that were one day to be lavished on the arts by so many powerful pontiffs, his magnificent successors.

The Borghese chapel, prodigiously rich, makes one regret that its accessories are not as pure as its character is grand. Bernini and his school executed the tombs of Clement VIII. and Paul V., the founder of the chapel. The paintings are inferior to those in the chapel of Sixtus V., the best in the basilic.

Here, too, are the tombs of the popes Nicholas IV., Clement IX., the sepulchral stone of Platina and the mausoleum of a cardinal Consalvi of the thirteenth century, by Giovanni Cosmate, who bears the noble title of *civis Romanus* in the inscription.

The brilliant chapel of the Madonna, which has four angels by the Cav. Arpino on its cupola, is especially remarkable for the graceful, living frescos of Guido.

In the square behind the basilic, is the obelisk which was brought to Rome, placed before the mausoleum of Augustus with that on Monte Cavallo, and reared again under Sixtus V. by Fontana.

At Rome only is it possible to find simplicity and extreme magnificence combined, in the same edifice, to such a degree. For instance, in the little and ancient church of Saint Praxede the ascent to the high-altar, supported by four porphyry columns, is by a double flight of steps of antique red, regarded as the most considerable block of that precious marble.<sup>2</sup> In the chapel of the

<sup>1</sup> Rime. Part. IIIa, la Canz. IV. *Mira devotamente alma pentita.*

<sup>2</sup> The quarries of antique red were situated be-

tween the Nile and the Red sea; this marble has become rare because they have never been worked since the ancients.

martyrs Saint Zenon and Saint Valentinian, a large fragment of a column of oriental jasper, brought from Jerusalem in 1223 by Cardinal Giovanni Colonna, passes, as do some other fragments at Saint Anthony of Padua, for a part of that to which the Saviour was fastened when scourged. The fine mausoleum of a Breton cardinal of the family of Taillebourg, bishop of Sabina, who died in 1474, is an interesting monument in respect to art. The *Ascension*, on the ceiling, is in the first and better style of the Cav. d'Arpino. Some figures painted in fresco by Guercino are not without merit. In the sacristy is the celebrated and superb *Flagellation*, by Giulio Romano.

The antique church of Saint Martin *de' Monti*, with its subterranean oratory, its catacombs, its old Madonna, and its modern embellishments, seems a poem with progress and action. Though injured by time, its collection of landscapes painted in fresco by Guaspre Poussin is admirable and unique in churches; the figures are by Nicolas, Guaspre's illustrious brother-in-law, a formidable namesake who has too much eclipsed him.

The church of Saint Pudenziana, repaired in 1598, has in its gallery a mosaic of the eighth century, ordered by Pope Adrian I., in astonishing preservation, and reckoned by Poussin one of the best in the old style. In the middle of numerous figures and a varied landscape, the Saviour is represented with a book in his hand, on which is written : *Dominus conservator ecclesie Pudentiane*.

## CHAPTER XX.

Saint Peter in Vincoli.—Michael Angelo's Moses.—Santa Maria of Loreto.—Restorations.—Holy Apostles.—Mausoleum of Clement XIV.

The acclivity leading to Saint Peter *in Vincoli* recalls one of the most horrible

crimes of ancient Rome, as it is pretended to be the place of the street called *Scele-rata*, because the ambitious and infamous Tullia had there driven her car over the corpse of the king her father.

The church of Saint Peter *in Vincoli* was built by the empress Eudoxia, wife of Valentinian III., under the pontificate of Saint Leo the Great, to receive the chain which had bound the apostle in the prison of Jerusalem. This venerated chain is still shown to the people, and kissed by them on the festival of Saint Peter. The majestic church of Saint Peter *in Vincoli*, rebuilt by Adrian I., repaired under Julius II., was put in its present state in 1705 by Francesco Fontana, a descendant of Domenico; the nave has twenty columns remarkable for their Grecian character, which resembles divers fragments of the architecture of Adrian's villa.

The tomb of Julius II., though unfinished and far short of the immense proportions it ought to have, is the most important created by modern art. It does not, however, contain his corpse, which lies neglected in the Vatican. It must be confessed that there existed an analogy such as is seldom seen between the genius of Michael Angelo and the character of Julius II.; who had actively employed him. The bold menacing expression and proud attitude of the colossal *Moses* belong no less to the haughty pontiff than the Hebrew legislator. This famous *Moses* has inspired two superb sonnets and a multitude of other verses: the first sonnet is by an indifferent poet, Giambattista Zappi; the second, by Alfieri, is however inferior to the first.<sup>1</sup>

The adjustment of the figure, though treated broadly, is open to censure; the head has been thought too little, the beard enormous; the body seems to wear a flannel waistcoat, and the kind of pantaloons with gaiters which cover the thighs and long legs are scarcely in cha-

<sup>1</sup> Chi è costui che in sì gran pietra scolto  
Siede gigante e le più illustri e conte  
Opere dell' arte avanza, e ha vive e pronte  
Le labbra sì che le parole ascolto?

Questi è Mosè, ben mel dimostra il folto  
Onor del mento, e il doppio raggio in fronte;  
Questi è Mosè quando scendea dal monte,  
E gran parte del Nume avea nel volto.

Tal era allor che le sonanti e vaste

Acque ei sospese a se d' intorno, e tale  
Quando il mar chiuse, e ne fe' tomba altrui.

E voi, sue turbe, un rio vitello alzaste?  
Alzato avete imago a questa eguale,  
Ch' era men fallo l' adorar costui.

Oh! chi se' tu, che maestoso tanto  
Marmoreo siedi; ed hai scolpito in volto



racter for a Moses. But the arms, hands, and feet, admirable for their anatomical science, rival the Laocoon. The four middling statues in the niches are by Raphael da Montelupo, Michael Angelo's pupil. The mausoleum, of formal architecture, as sometimes happens with this great master, is covered with masks and satyrs, a singular instance of the continuation of the old practice of placing profane emblems on sacred monuments.

The half-figure of Saint Margaret, in the next chapel, passes for one of Guercino's most carefully finished works. The celebrated *Deliverance of St. Peter*, in the sacristy, is of Domenichino's younger days.

The convent adjoining is from the designs of Giuliano San Gallo, and the cistern in the court by Michael Angelo.

The restoration of Santa Maria of Loreto, which was in danger of falling, is one of the works conferring most honour on Antonio San Gallo: thus to restore, says Vasari, is to create and even something more. It is nearly the same with the restoration of states, much more difficult and rare than founding them. The principal merit of this dome, by Giuliano San Gallo, Antonio's uncle, consists in its being the first erected at Rome on the system of a double vault. The general style is not without some heaviness, a defect aggravated to the eye by the enormous and faulty lantern with which this monument has been since overloaded by Jacopo del Duca. The painting at the high altar is esteemed one of Perugino's best. A statue of *Susanna*, by Fiammingo, is graceful but somewhat affected.

The talents, the gratitude, the excellent personal qualities of Canova are conspicuous at the Holy Apostles. In this church is the cenotaph consecrated by him to the celebrated engraver Volpato, his countryman, friend, and fellow-student, the companion of his youth and his hopes, with an ingenious inscription by Monsignor Gaetano Marini, which states that Canova was only twenty-five years old when he made the mausoleum

of Pope Clement XIV., placed in this same church. Canova refused the order of a statue of the emperor Alexander proposed by the senate of Corfu, that he might honour the ashes of his friend. The noble composition and the figures of *Temperance* and *Meekness* of the mausoleum of Clement XIV. announced the end of the horrible taste which had prevailed for a whole century, and the revival of true sculpture. The success was universal, and the satirical Milizia wrote that the ex-Jesuits even praised and blessed the Ganganelli of marble. A monumental and votive tablet, with an inscription, recalls another feature of the touching gratitude of Canova towards the Venetian senator Faleri, the man to whom we owe Canova, who drew him from his village and paid his first lessons.

This interesting church of the Apostles was, until the sixteenth century, the theatre of one of those popular feasts, then common in other churches of Italy, a species of Thespian games, which seem more suitable for a street or a public square than a Christian temple. Every year, on the first of May, the festival of Saint Philip, the patron of the church, a pig was suspended by a rope from the roof, or placed on a stand, and pails of water were thrown from above on those who attempted to seize this unclean prize, the winning of which excited the joyous transports of the multitude.

Among the paintings of the Holy Apostles, is an esteemed *St. Anthony*, by Luti, in the chapel of that name, the cupola of which, by Nasini, or rather by Baciccio, is really stunning, according to Redi's expression: *faceva stordire il mondo*. The *Martyrdom of St. Philip* and *St. James*, at the high altar, by Domenico Muratori, bad in the colouring, is the largest altar-piece in Rome. Under the portico of the church, a great antique basso-relievo, representing an eagle with an oaken crown and extended wings, is one of the finest models of this kind of ornament.

At the convent of the Minorite Friars

Triplice onor, ch' uom nullo ha in se raccolto;  
Legislator, guerrier, ministro santo?

Tu del popol d' Iddio, che in lungo pianto  
Servo è sul Nilo, i ferrei lacci hai sciolto;  
Il tiranno d' Egitto in mar sepolto;  
Gl' idoli in un con gl' idolatri infranto.

Quant' eri in terra, in questo sasso or spiri;  
Che il divin Michelangelo non tacque  
Niuno in te de tuoi coldi alti desiri.

Michelangel, che a te minor non nacque;  
E che, intricato in tuoi raminghi giri,  
Avria fatt' egli scaturir pur l' acque.

of Saint Francis, who perform the services of the church, are many tombs and among them that of Cardinal Bessarion. A cenotaph is consecrated to Michael Angelo, the decrepit figure is striking for its truth and resemblance. The funeral of Michael Angelo, like Canova's, was celebrated at the Holy Apostles, where he would have reposed, as directed by the pope, until the monument he intended to erect to him in Saint Peter's was finished, if Cosmo de' Medici had not caused the body of the illustrious Florentine to be taken away by night and restored to his jealous country.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Saint Silvester.—Dominican nuns.—Saint Charles alle Quattro Fontane.—Saint Andrew.—Sepolte vive.—Santa Maria della Vittoria.—Group of Saint Theresa.

The church of Saint Silvester is the place where the cardinals meet previously to going in procession to the conclave. It has some few paintings. In the fine chapel of the Assumption, the picture on slate, by Scipione Gaetano, is well drawn, of good effect, and graceful in colouring. The four little paintings of the cupola are Domenichino's best; the *Esther in a swoon* is preferred. There are two tombs of remarkable men: one of the famous jurisconsult Prospero Farinacci, procurator-fiscal, no less vicious than talented, of whom Pope Clement VIII., when according him pardon, said, in allusion to his name, that if the flour were good, the sack was very filthy; the other, that of the illustrious man of letters and politician, Cardinal Gui Bentivoglio, historian of the wars in Flanders, who had prescribed the plainness of his funeral and of this tomb, so embarrassed were his circumstances at the period of his decease.

To the church of Saint Dominick and Saint Sixtus is annexed the rich monastery of the Dominican nuns, loaded with benefactions by the Doria family. The prioress (*la madre priora*) must always be a Roman princess; and this aristocratic convent reminds us of the chapel of patrician chastity in ancient Rome, the door of which was closed by the Roman dames against the wife of a consul,

because she (a patrician) had married a plebeian.<sup>1</sup> Human pride penetrates even into the practices of religion, and often merely assumes another form. "Sack-cloth," says Nicole, "cilices, and discipline" are sometimes at its service." There are twelve mothers at the Dominican nunnery, and about as many pupils belonging to the best houses. The education, neglected, as under the old manners of Italy, is that of women of the world. The cells with their flowers, birds, and little fountains, are charming. The architecture is considered equal to the finest constructions of the kind. From the terraces on the roof there is nothing to be seen but the best preserved side of the Coliseum, and it appears perfect thence. In the court is a high tower of brick, which some persons supposed to be erected by Augustus or Trajan for the soldiers charged with the guarding of the neighbouring forums, but the greater probability is that it was built about 1300 by Pope Boniface VIII. with ancient and excellent materials.

The church of Saint Catherine of Siena, another dependance of the Dominican nuns, of Soria's architecture, presents, beside some inferior paintings, a good *Magdalen*, by Luti, and a fine *Resurrection of the Saviour*, one of the few works of Genga, the compatriot of Raphael, and like him a pupil of Perugino.

The small church of Saint Charles *alle quattro Fontane*, the fantastical masterpiece of Borromini, with a front partaking of madness, is a kind of *tour de force*; as it only occupies the space of one of the four pilasters of Saint Peter's cupola. The court of the convent adjacent thereto is no less extraordinary, and in its diminutive proportions, it presents a double portico of twenty-five columns one over the other. The painting of the high altar and an *Annunciation* are by Mignard.

The church of Saint Andrew of the Jesuits' Noviciate, of Bernini's architecture, is a little monument which, notwithstanding its licence, possesses richness, variety, and a certain charm. In the chapel of Saint Francis Xavier, ornamented with three paintings by Baciccio, the *Saint dying in the Chinese isle of Sancian* is pathetic. The humble tomb

<sup>1</sup> It was the wife of the consul Volumnius; irritated at such an outrage, she dedicated a

temple to plebeian chastity. Titus Livius, lib. x. 24.

of Charles Emmanuel IV., king of Sardinia, who abdicated in 1802 and died a Jesuit at this convent in 1819, is by the Piedmontese sculptor Festa. The chapel Saint Stanislas Kostka, which has a boasted painting of Carlo Maratta's at the high altar, presents some lateral paintings by our David, before he had completed the reform of his style.<sup>1</sup> In the Noviciate, the chamber of Saint Stanislas, converted into a chapel, has the statue of the *saint* dying, by Legros, a polychromatic figure full of affectation, and of a reality of the very worst taste, whose head, hands, and feet are white marble, the habit and couch of black and yellow.

In the neighbourhood is the convent of the reformed Capuchin nuns, known by the fearful name of *Sepolte vive*; which, being poor and rigid, forms a true contrast with the sumptuous monastery of the proud Dominicans. Here, the vocations are sincere, ardent; worldly arrangements or family interests interfere not therewith, and the noviciate of a year seems long to these impatient souls. It may be further remarked, that if convents of men were more relaxed in Italy than in France, the regulation of nunneries was more severe. A lady distinguished by her rank and qualities, who had obtained from the pope the rare favour of visiting the convents of Rome, described to me with admiration the serenity, piety, contentment, and even the joy of these *Sepolte vive*, who keep a perpetual Lent, have a death's head on the refectory table, and sleep in their coffin; they are not even sallow or pale, but ruddy. Their separation from the world is truly eternal, as they never leave their cloister, living or dead, but are buried there. So familiar are they with death, that young nuns have sometimes demolished with their hands the masonry of the tombs, that they might examine the countenances of their companions in their last abode. This kind of passion and curiosity is by no means barbarism, amid the manners and sensualism of hot countries. The reader may remember the young Sicilian of Boccaccio's touching novel, who, having learned in a dream where the body of her lover, assassinated by her brothers, was lying, went and secretly

disinterred it, cut off the head, shut herself up with it, covered it with her tears and kisses, and, having put it in a pot of sweet-basil which she moistened with her tears, and with rose and orange water, died of grief when the flourishing and odoriferous plant was taken away from her.<sup>2</sup> As at La Trappe, when one of the sisters has lost her father or mother, she is not informed of it; the superior only announces to the assembled nuns that one of them has lost a parent, and prayers are said in common: a dreadful uncertainty, which unceasingly renews in the heart of these nuns the most cruel grief that we can feel. All the power of religion is necessary to resist such trials; human feelings could not go far, but would succumb to some of these vague and menacing communications. The fearful mystery was on one occasion revealed in a very pathetic manner. The father of a nun was accustomed to send her flowers and fruits on her saint's day; it seems that he died some days before; the young nun not receiving her usual present, no longer doubted the loss she had suffered, when the superior came to announce the *death of a father*, and the unfortunate one fainted in the midst of her companions, who were, for once, delivered from their filial apprehensions.

The church of *Santa Maria della Vittoria* takes its title from the image of a Madonna, whose intercession procured several victories over the Turks and heretics in Germany. The flags hanging from the roof have a most noble origin: they were taken at the raising of the siege of Vienna, on the 12th of September, 1683, in the octave of the Nativity. Cardinal Fesch is the titular of this church: its surname and warlike reminiscences are well-suited to an uncle of Napoleon. The splendid front, by Soria, was raised at the expense of Cardinal Scipione Borghese, as the price of the fine Hermaphrodite formerly at the villa of that name, now in our museum, a chef-d'œuvre found in the garden adjoining the convent of the Carmelites, who, being doubtless embarrassed with such a statue, ceded it to the cardinal.

The celebrated group of *Saint Theresa*, Bernini's reputed masterpiece, was modestly regarded by himself as his least feeble work; though expressive and pic-

<sup>1</sup> See ante, book ix. ch. vii.

<sup>2</sup> Giorn. IVa, Nov. V.



turesque, it is deficient in taste, nature, propriety, and that decent grace which the subject required. The angel about to lanch his symbolic dart is only a kind of devout Cupid, and the condition, the reclining attitude of the saint, seem rather a swoon than an ecstasy of the soul.

The best paintings in the church are the *Virgin and St. Francis*, by Domenichino; the *Trinity*, by Guercino, and the portrait of the *Cardinal*, by Guido.

## CHAPTER XXII.

*Santa Maria degli Angeli.*—Columns.—Meridian.—Cloister.—Porta Pia.—Saint Agnes.—Lambs.—Saint Constantia.—Capuchins.—Trinità de' Monti.—Stairs.—Obelisk.—Descent from the Cross.

*Santa Maria degli Angeli* was the principal hall of Diocletian's vast *Thermæ*: water is still found on this spot. Michael Angelo was eighty-eight years old when he drew the design of this church. The Greek cross, also changed and lengthened in the last century, shows how prodigious would have been the effect of Saint Peter's, if the plan of Michael Angelo had been followed. Under the vestibule are the tombs of certain celebrated, rather than great personages: Carlo Maratta's, designed by himself, with a bust by his brother; Salvator Rosa's, with a hyperbolic epitaph, attributed to P. Paolo Oliva, general of the Jesuits, which declares him equal to the first painters of his time and the first poets of all ages: *Pictorum sui temporis nulli secundum, poetarum omnium temporum principibus parem*; and that of Cardinal Francesco Alciati, an able jurisconsult and writer, as was his uncle, the famous Andrea, bearing the inscription: *Virtuti vixit—memoria vivit—gloria vivet*. On the tomb of Cardinal Parisio, formerly professor of law at Padua and Bologna, employed by Paul III., are these three verses:

Corpus humo tegitur,  
Fama per ora volat,  
Spiritus astra tenet.

The eight colossal columns of granite, left in their original position and buried at the base by Michael Angelo, on account of the humidity of the soil, which he was obliged to raise, supported this spacious hall. A *B. Nicholas Albergati*, at the altar of the grand chapel, by Graziani, is execrable. The *St. Jerome*,

preaching to a crowd of hermits, by Muziano, though well drawn, is rude and disagreeable in effect and colouring. The *St. Sebastian*, by Domenichino, is injured by time and not reckoned among his best works; it is now less honourable to the talent of the artist than that of the engineer-artisan, Zabaglia: this fresco, of twenty-two feet high by thirteen in breadth, was executed at Saint Peter's, but when it was proposed to replace the paintings by mosaics because of the damp, the removal of the Saint Sebastian, declared impossible by the learned, was effected by Zabaglia, who transported the painted wall, first to the mosaic workroom, and thence to its present place. The *Death of Ananias and Sapphira*, by Pomarancio, is one of his least false compositions, at Rome. The *Fall of Simon the Magician*, by Pompeo Batoni, has some very good parts. The author may be regarded as the *Vien* of the modern school of Rome, but he has had no David to accomplish the reform which he began. The *Emperor Valens, partisan of the heretics, fainting while St. Basil celebrates mass*, by Subleyras, of Languedoc, is much extolled for the architecture, colouring, and draperies.

The great meridian was determined in 1701 with extreme accuracy, by the learned Francesco Bianchini, assisted by the clever astronomer Maraldi, a worthy descendant of Cassini, who like him settled at Paris and died there.

The vast cloister of the *Chartreuse*, built by Michael Angelo on the site of Diocletian's *Thermæ*, some rooms of which, with a hundred travertine columns supporting the portico, form part of the present buildings, breathes a certain religious and melancholy majesty, which induces oblivion of this world's things, and explains the penitent, contemplative life of the few monks that dwell therein. The decrease of the monastic population in Italy, which we have already remarked, continues even at Rome, and the number of monks and nuns stated by a Parisian philosophical journal at thirty thousand souls, was only, in 1832, two thousand and thirty-eight of the former, and one thousand three hundred and eighty-four of the latter. In the centre is a fountain, round which Michael An-

<sup>1</sup> See post, ch. xxviii and xxx.

gelo planted four cypresses, gloomy, motionless, monumental trees, which seem to harmonise with the stillness and austere gravity of the cloister. At the entrance, the grand, sage, touching, and noble statue of *St. Bruno*, by Houdon, the ideal of humility, and which might be taken for one of Lesueur's figures sculptured, is an honour to modern art and the French chisel. "It would speak," said Pope Clement XIV., "if the rule of its order did not prescribe silence."

In going to the church of Saint Agnes, I passed by the *Porta Pia*, a work of Michael Angelo's old age, and I was reminded of *Otho*, *Agesilas*, and *Attila*. "It was by the *Porta Pia*," rightly, but somewhat affectedly, says M. Quatremère, "that all the capricious fantasies, disinterred in after times to destroy architecture, entered and were introduced."

Saint Agnes has preserved the form of the ancient Roman basilics better than any other church. This ancient edifice, one of the most celebrated establishments of Christianity, was erected by Constantine, at the entreaty of his daughter Constantia, on the very spot where the body of the chaste heroine had been found. Her statue is formed of an antique torso of oriental alabaster, with head, hands, and feet of gilded bronze, modern. In one of the three aisles, four superb columns, two of marble of *porta santa* and two of *pavonazzetto*, which have as many as a hundred and forty flutes, are unique for that singularity. The four columns of the baldachin over the tomb are of the finest porphyry. In the chapel of the Madonna is an antique candelabra, and on the altar a tolerably fine head of *Christ*, attributed to Michael Angelo, but one half of the skull deficient.

A pastoral and poetic ceremony takes place on the saint's festival: two lambs receive the papal benediction and are sent by the pope to a house of nuns charged to tend them and keep the wool, which is blessed on the eve of Sts. Peter and Paul and kept in a gilt urn under the high altar of Saint Peter's; and is used by none but the holy father, the archbishops, and the bishop of Ostia, who has the exclusive right of consecrating the pope, if he be not a bishop.

The round church of Saint Constantia never was a temple of Bacchus as some

have supposed, because the mosaics of the roof presented vine leaves and bunches of grapes, which, despite the difference of religion, were also the emblems of the first Christians. The church seems to have been built by Constantine, at the same epoch as Saint Agnes, and it became the mausoleum of the two Constantias, his sister and daughter. The circular ruins, fronting the church, seem to be of the seventh century, and were probably a boundary wall to unite Saint Agnes and Saint Constantia.

The plain church of the Capuchins, called *Santa Maria della Concezione*, has some paintings. The *St. Michael*, on silk, by Guido, far too much extolled as one of his chefs-d'œuvre, as the design is weak and affected, the attitude constrained, the adjustment in the worst taste, bears little resemblance to Raphael's Saint Michael, a real archangel, of which Guido's Saint Michael is but an awkward copy. The painter, to revenge certain criticisms of Cardinal Pamfili, afterwards Innocent X., represented him under the hideous features of Lucifer. In his justification, Guido said that the resemblance was the effect of chance, and that it was not his fault that the cardinal was so ugly. He wrote to Cardinal Francesco Barberini, who had ordered the painting: *Vorrei aver avuto pennello angelico, e forme di paradiso per formare l'Arcangelo, e vederlo in cielo. Ma io non ho potuto salir tanto alto, e in vano l'ho ricercato in terra. Sicchè ho riguardato in quella forma, che nell'idea mi sono stabilito.* The *St. Francis* in ecstasy was a present from Domenichino to the Capuchins: Camassei, a clever pupil of this great master, did the *Piety*. The *St. Paul healed by Ananias*, is one of the least incorrect works of Pietro da Cortona. A plain stone on the ground with this humble inscription:

Hic jacet pulvis, cinis et nihil,

marks the grave of Cardinal Francesco Barberini, brother of Pope Urban VIII., once a Capuchin, who built the church and monastery. The little cemetery, formed of four vaulted rooms, is curious for its skeletons standing erect in Capuchin's robes and the artistical arrangement of the bones.

The paintings of the brilliant church

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, ch. i.

of Saint Isidore belong to the first masters of the epoch of the decline, very little esteemed by artists of the present day. These paintings are : two chapels and a *Conception*, by Carlo Maratta, and the *Saint*, at the high altar, a boasted work of Andrea Sacchi's.

The front of Saint Andrew *delle frate* owes its completion, like several others at Rome, to the sale of diplomatic snuff-boxes bequeathed by Cardinal Consalvi ; the other half was devoted to the erection of the mausoleum of Pope Pius VII., his benefactor, at Saint Peter's. The most splendid was the snuff-box of the Concordat of 1801, which cost 30,000 fr. This front, of the judicious architecture of S. Valadier, contrasts with the cupola of Borromini and his extravagant steeple, which oscillates with the motion of the bells. The rich chapel of Saint Francis de Paule has two angels by Bernini. The *Death of St. Anne* is a fine statue by Pacetti. Among many other tombs may be distinguished those of Angelica Kauffmann, the learned Dane Zeoga, and the elegant Prussian sculptor Rodolph Schadow, northern tombs that prove the invincible attractions of Rome and Italy for all the lovers of the arts and of antiquity.

The noble stair of the Trinità de' Monti, though not very pure, was constructed in the last century by a legacy of Etienne Gueffier, formerly secretary of the French embassy at Rome, who afterwards settled there.

The obelisk proceeding from the circus in Sallust's garden shows the magnificence of Pius VI., who had it removed from the square of Saint John in Laterano, where it lay neglected, to erect it in this fine position. The church, founded by Charles VIII. at the entreaty of Saint Francis de Paule, was consecrated by Sixtus V., and ornamented with paintings executed at the cost of the cardinal de Lorraine. Abandoned in 1798, it owes its restoration to the munificence of Louis XVIII. and the talents of Mazois. The fresco of the *Assumption*, by Daniello of Volterra, has suffered much ; nothing is left of the Apostles, and it is barely possible to form an opinion of the ensemble of the composition ; on the right may be distinguished the portrait of Michael Angelo, the author's

master ; the circle of little angels around the Virgin is of an elegant, poetic effect. The *Massacre of the Innocents* has some fine parts well preserved ; the cartoon only of this painting is by Daniello of Volterra ; it was coloured by his pupil the Florentine Michelangelo Alberti. The celebrated *Descent from the Cross*, by the same Daniello, was cited by Poussin as one of the three best paintings of Rome ; despite the sad alterations it has undergone, enough of it is still left to demonstrate that Poussin had accurately classed it. It is much admired for the expression, the pantomime of the group of the Virgin and the holy women, the sublimity, the drawing of the figure of the Christ, who really falls *come corpo morto cade*,<sup>1</sup> and the man on a ladder with his back towards the spectator, so full of vigour, so wonderfully drawn. A *Procession of penitents* during a plague by Saint Gregory the Great under the likeness of Leo X., with the archangel Michael appearing over Adrian's mole, is curious, and shows the form and condition of the mausoleum under the latter pope. The church has been ornamented with paintings by pupils of the French Academy, who have since become clever masters. The following are remarkable : *St. Louis depositing on the altar the crown of thorns brought from the Holy Land*, by M. Thevenin, composed with judgment, but feebly executed ; a *Repose in Egypt*, by M. Schnetz ; a *Flagellation*, of extraordinary facility, by Léon Pallière, a young man of great promise, who died two years after his return from Rome ; the *Christ giving the keys to St. Peter*, one of the works of M. Ingres, excellent for the character of the heads.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Pantheon. — Minerva. — Obelisk. — Inscription. — Christ, by Michael Angelo. — Tombs of Leo X. and Bembo. — Pagan manners of the revival. — Tombs of Fra Angelico and Paulus Manutius. — Casanatese library. — Index. — Pontifical. — Prints.

The piazza of the Pantheon is a market, with a pretty fountain surmounted by a little obelisk of Egyptian granite covered with hieroglyphics.

The Pantheon of Agrippa, the most elegant edifice of ancient Rome, and the

<sup>1</sup> See ante, ch. I. and *Variétés Italiennes*.

<sup>2</sup> Dante, *Inf.*, can. v. 142.



best preserved of its antique monuments, is to the present moment the finest monument of modern Rome. The simple and noble portico with its superb columns of Egyptian marble, the chef-d'œuvre of Greek and Roman architecture, which displays a prodigious knowledge of statics, presents festoons, candelabra, pateræ, and other sacred basso-relievos of perfect execution. The two little spires that Pope Urban VIII. obliged Bernini to add thereto, have been compared to two ass's ears, and are singularly absurd over such a pediment. The great bronze door is antique, as well as the palisades placed over it. In the niches on each side stood the colossal statues of Agrippa and Augustus; for the latter was unwilling to be put in the interior of the temple, and as he refused to have it dedicated to himself, it was consecrated by his friend, minister, and son-in-law, to Jupiter the Avenger. The majestic interior, which retains most of its antique lining of precious marble, being disposed with far more skill than Saint Peter's, seems much more extensive than it really is. The pavement of granite and porphyry, the finest of temple pavements and the only one that is left us, would be sufficient to give an idea of Roman magnificence, and of the beauty, the solidity of the materials then used. This admirable monument of eighteen centuries has not been conquered by time; it has only suffered from men, who have torn away from the roof its brilliant ornaments of silver and gilt bronze, which the ancients always adopted. It is interesting to ascend to the exterior opening of the cupola, to form a complete idea of its aspect. We read in a manuscript narrative of the sack of Rome preserved at the Vatican, that Charles V., when he visited this city in 1536, wished to be conducted to the opening of the cupola. A young Roman gentleman, Crescenzi, who had been ordered to accompany him, confessed to his father that he was almost tempted to push him into the interior to revenge his country for the sack of Rome in 1527, and the old Italian said: "My son, such things as that should be done and not talked about." Except the beautiful statue of the *Madonna del Sasso*, by Lorenzetto, placed in the chapel where his immortal friend Raphael is interred, and where his bones were found untouched three cen-

turies after on the 14th of September 1833, the Pantheon has no superior work of art, but itself is an all-sufficient wonder. At this same altar of the Madonna is the but little noticed tomb of an illustrious master, Annibale Carraccio. The plain cenotaph enclosing the entrails of Cardinal Consalvi, cardinal-deacon of Santa Maria della Rotonda, is by Thorwaldsen; the portrait has the merit of resemblance. The effect of the moon's rays through the lantern of the cupola, and of the fleecy clouds which float through the sky and pass over the silvery disc of the planet, is curious and worth observing.

Behind the Pantheon are the remains of Agrippa's splendid thermæ, the first established at Rome, and which, as well as his gardens, he bequeathed at his death to the Roman people.

In the piazza della *Minerva* is the smallest obelisk in Rome, which, by a singular coincidence, was dedicated to the goddess Neith, the Egyptian Minerva. It formerly stood near the adjacent temples of Isis and Serapis; like the one in the piazza of the Pantheon, it has been fantastically placed like a tower, by Bernini, on the back of an elephant, the work of his pupil Ferrata. The moral and rather subtle inscription partakes of the affected taste of this school: *Sapientis Egypti insculptas obelisco figuras, ab elephanto, belluarum fortissima gestari quisquis hic vides, documentum intellige, robustæ mentis esse solidam sapientiam sustinere*. The subject was taken from the strange romance of Francesco Colonna, a monk of the fifteenth century, under the title of *Hypnerotomachia*, or the *Dream of Polyphilus*.<sup>1</sup>

The church della *Minerva* takes its name from an ancient temple of that goddess erected by Pompey after his victories. Although ceded more than four centuries ago to the Dominicans, who have rebuilt it, by the Benedictine nuns of the Campus Martius, refugees from Greece (an alliance of words only to be found at Rome), this Gothic church, austere and simple, is still worthy of its poetical name from its monuments of art and literary recollections.

Michael Angelo's *Christ*, full length, and as if armed with his cross, has an angry air, such as no other artist would

<sup>1</sup> Cap. III. lib. i.

ever have conceived. This figure, one of his most scientific and most finished works, is nevertheless destitute of the expression, majesty, and divinity which belong to the Saviour.

The *Last Supper*, in one of the first chapels, is Baroccio's latest work. A Crucifix, in a little chapel, is ascribed to Giotto. The great chapel of the Caraffa of Naples, dedicated to Saint Thomas Aquinas, has the *Saint's life*, by the young Lippi, in which the *Dispute* is the most ably treated; the ceiling, by his pupil Raffaellino, called del Garbo, who has surpassed him and seems there absolutely worthy of his graceful surname; the excellent painting at the altar by Fra Angelico; the tomb of Paul IV. (Caraffa), by the illustrious Pirro Ligurio. In the next chapel may be remarked the tomb, ornamented with sculptures and mosaics by the Cosmati, of Guillaume Durand, a Frenchman, who preferred his savage bishopric of Mende to the archbishopric of Ravenna, and whose fine *Rationale* (of 1459) was, according to some bibliographers, the first book printed in movable cast characters, with date and printer's name. The ceiling of the chapel of the Rosary, by Venusti, a happy imitator of Michael Angelo, is esteemed: the *Madonna* of the altar is by Fra Angelico. The inscription on the tomb of the illustrious scholar Latinus Juvenalis Manetto proudly records that, being named by Pope Paul III. as guide and antiquarian to Charles V. when he came to view its monuments, he had admonished him of the grandeur of Rome: *Carolus V. Aug. Roman venientem excipiens, veterum monumenta suspicientem, romana virtutis admonuit.* Behind the high-altar are the tombs of Leo X. and his cousin Clement VII., by Baccio Bandinelli. The statue of the former pope has his usual commonplace appearance, which seems surprising in the restorer of learning, a person distinguished for elegant taste. His pitiful funeral oration was delivered by an obscure *cameriere*, and what Bembo, Sadolet, Giovio, Giraldis, and many other eloquent, flowery orators were then doing, is quite a mystery. At the foot of Leo X.'s mausoleum, on the pavement, is the tomb of Cardinal Bembo, which was consecrated to him by his

natural son Torquato Bembo, whom he had of La Morisina: the inscription states that he was admitted into the Sacred College *ob singulares ejus virtutes*. Illegitimacy of birth was not then a reproach. These tombs of Leo X. and Bembo, with the life of Imperia,<sup>1</sup> exhibit, in the manners of the literati of the revival, a reflection of Paganism produced by the new studies, a sort of antique incredulity and corruption which Ariosto, Bembo's friend, forcibly depicts in the satire he addressed to him respecting the difficulties and even the perils attending the education of Virginio, the most beloved of his two natural children.<sup>2</sup>

Near the door are the three great mausoleums of the cardinals Alessandrino, Pimentelli, and Benelli, by Jacopo della Porta, Bernini, and Rainaldi. A plain stone is sacred to a more illustrious man, the Dominican monk, Fra Angelico, who deserved his sweet surname by the holiness of his life and paintings, so much do his lovely, grave, and pure figures seem copied from heaven. The inscription happily expresses his talents and his virtues:

Non mihi sit laudi quod eram velut alter Apelles,  
Sed quod lucra tuis omnia, Christe, dabam.  
Altera nam terris opera extant, altera cœlo  
Urbs me Joannem flos tulit Etruriæ.

In a column of the nave, opposite the chapel of the Confraternity of the Saviour, is the tomb of Paulus Manutius, the worthy son of Aldus the elder. The four words of the inscription, which record his origin, appear sufficient and very beautiful:

Paulo Manutio  
Aldi filio.  
Obiit CIOLXXIV.

This inscription seems to have escaped the learned researches of M. Renouard, who says, in his *Annales de l'Imprimerie des Aldes*, that Paulus Manutius was buried at the Minerva without any sepulchral inscription.

The library of the Minerva, called *Casanatense*, from the name of the Neapolitan cardinal librarian of the Vatican, so well judged and appreciated by Saint-Simon, who chiefly augmented it and

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, ch. xvii.

<sup>2</sup> See Sat. VI. and *ante*, book vii., ch. xii and xlii.

endowed it in 1700, with an income of 400 piastres, now contains a hundred and twenty thousand volumes exclusive of the detached papers, and four thousand five hundred manuscripts. It is the most considerable in Rome for printed books, and may be regarded as its first public library. Access to the books is readily accorded with courtesy by the Dominicans, and I experienced every politeness from the R. P. Magno, who has been librarian for thirty years. I even obtained admission into the over-stored cabinet of books prohibited by the papal authorities. The catalogue of these books up to the year 1826 contained works that I was surprised to find there still, such as the *Méditations* and nearly all the works of Descartes, Fleury's *Catéchisme historique*, several of Malebranche's letters and treatises, and one of the finest and most powerful works in favour of religion, Abbadie's *Traité de la Vérité de la Religion chrétienne*. It is evident that these condemnatory decrees are irrevocable, as most of those excellent writings are now esteemed the best apologies of christianity. The works of Descartes and the *Catéchisme* were marked with the formula *donec corrigatur*, as well as the *Decameron* and certain licentious works, on which it appears much more reasonable.

The most ancient manuscript of the Casanatense is a Roman *Pontifical* of the ninth century, on fine parchment, with curious miniatures representing the different sorts of ordinations; it formerly belonged to Landolfo, bishop of Capua. There is a very rare edition of the *Pentateuch* in Hebrew characters, printed, according to some authorities, at Sora in the kingdom of Naples, according to others at Soria in Spain, and in S. Rossi's opinion, at Soura in Portugal. A large bible on parchment, executed by hand with wooden characters, shows the transition from manuscripts to printing. The collection of prints, the plates of which are preserved in the Calcografia camerale, is superb and amounts to several thousands. In the great hall, the statue of Cardinal Casanata, by Legros, is distinguished by the expression of the physiognomy and its superior drapery.

Two theologians, charged to refute the errors or resolve the difficulties in religious matters that may be submitted to them, are attached to the Casanatense.

They form a gratuitous tribunal, which, as I was informed, is not often consulted. Nevertheless it is only just to do homage to the enlightened and tolerant spirit of the present theologians, the R. P. Magno, and the R. P. Degola, also librarian of the Casanatense, an excellent ecclesiastic, a man of great erudition, full of candour and charity, the ideal of the Christian scholar.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Church of Saint Louis of the French.—Frescoes of Domenichino.—D'Ossat.—Tombs.—Saint Augustine.—Isaiah, by Raphael.—Goritz.—Angelica library.

The fine church of Saint Louis of the French was founded by Catherine of Medicis, as the Trinità de' Monti by the cardinal de Lorraine; which shows that the catholic fanaticism of France at that epoch, if it unduly imitated Italian frenzy and perfidy, was, like Italian catholicism, magnificent and friendly to the arts. The church was dedicated in 1589 to the Virgin, Dionysius the Areopagite, and Saint Louis king of France. Its paintings and tombs make it very interesting. A good copy of Raphael's *St. Cecilia* is by Guido. The frescos of Domenichino representing the history of the same *saint*, are a brilliant decoration. The *Death of St. Cecilia* is a masterpiece of drawing and pathos. The most remarkable of the frescos is that of the Saint distributing her effects to the poor, admirable for truth of expression and the pantomime of those who are receiving or selling what they have received; one Jew is life-like. The great *Assumption* of the rich high-altar is one of Francesco Bassano's best works. The *Martyrdom of St. Matthew*, by Michelangelo di Caravaggio, seems inferior to the *Calling of the same Saint*, which has some heads of amazing truth, and is one of the author's good productions for delicacy and elegance of execution, and the beauty, the force of the colouring. In the sacristy, a small painting of the *Virgin* passes for a work of Correggio.

The French tombs of Saint Louis have a different character, and present some touching contrasts: the tomb of Cardinal d'Ossat, the son of a shoeing-smith, who became the ambassador of Henry IV. at Rome, with his portrait in mosaic, as a memorial of merit advanced to honour,



and of one of the first, best, and most elegant French writers; that of d'Agincourt attests a pure and philosophic life, passed in the bosom of Rome, in devotion to the arts and to antiquity; the sarcophagus of Cardinal de La Grange d'Arquien, father-in-law of the great Sobieski, who died at the age of a hundred and five years and eleven days, the oldest cardinal known, would have something patriarchal about it, were it not for the indecent revelations of Saint-Simon respecting the unbecoming life of this prelate: "*Homme d'esprit, de bonne compagnie, fait cardinal à quatre-vingt-deux ans, gaillard, qui eut des demoiselles fort au delà de cet âge, qui ne dit jamais son bréviaire, et qui s'en vantait;*" the mausoleum containing the heart and entrails of Cardinal de Bernis commemorates dignity and taste after a youth of frivolity *et de petits vers*; opposite, the coffin consecrated by M. de Chateaubriand to Pauline de Montmorin, whose misfortunes are her only titles and compose nearly all her epitaph, is deeply affecting; and the recent tomb of the meek and unpresuming Guérin, whose soul was not less pure than his talent, represents the resurrection and the bright days of our school.

The church of Saint Augustine was built in 1483 by an ambassador of France, Cardinal d'Estouteville. The architecture has the character of that good epoch of the art; the front, covered with travertine said to have been taken from the Coliseum, is elegantly simple. The interior was renovated in the last century by Vanvitelli, who built the fine sacristy and the majestic convent adjoining the church. The ingenious cupola, by Baccio Pintelli, a Florentine architect, makes an era in the history of cupolas, as it was the first erected at Rome. The celebrated *Isaiah*, by Raphael, painted by him as an answer to those who found his style too slender, was composed after his examination of Michael Angelo's Prophets; but this figure, though admirably correct in the drawing, has not their grandeur and spirit. The fifty

crowns asked by Raphael for his fresco were deemed too high a price, and he was not employed on the other paintings of the church. It was restored by Daniello of Volterra, the sacristan, under Paul IV., having impaired and spoiled it in an attempt to clean it. The *St. Augustine*, by Guercino, is excellent. The *Nostra Signora of Loretto*, by Michelangelo di Caravaggio, is inferior to his paintings at Saint Louis. The group of the *Virgin, St. Anne and the infant Jesus*, simple, tender, is one of the works that has most honoured the chisel of Contucci da Sansavino, despite some imperfection in the design. It was ordered, as well as the chapel, by the rich German Goritz, member of the Roman Academy under Leo X., the Mæcenas of modern Latin poets, who assembled them in his chapel whose dedication they had celebrated,<sup>2</sup> and there regaled them with abundant and bacchic suppers, during which they were further occupied with verse and literature.

The *Angelica* library, at the convent of the Hermits of Saint Augustine, adjoining the church and of Vanvitelli's architecture, comprises about eighty-five thousand volumes, sixty thousand nine hundred and sixty documents, and two thousand nine hundred and forty-five manuscripts; it may be ranked the third in Rome. It was founded in 1605 by P. Angelo Rocca, an Augustine monk, afterwards cardinal, whence its name is derived, and has been augmented with a portion of the books of the learned Luca Holstenius, bequeathed by him to his protector Cardinal Barberini, and, about the close of the last century, with the rich library of Cardinal Passionei, which he had so carefully purged of Jesuitical works. The following may be remarked: a Syriac translation of the *Gospel*, of the year 616; three *Platos*, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; three copies of Boetius's *Consolations*, of the fifteenth century, and his *Commentaries on Logic*, much older; three *Dantes*, one with miniatures, of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; a manuscript volume, in folio, of the learned,

<sup>1</sup> Ossat's style appears more modern than his time, and he seems to belong to an epoch when the language was much more perfect. It is singular that we find among the travellers in Italy three of the writers who have had the greatest influence on our language: Rabelais, Montaigne, d'Ossat.

The two first, with all their licence, handle the court of Rome with considerable delicacy, and are infinitely more circumspect than the Italian authors.

<sup>2</sup> See the collection entitled *Coryciana*, Rome, 1524.

virtuous, and warlike Cardinal Noris, who entered the order of St. Augustine through his enthusiasm for that saint, with the title : *Index miscellaneus auctoritatum et opinionum SS. Patrum et Scholasticorum*, and divers inedited Cophtic and Chinese manuscripts of P. Bonjour, a French missionary of great zeal and erudition. An edition of Walton's polyglot *Bible* contains the passage of the preface relative to the encouragement afforded by the *Serenissimus Protector* (Cromwell) to that undertaking, a passage which was suppressed and replaced under Charles II., to whom the work was afterwards dedicated, nor is this change of preface by any means a solitary example.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Santa Maria In Vallicella.—Saint Philip of Neri.—Library.—Santa Maria della Pace.—Sibyls, by Raphael.—Santa Maria dell' Anima.—Saint Agnes.—Saint Andrew della Valle.—Cupola.—Santa Maria in Campitelli.—Inscription.

The splendid church of *Santa Maria in Vallicella*, called also *Chiesa Nuova*, is interesting for certain of its paintings. The *Crucifix*, by Scipione Gaetani, surnamed the Roman Vandyck, is of exquisite taste. At the high-altar, the three paintings of Rubens' youth are curious : it is there seen to what an extent he endeavoured to force his talent, which lay wholly in colour and expression, by the ill-directed study of Michael Angelo ; these paintings have neither his vigour nor the brilliancy of his pallet. But his genius as a colourist soon returned after he left Rome. The *Presentation of the Virgin in the temple*, by Baroccio, is praised for its gratefulness. This church has the tombs of three cardinals respectively eminent for their science, fortune, and genius : the learned Baronius, the father of ecclesiastical annals, Taruggi, esteemed by d'Ossat, and the eloquent Maury, whom the clemency of Pius VII. ordered to be placed between the two first.

I visited the lodgings of Saint Philip of Neri, in which are preserved certain articles of furniture used by him. The ceiling is adorned with an easy painting by Pietro da Cortona, and the picture in the small chapel where he used to say mass in private, so profound was the

emotion that then swelled his bosom and suffused his face with tears, is by Guido. St. Philip of Neri seems almost an Italian Vincent de Paule ; like him, he consecrated his charitable zeal to the poor, to infants, and the foundation of vast hospitals. But Italian genius was blended with his apostolical virtues ; he extemporised from piety, and he invented the Oratorios, which are still executed in his church, in order to give a religious direction by means of these sacred interludes, composed by the first masters, and executed by the best singers, to the immoderate passion of the Romans for theatrical representations. Like Vincent, he had also completed a private education, that of a young Florentine gentleman, which probably turned out better than the education of Cardinal Retz. Saint Philip of Neri has had great influence on the Roman clergy relative to the principles which regulate confession. He therein showed himself extremely indulgent and full of commiseration for our frailties. His maxims are still practised by some of the secular clergy of Rome, much more indulgent and conformable to the times than generally imagined.

The vast convent of Saint Philip of Neri passes for one of the best works of Borromini. It has a pretty good *Descent from the Cross*, the only painting of this prolific and fantastical architect. The library has a singularly clever roof, possesses a great number of historical and ecclesiastical manuscripts, among which are many autographs of Baronius. It is a pity that this library is not more easy of access. P. Conca, the librarian, was at his confessional when I visited it ; though this holy and excellent man was most obliging, he could only hastily show me a few articles, and the young priest he left with me was very inexperienced. The oldest manuscript is the *Explanation of the Psalms* by Saint Augustine (*Enarrationes in Psalmos*), folio, on parchment, 116 pages, of the sixth or seventh century, which Mabillon has not mentioned. A Latin *Bible* of the eighth century, attributed, according to the inscription, to Alcuinus, is perhaps more deserving of that honour than the copy offered for sale with so much ado at Paris some years ago. I also saw a number of papers on the history of France during the reigns of Henry III.,

Henry IV., and Louis XIV., precious documents, which are buried there.

The four *Sibyls*, by Raphael, ordered by his protector and friend, the banker Agostino Ghigi, are the glory of the church of Santa Maria della Pace: the old *Sibyl* to the right and the one seated with her head turned to the left, are admirable, and sufficient to give an idea of the beauty of the work, despite all the injuries and retouchings that have been inflicted on it. It is said that Ghigi, having paid Raphael five hundred crowns on account, for these sibyls and prophets, before paying the rest, consulted Michael Angelo as to what price the painter could justly claim; to which, though he might have been jealous of such a bold imitation, Michael Angelo generously answered that every head was of itself worth a hundred crowns. Raphael supplied the design of the Cesi chapel close by. The four paintings of the elegant cupola are esteemed. The *Death of the Virgin*, varied, and of good effect, is the masterpiece of Morandi; the first of these paintings is the *Presentation of the Virgin*, by Baltassare Peruzzi, who has also executed some excellent paintings taken from the Old Testament and some great figures towards the top of the last chapel. The graceful frescos on the ceiling of the high-altar are by Albano. Among the tombs of the Ponzetti family in their chapel may be remarked, for its good taste and the bereavement it consecrates, that of two little girls of six and eight years of age, Beatrice and Lavinia, carried off on the same day by the plague in 1505. The very elegant cloister is by Bramante.

On the simple and tasteful front of the church of Santa Maria dell' *Anima*, of the architecture of Giuliano San Gallo, is this just inscription: *Speciosa facta est*. The noble and harmonious interior has some good paintings in the third chapel, by Sermoneta; a poor copy in marble of Michael Angelo's *Piety*, by Nanni di Baccio Bigio, and the celebrated Madonna of Giulio Romano, damaged by an inundation of the Tiber and the restorers. The majestic mausoleum of Pope Adrian VI., who did not merit such a piece of sculpture after his ridiculous misappreciation of the Laocoon, was designed by Baltassare

Peruzzi and sculptured by Michelangelo Senese and Tribolo; two tombs by Fiammingo and the sepulchral stone of Luca Holstenius, the celebrated prefect of the Vatican, are remarkable. Holstenius, who had abjured protestantism, was succeeded by Leo Allatius, originally of the island of Chios, and the latter by Evode Assemani, of Mount Libanus: which gave occasion for the humorous distich:

Præfuit hæreticus; post hunc schismaticus; at nunc  
Turca præest: Petri bibliotheca, vale.

The front, the two steeples of the rich church of Saint Agnes, are the least fantastical of Borromini's works, though the steeples seem too high for the width of the frontispiece. All the basso-relievos of the church are in the very worst taste, including even that of the subterranean room, so highly extolled by Algardi. This vault is said to have been the place of debauch in which the saint was exposed, when the sudden growth of her hair saved her chastity from the attempts of the inmates. This subject, which is capable of great effect, is treated prudishly by Algardi, and the naked parts are but feebly expressed.

The vast church of Saint Andrew della Valle, begun by Olivieri, notwithstanding the faults of the time, is magnificent, and very remarkable for its paintings. The choir is one of Lanfranco's good works: the four pendentives of Domenichino, of broad, easy, and pure execution, are in that master's loftiest style. The *St. John* is admirable for grace, vigour, and colouring. The Strozzi chapel, of Michael Angelo's architecture, has his *Piety* in bronze, in which the Virgin was ludicrously bedecked with a large silver heart suspended from her neck by a coral necklace. One of the most elegant writers of Italy, and of the sixteenth century, Giovanni della Casa, the celebrated author of the *Galateo*, is interred in this church. The new mausoleum of the Countess Prassede Tomati-Robilant, a Piedmontese, by the Cav. Fabris, is noble. Two porphyry basso-relievos, representing the parents of Pope Urban VIII., are clever works of Guglielmo della Porta. The tomb of Cardinal Gozzadino, of Bologna, nephew of Gregory XV., recalls his singular destiny. An astrologer had fore-

\* See ante, book v. ch. viii.



told that he would die in prison or from the effects of imprisonment, and the cardinal, who was loaded with debts, had put some confidence in the horoscope; but he boasted that all his fears on that head were dissipated when his uncle became pope. However, at Gregory's decease the conclave being assembled, the cardinal left it with a malady under which he succumbed, though only fifty-one years of age, and he agreed that the astrologer had prophesied truly, as the conclave had been for him (the cardinal) a real prison, and the worst of all; several other cardinals also died, the victims of the same confinement.

Saint Catherine *de' Funari* takes its name from the ropemakers, who used to work on the spot it now occupies. The architecture, by Jacopo della Porta, is distinguished for the purity of the profiles and the fine execution of the side front. It has some works: an *Assumption*, by Scipione Gaetani; a fine copy of the *St. Margaret*, of Annibale Carraccio, by his pupil Massari, which he retouched; the dragon is repainted.

The church of Santa Maria *in Campitelli*, erected in 1658 by the people of Rome, to receive the miraculous image of the Madonna, is magnificently ornamented with twenty-two fluted Corinthian columns of marble, and has several paintings by masters of the decline, such as Conca, Luca Giordano, and Bacciocci. On the tomb of a noble Roman lady is the word *Umbra* in golden letters; the inscription *Nihil* on the tomb of her valiant husband, is another and more forcible expression of the nothingness of human grandeur, which is so strikingly conspicuous at Rome.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Saint Nereus and Achilles.—Saint Sebastian.—Catacombes.—Saint Paul extra muros;—its rebuilding.—Saint Paul *alle tre Fontane*.—Saint Vincent and Saint Anastasius.—Santa Maria Scala Dei.—Saint Sabina.—Bocca della Verità.—Crescimbeni.

The ancient church of Saint George *in Velabro*, which existed in the time of Gregory the Great, which was in the middle ages called by corruption *ad velum-*

*auri*, which several popes and cardinals repaired and embellished, whose gallery has paintings by Giotto, but ruined by the restorers—this venerable monument would have perished in our days had it not been for the piety of the Congregation of Santa Maria *del Pianto*, to which it was accorded by Pope Pius VII.

The little and ancient church of the Saints Nereus and Achilles, Homeric names, was rebuilt by Cardinal Baronius its titular, in its original shape, which, in an inscription on a marble slab, he entreats his successors not to change. The church is indebted to this wise and touching precaution for keeping its two primitive *ambos* and the marble pulpit from which Saint Gregory delivered one of his finest homilies, the twenty-eighth, which is partly engraved there. A *Council* painted in fresco in the gallery is a work of great talent; several heads are perfect.

The illustrious basilic of Saint Sebastian was rebuilt in 1611 by Cardinal Scipione Borghese. Its celebrated Catacombs, in the quarries of pozzolana dug by the Romans to cement their vast constructions, extend about six miles, and are said to pass under the Tiber. Ecclesiastical authors relate that fourteen popes and a hundred and seventy-four thousand martyrs were buried in these tortuous and dangerous galleries, the caverns of the faith. At the entrance stands the *saint*, a fine work by Bernini.

When I saw the works in full activity for the rebuilding of Saint Paul, I regretted the enormous outlay, in the midst of an infected desert, which, with all its magnificence, will produce but an imperfect substitute for the venerable basilic founded by Constantine, rebuilt by Valentinian II. and Theodosius, and completed under Honorius. With respect to art and picturesque effect, I do not think such rebuilding desirable. It seems that this forest of columns ravaged, calcined by fire,—that this marble pavement destroyed, which might be taken for the ruins of an antique way,—that this crumbling vault, these vast gaping walls,—that all this, invested with the garb which time and nature add to ruins, had

\* The air of Saint Paul was formerly very salubrious; the popes even went there to pass the summer. It appears that the cutting down of a wood,

under Pius VI., because it harboured brigands, has contributed to the present *mal' aria*.

become an object to be admired. Notwithstanding its pretensions to reestablish every thing, the present restoration will destroy the air of antiquity the monument still preserved, and I have seen some portions demolished that were not included in the new plan.

Among the portions that escaped the conflagration of 1823, may be remarked: the front with its damaged mosaic of 1280; the indifferent antique basso-relievos of a tomb under the portico, presenting the *Apotheosis of a poet*, the *Punishment of Marseyas*, and some little Genii on a ship entering port, an emblem of another life: in the twelfth century the tomb became the sepulture of Pier Leone, a petty despot of Rome, in the time of its seditions; some remains of the great bronze gate, executed in 1070 at Constantinople, at the expense of the Roman consul of that period, Pantaloeone, the contemporary of Hildebrand; the forty columns of the two little side aisles, the superb mosaic of 440, made by Saint Leo, representing *Christ and the twenty-four elders of the Apocalypse*; *St. Peter* and *St. Paul*, the high-altar of 1281, where one half the bodies of these two apostles repose. The cloister of Saint Paul, finished about 1215, is very remarkable. Several hundreds of small columns of different shapes ornamented with mosaics, as well as the exterior entablature, support the portico. Under this last are some antique sepulchral marbles, and many inscriptions sacred and profane.

Saint Paul *alle tre Fontane*, rebuilt at the end of the sixteenth century by Cardinal Aldobrandini, has a good front, of the architecture of Jacopo della Porta. The interior is naked; there we see the three fountains that sprung forth at the place where the apostle's head bounded three several times from the earth, when beheaded in quality of a Roman citizen, and the column to which he is said to have been fastened. The black porphyry columns of the altar of this saint are unique for size and beauty.

Saint Vincent and Saint Anastasius, of the middle of the seventh century, a plain regular church, has the *Twelve Apostles* on its pilasters, damaged frescos of Raphael.

The last of the three churches near Saint Paul, founded on the site called

by the ancients *ad Aquas Salvias*, is Santa Maria *Scala Dei*, of the simple and airy architecture of Vignola. The mosaic of the gallery, by the Florentine Francesco Lucca, is reckoned the first modern work of that kind in good taste.

Santa Maria of Mount Aventine, overloaded with ornaments in the last century, by Giambattista Piranesi, has an antique sarcophagus, used for the tomb of a bishop Spinelli, which has a profane basso-relievo of Minerva and the Muses.

Saint Sabina, a monastery of Dominicans, in a square form and ornamented with a hundred and three antique columns, is most delightfully situated. An inscription in mosaic on the door of the church states that it was founded in 425 by an Illyrian priest named Peter, on the site of the saint's abode near the temple of Diana and Juno. The celebrated *Rosary*, by Sasso Ferrato, passes for one of his most elegant works. The tomb of a Spanish Dominican, of 1300, a mosaic composed of small black and white stones, on a white marble ground, is remarkable for the composition of the monk's figure. Saint Sabina is the general rendezvous for explanations after Carnival; the intrigues begun in the Corso are cleared up in this church, not far from the ancient temple of the chaste Diana and the august Juno.

The basilic of Santa Maria *in Cosmedin*, called the *Bocca della Verità*, built on the still visible ruins of an antique temple, to whom dedicated is unknown, which supplied elegant columns, takes its beautiful surname from the large marble mask placed under the portico. Children are told that a liar cannot withdraw his hand from the mouth of this mask. Its concave form indicates that it has probably served as a mouth to some antique *cloaca*. The ambos recall the disposition of the primitive churches, and, in the gallery, a curious *Confessione* (pontifical chair) has something of the antique. The venerated Madonna is one of the paintings exported from the East during the persecution of the Iconoclasts, and is in the best Greek style. Here, too, may be remarked the plain tomb of a man who threw some lustre on Italy by the precocity and variety of his talents, Mario Crescembeni, an Academician at fifteen, and doctor of laws at sixteen, the author

of the *Istoria della volgar poesia* and *Commentaries*, the historian and poet of the celebrated Arcadian academy (the mother of many others of the same name), of which he was a most active member and the principal founder; at his death he was archpriest of the basilic of Santa Maria in Cosmedin, on which this pious, moderate, and affectionate scholar, has written two quarto volumes.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Saint Cecilia.—Saint's Statue.—Saint Maria in Trastevere.—Transterverines.—Monastery of Saint Calixtus.—Bible of Saint Paul.

In the court of Saint Cecilia stands an antique marble vase, of a large size and beautiful shape. The reclined statue of the saint, slightly clothed, by Stefano Maderno, though somewhat tainted with the affectation of the epoch, is admirably expressive in its attitude. This figure attracts and speaks to the soul in a singular manner. Some persons have supposed it Bernini's, and one would be tempted to attribute it to him: so happy an inspiration could proceed from a man of genius only.

The charming church of Santa Maria dell'Orto was begun by Michael Angelo. The design is by Giulio Romano, and well worthy of him, though the front is by the young Martino Lunghi, who is, however, innocent of the little pinnacles and pyramids, justly censured by Milizia, with which it is bedizened.

Saint Francis has the graceful and lively Madonna of Bacciccio, one of his best works. Below, the statue of the B. Luisa Albertoni dying, by Bernini, is of fine character in the head, but the hands are worthless, and the draperies excessively elaborate.

The rich and beautiful church of Santa Maria in Trastevere contrasts with the solitude and kind of savageness of the inhabitants of this part of Rome. The mosaics of the exterior front, representing the *Virgin*, the *Infant Jesus*, and the *ten wise Virgins*, of the twelfth century, were restored in the fourteenth century by Pietro Cavallini. The Ionic granite columns of the nave must have formed part of a temple of Isis or Serapis, as they present the figures of the two Egyptian divinities and Harpocrates. The *Assumption*, by Domenichino, may be

regarded as one of the first frescos in Rome for colour and perspective. He was likewise to have painted the chapel of Santa Maria of *Strada Cupa*, which he built, but he executed only the excellent little figure over the altar. Near the sacristy is the mausoleum of Cardinal Philip d'Alençon, brother of Philip the Fair, of the end of the fourteenth century, a curious monument of the architecture, sculpture, and painting of that epoch: the author appears to be the Roman sculptor Paolo, who also executed the mausoleum of Cardinal Stefaneschi close by. Among the tombstones, may be observed those of the painters Lanfranco and Ciro Ferri, and the learned Bottari, prefect of the Vatican, who died in his eighty-sixth year.

I remember seeing exposed, at Santa Maria in Trastevere, the corpse of a young girl who had just expired, with the face uncovered, as customary in Italy; she had been placed there the day before and was to remain the whole day; they were celebrating masses at the different altars. This lingering in the last separation, this publicity of death, had something touching, utterly unlike the hasty and barbarous secrecy of our interments. The body was dressed as a nun, and somewhat showily, for the veil was bordered with gold. It is true that this publicity becomes profane enough among the great and wealthy. I met the funeral procession of a Spanish ambassador, who had a hat with plumes on his head. The body of the old Torlonia, in the same costume, with a long sword by his side, was laid out on the floor of the ball-room in his palace, and almost trodden on by the crowds collected to see it.

The haughty Transterverines, of whom so much has been said, still retain, under their devotion and new fanaticism, some vestiges of the energy and spirit of their ancestors. As in ancient times, the people of Rome are easily excited by spectacles. Its noisy carnival is only a repetition of the Saturnalia. On one occasion, a Swiss of the Pope's guard having repeatedly put back one of these men who was desirous to obtain a too close view of the Pope praying to Saint Peter, at last the Transterverine, drawing back, thus scornfully addressed the halberdier: *Barbaro, son di sangue romano, anche trojano*. Castiglione cites the anecdote of a peasant, who, when com-



plaining to the podestà of the loss of his ass which had been stolen, wound up his statement and the eulogium of his ass by saying, that when he had his panel on, he was quite a Cicero.<sup>1</sup> This medley of imagination and ancient traditions is found even in the language of women of the lower orders; and a young Roman girl on seeing a handsome lad pass by would say that he was *Console di beltà*. The country people repeat familiarly the words *via Appia, via Flaminia*, when showing us the road. In no part of the world is the recommendation of a handsome face so efficient as at Rome, and hunchbacks and deformed people are hardly deemed men there. Cardinal Odescalchi, who had a pleasing countenance, used occasionally to preach before he became cardinal; the Roman gossips then met under the pulpit, and made quite a scene in expressing their admiration of his face. A cardinal Lante received the surname of the *Carina* cardinal (charming), and he was commonly called by that title in society.

Near the church of Santa Maria *in Trastevere* is the vast convent of Benedictine monks of Saint Calixtus, which looks like a palace; but its garden, notwithstanding its orange trees, is little more than an ill-managed kitchen garden. I occasionally had the pleasure of visiting at this convent the R. P. Bini, procurator general of the Benedictines, ex-professor of the university of Perugia, of which he has begun to write an excellent history, and a man of real merit. Saint Calixtus possesses the superb Latin Bible of Saint Paul, a manuscript of the end of the eighth century or the beginning of the ninth, which has even been supposed a present from Charlemagne, a celebrated manuscript, remarkable for its richness, preservation, the beauty of the characters, the extraordinary size of its capitals, the multitude, variety, and elegance of its ornaments; the drawing of its miniatures, which are in some instances ingenious, is horribly incorrect, trivial, and false. The enormous frontispiece represents, on one side, the emperor with two squires, and on the other, the empress with one of her ladies: it is not positively known whether the emperor is Charlemagne or his insignificant grandson

Charles the Bald, though the bare forehead and vulgarity of feature would make it the latter; the empress, in that case, must be his second wife, the imperious Richilda, towards whom he had carried conjugal condescension so far as to accede to her fantasy of presiding a council.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Saint Chrysogonus.—Corsican tombs.—Saint Peter in Montorio.—Little temple of Bramante.—Saint Onuphrius.—Tasso's tomb.—Guldi.—Gate of San Spirito.—Triumph of Pilgrims.—Saint Charles a' Catinari.—Pendentives of Domenichino.—Annibale Caro.—Saint John of the Florentines.—Zabaglia.

The antique church of Saint Chrysogonus was rebuilt with magnificence by Cardinal Scipione Borghese, under the direction of Soria. The *Saint borne to heaven* is only a copy of the vigorous painting of Guercino's second manner, now in England. The *Madonna*, by the Cav. d'Arpino, is recommended by less feeble colouring than usual with him. This church has many sepulchral inscriptions consecrated to Corsicans, the quarter of that nation having been in the neighbourhood during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. One of these inscriptions recalls double and affecting misfortunes; it is that of Anton Padovan, second son of Vannina and Sampiero, assassinated at Rome by some French gentlemen. Another inscription concerns the ancient and now historical family of Pozzo di Borgo.

The Montorio hill, the most elevated point of the Janiculum, where it is pretended that Saint Peter suffered martyrdom under Nero, takes its name from the golden colour of the sand composing it.

The church, said to be of Constantine's time, was rebuilt at the close of the fifteenth century by Baccio Pintelli. The Borgherini chapel, the first to the right, slowly painted in six years by Sebastiano del Piombo after the vigorous drawings of Michael Angelo, is the result of a league between the latter and Sebastiano, his favorite pupil, against Raphael, who had been ranked above Michael Angelo for invention and colouring: on the ceiling is a *Transfiguration*; the Christ in the *Flagellation* is not so good as the executioners. At the high altar of Saint Peter in *Montorio*, the *Transfiguration* was

<sup>1</sup> "Che quando aveva il suo basto addosso, pareva propriamente un Tullio." Cortegiano, lib. II.

admired for more than two centuries; it is now replaced by the picture of the Madonna, called *della lettera*, more venerated, more popular than Raphael's prodigy.

In the chapel of Saint Paul, the *Conversion of the saint* is by Vasari, who has painted himself in it; he furnished the drawings of the statues of *Religion* and *Justice*, and of the other figures and ornaments on the tombs of the Monte family, sculptured by Ammanato. In the chapel of Saint John, the *Saint* belongs to Daniello da Volterra; Leonardo of Milan, his pupil, executed the other paintings: the superb balustrade of antique yellow is composed of columns proceeding from the gardens of Sallust. The paintings of the next chapel are attributed, without due reason, to Vandyck, who came to Rome with the intent of making a long stay, but was obliged to quit abruptly through the enmity of the numerous Flemish painters, his compatriots, who could not forgive his dislike to their tavern meetings and his determination to live more respectably than themselves. Whoever may be the author of these greatly damaged paintings, representing the *Dead Christ* and divers subjects of the *Passion*, they recall the spirited execution of Michelangelo di Caravaggio, but the drawing is worse than his. The little circular temple of Bramante, in the middle of the cloister, despite some critics, is one of the most elegant, most graceful chefs-d'œuvre of architecture.

The convent and church of Saint Onuphrius, occupied by the hermits of Saint Jerome, are immortalised by the death and tomb of Tasso. Under the portico, three fine frescos, ascribed to Domenichino and representing some incidents of the illustrious saint's life, seem a noble decoration for the poet's humble resting-place. A monument is slowly arising for the bard of the *Gerusalemme*; kings and emperors have subscribed to it, but I doubt whether this pompous and cold mausoleum, notwithstanding the talent

of the Cav. Fabris, will produce the profound impression of the little slab of marble, provisionally placed by the monks, whose brief inscription began with the words *Torquati Tassi ossa*. The latter brought before us the last moments of this great man, and recalled the religious asylum that his ardent piety had chosen.<sup>1</sup>

Another poet's tomb, that passes almost unseen beside the ashes of Tasso, is that of Alessandro Guidi, a great lyric poet, surnamed the Italian Pindar, worthy to be more generally known, and whose fine ode to Fortune excited, revealed the genius of Alfieri.<sup>2</sup>

The cause of Guidi's death is extraordinary. As he was on the road to Castel-Gandolfo to present to Clement XI. the fine illustrated copy of the pontiff's six homilies, which he had put in verse,<sup>3</sup> he discovered a misprint, which distressed him so much that when he reached Frascati he had an apoplectic fit, and died some hours after, on the 12th of June. The bibliographic death of Guidi shows that he was still more annoyed by typographical errors than his noble and sudden disciple, Alfieri, who complained of them most bitterly, and they made him make *del sangue verde*, according to the energetic Italian phrase.

The tomb of John Barclay, a Scotchman, author of the *Argenis*, a dull satirical allegory in prose and verse, celebrated under Louis XIII., is another literary tomb eclipsed by the little stone of Tasso.

The high-altar of Saint Onuphrius has some good paintings by Baltassare Peruzzi, and others by Pinturicchio above them, roughly handled by time and the restorers. In a corridor of the monastery, the head of a *Virgin* in fresco, pretty good but injured, is by Leonardo Vinci. In the garden a tree is pointed out to which the name of *Tasso's tree* has been given, because he is said to have reposed under its shade. I love to believe in the glory of this old oak; it stands in a magnificent point of view, near a pretty

<sup>1</sup> See the following passage from one of Tasso's letters to his dear Costantini: "Mi sono fatto condurre in questo monastero di Sant' Onofrio, non solo perchè l'aria è lodata da' medici, più che d'alcun'altra parte di Roma, ma quasi per cominciare da questo luogo eminente, e colla conversazione di questi divoti Padri, la mia conversazione in cielo." Lett. CXCVI.

<sup>2</sup> It had been read to him in Portugal by his illustrious friend Caluso, at the beginning of their intimacy. See p. 23 of the elegant historical panegyric of Caluso, in Latin, published at Turin in 1833 by his pupil S. Boucheron, professor of Greek and Latin eloquence at the University of Turin.

<sup>3</sup> *Sei omelie di N. S. Clemente XI spiegate in versi*. Rome, Franc. Gonzaga, 1712.

fountain, and seems to deserve the honour of affording Tasso the hospitable shelter of its boughs.

The gate of San Spirito, which the death of Antonio San Gallo has left unfinished, is one of the best, most vigorous models for a gate in existence. It appears that the jealous rivalry of Michael Angelo opposed its completion, for the plan of San Gallo was determined, and his gate would have been the finest in Rome.

The ponte Sisto, the *Pons Janiculensis* of the ancients, was rebuilt in a plain style by Baccio Pintelli, who made use of the ancient piles that were standing. On both sides of the parapet is the elegant inscription: *Sixt. IV., pont. max. ad utilitatem P. R. peregrinæque multitudinis ad jubileum venturæ pontem hunc quem merito ruptum vocabant a fundamentis magna cura et impensa restituit Syxtumque suo de nomine appellari voluit. MCCCCLXXV. Qui transis Sixti IV. beneficio Deum roga, ut Pontificem Optimum Max. diu nobis salvet ac sospitet, bene vale quisquis es ubi hæc precatus fueris.*

The church of the Trinity of the Pilgrims has the *Trinity*, and a figure of the *Eternal Father*, by Guido, celebrated, but not above mediocrity.

The magnificent church of Saint Charles *a' Catinari*, which has one of the highest cupolas in Rome, takes its name from the potters who used to live in that quarter. Its paintings are: the *Procession ordered by Saint Charles during the plague at Milan*, one of Pietro of Cortona's best works; the superb fresco, half-figure, of the same saint, by Guido; the four pendentives of the *Cardinal Virtues*, a broad, easy, learned work by Domenichino, whose pencil is not always so light and free; the *Death of Saint Anne*, the masterpiece of Andrea Sacchi, the last painter worthy of the Roman school. One of the most learned and wisest apologists for religion, Cardinal Gerdili, of whom Rousseau even, his antagonist, has spoken with respect, is interred in this church.

The antique church of Saint Laurence in *Damaso* was rebuilt by Cardinal Riario, nephew of Sixtus IV., after the designs of Bramante, and repaired in 1820. It contains one illustrious literary tomb, that of the pure, elegant, and classic Annibale Caro, whose bust is by Dosio. The tomb of a Sadolet is not that of the great

cardinal, but of his younger brother in whose favour he resigned his prebendary of Saint Laurence; the cardinal died poor, and was buried at Saint Peter in *Vincoli*: the spot is unknown, and the mausoleum which was to have been raised to his memory, and of which he was most worthy, has not been executed.

Michael Angelo wanted to make the church of Saint John of his compatriots "a temple such as the *Greeks and the Romans*," said he, "never had," but the funds were deficient: what became of the beautiful model he had conceived is unknown, and the actual rich church has not the least connection therewith. The noble and aerial front is by Galilei. *St. Cosmo and St. Damian*, by Salvator Rosa, is one of his most considerable paintings, and the one he thought most calculated to establish his reputation; there is vigour in the execution and a degree of warmth in the colouring, but it is only an additional proof that the artist had not studied sufficiently and knew not how to design. In the chapel of the Crucifix, painted by Lanfranco, is a *Christ* ascending to heaven, which is cited for its foreshortening.

The little church of Santa Maria della *Transpontina* is said to occupy the place where Romulus was interred. *St. Barbara* is one of the most vaunted works of the Cav. d'Arpino. This church contains the tomb of the illustrious mechanic Nicolao Zabaglia, an artisan of genius like Ferracino, who died in his eighty-sixth year, architect of Saint Peter's under Benedict XIV., who loved his humour, founder of the confraternity of church workmen called *Sanpietrini*, and inventor of the scaffold on wheels and machines by means of which the most elevated parts of the immense basilic are accessible.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

Palace.—Roman Palaces.—Corso.—Mal'aria.—Pavement.—Ruspoli palace.—Staircase.—Coffee-houses of Rome.

The imposing and severe aspect of a Roman palace has, if one may say so, something selfish; it is not the public architecture of the Romans with its forums, thermæ, and amphitheatres made

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book v. ch. xxvii.



for the multitude, but the vast and lordly residence of masters, foreign to the interests and excluded from the business and the life of their fellow-men. This aspect of the Roman palace offers the most fantastical contrasts: its barred windows give it the air of a prison; grass grows in the court, at the bottom of which may be seen a heavy coach, the only trace of modern magnificence to be found there. The marble staircase is so badly cleaned that it seems brown or black, and its columns are arrayed in cobwebs. On the first floor, always very high, one sees in the antechamber a lofty canopy covered with the master's arms, a privilege peculiar to the princes and the four Roman marquises, who are called, on that account, *canopied marquises*, and on the balustrade of this monument of vanity hang the meanest household instruments. But amid all these abominations, the ceiling is often a vast picture, the work of some great master. The servants, many in number, are dirty and dilatory: the *custode*, a self-important domestic, whose office is to explain the paintings, in which he sometimes succeeds very well, so natural is a taste for the arts to Italians, leads you into the other apartments where the same contrasts are repeated: the floor, if not mosaic, is of badly jointed bricks; the door posts are marble, and in the saloon, beside the most admirable paintings, columns of vert antique or lapis lazuli, the furniture is paltry, a little old timepiece, huge armchairs that seem as if fixed in their places and not to have been moved for centuries, and a little narrow and hard sofa. Such is not the social saloon of France, with its simple, elegant, convenient furniture, arranged for conversation, with its piano, harp, books, flowers, and album, and which one need but cross to feel the charms of the life led there. This saloon never has a flower, and the sight of a rose in the apartments would make all the Roman ladies fall into hysterics. A fine anemone was one day shown to one of them,

and she exclaimed with delight: *È tanto più bella che non puzza niente.*<sup>1</sup> Instead of the merry blazing chimney fire, there is nothing to be seen but the dull and unhealthy brazier. In fine, this majestic abode, the monument of vanished glory, pretty much in keeping, however, with the gravity of the pontifical government, seems as if made to be visited rather than inhabited; there one neither feels the sweetness of a home nor the splendour and pleasures of the world, and the *transeuntibus* may be applied to it, in a different sense, as well as to the Chartreuse.

The eternal *Corso*, lined with palaces and shops, a street long famous though little deserving to be so, comprises the minor trades of Rome, and the ennui and vanities of her great, who go there every day to show them in their carriages at different hours according to the season. The old foot-pavements, raised and uneven, instead of a protection, were, especially at night, really crippling, and the authorities have done wisely in levelling them. The *Corso* is favourable to the opinion which esteems population a means of salubrity. The air of this trading street passes for the purest in the town, while the beautiful and solitary villas are infected.

The effects of the *mal' aria* seem however to have been greatly exaggerated: besides the scientific experiments of the celebrated Lancisi, physician of the popes Innocent XI., Innocent XII., and Clement XI., the illustrious Brocchi discovered no vicious principle in the air of Rome, and he analysed it in 1818, a year noted for the prevalence of agues, and at one of the worst points, the valley near the basilic of Saint Laurence *extra muros*. The flitting changeableness of the climate causes most of the evil; it is easy to counteract that by hygiene and the use of flannel, as the ancient Romans wrapped themselves in wool. It has been further remarked that this air is good for old men, as the advanced age of a great many who have breathed it,

<sup>1</sup> "It is all the finer for not stinking." This nasty word *puzzare* is generally used to designate the perfume of flowers. It seems that the taste of this lady for unscented flowers has not been contagious at Rome, for among the unsuccessful speculations of an active and estimable Roman manufacturer, S. Vincenzo Nelli, such as the manufacture of saltpetre, cristals, paper-hangings, was an expe-

periment on the cultivation of ranunculuses. The antipathy of modern Romans for odours is surprising when we remember the frequent use made of them by the ancients in the sacrifices, banquets, baths, funerals, and a host of other circumstances. The nervous system must be weakened by the voluptuousness and indolence of later generations.

both natives and foreigners, fully proves. Prudent travellers, in easy circumstances, therefore, run no risk in coming to Rome at any season, in settling there, and reposing themselves after the agitated years of life in that noble retreat.

In the midst of her decline Rome preserves some traces of splendour which belong to her alone. The pavement of the streets is still of basalt, a noble pavement, but none the smoother or more convenient on that account, and the horses especially must have very little relish for its antique majesty. It is true that the lava is not, as heretofore, cut into polygonal slabs, but into little squares of about four inches, except in the kennel. The stone posts are formed of ancient columns of temples and porticos, and retain their name of *colonnelle*.

The Ruspoli palace, of Ammanato's architecture, is of judicious, pure, and well-conceived ordinance. The celebrated staircase, by the younger Martino Lunghi, with its hundred and twenty steps of white marble each of a single block, passes for the finest in Rome. An extensive coffee-house, the first in the city, occupies all the ground floor. The rooms, rather neglected, were painted by two French artists, MM. Léandre and François, names of no great celebrity. In each of the window recesses is a distinct *crocchio* (circle), one for the lawyers, another for the merchants, etc. The most interesting is that of the *Arcadian Journal*, the literary review of Rome, managed by prince Don Pietro Odescalchi and edited by professor Betti, a distinguished writer, secretary of the Academy of Saint Luke; the Marquis Bondi, a man of erudition and the elegant translator of Tibullus; the Cav. Borghesi, the Cav. Visconti, S. Cardinali, etc.\* I had the pleasure of meeting some of these talented writers there, and the aged and eccentric Amati, a great Hellenist, since deceased, who humorously pretended that poor Italy was as if cut into slices of bread and butter, and the driest was the Pope's. The coffee-houses of Rome, under an absolute government, are al-

most, as the vent-holes and safety-valves of opinion, the same as our journals and opposition: what is printed at Paris, is spoken there; the nervous and rude sarcasm of the frequenters, their violent censures of the Roman court and the acts of the government, sometimes even on the part of its agents, may give a tolerable idea of what the unrestricted liberty of the press would be among such a people. Every coffee-house has its distinctive character and, as we say of a journal, its *colour*. The *Greco* coffee-house, or the *Barcaccia*, is the rendezvous of artists, French, Italian, and German, where they smoke, and speak aloud, with freedom and candour, of the new works and the different reputations. The coffee-house of *Monte-Citorio*, called *de' Babbioni*,<sup>a</sup> is frequented by professors and men of learning. I knew several men of extraordinary merit there, and there is a president of the *crocchio*. The coffee-house of the Trevi fountain was the seat of the abbé Fea; this is the antiquarians' resort, and not the least known, peasants even often bringing medals or pieces of brick which they have discovered in the fields. In these various companies the scandal of the day is warmly discussed, for the Romans of to-day are neither less curious nor less eager after news than their predecessors in the days of Horace and Juvenal.

## CHAPTER XXX.

Ghigi palace.—Library.—Ancient French music.—Roman Antiquarian.—Piazza Colonna.—Colonna Antonina.—Obelisk, and palace of Monte Citorio.—Lottery.—Customhouse.

The Ghigi palace, whose owner, Prince Don Agostino Ghigi, was distinguished for his good qualities, his learning, and literary talents, was begun by Jacopo della Porta; the court and vestibule are magnificent, the shape and decoration of the windows in bad taste. The *Skull* and *Sleeping child*, by Bernini, emblems of life and death, laid on two cushions, though elaborate, are cleverly executed. A *Venus*, an *Apollo*,

men of learning write for it, has fallen far below its position in the times of Monti, Perticari, Giordani, and even their successor Acerbi.

<sup>a</sup> Old papas, old quidnuncs: *Babbioni* is perhaps an augmentative of *Babbio*, which means a crabbed countenance.

\* The *Arcadian Journal* is the vehement and sometimes violent champion of the classical doctrines, as the grave *Anthology* of Florence, suppressed in 1833, endeavoured to propagate the new doctrines. The *Italian Library* of Milan keeps a kind of neutrality; but this paper, though several

are antique; the latter appears of Adrian's time. Among the paintings may be distinguished: *St. John Baptist drinking at a spring*, by Michelangelo di Caravaggio; the *Ascension*, Garofolo's chef-d'œuvre; the *Guardian angel*, by Pietro of Cortona; a superb *Flagellation*, by Guercino; a *Christ dead*, foreshortened, by Agostino Carraccio; a *Poet sitting before a Satyr*, by Salvator Rosa, probably an allusion to his satires, as the head of the poet is his portrait; a *Magdalen*, by Spagnoletto.

The Ghigi library, rich in manuscripts and fine editions, was founded by Pope Alexander VII., a man of meagre character, described in the manner of Pascal and Molière by Cardinal de Retz,<sup>1</sup> but an elegant poet, a passionate lover of antiquity,<sup>2</sup> and deserving high elogiums for his patronage of letters. "Now the tastes of the pope are known," wrote a contemporary, "all the prelates rivalise each other in discovering manuscripts."<sup>3</sup> One of these manuscripts, perhaps sought after with a view to personal advancement, is the *Daniel of the Septuagint*, unique. A *Dionysius of Halicarnassus* seems of the ninth century. The *Chronicles of St. Benedict and St. Andrew*; a collection of the *Capitularies*, an inedited *Chronicle of Mount Soracte*, are other important historical manuscripts. A *Missal*, of 1450, has some large miniatures representing divers subjects of Sacred History, in excellent taste. A fine folio parchment volume, ornamented with fanciful figures dated 1490, and containing masses and motetti composed in France by French and Dutch musicians, would be interesting for the history of music. A note at the beginning, in the handwriting of Alexander VII., then Cardinal Ghigi, certifies that this music, intended for Spain, is very good: *Stimata molto buona*. French music, on the decline from Henry IV., crushed under the sarcasms of Rousseau, had great celebrity through-

out Europe in the fifteenth and first years of the sixteenth century. Our romances and songs (*le canzonette alla francese*) were imitated and even copied by the Italians. It is really curious now to see that Italy then borrowed from our music all that was *più molle, più delicato*,<sup>4</sup> in its own. But it appears by the collection in the Ghigi library, that not only were sentimental and elegant airs imported from France, but even grave and perhaps scientific music, more than fifty years prior to the compositions of Palestrino, pupil of a Flemish master and chief of the Italian school, from which period modern music seems to date. A remarkable letter from Henry VIII. to the Count Palatine requests him to show Luther no mercy. A great number of German and Latin letters by Melancthon have not all been published. Some sketches of sonnets by Tasso are as full of corrections as his other manuscripts. An inedited treatise on the *Primacy of Saint Peter*, by Francis de Sales, canonised by Alexander VII., seemed to me, on a cursory perusal, an ingenious and eloquent production. An autograph drawing of Bernini's relates to the embellishment of Saint Peter's. Twenty volumes of original documents respecting the peace of Westphalia might be advantageously made use of in remodelling some portions of P. Bougeant's History. In short, the Ghigi Library is one of those historical treasures so frequently met with in Italy, and especially at Rome, which, if diligently studied, would be of great service in the rectification of facts and the discovery of truth. Among the printed books, there is a *Rationale* of Durand. A *Polyglot* of Paris recalls a singular typographical forgery: some Dutch printers came to Rome in 1666, and changing the frontispiece and dedication of the book, which bears the above date, they offered it to Alexander VII., as if issued from their press; but the trick was soon discovered.

<sup>1</sup> See in book V. of his *Memoirs* the comic relation of his conference with this pope.

<sup>2</sup> Being informed, on his first journey to Castel Gandolfo, that a peasant had defaced an antique temple, and its fine mosaics, which he had chanced to discover, and that on the advice of a monk of Saint Augustine who told him that those things were the works of the devil, he sent the peasant to the galleys, not knowing how to punish the *frate*, who was nevertheless the true culprit.

<sup>3</sup> "Ora che il genio del papa è fatto pubblico, tutti i prelati fanno alle pugna qua per buscar manoscritti." Let. from Ottavio Falconieri to Magalotti. 1665. *Lettere d'uom. ill.* t. I, p. 423.

<sup>4</sup> See this passage of the discourse of Ludovico Zoccolo *sulle ragioni del numero del verso italiano*: "La musica più molle, più delicata, che non soleva costumarsi fra noi Italiani, fece gli anni addietro passaggio da Francia in Italia."



The Ghigiana was shown to me by its worthy librarian, the celebrated advocate Fea, the ideal of an antiquary, whose whole soul was occupied for more than half a century in the excavations and topography of ancient Rome.<sup>1</sup> The Roman antiquary has not the slightest resemblance to the independent and scoffing philosopher described by Walter Scott; for the contrary, there is no man more serious, ardent, or enthusiastic; his scientific cupidity is extreme, and the gentle Barthélemy, in his imprecations against brokers, goes so far as to call a dealer in antiquities a tiger, because his prices were too high. I still remember the interior of the learned antiquary's cabinet. Heaps of fragments of brick, cornices, inscriptions, lay pell-mell on the floor, beside piles of books, maps, and scrolls covered with dust, the instruments of this kind of alchemy. I went away deeply affected by the courtesy and zeal of this excellent and respectable man, but loaded with pamphlets, plans, and dissertations.<sup>2</sup> The antiquarian, properly so called, brimful of his systems, is not always the best or most agreeable of guides through Rome and its environs. When the grand duchess Helena visited Ostia, she was only conducted by her learned cicerone to an arid plain, near a saline marsh, which must have been the port, and she heard not a word of the charming wood of Castelfusano,<sup>3</sup> on the seaside, till she reached home, after her dull expedition, in which she had seen nothing to give her the least idea of the magnificence of the ancient Romans, if we except the splendid dinner ordered at Fiumicino, a new little town at one of the mouths of the Tiber.

The Piazza Colonna seems to preserve its antique form. The Antonina column, erected by the senate and Roman people to Marcus Aurelius, retraces on its basso-relievos, inferior imitations of those on Trajan's column, the victory won in 174 over the Sarmates, the Quades, and Marcomans. This victory was principally due to the Fulminant legion, composed in part of Christians,

whose prayers obtained a timely shower, attributed in a basso-relievo to Jupiter making rain, who is there represented with water falling from his outstretched arms and his face. The column, whose present base is by Fontana, has been struck by lightning several times, being attracted, it is said, by the point of Saint Paul's sword, who surmounts it, an inconvenience to which the keys of Saint Peter do not expose Trajan's column.

The elegant obelisk of red granite in the piazza of Monte Citorio, erected at Heliopolis by King Psammitichus I., who is fantastically represented thereon in the form of a sphinx, with a human head and arms, making an offering to the god Phre, was brought to Rome by Augustus for the gnomon of the meridian in the Campus Martius; it was dug up under Benedict XIV. by the clever Zabaglia, and reared under Pius VI. by the architect Antinori, a proof of his talents as an engineer. The Latin inscription, executed in 1782, combines a strange diversity of names and epochs; Sesostris, to whom Pliny wrongly attributed the obelisk, Augustus, Benedict XIV., and Pius VI.

The great palace of Monte Citorio is reckoned one of Bernini's wisest edifices. In the balcony of this palace the drawing of the lottery takes place twice every month, under the presidency of a prelate, in sight of an immense and agitated crowd of Romans, in whose expressive features may be traced the workings of hope, fear, joy, or despair. The existence of lotteries, general in Italy, may be deemed one of the causes of popular misery and vice. At Rome this passion is excessive: the poor will even beg professedly to put in the lottery; the steps of Araceli are ascended with devotion to obtain good numbers, which are likewise asked in all confidence of the madmen in the *Palazzina*, who throw them through the bars of their windows.

The custom-house, by one of those chances that belong to Italy alone, is an ancient temple, perhaps the one decreed by the senate and the people to Anto-

<sup>1</sup> He died at Rome in March 1836, aged eighty-four.

<sup>2</sup> Fea's pamphlets alone, from 1790 to 1835, form four large octavo volumes, three on Rome and the other on the environs. Such was his ardour for what he thought the truth, and his disinterested-

ness, that part of these pamphlets were printed at his own expense, and he distributed them so liberally that he sometimes had not a copy left for himself.

<sup>3</sup> See *post*, book XVI. ch. vi.

ninus Pius, and has a front of eleven majestic fluted columns of white marble, one of the finest remnants of antiquity.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

Sciarra palace.—Door.—Leonardo Vinci's *Modesty and Vanity*.—Doria palace.—Gallery.—Torlonia palace.—Group of *Hercules and Lychas*, by Canova. —Ball.—Society.—Palace of Venice.—Mattei villa.

The Sciarra palace, by Flaminio Ponzio, a clever Lombard architect, whose famous Doric door of marble, one of the best of the kind, has been thought worthy of Vignola, contains a ravishing selection of paintings, of which the most admired are : two large and vigorous works by Valentin, the *Beheading of St. John*, well composed, but painted on canvas so black that the parts in the shade are perfectly indistinguishable; and *Rome triumphant*, remarkable for the trunk and head of the Tiber; the *Vestal Claudia drawing the vessel which had the sacred image of Pessinunte on board*; *Circe metamorphosing the companions of Ulysses*, by Garofolo; *Cleopatra*, by Lanfranco; the *Young Musician*, called *il suonatore di Violino*, by Raphael; the celebrated *Gamesters*, by Michelangelo di Caravaggio; *Modesty and Vanity*, by Leonardo Vinci, a simple, ingenious, and witty composition; two *Magdalens*, by Guido; a *Woman's portrait*, by the second Bronzino; the *Family*, by Titian, and a portrait close by; a *Landscape*, by Guaspre Poussin.

The immense Doria palace, in part designed by Borromini, when he was perhaps still retained by Bernini and Pietro of Cortona, whom he afterwards so far surpassed in bad taste, has his name inscribed on the strange profiles of the front. Nearly all the paintings are excellent; the following may be distinguished: several *Landscapes*, in distemper and oil, by Guaspre Poussin, among them the *Bridge of Lucano*, on the Tivoli road; *Abraham's sacrifice*, the *Mistress Jansenius*, and several portraits, by Titian; his *Hypocrisy*, unfinished; a *Descent from the cross*, by Paolo Veronese; the *portrait of Machiavel*, by Andrea del Sarto; the *Death of Abel*, by Salvator Rosa, praised, but affected in composition and colouring; the classical portraits of Bartolo and

Baldo; a *Holy Family*, by Raphael; a graceful figure, by Perino del Vaga; a *Piety*, six semicircular lunettes, landscapes taken from scripture subjects, by Annibale Carraccio; *Agar and Ishmael*, by Caravaggio or Guercino, in which Ishmael, dying, is a masterpiece of expression; *Diana and Endymion*, by Rubens, his *Wife*, a *Franciscan*, his confessor; a *Woman's portrait* by Vanduyck; *Holbein's wife*, and himself holding a purse and a pink; *Christ disputing with the Doctors*, by Dossi Dosso; a good *Visitation*, one of the largest works at Rome, by Garofolo; two *Madonnas*, by Sasso Ferrato; the two finest landscapes of Claude Lorrain, one of which is the famous scene of the *Mill*; a *Flight into Egypt*, by Poussin; two *landscapes*, by Torregiani, a pupil of Salvator Rosa, who died young; *St. Agnes*, by Guercino; a *Virgin*, by Guido; the celebrated *Misers*, by Albert Durer; a rich *Landscape*, by Domenichino; a little *Christ on the cross*, by Michael Angelo; the *Country wedding*, by Teniers; the beautiful portrait of the second queen Giovanna of Naples, by Leonardo Vinci.

The rich palace of the banker Torlonia, duke of Bracciano, which has some antique sculptures, is indebted for its principal embellishments to the labours of contemporary Italian artists, SS. Camuccini, Landi, and Palagi. The *Banquet of the gods*, a grand ceiling by S. Camuccini, in the room adjoining the gallery, passes for one of his best paintings. Notwithstanding some learned suffrages, the colossal group of *Hercules and Lychas*, by Canova, seems an unsuccessful attempt at vigour by that graceful sculptor; his *Hercules*, which has been humorously likened to a quilted mattress, is rather bloated than strong. The group stands in too confined a space, though made expressly for it, and cannot be seen on all sides, nor has the spectator sufficient room to draw back. The young *Lychas* is the part best composed, the truest, and most picturesque.

The house of S. Torlonia, the rendezvous of the colony of travellers, was famous for its balls, which, with the receptions of the *corps diplomatique*, formed all the pleasures of Rome. The native society, but little given to hospitality, was next to nothing. If the ancient Romans created history, the dames of modern Rome, with their adventures,

passions, and violences, seemed to have undertaken romance : at the present day history and romance are equally past, and some few old dowagers alone kept up, without much honour, the scandal of the old Italian manners.

The immense palace of Venice, of Giuliano da Majano's architecture, has been the summer residence of several popes, of the proud duke of Ferrara, Borso d'Este, with a suite of five hundred gentlemen clothed in gold and silver brocade, silk, and velvet, and, for one month, of the young and chivalrous king of France Charles VIII., who, when going to Naples, seems almost to have reigned there and governed the eternal city. This kind of battlemented fortress, simple, solid, and severe in its architecture, built with the stones and materials of the Coliseum, with a fine church and an elegant interior portico, is by moonlight of a superb, majestic effect. The republic of Venice received this palace from Pope Pius IV., because that power was the first to admit the council of Trent. Long abandoned and left to decay, it was carefully repaired in part by Count A\*\*\*\*, Austrian ambassador, who for several years displayed the noblest and most cordial hospitality there. Countess A\*\*\*\* added an infinite charm to the brilliancy of these fêtes, and the politeness, attractions, and virtues of that accomplished lady are one of the reminiscences of Rome.

The Mattei villa, on Mount Cælius, the property of the prince of the Peace, has some paintings of the Spanish school. Two great pedestals, covered with inscriptions by the fifth cohort of the *Vigiles*, prove that the barracks of these firemen of Rome was near. A hermes has supplied authentic busts of *Socrates* and *Seneca*, sages widely different, who ought not to be thus associated : the former, true, sublime ; the latter, ingenious and false, and who is indebted to this recent discovery for his delivery from the mean countenance attributed to him on the authority of the celebrated apocryphal bronze in the museum of Naples. The long-neglected gardens have been replanted, but in a petty style. The view of the Aventine, ever the same, is admirable.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

Colonna palace.—Gallery.—Piazza of Monte Cavallo.  
—Colosses.—Quirinal and Rospigliosi palaces.—  
Guido's Aurora.—Fountain de' Teinini.—Lions.  
—Ludovisi villa.—Guercino's Aurora.

The vast and naked Colonna palace dates from the illustrious Martin V. (Colonna). The gallery is one of the first in Rome. The following are remarkable : the superb portraits of *Luther* and *Calvin*, by Titian ; a *Portrait*, by Paolo Veronese, wonderfully true in colouring ; four *Portraits* united, by Giorgione, no less admirable ; *Shepherds sleeping*, of a delicacy not always found in Poussin's paintings ; a good *Holy Family*, by Andrea del Sarto. In the garden, the two fine fragments of a well-executed antique frontispiece are said, with equal improbability, to proceed from a temple of the Sun or a temple of Health. What powerful mechanical means must not the ancients have possessed to raise and fix such an entablature !

The piazza of Monte Cavallo, on the Quirinal, agreeably situated, ornamented with handsome edifices, and a charming fountain, is more particularly embellished by its superb colosses of *Castor* and *Pollux*, according to the most likely conjecture, chefs-d'œuvre of the Greek chisel in the golden age of antique statuary, but, despite the Latin inscription, neither by Phidias nor Praxiteles. Canova, who from his first arrival at Rome had made an especial study of these colosses and was never weary of admiring their noble simplicity, artless grandeur, and anatomical precision, shrewdly remarked the vicious restoration of the two groups : the horse and esquire must have been originally placed almost facing and on the same line, in order to produce unity of disposition.

The pontifical palace, begun in 1574 by Gregory XIII. and not completed till the last century, is now appropriated to the conclaves. It appears to have no painting of the first order. The pretty chapel, painted in fresco by Guido, has an *Annunciation* at the high altar, also by him, and highly extolled. The stuccos of a wainscot, representing *Alexander at Babylon*, are by Thorwaldsen : the clever sculptor of Carrara, Tinelli, had represented, under the French adminis-



tration, the *Triumph of Trajan*, since changed into that of Constantine. In the garden, the little casino has a *View of the piazza of Santa Maria Maggiore* and another of the *Piazza of Monte Cavallo*, by Pannini, executed with great talent.

The great palace of the Consulta, by Fuga, is disposed with extreme ingenuity.

The vast Rospigliosi palace, begun by Cardinal Scipione Borghese, on the designs of Flaminio Ponzio, and erected on the Thermæ of Constantine, was purchased of the Bentivoglio family by Mazarin, to be made the palace of France; it remained so until 1704, and the obscure father of the cardinal, Pietro, died there in the year 1654, at the age of seventy-eight. Saint-Simon mentions the malicious wit of the Roman journalists, who inserted the following announcement: "We learn from our Parisian correspondence that the Signor Pietro Mazarini, father of the cardinal of that name, died in this city of Rome, on, etc." With the exception of the beautiful *Aurora*, Guido's most celebrated work, perhaps imitated from an antique basso-relievo in a cloister of Saint Paul's, but apparently not superior to his chapel of Saint Dominick at Bologna, which is spoken of much less, the Rospigliosi palace has no remarkable painting; several pictures even, most of the Rubens, for instance, and a *Holy Family*, attributed to Raphael, are only copies. The great painting of *Adam and Eve in Paradise* is most certainly in Domenichino's earlier style.

The Albani palace, of Domenico Fontana's architecture, presents little but the wrecks of its rich library and gallery. The latter has scarcely anything but a *Christ* by Rubens, and designs by Giulio Romano.

The fountain *de' Termini*, of Domenico Fontana's architecture, one of the four principal fountains in Rome, but without effect or picturesque, has inspired Tasso with some fine octaves.<sup>2</sup> Before Sixtus V., water drawn from wells, and put in casks, was carried to Rome on beasts of burden, and sold. The tribune Rienzi was son of one of these water-sellers. Sixtus V. employed

the ancient aqueducts to convey the water, called from his name *Acqua Felice*, which is the same as the Alexandrine, brought to Rome by Alexander Severus. Amid the ruins or resurrection of the eternal city, the water alone remains perfectly antique. The ridiculous colossal *Moses* of the fountain, by a sculptor in earthenware of the seventeenth century, Prospero of Brescia, given by some simpleton travellers for the *Moses* of Michael Angelo, has the air of a Silenus standing erect, in costume, and able to walk straight. The author, urged on by the impetuous Sixtus V., had sculptured his marble on the spot, without making a model; he died of grief at the mockery and contempt showered on his work. The two lions, of black basalt and beautiful Egyptian workmanship, were obtained from the Pantheon; they are an allusion to the arms of Sixtus, and would be worthy of a better place; their hieroglyphics, curious in an historical point of view, mark the epoch of King Nectanebus and the middle of the fourth century before the Christian era.

The *Salaria* gate, substituted by Honorius for the Colline gate, by which the Gauls had entered Rome, seems a fatal entry, which has in all ages been the weak side of Rome: Annibal intended, but was prevented by hurricanes, to attack it on this side, where Alaric and his Goths afterwards made their irruption.

I obtained the favour of visiting the impenetrable Ludovisi villa, consisting of three fine casinos thrown picturesquely into the midst of a large garden laid out by Lenôtre. Some few of the sculptures are in the first rank of antique chefs-d'œuvre; namely: the statue of *Apollo*, exceedingly well preserved; the superb head of *Juno*, the finest *Juno* known; the famous *Mars in repose*, restored by Bernini; a pretended *Agrippina*, perfect in drapery; the group said to be the young Papirius discovering the secret of the senate to his mother, but which is more probably *Orestes* recognising Electra, a Greek work by Menelaus, son of Stephanus, according to the inscription; the celebrated group of *Arria and Pætus*, which is supposed, from the nudity of the persons unusual

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book VIII. ch. vi.

<sup>2</sup> "Acque, che per camin chiuso e profondo."

Rime, Part. IIa. "Alle acque felici condotte in Roma da SS. Sisto V."

with Roman statuary, to represent *Hemon stabbing himself and supporting Antigone killed by Creon*. The *Pluto carrying off Proserpine* is a good work by Bernini. The ceiling of the *Aurora*, by Guercino, is considered his chef-d'œuvre: Guido's fresco has possibly more majesty, but this is superior for movement, picturesque, and colour, though the principal figure appears too big and too strong for an *Aurora*. Another ceiling by Guercino, *Fame*, is admirable. The calcareous concretion of alabaster, bearing the impression of the bones of a man crushed under a rock, is an interesting natural curiosity, presented to the learned and virtuous Pope Gregory XV. (Ludovisi.)

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

Fountain of Triton.—Barberini palace.—Library.—Thorwaldsen's studio.—Christ and the apostles.—Trevi fountain.—Water of Rome.

The Barberini palace occupies the site of the Circus of Flora, noted for the abomination of the feasts celebrated there at night by torchlight in honour of that deified courtesan, who had bequeathed the wealth acquired by her debaucheries to the Roman people, then unworthy of such an heritage. The rigid Cato, unwilling to interrupt the public pleasures, thought proper to retire from these games, which they dare not, out of respect for his virtue, begin in his presence; and the wags of Rome wittily asserted that he came for the sole purpose of going away.

The fountain of the Triton, one of the best of its kind, is a poetic and clever composition by Bernini, as he had but a scanty supply of water to dispose of. This fountain forms an object equally pleasing to the eye, whether the rays of the sun form a rainbow in its streams, or the frost ornaments it with its crystals.

The Barberini palace is for the most part of Bernini's architecture, who finished it and executed the magnificent front. The idea of its fine winding stair is not less ingenious than the ensemble is majestic. Some few of its sculptures

and paintings place this palace among the first in Rome. The celebrated *Sleeping Faun* is gone to Munich. A Lion, an antique basso-relievo adorning the principal staircase, is superb. The ceiling of Pietro of Cortona, one of the largest known, a fantastical half-pagan, half-christian allegory in honour of the Barberini, passes for one of the chefs-d'œuvre of this master, little esteemed by present judges. His enormous composition evinces nevertheless a kind of fecundity, and the double talent of the artist, as a painter and an architect, common to the Italians, and found with still greater brilliancy in their first masters. The five portraits by Titian, in the hall of Portraits, are not of his best. The authenticity of a *Piety* by Michael Angelo is not thoroughly proved. The *Christ and Magdalen* by Tintoretto, like all his other paintings at Rome, is little remarkable. The small painting of the *Virgin and infant Jesus*, by Andrea del Sarto, has all the qualities of his sweet and accurate talent. The *Apprehension of Christ*, by Gherardo delle Notti, has an illusion produced by the wonderful truth in the play of the light. The *Sacrifice of Abraham*, by Michelangelo di Caravaggio, preferable to his *Musician* and *Martyrdom of St. Catherine*, has all his energy. *Germanicus on the point of death making his friends swear to avenge him* (so far was ancient heroism from knowing certain virtues commanded and rendered familiar by christianity), is a work of Poussin's, well composed, but of feeble execution, far below the page of Tacitus; and the drawing and adjustment of the figures give little idea of Romans of the time of Germanicus. The pathetic head of La Cenci, dressed with elegance and coquetry, is supposed to be the work of Guido's early youth, and to have been made from memory after he had seen the heroine mount the scaffold, where she addressed the executioner, who was binding her hands, in these forcible Roman words: *Tu leggi il corpo al supplicio, e sciogli l'anima all'immortalità.* La Cenci, in the opinion of

"You bind my body to destroy it, but you loosen my soul for immortality." The prison of La Cenci is still shown in the ancient *Tor di Nona*, become the theatre of Apollo, the property of S. Torlonia, and the finest theatre in Rome, lighted in the French style, where grand operas are played dur-

ing carnival, and which has replaced the one whose conflagration was the occasion of a pretty poem in the Roman patois, the *Incendio di Tor di Nona*, by the abbé Carletti, prior of the female convicts of Saint Michael.

Corona, the witty physiologist of Rome, was the true type of an Italian maiden, and the head attributed to Guido has wonderfully expressed this ardent, simple, and tender character. We may further distinguish: *Dedalus and Icarus*, by Guercino; the celebrated *Andrea Corsini*, by Guido; a *Fornarina*, a copy ascribed to Giulio Romano from the blackness of the shade, a head, at first sight little attractive, and requiring some attention to seize all its beauty, and which, notwithstanding the difference of costume and head-dress, must have been taken from the same model as the *Fornarina* of the Tribuna of Florence, far superior in colouring. A portrait in earthenware of Pope Urban VIII. by a blind man, Giovanni di Gambisi, seems a prodigy. In the antechamber, a coarse oval basso-relievo of the middle ages passes for a *Portrait of Rienzi*; he is crowned with olive, cuirassed, and has altogether the theatrical and pedantic air of that hero.

The Barberini library possesses about sixty thousand volumes and some precious manuscripts. The Greek manuscripts, a thousand in number, are considered the most important. The miniatures and characters of an *Exultet*, a Latin manuscript of the eleventh century, by their variety and caprice disconcert the conjectures of paleographic science. The celebrated manuscript on parchment, of 1321, full of drawings of ancient monuments, and on which Giuliano San Gallo had begun to work with his own hand as early as 1465, proves incontestably that the Italians were the first to engage in the study of antiquity. The manuscripts of Dante are more than twenty: the manuscript of the fourteenth century, on vellum, a large folio, must be considered as one of the most magnificent that can be cited, for its figures and pretty arabesques. A fine manuscript of the fifteenth century, with miniatures in the Flemish style, is a French translation of the strange book of

Peter Comestor, the *Scholastica Historia*, by Gujart Desmoulins, priest, canon, and dean of Saint Peter's of Aire, in 1297, a curious and but little known monument of our old language, bearing the arms of the dukes of Ferrara, to whom it belonged. The Barberini library is especially rich in autograph manuscripts of the most illustrious literati, such as Bembo, della Casa, Galileo, Benedetto Castelli, Peiresc, Cardinals Pallavicini and Bellarmine. The *Passion of Jesus Christ* is the subject of forty original discourses by Chiabrera. A multitude of papers, documents, and reports addressed to Urban VIII., whose pontificate of twenty-one years was the longest previous to Pius VII., and who first, in 1630, conferred the title of eminence on the cardinals for a Christmas-box; these papers, chiefly written in French, present new details on the history of the two first Stuarts, and the attempts to restore catholicism in England. A great number of printed books have almost the interest of autographs, from the marginal notes with which they are covered by eminent writers, such as Aldus and Paulus Manutius, Scaliger, Leo Allatius, the first librarian of the Barberiana, Luca Holstenius, David Hoeschel, Barbadori, and, above all, Tasso, whose remarks are spread over more than fifty volumes, a precious discovery made some years ago by S. Rezzi, the present active and intelligent librarian. A Plato, the Latin version of Marsilio Ficino, is not only annotated in Tasso's hand, but also by his father Bernardo, and it shows to what an extent the beautiful language and poetic dreams of the Greek philosopher were studied and meditated in this family. The remarks on the *Divina Commedia*, which, though Serassi thinks otherwise, appear to be authentic,<sup>2</sup> bear witness to the profound study that, from his youth, Tasso had made of the great poet, and his high admiration.<sup>3</sup> The volume of the cantos of the *Gerusa-*

<sup>1</sup> The original letters of Peiresc are four hundred in number. They show the prodigious ardour of the French scholar, the friend of Cardinal Barberini, afterwards Urban VIII., and more than twenty years the correspondent of Matherbe. (See the volume of *Letters* addressed to him by the poet, published at Paris in 1822, in 8vo.) The *Biographie universelle* mentions the published letters of Peiresc. Other letters, procured from the library of Carpen-

tras, the old library of the President Mazaugues, whose father had married a great-niece of Peiresc's, by Prospero Balbo, were published at Turin in 1828 in a 42mo collection of unedited letters.

<sup>2</sup> See the letter of S. L. M. Rezzi to S. Rosini, placed before the *Postille*, t. xxx, 1, of the complete edition of Tasso.

<sup>3</sup> See *Variétés Italiques*.



*lemme liberata*, printed in quarto at Venice (1580), to the poet's great displeasure, seems one of the copies that he addressed to his friends to ask their advice, as we learn from some of his letters; he seems to have spared them as little as Ariosto, who was perpetually consulting all that came near him.<sup>1</sup> Among the rarities, are distinguished: a copy of the edition of the *Divina Commedia*, Venice (1477), with autograph notes by Bembo; and one of the twelve known copies of the first complete edition, on paper, of the *Hebrew Bible* (Soncino, 1488).

Near the Barberini palace, I visited the studio of Thorwaldsen, who, at Rome, seems to have succeeded Canova in the opinion of Europe, and whose pure, severe, and poetic talent is in some respects superior to him, particularly in basso-relievos. His thirteen colossal statues of *Christ and the Apostles* are a noble composition. The Christ, especially, an original figure stamped with the simple and sublime genius of the Gospel, has the majesty without the terror of Jupiter Olympus. These statues, intended for the cathedral of Copenhagen, show the embarrassment accruing to protestantism from the nudity of its worship and the new pomp it now aims at. Thorwaldsen, despite his twenty years' residence at Rome, continued a man of the North in every respect, and his rough appearance, which by no means lessens his politeness or attentions, forms a true contrast with his works, imitated, inspired from Grecian art, and the Italian physiognomies that people his studio.

The palace inhabited by Bernini is interesting from its connection with that superior artist, despite his errors. It presents his statue of *Truth*, larger than life, a sketch of the fountain in the piazza Navona, and the portrait of King James by Vandyck.

The *Acqua Vergine*, the best water of Rome, which a young girl pointed out to Agrippa's soldiers, still flows in torrents from the Trevi fountain, and retains its pleasing name. The water is brought from the distance of eight miles, on the Tivoli road. The great Leone Battista Alberti, whose skill in hydraulics

was one of many acquirements, assisted in repairing this ancient aqueduct under Nicholas V. The architectural richness of the new fountain ordered by Clement XII. of Nicolao Salvi is in bad taste, but not without effect, produced by the art with which the waters are made to play. The waters of Rome, so wholesome, light, and abundant, are one of its wonders, and yet how far modern Rome is inferior even in that to ancient Rome: *Dov' è oggi l'Aniene vecchio? Dov' è l'acqua Appia? Dov' è la Claudia? Dove la Tiepolo, la Giulia, l'Augusta e le altre?*<sup>2</sup>

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

Piazza di Spagna.—Foreigners.—House of Poussin.  
—Medici villa.—Academy of France.—Mount Fincio.

The piazza di Spagna, without the grand and noble structure of the stairs of the Trinity *de' Monti*, would really appear, with its numerous hotels, clean, new, and characterless, the square of a provincial town. Whatever is great and distinguished visits Rome. Madame de Stael wittily surnamed this admirable city the drawing-room of Europe; and if its monuments are associated with all ages,<sup>3</sup> the foreigners who meet there comprise every country. The simple contemplation of Rome and a prolonged residence, may supply the place of long studies and much travelling. It must be added that these strangers come to see, to know, or to repose themselves, and that they are taken and observed at the best moment. Therefore Rome with its ruins, reminiscences, and the important persons it receives, is the spot of the earth where the gaze of wonder is least seen; it would be useless and stupid to aim at effect there, and many a wit not apprised of this has thrown off his dissertations, thoughts, and witticisms, with only his trouble for his pains.

The fountain called *Barcaccia*, by Bernini, if little honourable to his taste, still proves the fecundity and resources of his talent, as the water, though tolerably abundant, could not be thrown in the air nor rise above this level.

The little house of Poussin, on Mount

on the 26th of July, 1543; to Giambattista Grimaldi, on the waters and fountains of Rome.

<sup>3</sup> See *ante*, ch. xviii.

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book vii. ch. xii.

<sup>2</sup> Letter of Claudio Tolomei written from Rome

Pincio, piazza della Trinità No 9 (such a name excuses these details), which communicates with the church by a long terrace, is near the house of Salvator Rosa and opposite that of Claude Lorrain, another great and poetical master of the true. This house, which the mould of the Farnese Hercules half-filled, was preferred by Poussin to the house in the garden of the Tuileries given him by Louis XIII., though that also had its views. He died in this retreat after forty-two years' residence in Rome, except a two years' visit in France. His taste for simplicity has been erroneously taken for poverty, as he was in the receipt of a handsome and honourable income from works painted by request. The old age of Poussin was gloomy and full of suffering. "Some time ago," he writes, "I forsook my pencils, thinking only of preparing for death, which my body touches on." He was a foreigner, and without a friend, "for," said he, "there are none in this town;" a bitter remark, which I heard authenticated by persons who have resided at Rome and were its most ardent admirers. The house of the great French painter has belonged for many years to an English painter, Mr. Dei, living in London and more than a hundred years of age; his son-in-law, Mr. B\*\*\*\*\*, occupies it at present, but it appears that a lawsuit between the brothers Massani, creditors of Mr. Dei, and Mr. B., which he has already twice lost, will transfer to the two Roman litigants the historical house, the monument of Mount Pincio.

The Medici villa was built about 1550 by Cardinal Giovanni Ricci di Montepulciano, on the designs of Annibale Lippi, excepting the elegant interior front, ascribed without proof to Michael Angelo. This fine villa, which once possessed the Venus and other antique masterpieces of the Florence Gallery, and was Galileo's prison during his trial, is now the Academy of France. This institution, founded by Louis XIV. in 1666, has been assailed by specious arguments: Girodet was one while of opinion that the young men should be left to travel where they pleased.<sup>1</sup> Although

since his able letter, dictated by the disgust that a pupil so impatient and full of ardour experienced at the Academy, where however he has executed his best work, the regime of the establishment has undergone considerable ameliorations, there is yet room for more; the pupils, for instance, though animated with so keen a craving after celebrity, live too much apart and among themselves, continue too Parisian, and do not study Italy sufficiently. But if there be a possibility of revising the rules of the Academy, giving it more independence, and putting it more in unison with the march of events, according to the wish of its last and brilliant director,<sup>2</sup> it would be a lasting subject of regret to suppress so powerful a means of emulation for the pupils, which attaches them for several years to the study of the beautiful, instead of compelling them to make the art a matter of lucre, and destroying one of the most munificent encouragements ever accorded to the arts. Instead of overthrowing the monument of the *grand siècle*, I would rather see it extended in a proper and novel manner. A visit to Italy is singularly useful to the development of literary talents; why should not the government send into this classic land the laureats of poetry and eloquence crowned by the Academy? The sojourn at the Villa with its vast gardens and admirable view, presenting, on one side, the complete prospect of Rome, Saint Peter's, the Vatican; on the other, the solitude and pines of the Borghese villa,—this melancholy abode would inspire our poets. The artists in their turn would profit by such an association, and we should see a renewal of those intimacies, those friendships between them and the writers, frequent in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which reciprocally contributed to the taste and perfection of their respective works.<sup>3</sup> The men of letters, scholars, painters, sculptors, architects, musicians, all the travellers from our country distinguished by their intellectual labours might also, as they passed, be received at the Academy, which would thus become, as it were,

<sup>1</sup> See the Letters XLV. and XLVII. of his Correspondence, t. II. of his *Œuvres posthumes*, published and arranged by M. P. A. Coupin. Paris, 1829. At a subsequent period Girodet duly appreciated the merit of the Academy which he designates (note 7

of the first canto of his poem of the *Peintre*) as *un bel et utile établissement*.

<sup>2</sup> See Horace Vernet's letter written from Rome, September 3, 1830.

<sup>3</sup> See *ante*; book VI. ch. iii. and book VII. ch. xii.



the artistical and literary hotel of France in Italy. The non-occupation of the buildings of the convent of the Trinità de' Monti, through the extinction of the French Minims who inhabited it and served the church, was perhaps favourable to this project. Notwithstanding all the respect due to the nuns of the Sacred Heart, who have been illegally established in those buildings for some years, I confess that I should have preferred this profane appropriation.<sup>1</sup>

Mount Pincio, the ancient *Collis hortorum*, so called from the gardens of Sallust, Lucullus, and Domitian, has again become worthy of its first name since the creation of its public promenade, the only one in Rome, begun and far advanced by the French administration, and finished under Pius VII.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

Port of Ripetta.—Borghese palace.—Gallery.—Maddama palace.—Raphael's house.—Piazza Navona.—Fountain. — Lago.—Philharmonic Academy.—Pamfili palace.—Donna Olimpia.—Braschi palace.—Pasquino.—Massini palace.—Printing at Rome.—Matti palace.—Fountain delle Tartarughe.—Costaguti palace.

The little picturesque port of Ripetta receives the boats loaded with wine, oil, corn, wood, and charcoal, that descend from Sabina and Umbria. The travertine of an arcade of the Coliseum, thrown down by the earthquake of 1703, forms part of its structure. Two columns near a fountain mark the different inundations of the Tiber: the highest and most fatal was in the year 1598, which swept away two arches of the Pons Palatinus, thence called *Ponte Rotto*.

The fronts of the immense Borghese palace would, if united, surpass in extent that of the Pitti palace at Florence. It is in the form of a harpsichord, and is known by the name of *il cembalo di Borghese*. The architecture is by the elder Martino Longhi: it is esteemed for

its court with porticos of two stories, and the judicious and skilful ordinance of the plan, though the soil is very irregular. The gallery, the richest in Rome, and kept in the best order, has seventeen hundred original paintings. Among so great a number of excellent works the following may be recommended to particular notice: by Garofolo, the *Descent from the cross*, the primest of his paintings at Rome, which has several fine figures of an extraordinary power of modelling; by Domenichino, the *Chase of Diana*, eternally copied, of more delicate execution than usual with him: some nymphs seem worthy of Correggio for lightness and colour; the *Cumean Sibyl*, inferior to Guercino's *Sibyl Persica*,<sup>2</sup> though perhaps more expressive and more inspired; by Paolo Veronese, *St. Anthony preaching to the fish*, a mute audience, which one might suppose not over intelligent, but it appears attentive, agitated; the *St. John in the desert*: the landscape is only sketched, the saint is awry, but the three Turklike figures listening to him are of the most brilliant colouring; by Raphael, *Christ deposited in the tomb*, a masterpiece of his twenty-fourth year, full of grace, of the most touching expression and admirable purity of design; the terrible *Cesare Borgia* with Machiavel, the action and thought of the fifteenth century; by Rubens, a *Visitation*; by Giorgione, a *David*; by Giulio Romano, another and excellent copy of the *Fornarina*; by Titian, the exquisite *Return of the prodigal son*; *Divine and profane Love*, a pure and precise composition; his *Three Graces*, of a colour so fine and rich; by Andrea del Sarto, a *Holy Family*; by Giovanni Bellini, the *Virgin and infant Jesus*; by Correggio, a *Danae*; and by Joseph Vernet, eight of his best and largest landscapes. The fine porphyry vase in the second room, found in the castle of Saint Angelo, whatever they may say, can never have contained the ashes of Adrian.

<sup>1</sup> The convent of the Trinità de' Monti, near the Academy of France, has undergone the barbarous change to the Italian clock, from the French mode of counting the hours, which was heard in the time of the Minims. The priory of Malta, a building near the other side of the convent, was bought by the king of Bavaria, and there was question for a moment of establishing an academy like ours there: this convent of nuns devoted to female education would thus have been singularly placed between two schools of artists. The nuns of the Sacred

Heart, thirteen in number, were invited from Paris by Leo XII. to undertake the education of children of quality; among these ladies was a young Russian princess, L\*\*\* G\*\*\*\*\*, who gave lessons in English and drawing. Notwithstanding the pope's protection and his recommendations to the nobles of Rome to send their children to this house, it was not in a flourishing condition, the Roman ladies not being willing, it appears, to let their daughters be better educated than themselves.

<sup>2</sup> See ante, ch. xiii.



The vast Madama palace, now the residence of the governor of Rome, of the tolerably noble but too ornamental architecture of Marucelli, was built on the site of Nero's famous thermæ, by Catherine of Medicis, from whom the name is derived. It has thus two associations with crime and blood, separated by fifteen centuries.

The Altamps palace does honour to the elder Martino Longhi: the porticos of the court are of the solid and characteristic architecture of Baltassare Peruzzi.

The small house of Raphael was in the street *de' Coronari*; when rebuilt in 1705, Carlo Maratta painted his portrait in clear-obscure on the front, but it is now nearly effaced, and the whole exterior of the building announces indifference towards the abode of the immortal artist.

The Cicciaporci palace, in the possession of private persons and occupied by shops, is still remarkable for its good architecture by Giulio Romano.

Nearly opposite is the Niccolini palace, by Sansovino, also of excellent architecture.

The piazza Navona, the largest market in Rome, will, like all the markets of great cities, enable a person to form an idea of the administration and police of the country. This market has a granite obelisk, colossal statues, four fountains, but no shelter or sheds of any kind to protect the peasants from the sun or the rain. In the midst of magnificence, every thing exhibits disregard of the useful. The piazza Navona occupies the site of the ancient circus, made or restored by Alexander Severus, and retains the same form. The scene of the inauguration of the great fountain, one of the happiest of Bernini's compositions, a scene perfectly Italian, shows the exceeding address of the artist, who was really born *to live with princes*, as Innocent X. once observed. This pope, having been obliged, in spite of his prejudices, to entrust the works to him after an unexpected view of the plan, came to see them when finished, and passed two hours under a tent in examining them. The waters, however, had not then played, though every thing was ready for that purpose. Just before taking his departure, Innocent asked Bernini when he thought the water would arrive. "Not just at present," answered the artist, "we must have time to prepare the road (*Strada*), but

all my zeal will be to serve your Holiness." The pope gave him his benediction and departed, but he had not reached the gate of the first palisade when the noise of the rushing waters made him return. Transported with joy at the sight, he said to the artist: "Bernini, you are always the same; the pleasure of the surprise you have procured me will prolong my life ten years." He sent for a hundred pistoles immediately to distribute among the workmen. The obelisk of the fountain, transported to Rome in the reign of Caracalla, had remained buried under the ruins of his circus: the four giants represent the largest rivers of the four quarters of the world, the *Ganges*, the *Nile*, the *Rio de la Plata*, and the *Danube*. It has been pretended that the veil which covers the head of the *Nile*, by the sculptor Fancelli, Bernini's pupil, instead of being an allusion to the mysterious source of that river, was only an epigram of Bernini's against his implacable rival Borromini, and that this figure concealed its head that it might not see the front of the church of Saint Agnes, the least capricious, however, of Borromini's works. The *Danube*, by Antonio Raggi, another pupil of Bernini, is the best of these giants; and the figure of *Ethiopia*, by his other pupil Francesco Baratta, is not without merit. Bernini entrusted the rivers to his pupils, and undertook himself the arrangement of the rock as most difficult.

On Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays in August, in the afternoon, the piazza Navona is inundated with three feet of water (*lago*), by closing the pipes that receive the overflowings of the fountains. This manner of watering and cleaning a market is poetical and purely Italian. The flooded piazza is then crossed and recrossed by numbers of carriages, amid the flourishing of trumpets, and the shouts of the people who cover the borders and applaud the dexterous coachmen, while all the windows are crowded with spectators; it is a kind of coach nautimachy, a diversion not unsuited to the manners of the new Romans.

The Lancellotti palace is small, but the architecture is by the illustrious Pirro Ligorio. The Philharmonic Academy, founded within these few years and directed by a president and council, occupies it and gives some grand concerts there every year.

The vast Pamfili palace, rather heaped together than built by Geronimo Rainaldi, who was obliged to humour the fancies of Innocent X., an eccentric pope, who excommunicated people for taking snuff in Saint Peter's,<sup>1</sup> would be recommendable for its fine disposition, if the grandeur of the style corresponded with the extent of the mass. This ancient residence of the imperious, dissolute,<sup>2</sup> and grasping niece of Innocent, donna Olimpia Maidalchini Pamfili, whose cupidity more than once exposed the palace to be pillaged by the people of Rome, who were appeased by some few hundred crowns thrown from the windows,<sup>3</sup> was, in 1826, the residence of a sage, the Cav. d'Italinski, Russian minister, then an old man of eighty-three, possessing in the highest degree that superior and true simplicity, so different from that of common life. M. d'Italinski, twice minister at Constantinople, once at Naples, had been fifty years from Russia, which he had so well served. This patriarch of European diplomats was a man of immense information. He had worked at the continuation of d'Hancarville's grand collection of Etruscan vases, and his numerous library was chiefly rich in oriental books.<sup>4</sup> I still remember the vast gallery painted in fresco by Pietro of Cortona, which he never quitted, but made one end his dining-room, the middle his saloon, and the other extremity his closet: a certain column, which the servants were not to pass, was the limit of the latter, when M. Italinski was studying or at work. There was he went to read every day for amusement, one while Homer, Xenophon, or Thucydides, at another Terence, Virgil, or Horace, an Arabic grammar, or some scientific journal. This minister of Russia was very unlike his predecessor, the Muscovite ambassador whom Montaigne encountered at Rome: "*qui ne*

*savoit parler nulle langue que la sienne, et qui pensoit que Venise estoit de la dition du pape.*"<sup>5</sup>

The Braschi palace, of a good style, though erected at the close of last century, is, with its rich marbles and pompous staircase, a monument of the nepotism that ceased long ago at Rome and has not been revived. Despite the beauty of its colossal *Antinous*, these huge forms seem incompatible with the young and effeminate favorite of Adrian. Among the paintings may be remarked: the celebrated *Marriage in Cana*, by Garofolo; another *Adulterous Woman*, by Titian; *Lucretia*, by Paolo Veronese, and the *Marriage of St. Catherine*, by Fra Bartolommeo.

The celebrated mutilated torso called *Pasquino*, one of the most vigorous and finished Greek works, representing Menelas defending the body of Patroclus, a kind of sculptured fragment of the *Iliad*, owes its name to the facetious tailor of Rome, near whose shop it was found. The genius of satire is peculiar to the Romans. *Pasquino* and his satellite *Marforio* are the opposition of the country, an opposition in which every body dabbles, which is not prosecuted by the government, but is occasionally its mouth-piece to divert public opinion, which no longer, as heretofore, placards the foot of the statue, but still exercises the same violence on individuals, and retains but too much of the pleasantries of *Pasquino* and his workmen, its first orators. The profession of a tailor must, moreover, have been very distinguished in Italy, if we may judge by the following title of a work in quarto by Giovanni Pennachino: *Nobiltà ed antichità de' Sartori cavata da molti autori approvati* (Venice, 1650).

The Massini palace, whose masters pretended to be descended from the Fabii of ancient Rome, built by Baltassare

ought to be much obliged to him for not taking the whole, and advised her to take greater care of what remained; the letter was accompanied by a sum of 2000 crowns. The pope, to console his niece a little, had the weakness to grant her 30,000 crowns in addition.

<sup>4</sup> M. d'Italinski was a native of Kief, and died on the 27th of June 1827; he bequeathed his library to the emperor of Russia, who remitted to his heirs the sum of 45,000 rubles, as the amount of its worth.

<sup>5</sup> *Voyage*, t. II, p. 143.

<sup>1</sup> This excommunication was raised by Benedict XIII. Urban VIII. having made precisely the same prohibition for the churches of Seville, *Pasquino* happily quoted a passage in Job: *Contra folium, quod vento rapitur, ostendis potentiam tuam, et stipulam siccam persequeris.*

<sup>2</sup> See *post*, book xvi. ch. iii.

<sup>3</sup> On the 5th of October 1654, as Olimpia was preparing to receive a visit from her uncle, she discovered that a considerable portion of her pearls, gold, and jewels had been stolen. Not long after she received a letter from the thief, who told her the circumstances of the case, pretended that she

Peruzzi, in a narrow irregular space, passes for the artist's masterpiece and was his last work; it is considered in the first rank of modern palaces. With its court and pretty fountain, it still gives an idea of the habitations of ancient Rome. The superb Greek *Discobolus*, one of the finest and best preserved statues in Rome, seems a copy of the celebrated bronze statue of Myron. The paintings in clare-obscure of the front towards the piazza Navona are by Daniello da Volterra.

It was in the house near the Massini palace, smaller and rebuilt in good style, by Baltassare Peruzzi, that the second printing-office in Italy was established in 1467 (*in domo Petri de Maximis*), when the German printers Sweynheim and Pannartz, not agreeing, as it appears, with their countrymen the monks of Subiaco, came to settle at Rome, and printed there Cicero's *Orator*, without date, and the *City of God*, in the same year 1467, which were even then very well executed.\* Printing at Rome seems very limited now, and of an inferior kind; it was honoured by some good editions there in the sixteenth century, such as the *Homer* of Eustathius, by Bladus (1542-50), the Latin *Bible* by Aldus Manutius (1590), then manager of the Vatican printing-office, now closed for want of funds; and even in the seventeenth century, the epoch of typographic decline, by the establishment of the celebrated printing-office of the Propaganda, by Pope Urban VIII., which is rich in oriental characters.

The Vidoni palace, unfinished, is the best authenticated and most considerable work of Raphael, as an architect, at Rome. The front and basement serving for ground floor are of superior effect, and combine variety, harmony, and strength. The attic superadded is not by Raphael, and impairs the simplicity of his plan. In this palace are preserved the fragments of the calendar of Verrius Flaccus, found at Preneste, in the last century, and ingeniously supplied by M. Nibby.

The vast Mattei palace, a noble and pure work of Carlo Maderno, who after-

wards began the decline of the art (a singularity which the history of letters also presents), is ornamented with fine statues, antique basso-relievos, and paintings by good masters. On the stairs, seats, a kind of antique stools, are attentively placed. A basso-relievo represents a *Consul having a criminal punished*; a head of *Alexander* is remarkable; a ceiling has been painted by Domenichino.

On the piazza, the fountain delle Taragughe, from the design of Jacopo della Porta, has four young figures in bronze, very elegant, by Taddeo Landino, a Florentine sculptor of the end of the last century.

The ceilings of the Costaguti palace are justly celebrated: *Time discovering Truth*, by Domenichino, is worthy of that grand master; there is strong expression in the *Armida on a car drawn by two dragons*, in Guercino's first style. The gallery has some works which deserve notice, a grand painting by Poussin, two Heads by Domenichino.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

Monte Testaccio.—Fête.—People of Rome.—Mimentl.  
—View.

The month of October is the most agreeable time at Rome. The soil, refreshed by the September rains, is verdant and flowery; merry troops, clothed in showy colours, wearing hats bedecked with flowers, plumes, and ribands, dancing the tender, graceful, lively *Salterello* to the tabor and mandoline, singing the popular ballad *Viva ottobre che spasso ci dà*, ramble over the fields; light *carrettelle*, hackney caleches, carry the populace to Monte Testaccio, while the equipages of the citizens and nobility defile by the *Porta Pia*. The *carrettelle* are loaded with two stages of men, and especially women and girls, called *Mimentì* (for *eminentì*), who all retain their popular costume, instead of sporting the lady or gentleman. Some of these girls are a species of Roman *grisettes*, but robust, energetic, impassioned *grisettes*, who will drink to intoxication, and are

\* Tiraboschi and those who have followed him are mistaken in supposing that the *Donatus pro puerulis*, not a copy of which is extant, had been printed at Subiaco, on the faith of the request presented to Sixtus IV. in 1472, which does not men-

tion it; it was more probably printed at Rome about 1468. See p. 44 of the *Letter from the abbé de Rozan to the librarian of Naples*, already cited, book XIV. ch. vi.



even capable of the *coltellata*. The *Osterie* (inns and wineshops) of Testaccio are filled with people; all these physiognomies and costumes are characteristic, picturesque: if the Roman people have passed away, we still have the people of Rome. Monte Testaccio, where the cellars are noted for extraordinary coolness (the thermometer sometimes reaches as high as 28 degrees (Réaumur) outside, but falls to 8 or 9 there), is composed, as every one is aware, of the wrecks of ancient jars (*testa*) which were deposited there. When we consider the population of Rome, it appears surprising that so many fragments have not produced a larger mass: the shape of these pots exposed them to frequent breakage, and, as Courier remarks,<sup>1</sup> we must also understand by the Latin our barrels which were unknown to the ancients, and the celebrated tub of Diogenes was perhaps a large earthen jar. We may add that the use of these was very general; that besides wine, they were used to hold water, oil, the ashes of the dead, and for a multitude of other usages. The barrels and bottles of a Swiss or German town would, I believe, form a higher mound than the Monte Testaccio in a little time. This hill, too, seems no bad emblem of modern Rome, if we consider all the fallen great that take refuge there; and itself is but a kind of Testaccio, where all the broken pots of the universe are thrown into a heap.

From this height, the view of the setting sun was admirable. Poussin is said to have frequently drawn inspiration there, and it was impossible, in contemplating it, not to experience the dreamy charms of his paintings.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

Ghetto.—Bridge of the Quattro Capi.—Tiber.—Fontana Paolina.—Contrast.

The Ghetto, the Jews' quarter, the most wretched and vilest of those receptacles, presents a paria-like multitude in shops crowded one on the other. The number of inhabitants, which the fear of the cholera induced the authorities to ascertain for the first time, is three thousand five hundred, and it has been calculated that if the rest of Rome was

peopled in proportion, there would not be less than five hundred thousand souls instead of a hundred and fifty-one thousand nine hundred and fifty-seven, its population in 1852. Such, however, is the effect of populousness as a means of salubrity, that this filthy, confined, infected quarter, near the Tiber, is not in the least unhealthy, while the *mal'aria* prevails in the desert parts of Rome and in the bosom of the finest villas. The barbarous exclusion of the Jews, so opposed to the charitable spirit of christianity, has not even the specious merit of antiquity, for it began in the pontificate of Paul IV., about the middle of the sixteenth century. He also compelled them to wear a yellow badge in front, called *lo Sciamanno*, which still distinguishes them in the Roman states. At his death a Jew covered the head of the broken statue of that pope with the same *Sciamanno*.

The Ghetto forms a kind of community, called *Università*, whose rectors take the title of *cacam*; a sum of 7,000 crowns, an expense borne by the nine hundred trading families in more easy circumstances, is devoted to the maintenance of public worship, schools, physicians, and chiefly to relieve the poor, in obedience to the precept of Deuteronomy, which forbids mendicity; *et mendicus non erit inter vos*.

The bridge of the *Quattro Capi*, so called from its four hermes of Janus, which leads to the island of Tiberina, was built by L. Fabricius, surveyor of the highways, in the year of Rome 690, and it is now the oldest bridge in the city.

The Tiber, lined with palaces, and covered with vessels in ancient times, is now without even a quay; it runs obscurely through a corner of Rome, and nothing of its olden aspect survives except its yellow hue (*flavus Tiberinus*). A miserable steamboat, which, without its engine, might not be unlike the ship of Æneas, navigates the stream as far as Fiumicino; and so much has the river declined that the modern machine can hardly find water enough to make this voyage in five hours, and would often be in danger of remaining aground without the help of oxen to tow it along. The Tiber, the sacred river of ancient Rome, which a magistrate instituted by Augustus was charged to preserve from

<sup>1</sup> *Correspondance*, t. I. p. 417.

all impurities, is the common sewer of new Rome, and receives all the filth of the city. Clelia and her companions, who passed it at the port of *Ripa grande*, would now require more courage for a repetition of their noble feat, if they had a taste for cleanliness. Its water, which is not used as a beverage except in some few religious houses in the quarter, long preserved its reputation of being sweet and wholesome: Paul III. had a quantity of it carried with him in his longest journeys; Clement VII., by his physician's order, took a supply of it to Marseilles when he went to marry his niece, Catherine of Medicis, to the Dauphin's brother, afterwards Henry II.; and Gregory XIII., who lived to the age of eighty-four, constantly drank this water, now so dirty and decried. Ariosto celebrates it in verse; but it was then customary to let it settle for some days, as among the articles that the poet recommends his brother to prepare for his arrival at Rome, he says:

Fa ch' io trovi dell' acqua, e non di fonte  
 Di fiume sì, che già sei di veduto  
 Non abbia Sisto, nè alcun altro ponte.<sup>1</sup>

It appears, according to the analysis in July 1830 by S. Chimenti, professor of chemistry at the Sapienza, of two quantities of water each weighing a hundred pounds, the first taken at *Ponte Molle* above the city, the second below the port of *Ripa grande*, that the water of the Tiber is not only potable, but of a better quality than that of the Seine and the Thames. In summer the mineral virtues and warm temperature of the river made it an excellent bath, which satisfied the Romans of the republic.<sup>2</sup> The temperature rises from eighteen to twenty-four degrees (Réaumur), and rarely differs more than from two to six degrees from the temperature of the air. The project of excavating the Tiber to obtain the antique statues and pretended treasures concealed in its bed, riches spoken of by Montfaucon, who has in some instances clothed the tales of the ciceroni with his grave Latin,—this had been previously conceived by Cardinal de Polignac. The experiment made in 1823 has proved how chimerical it was. As to the other scheme of turning the Tiber,

for the same object, without much considering where it might pass, it is still more ridiculous.

The *Fontana Paolina*, on mount Janiculum, in a superior situation, the most abundant in Rome, appears in the distance like a triumphal arch with water jets. The noise of its five mouths is quite deafening. But the water, which is brought by an aqueduct constructed under Trajan and restored by Paul V., is tartareous and of little use but as a moving power for the manufactories and mills situated on its course to the Tiber. It was made of the marble taken from a temple of Pallas, built by Nerva and demolished by Paul V., another deplorable instance of the destruction of antique monuments at an epoch of civilisation.

On the summit of the Janiculum one is most struck with the discrepancy between the monuments of Roman grandeur and the most admired modern edifices: the former are less distinguished for their ruins than their majesty; and beside the gigantic masses of the temple of Peace, the Coliseum, and the dome of the Pantheon, the Barberini and Farnese palaces, and even Saint Peter's look diminutive.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Coreini palace.—Christina.—Guercino's *Ecce Homo*.  
 —Library.—The Farnesina.—History of Psyche.—  
 Galatea.—Head, by Michael Angelo.—Lante Villa.

The *Corsini* palace, formerly belonging to the Riario family, was inhabited by Christina, and the chamber where she died is still shown. There are some curious details respecting her death in a letter by Menzini, an eye-witness and friend of Christina, to Redi, published at the end of the *Lettere di Lorenzo il Magnifico e d'altri illustri Toscani* (Florence, 1830, in 8vo). These historical details might have supplied the French author of the trilogy of *Christine* with some new effects. The reading of her will immediately after the scene of despair caused by the queen's last moments, and the disappointment of her dependants, is depicted with a degree of truth scarcely to be expected from a courtier poet such as Menzini: *Dopo*

<sup>1</sup> Sat. III.

<sup>2</sup> See *post*, ch. XIII.



un'ora incircapassammo dalla camera, ove giaceva, in altra stanza contigua, dove si aperse e si lesse il di lei testamento. Qui io non posso dirle tutte le particolarità di esso..... Lo aver lasciato particolarmente la sua povera famiglia senza verun conforto, con non farle niente di più di quel che qui in Roma costumi di fare ogni altro benchè mediocre signore, ha fatto credere che questo non sia stato il puro sentimento di così alta regina, ma che vi si sia adoprata manifattura di persone, che per vestire se stesse hanno volentieri e barbaramente fatto che tutti gli altri restino ignudi... Mireda, che questo ha seccato le lagrime sugli occhi di molti, ed ha fatto sì che la regina non sia pianta, dove che con ogni piccola amorevole recognizione saria stata pianta eternamente. Christina had founded in the Corsini palace her famous Academy composed of the first literati of the time. With all its defects, the present palace, rebuilt by Fuga, is one of the most commendable in Rome for its skilful disposition, the magnificence of the staircase, and the distribution of the interior. The gallery has some remarkable works: the *Ecce Homo*, by Guercino, admirable for its expression of the divine sorrows; a *Virgin*, by Caravaggio, very good; a *Holy Family*, by Fra Bartolommeo, perhaps the most graceful he ever produced; the portrait of *Julius II.*, by Raphael, nowise inferior to that of the Tribuna; another *Adulterous Woman*, by Titian, and his Philip II., which may be a copy; a *Rabbit*, perfect, by Albert Durer; the *Life of a Soldier*, by Callot, in twelve little paintings, of feeble execution and without colour, to which the engravings are far preferable; an *Annunciation*, by Michael Angelo; the celebrated *Herodias with the head of John the Baptist on a charger*, by Guido, graceful, though the adjustment is affected, in bad taste, and the head of Herodias has not the character becoming her; a *Tiger hunt*, by Rubens, finely coloured, but not universally allowed to be authentic; a *Landscape*, of Guaspere Poussin's best; a *Virgin*, by Murillo, soft in execution, extremely fresh in colouring, and one of the largest paintings of the Spanish school at Rome.

The Corsini library, created by Benedict XIII., is rich in manuscripts and

editions of the fifteenth century; its famous collection of prints must be placed in the first rank for choiceness and number. But these treasures seem never to have been communicated very freely, and the prints are only shown with the autograph permission of the prince. This library has also some of Christina's letters.

A charming villa is dependant on the palace, and extends over the steep declivity of the Janiculum. The view of Rome from the casino is complete.

The Farnesina, a dilapidated monument of the splendour of art in the sixteenth century, ornamented with paintings by Raphael and his school, of the architecture of Baltassare Peruzzi, was built by the Roman banker Agostino Ghigi, who wished to receive Leo X. there and perpetuate his own reputation as a man of taste. Ghigi had already employed Calliergi in his own house in printing the beautiful *Pindar*, a small quarto, of 1515, the first Greek book printed at Rome: this banker must be regarded as one of the most magnificent Mæcenases of modern times. It has been pretended that at the banquet given by Ghigi to the pope, fourteen cardinals, and all the ambassadors of Christendom, on Friday, the 30th of April 1518, the gold dishes when taken from the table were thrown into the Tiber; but the historian of this famous banquet, Tizio, a friend of the Amphitryon, who states that the price of three fish amounted to 250 crowns, does not mention this extravagance, most probably a fabrication suggested by Antony's banquet to Cleopatra at Tarsus.

The fresh and vigorous triangle of the three Graces of the *Fable of Psyche* passes for a work of Raphael. Ghigi, on being informed that he often interrupted his labours to pay a hasty visit to Fornarina, paid him the attention of inviting her to his house, to save the artist's time. The flying *Mercury*, seen facewise, is lifelike, aerial; the group of the *Apotheosis of Psyche*, full of grace, and the *Jupiter* embracing the son of Venus, presents a mixture of majesty, at once naïve, familiar, and sublime. The *Council*, the *Banquet of the gods*, are magnificent inspirations from Homer. Notwithstanding the elogiums lavished on the retouching, by Carlo Maratta, of this rich decoration, it is probable that the



general effect has rather lost than gained thereby, and the present ground appears of too deep a blue. The poetical fresco of *Galatea*, so roughly handled by time, which one would think inspired by the genius of antiquity, is by Raphael. This curious passage of a letter to Castiglione, on the subject of the *Galatea*, is a modest explanation of some of Raphael's proceedings in the research and choice of the beautiful: *Della Galatea mi terrei un gran maestro, se vi fossero la metà delle tante cose che V. S. mi scrive: ma nelle sue parole riconosco l'amore che mi porta, e le dico che per dipingere una bella mi bisognerebbe veder più belle, con questa condizione che V. S. si trovasse meco a fare scelta del meglio. Ma essendo carestia e de' buoni giudici e di belle donne, io mi servo di certa idea che mi viene alla mente. Se questa ha in se alcuna eccellenza di arte, non so, ben m'affatico d'averla.* The paintings of the ceiling, representing *Diana on a car* and the *History of Medusa*, by Daniello da Volterra, Sebastiano del Piombo, and Baltassare Peruzzi (the latter was also a great painter and inventor of theatrical decorations), produce such an illusion that Titian himself took them for ornaments in relief, and wished to have a ladder brought that he might touch them; a wonderful effect which these paintings still display. The superb colossal head drawn with charcoal by Michael Angelo, and supposed an Alexander, is not, as pretended, a lesson given by him to Raphael on the small proportions of his heads; but he did it while waiting for his pupil Daniello, and to advise him of his arrival: it was his visiting card. It would be best, if practicable, to begin the visit of the Farnesina by the two rooms of the first floor, as their frescos, of Raphael's school, with some excellent parts, lose too much if seen after the chefs-d'œuvre of the ground floor.

The academy of Naples, instituted by Charles III. in imitation of the French academy, is lodged at the Farnesina. The pupils, under the direction of S. Camuccini, are six in number: two painters, two sculptors, two architects. It is impossible to study more admirable models, and the taste of this school ought to profit by them.

The Lante villa, a pretty casino on the Janiculum, one of the spots affording

the finest view of Rome, is a miracle of Giulio Romano's talent in painting and architecture. The eight women's heads in fresco, of the bathing-room, are reputed portraits of Raphael's mistresses; these faces are ingenuous, graceful, expressive, Italian, such as we find in his different chefs-d'œuvre, and apparently the source of his inspiration. They, as well as the villa, were ordered of Giulio Romano by Baltassare Turini, datary of Leo X. and Clement VII., the intimate friend and testamentary executor of Raphael, a voluptuous prelate, who sought by these sweet images to recover the trace and memory of the man he mourned.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

Chancery palace.—Farnese palace.—Court.—Gallery.  
—Spada palace.—Basso-relievos.—Falconieri and Sacchetti palaces.—Bridge of Saint Angelo.—Castle.  
—Girandola.—Palace de' Convertendi.—Real cause of Raphael's death.

The Chancery palace, one of the largest structures in Rome, the chef-d'œuvre of Bramante, to which he first applied the result of his researches on antique monuments, still presents some traces of the previous meagre taste. It was built with the travertine of the Coliseum, and the marble of the arch supposed to be Gordian's. The elegant portal towards Saint Laurence *in damaso*, by Vignola, despite its merit, is not in harmony with the style of the first architect, a culpable instance of independence, if one may say so, followed with less right by Domenico Fontana, author of the grand portal. Vasari, who painted the *History of the life of Paul III.*, in the saloon, confesses that being obliged to finish promptly, he employed apprentices, who did not always do exactly as he wished, but the frescos were completed in a hundred days. The Chancery palace was formerly the scene of the fêtes, prodigalities, and almost princely magnificence of Cardinal Pietro Ottoboni, a Venetian, nephew of Pope Alexander VIII., a gallant prelate, a lover of poetry books, and music, author of dramatic pieces, poems, and oratorios, who had several times executed in this palace, amid the universal applause of the auditory, the *Paraphrase of the Psalms* by Benedetto Marcello, with words by the Arcadian Francesco Lorenzini, and who,

though loaded with riches by his uncle, died insolvent. The delicate generosity of Ottoboni is evinced by the following incident. At Castel-Gandolfo, in order to make the duchess Bernardina Albani accept a walking-stick mounted with diamonds, which had been manufactured by his order at Venice, he concealed her own; for it appears that then (in 1700) ladies used them. He returned it, but would not take back the one he had offered her, saying that he was unworthy to possess it, and that since it had passed into such hands, it had acquired too high a value.

The Farnese palace (*il dado Farnese*, the Farnese die, though its form is an oblong square) with its piazza laid out for it and adorned with two well-supplied fountains, having the largest granite basins known, with regular rows of houses along its sides, is the finest palace in Rome, and the true type of Roman architecture, differing in its pure and lofty taste from the rudeness of the Florentine, and the showy architecture of the palaces of Naples and Genoa. Three architects of the first order worked at this chef-d'œuvre: Antonio San Gallo laid down the plan and erected the exterior fronts; the first floor of the court is by Vignola, and Michael Angelo crowned the edifice with its majestic entablature. The travertine of the court consists of stones fallen from the Coliseum, which was not demolished by Paul III., as some have unjustly pretended, to build the palace, as this pontiff always showed great zeal in preserving ancient monuments, and one of his first acts was to create the learned Latinus Juvenal Mannelto commissary-general of the antiquities of Rome with very extensive powers. The choice and workmanship of this travertine, the precision and excellence of its fittings, have never been surpassed in any building. Since the works of the Romans, there has been nothing constructed in greater perfection than this court, and it may even be put in competition with the first monuments of the imperial people. Under the portico is the great marble sarcophagus of Cecilia Metella, an illustrious Roman lady, the wife of Crassus, whose tomb, though neglected, seems in keeping with the architecture. A vast staircase leads to the gallery painted by Annibale Carraccio, aided by Agostino, his brother, and several of his pupils, the model of

all galleries executed in the same style, a magnificent decoration, perhaps surcharged with ornaments, in accordance with the taste of the age, which cost the artist eight years of toil, and only procured him 500 gold crowns (120*l.*). The most remarkable of these poetical paintings, so sparingly paid, are: the *Triumph of Bacchus*, in which Silenus on horseback is perfect; the *Galatea*, ascribed to Guido; *Aurora and Cephalus in a chariot*, and the *Andromeda*. One room, though painted by Salviati, Taddeo Zuccari, and Vasari, is deserving of notice: there we see the *Peace concluded between Francis I. and Charles V.; Luther disputing with the nuncio Cajetano*, and some incidents from the history of the Farnese family. The colossal group of *Alexander Farnese*, crowned by Victory, the Scheldt chained at his feet and Flanders kneeling, is the work of the Tuscan sculptor Moschino, and cut out of the marble of one of the columns that supported the roof of the temple of Peace.

The Spada palace was restored and bedizened by Borromini, who has erected, in a little garden, a colonnade forming a perspective imitated by Bernini in the staircase of the Vatican, a kind of illusion that appears a perfect absurdity amid the brilliant realities of such a country. The gallery, without being of the first rank, has some remarkable paintings: the *David with Goliath's head*, by Guercino, adjusted in a very picturesque manner; a *portrait*, by Titian; a *Roman Charity*, by Annibale Carraccio, original in composition, vigorous in execution; the *Market of Naples* and *Masaniello haranguing the army of Lazzaroni*, one of the good works of Michelangelo de' Bambocci; a mother teaching her child to work, called *St. Anne and the Virgin*, by Michelangelo di Caravaggio, vulgar and true; *Dido*, by Guercino, the best painting in the gallery; the portrait of *Cardinal Spada*, by Guido, one of the fine portraits of Rome. The rooms below contain celebrated antique sculptures: a statue of a philosopher seated in meditation, called *Aristides*, but is more probably an *Aristotle*: virtue does not need so much cogitation; the eight basso-relievos proceeding from the stairs of Saint Agnes *extra muros*, where they formed so many steps with the sculptured



slide downward, the finest basso-relievos, and perhaps the best preserved that we possess of Roman antiquity. The colossal naked statue, said to be *Pompey's*, at the foot of which Cæsar fell, and which was transported by the republicans in 1798 to the Coliseum where Voltaire's drama was played, has recently, by another act of folly, been purchased for 4,000*l.* by an Englishman. This famous statue is only the statue of an emperor on which a head of Pompey has been stuck, a head without either genius or goodness: the imperial fillets still hang on the collar, and this Pompey has the Adam's apple of each statue.<sup>1</sup>

The Falconieri palace was repaired by Borromini, who added the front. The numerous gallery, the richest in paintings of the Flemish, Dutch, German, and French schools, has been collected with zeal and discernment by Cardinal Fesch. The most distinguished are: a *Crucifix with angels, the Virgin, and Saints*, in Raphael's first style; a *Hell*, one of the fine works of Fra Angelico; a good *Holy family with St. Francis adoring the Infant Jesus*, by Rubens; a *St. Jerome*, full of expression, by Spagnoletto; two *Battles*, by Bourguignon; a *Last Supper*, by Albano; a *St. Cecilia*, by Guercino; a *Council*, by Titian, admirable for colouring and the simplicity of the means used to obtain such effect; some fragments of frescos, by Sebastiano del Piombo, in the most elevated, most majestic style; a *Teniers*, and a *St. John preaching*, by Rembrandt, chefs-d'œuvre of those masters. Some inferior paintings of this gallery have been sent as presents by the cardinal; I found several of them in an oratory of Corsican sailors of Ajaccio; <sup>2</sup> others are gone to decorate catholic altars in America, where they peacefully perpetuate the memory of Napoleon, of whom the other parts of the world retain such glorious or terrible traces.

The beautiful Sacchetti palace was erected by the great architect Antonio San Gallo, for his own use. Though the windows of the ground floor have borders overloaded with profiles, and their consoles are heavy and too prominent, the general ordinance and disposition of the

front are in a judicious and regular style, and have the solid character peculiar to the author's works. The Sacchetti palace bears the arms of Pope Paul III. (Farnese), who had remarked the genius of San Gallo (a carpenter when he came to Rome), and made his fortune, as the inscription happily expresses: *Tu mihi quodcumque hoc rerum est.*

The Pons Ælius, now the bridge of Saint Angelo and the finest in Rome, except the parapets and some slight reparations, is antique. The embellishment of the ten colossal figures of angels holding the instruments of the Passion, was executed by Bernini and his pupils. It is difficult to imagine anything more ridiculous than the effect of the wind in the vestments of the angels and the conformation of the wings. The angel bearing the cross is by Bernini's own hand, and passes for one of his most affected works. With all their defects, these figures have at least the important merit of being in proportion and analogy with the ensemble of the bridge.

The mausoleum of Adrian, a monument of the talents of the Cæsar architect, was built for him and his successors, when he abandoned the tomb which Augustus had erected for himself and the emperors that might come after him. There is something noble in this emulation of the masters of the world to provide for death: such tombs have tended no less to the immortality of the two emperors than their palaces. The mausoleums of Augustus and Adrian have since experienced a sad destiny: the tomb of Augustus is an arena for bull-fights, a circus for horsemanship, and a theatre for fireworks; <sup>3</sup> and the mole of Adrian is a *bagne* and a prison. Notwithstanding the authority of Procopius and the common opinion, the Greco-Roman army of Belisarius perhaps did not hurl the beautiful antique statues that adorned this latter mausoleum at the heads of the Goths, and the *Barberini Faun*, found in the ditches of Saint Angelo, probably fell there in some other revolution or by accident. There could scarcely remain any statues on the mole of Adrian when Belisarius took posses-

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book iv. ch. II, the opinion of Cicognara on another pretended colossal statue of Pompey, which is only a Tiberius.

<sup>2</sup> See *Voyages en Corse, à l'île d'Elbe et en Sardaigne*, liv. 1., ch. 1.

<sup>3</sup> The bull and buffalo fights were suppressed by Pope Pius VIII., but they still exhibit the pretty *fuochetti*, and the burning of a great balloon full of fireworks, in this amphitheatre, which will contain several thousand spectators.



sion of Rome : the barbarians had held the city for sixty years, and more than two centuries before, Constantine had employed the columns of the mausoleum in building Saint Paul's; one may therefore believe that he also took away the statues placed on those columns. It is a singular thing that the fortifications of the castle of Saint Angelo were begun by Boniface IX., with the money that he received of the Romans to return to Rome and celebrate the jubilee; this people, ever passionately addicted to shows, sacrificed to this folly the last remnants of their liberty. A long covered corridor, the massy masonry of which has a fine effect through the columns of the piazza of Saint Peter, reaches from the Vatican to the castle, that the latter, in case of insurrection, may afford an asylum to the masters of Rome; a monument of fear and menace founded by Alexander VI., and unworthy the peaceful sway of the father of the faithful.

I obtained permission to visit the castle of Saint Angelo, and went over every part of it. My descent, by torch-light, into the subterranean vaults, with soldiers and gaolers, after having passed through the population of prisoners and galley-slaves that throng the castle, gave our expedition an air of romance. All these galley-slaves are not, however, either brigands or criminals, for the punishment of the galleys is applied at Rome to misdemeanors, such as quarrels, assaults, and even to hissing or making a disturbance at the theatre. The excavations which were then in progress have led to the ancient door of the tomb, which was precisely opposite the bridge, and to the winding passage paved in mosaic on a white ground which communicated with the different sepulchral chambers. The castle of Saint Angelo is the place where, at Easter and the feast of Saint Peter and Paul, the celebrated girandola is let off, a double bouquet of four thousand five hundred rockets, imagined by Michael Angelo and improved by Bernini. On the platform, the bronze angel sheathing his sword, a work of the Flemish Wensche-

feld, appeared to Saint Gregory in the same attitude and on the same spot during a procession for the arrest of the plague in 593, and which announced the cessation of the scourge. From this platform, which it is indispensably necessary to ascend, the view is very agreeable.

The elegant Giraud, now Torlonia, palace, converted into a magazine for ancient and modern objects of art, is from Bramante's designs, excepting the door.

The vast and beautiful palace *de' Convertendi* (of the converted), is associated with three of the greatest names in the history of the arts : Bramante and Balthazare Peruzzi, its architects, and Raphael, whose death took place there in the midst of his beloved and worthy pupils, a death full of glory, which snatched him from the admiration of Italy; an apotheosis which has thrown far more glory on this palace than the death of the queen of Cyprus, Charlotte, whom Innocent VIII. had lodged there. Notwithstanding the common opinion, Raphael did not die from excessive debauchery; it seems certain, from a contemporary authority recently indicated, that being obliged to hasten suddenly from the Farnesina to the Vatican, he reached it quite breathless, and stopped in the great hall to discuss the works of Saint Peter's, and he there caught cold; soon after his return home, he was attacked by a fever, and died from no other cause than this sudden chill.<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER XL.

University.—Professors.—Elementary instruction.

The university of Rome, founded about the end of the thirteenth century, takes its title of *Sapienza* from the inscription over the entrance : *Initium sapientiæ timor Domini*. The building, begun under Leo X. by Michael Angelo, was only finished under Gregory XIII. by Jacopo della Porta, who did the interior of the court, remarkable for the simplicity of its ordinance, perfectly suited to the studious and peaceful appropriation of the edifice. The church and its spiral

<sup>1</sup> See, in the second edition of the *Histoire de la vie et des ouvrages de Raphaël*, by M. Quatremère, the note of page 365, where the passage of the Ita-

lian text of this document is inserted, from the Milan translation.

cupola are cited as the most fantastical works of Borromini. The actual organisation of the Sapienza, due to Leo XII., who augmented the salaries of the professors, is composed of a cardinal arch-chancellor, a rector, and five colleges, namely: the colleges of theology, law, medicine, philosophy, and philology, which answer to our five faculties. The theological college has five chairs: Holy scriptures, doctrinal theology, scholastic theology, sacred eloquence, sacred physics. The college of law has seven chairs: the institutes of the law of nature and of nations, the institutes of public ecclesiastical law, the canonical institutes, the canonical text, civil institutes, the civil text, criminal institutes. The college of medicine has thirteen chairs: anatomy, physiology, chemistry, botany, pathology and semeiosis, hygiene, medicine theoretical and practical, clinical medicine, natural history, surgery, midwifery, clinical surgery, pharmaceuticals. The college of philosophy has eleven chairs: logic and metaphysics, ethics, algebra and geometry, physics, arithmetic, sublime mathematics, mechanics and hydraulics, optics and astronomy, statical and hydraulic architecture, descriptive geometry, mineralogy; the philological college, six chairs: archeology, eloquence, the Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and Syria-Chaldaic languages. The Sapienza numbers fifty professors, some of whom are very eminent: S. Morichini, professor of chemistry, perhaps the first physician of Rome; S. Trasmondi, the least unskilful surgeon, professor of theoretical surgery; S. Matteis, of clinics; Doctor Folchi, of materia medica; the excentric and book mad Bomba, who was wont at times to mix a little divinity in his lectures on physiology, in which science he is somewhat behindhand; S. Carpi, professor of mineralogy; S. Metaxa, of zoology and anatomy, comparative and veterinary, whose ingenious lectures have scarcely the order and continuity of a real course; S. Nibby, of archeology, whose lectures I had no opportunity of hearing except the first introductory one, which appeared to me remarkable for its order, precision, and solidity; S. Sarti, of Hebrew; S. Lanci,

celebrated for the independence of his biblical criticism, of Arabic; S. Scarpellini, of sacred physics; S. Pieri, a mathematician who has the faith of a Pascal, of sublime mathematics. The courses of the Sapienza seem to be attended punctually and conscientiously, and the lectures on chemistry, physics, medicine, and law, were very numerous attended.

Elementary instruction is in a flourishing condition at Rome: the catholic spirit of equality has felt that this instruction was necessary for all; on the catholic soil of Spain, the lower orders are also able to read; but the teaching of the higher branches of learning is a mania, a kind of privilege that this spirit of equality has not admitted. The number of schools amounts to three hundred and seventy-two, and of pupils to fourteen thousand and ninety-nine. The price of the district (*regionarie*) schools, which are managed by laymen, and many of them leave much to be desired as it regards order and cleanliness, is from 5 to 10 paoli (from 4 to 8 shillings). No master is allowed to have more than sixty scholars without taking an assistant teacher. The use of the whip, but without knots and on the fingers only, is still tolerated; but some masters have altogether abandoned it, and their schools seem all the better for it. By a regulation purely Italian, deformed persons cannot be schoolmasters, as the scholars would hold them in less respect.<sup>3</sup> The elements of drawing and architecture are part of the course of instruction in the three parochial schools of the Ignorant friars, a name they little deserve. The school of Saint Nicholas, *a strada Giulia*, is another excellent model of a popular school: there, in the evening, after their work, eighty tradesmen's children find a number of zealous priests who give them lessons gratis in reading, writing, arithmetic, nor forgetting religion, and supply them with ink and paper. Charitable donations supply the annual distribution of prizes: there are neither oak nor ivy crowns, nor gilded books, but these prizes are good useful clothes.

\* Died at Rome on the 25th of November, 1836, aged sixty-three.

† Died at Rome in May, 1836.

<sup>3</sup> *Nullus in prelio discipuli habituri sint* Tit. 1. art. 7.

## CHAPTER XLI.

Theatres.—Burattini.

The interior of the *Valle* theatre, one of the principal theatres in Rome (the *Argentina* and the theatre of Apollo are used for grand operas),<sup>1</sup> though renovated, appeared little more than a series of stalls, badly painted and furnished with faded hangings; it is wretchedly enclosed, and so ill warmed as to be almost as cold as the street. With all these imperfections and its excessive height, it has, like most of the Italian theatres, the first of good qualities—the music is heard very well in every part. The orchestra is composed of a kind of amateurs, who work at their trades in the day (the bass was a chairmender), and are paid 3 paoli (sixteen pence) a night. The actors are in general badly dressed. The Osiris, of the *Mosè*, had white dimity pantaloons, and on his head a turban, little like any ever seen in Egypt, ornamented with a bird of paradise feather; Pharoah was in Greek costume; Moses wore a long brown peruke, falling over his shoulders, when seen from a distance not unlike a counsellor's wig, and his nether garments were little better than in Michael Angelo's statue.<sup>2</sup> What a distance between these disguises and the faithful and classic, perhaps too classic, costumes of the *Moïse* of our grand Opera!

Most of the actors and pieces that I saw at the *Valle* theatre have since appeared on our stage or been added to its repertory, except Cosselli, a good counter-tenor, and the opera of Pacini *the Arabs in Gaul*.

The dramatical censorship of the Libretto is very severe: in *Semiramide*, the fine opening passage is suppressed, *Eccomi alfin in Babilonia*, doubtless on account of Petrarch's sonnets on Rome, and especially the famous *Avara Babilonia ha colmo 'l sacco*; and in the *Barbiere di Siviglia*, Figaro is forbidden, out of respect for the monsignors, to give the monsignor to Almaviva; he is only *signor conte*. The *docteurs moines*, the master of the sacred palace and his companion, *personnes cardinalables* who left Montaigne the

liberty to retain almost whatever he chose in his Essays, were much less rigorous.

The Burattini and the *Fantoccini* of Rome,<sup>3</sup> are very diverting popular spectacles. One of the most laborious scholars and theologians of the seventeenth century, Leo Allatius, librarian of the Vatican, one of those learned foreigners who experienced the munificence of Louis XIV., is said to have attended them nearly every night, as Bayle went to the puppet-show, and I was conducted thither in the evening by one of the most learned frequenters of the Ruspoli coffeehouse which is close by. It was in October; the scenes of Monte Testaccio were represented there with much gaiety,<sup>4</sup> and the mechanism of the personages and the *carretella* that carried them was perfect. The principal character of these pieces, Cassandrino, resembles neither the coarse Girolamo of Milan nor the doctor of Bologna; he is a little bustling coxcombical old man, sometimes a *maestro di cappella* and a good singer, speaking in a shrill voice, and his impertinences are satirical allusions to the objects of vulgar ridicule.

The *Burattini* also represent serious plays, inferior, it is true, to their pretty and witty representations of popular manners, but neither deficient in interest nor pathos.

## CHAPTER XLII.

Hospitals.—Hospital of Consolation.—Coltellate.—Hospital of the Holy Ghost.—Lancisiana.—Altar by Palladio.—House of the Termini.—Mendicity at Rome.—Hospital of Saint John in Laterano.—Gray sisters in Italy.—Penitents.—San Gallicano's hospital.—Benfratelli.—Saint Michael's hospital.—Palazzina.—Number of mad persons in Italy.

Rome, ever so rich in religious monuments where the soul finds relief, was scarcely less profuse in providing for the infirmities of the body. This multitude of antique, spacious, and superb hospitals shows to what extent the catholic religion, instead of being inapplicable, unsuited to present manners, can be social and friendly to humanity. Different nations, states, and ages have their hospitals great or small, and the latter are not always

<sup>1</sup> See ante, ch. xxxiii.<sup>2</sup> See ante, ch. xx.<sup>3</sup> See ante, liv, iii. ch. xviii.<sup>4</sup> See ante, ch. xxvii.



the less useful. Philanthropy has improved some exterior details, but charity had built the edifice.

The hospital of Consolation, established in the year 1045, will receive ninety patients, and the average number is fifty. This house receives the victims of the famous *coltellate* (stabs with a knife) which, given in open day, used formerly to excite the popular admiration and such singular compassion for the flying murderer, always supposed an unfortunate rival or an outraged husband. The *coltellate*, though less frequent, have not entirely ceased; on holidays and in the wineshops they are as freely administered as fisticuffs elsewhere, but they seem proportioned to the nature and vigorous race of these men, for they heal rapidly. The sight of blood does not produce among the Romans the same frenzy as among new nations, whom this sight, if continually occurring, would render ferocious and impel to reckless massacre. These incidental bursts of passion are a kind of remnant of antiquity, a tradition of the circus, and morals are not materially affected thereby.

The hospital of the Holy Ghost, the most extensive in Rome, composed of constructions of different epochs, presents an imposing mass. It is chiefly devoted to the treatment of fevers; the number of beds is sixteen hundred, and the average of the patients between five and six hundred. It possesses the rich medical library bequeathed by the celebrated doctor Lancisi, in which there are many works and some of the most magnificent too, that the grandeur of Louis XIV. sent as presents to distinguished foreigners. The monks of the Holy Ghost, an order founded at the beginning of the thirteenth century by Guy de Montpellier, its first commander, attend the hospital. It is under the management of a prelate who bears the honourable title of commander of the Holy Ghost, and this hospital office leads to the cardinalship. As art insinuates itself every where in Italy, in the

hall of Innocent VIII. there is an altar of most elegant architecture by Palladio; he executed it when he came to Rome to draw such happy inspiration from antiquity, and it is the only work he left there.

The immense mendicity asylum *de' Termini*, founded by Pius VII., and converted into a house of industry under Leo XII., appears to be a very well ordered establishment. The different arts and trades were taught there to more than a thousand children, and practised by men far advanced in years. Drawing, music, printing, engraving, were in the course of instruction. Five hundred men were occupied in manufacturing common cotton goods, blankets, and carpets; the children plaited baskets and made those pretty straw-chairs called *volantes*, destined for the most elegant saloons. An equal number of women were engaged in similar employment in other work-rooms. The expenditure, over and above the proceeds of the articles manufactured, was 35,000 Roman crowns (7490*l.*) for a thousand individuals; and when this number was surpassed, the government added sixpence a day per head. The house *de' Termini* and the relief committee appointed by the pope at the end of 1826, seemed to answer the end in view, for the number of beggars is not very considerable at Rome.

The two great hospitals for women afflicted with fevers and consumption, in the piazza of Saint John in Laterano, are carefully and charitably conducted, and their regimen has recently undergone important ameliorations. The beds have curtains and there are little stoves at intervals of ten beds for warming the medicines. This hospital, which has four hundred beds and an average of two hundred and fifty patients, is the seminary of the Gray Sisters established at Rome by Leo XII., an institution of which the good Pius VII. had an idea when he returned from Paris, but he durst not attempt it. <sup>1</sup> Roman princesses,

<sup>1</sup> I cannot omit inserting here an anecdote that I learned from the Chevalier Artaud, formerly French chargé d'affaires at Rome, as it presents a fine eulogium on French women. One day on visiting Pope Pius VII., he found him surrounded with a multitude of letters in different languages. The pope, as soon as he saw our compatriot, burst out into a magnificent panegyric of our nation; then he went on to say, that wishing to introduce the

Gray Sisters into Italy, Germany, and Ireland, he had solicited numerous reports from the three countries, and that the answers he had received proved the scheme impracticable: the Italian woman had not sufficient courage and moral powers to stand against so much fatigue; the German was too easy (*briccone*); the English woman was deficient in neither humanity nor enthusiasm, but she was too *sostenuta* (a word difficult to render, but

among whom was the beautiful princess Catherine Doria, who died some years ago, used regularly to visit this hospital and attend the sick. Four of them had even founded a private hospital for the reception of women of ill-fame who wished to reform and become industrious. A person who had been admitted to visit that hospital told me that she found about twenty women there, the youngest about twenty-four years of age; and, which is singular, there were some of fifty and even sixty. The register of the house stated that several had left it to be married, others to take the veil; two of the latter, tired of the cloister, had resumed their old profession. In 1835 there were three similar houses at Rome, and the number of penitents was forty-eight.

Every year on the octave of Corpus Christi, the procession of Saint John in Laterano, followed by the cardinals and sometimes by the pope, passes through the hall of the great hospital with music and drums continually playing; for the latter having thought proper to keep silence when their turn was come to relieve the music, the patients insisted on their beating up exactly the same as in the streets. The floor of the room is strewn with flowers; the beds are decorated with gaudy-coloured draperies; the sick people are dressed out, and on that day the most presentable are selected: in this country of fêtes and processions, they penetrate even to the secluded asylums of pain and the bedside of the sick and dying.

The hospital of San Gallicano, built at the same epoch as the church by Pope Benedict XIII., is the finest and best managed in Rome. It is devoted to cutaneous diseases; there are two hundred and thirty-eight beds, an average of a hundred patients, and it is tended by the Gray Sisters of Saint John in Laterano.

The hospital of Saint John Calabita, served by the monks hospitaliers of Saint John of God, called *Benfratelli* for *fate bene fratelli*, appropriated to acute disorders, and famous for its pharmacy,

has only an average of forty patients, though there are eighty beds. There is only one physician, the friars being able to supply his place, as the study of medicine is enforced by their rule.

The vast hospital of Saint Michael is one of the most splendid establishments of charity. It contains more than seven hundred persons. Beside its old infirm persons of both sexes, its conservatory of girls who receive on dismissal a portion of a hundred Roman crowns, its different workshops of mechanical arts, its great spinning mill, its cloth manufactory for the troops, and even its printing-office, poor children are there liberally taught painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving: several of these pupils of charity have become clever artists, and some of their works are exposed in one of the rooms. The precept *Soyez plutôt maçon* is, indeed, perfectly adopted at Saint Michael, and the pupils who do not realise the expectations formed of them, are, after a few months, unrelentingly sent back to the school of trades. A manufactory of tapestry with figures is dependent on this part of the arts of the hospital; it is the only one in Italy, and we do not know that Rome ought to boast of such an antiquated concern. The recent introduction of a professor of chemistry as applicable to the arts and of a singing school is much better. I visited the hospital of Saint Michael with a young Frenchman of merit, M. A\*\*\*\* de C\*\*\*\*, ex-auditor to the council of state, belonging to one of those official families of the empire and the restoration, so upright, enlightened, and zealous in promoting the public weal. He seemed well pleased with the economy of the house, which was shown to us by the Apostolic Visitor with the utmost courtesy and politeness. There may be perhaps, in France, greater regularity in the registers and accounts, but it is impossible to be more attentive to the welfare of the inmates.

The Palazzina, a madhouse, numbered three hundred and ninety-seven patients, two hundred and thirty-five men, and a hundred and sixty women; they were not exclusively catholics, there being

conveying a certain reproach of prudery); the Frenchwoman alone possessed the address, the confidence, the resolution, the mild command, the strict piety, indispensable for such a state. The Gray Sisters were afterwards established at Naples,

about 1840, under King Murat. The fifty sisters of Saint John in Laterano are only nurses, who by times get drunk, make love, and still remain Italians and women of the populace.

some few English protestants, and two Jews. Not more than five or six of the men and eight of the women were raving mad. The harsh treatment formerly practised on these unfortunate was still continued in 1826; they were fastened, chained, and the *aguzzini* threatened and struck them with thongs. Of the simple derangements, some, among the women, were produced by religious scruples, the fear of hell, or disappointment in love, the ordinary maladies of these fanatic and impassioned souls. The insanity which increases with the progress of intellect, the want of enjoyments, and the various agitations of our civilisation, is much less frequent in Italy than in England and the United States.

The twenty-five Italian madhouses in 1830 contained no more than one thousand seven hundred and five men, and one thousand seven hundred and thirty-six women, giving one insane person for every four thousand eight hundred and seventy-nine inhabitants, whilst the proportion in England is one to every thousand and thirty, and in the United States one to one thousand nine hundred and thirteen. Notwithstanding the assistance accorded to eight thousand three hundred and ninety lunatics, and the improvement in this department of the public service in France, the number of insane persons (in the hospitals) has not yet been ascertained, as the minister of the interior acknowledges in his report to the king.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

Temple of Fortuna Muliebris.—Castrense amphitheatre.—Minerva Medica.—Arch of Gallienus.—Thermae of Titus.—Esquiline.—Forum and temple of Nerva.—Trajan's Forum.—Colonna.—Pretorian camp.—Mons Sacer.—Serpentara.—Ponte Solario.—Topography of Titus Livius.—Sallust's gardens.

Near some antique tombs, one of them with two stories and in good preservation, is the temple of *Fortuna Muliebris*, erected in memory of the meeting of Coriolanus and his mother, a monument majestic in its simplicity and diminutive proportions, but its reputed origin seems very doubtful, as Coriolanus was encamped on the Via Latina, four miles from the ancient gate of Capena, and

must have been disarmed by Veturia there.

The *Castrense* amphitheatre appears, from its remains and brick columns, to be of the first century. The Roman soldiers played at military games there, and fought with wild beasts; for in their passion for danger, they seem really to have warred against all nature. The full effect of these semicircular ruins cannot be felt without going outside the gates.

The beautiful ruin mixed with vegetation, called the *Minerva Medica*, from the celebrated Minerva with a serpent which was found there, is not the anatomical theatre some antiquarians have supposed it, but may perhaps be a pavilion of the gardens of Licinius, which lay on this side. This structure of Diocletian's time has lost its roof, which fell in 1828, with the scaffolding placed to support it, and it is now but the ruin of a ruin on the verge of annihilation.

The monument called the Trophies of Marius, whence proceed the trophies placed before the Capitol, seems to have been a superb fountain which received the waters of several aqueducts, in order to their distribution through the different quarters of Rome.

The arch of Gallienus, of moderate dimensions, in large blocks of travertine, was erected to that emperor and his wife Salonina by an obscure Marcus Aurelius Victor. To the chain suspended in the middle there was still attached, some few years ago, the key of the Salicchia gate of the town of Viterbo, which had revolted against the Roman senate of the thirteenth century, who hung it there as a monument of their victory.

The Romans, who in the early days of the republic used to wash themselves in the Tiber, made their baths under the emperors, and when the old manners had passed away, vast edifices, real monuments, ornamented with statues and paintings, tolerably uniform in their arrangements, in which they passed their lives, and which combined all that can satisfy the cravings of the body or the pleasures of the mind. Hence we find, beside the parts destined to the different sorts of baths, to walking, or gymnas-



tics, galleries and spacious libraries appropriated to literary or philosophical conversations. Titus rapidly built his thermæ near his residence on Mount Esquiline in the gardens of the palace destroyed by Nero; but nothing remains of these thermæ except the name. Some corridors and chambers ornamented with fresh arabesques are a specimen of the luxury and decorative style of the ancients. A French architect of the highest distinction, who has profoundly studied on the spot the monuments of Greece and Italy, thinks that these chambers, despite the opinion of the antiquaries, could not appertain to any constructions of Nero's or any other palace: perhaps they were part of the house of Mæcenas, which stood on the Esquiline Mount, and the gardens of which afterwards belonged to Fronto the rhetorician.<sup>1</sup> The artists of the end of the fifteenth century, and Raphael himself in the Loggia of the Vatican, imitated these elegant arabesques; but the great artist did not, as calumny has said, wall up the subterranean galleries to hide the traces of his plagiarism, as they were accessible long after his death. Such a barbarous proceeding was unworthy both of his generous character and his talent, which had no need to blush for his ingenious imitations. In 1812 and 1813 seven or eight galleries were cleared by the French administration (one of its most useful works), and it is now possible to perambulate them by daylight. From the top of the thermæ of Titus there is a remarkable view of the Coliseum, which appears quite entire on that side.

The solid and curious structure called the Seven Halls, though there are nine, seems to have been a reservoir for the thermæ.

The delightful gardens of Mæcenas were on the Esquiline Mount, and the house of Horace too, which was afterwards Juvenal's; Virgil and Propertius, sweeter and more pathetic poets than the two satirists, also dwelt on this hill, which continues one of the most salubrious parts of Rome:

Nunc licet Esquiliis habitare salubribus.<sup>2</sup>

The Forum of Nerva was begun by

Domitian: it was just for posterity to prefer to the tyrant's name that of the prince who, according to Tacitus, had united empire and liberty (*principatum ac libertatem*). This forum witnessed the cruel example that Alexander Severus made of one of his favourites, Vetronius Turinus, who promised the emperor's favour to all that gave him presents, as the servants of the great at Rome do still; he caused him to be suffocated by the smoke of straw and green wood, while the public crier repeated the atrocious play on words: *fumo punitur qui vendidit fumum*. The two columns, with basso-relievos, well-executed but not very pure, belong to the interior of the forum. The cornice which they support is rich in ornaments of excellent workmanship, as well as the basso-relievos of the frieze representing the attributes of Pallas, to whom the Forum was dedicated.

Of the temple of Nerva, one of the most elegant edifices of ancient Rome, the only remnants now existing are three superb columns and a pilaster of the portico, and a part of the *Cella*. The architrave and soffit of the portico are magnificently ornamented, and greatly resemble the three majestic columns of the temple of Jupiter Stator. The boundary wall, of peperino, a construction really wonderful for its height and solidity, must be several centuries anterior to Domitian and his successors who made use of it.

Trajan's forum, the work of Apollodorus, the most splendid and regular of antique forums, was cut in the Quirinal to the height of its column, as its inscription still shows. It was cleared by the French administration, and now presents the little imposing aspect of a kind of sunken circus surrounded with an iron balustrade, covered with broken columns, pretended to be set in their original places. These columns are of granite, violet breccio, and other rich materials. From them we may judge of the disposition of the ancient Ulpian basilica, an unique specimen of the plan of ancient basilics. In the centre rises a column dedicated to Trajan by the senate and Roman people, for his victories over the Germans and the Dacians. One of the basso-relievos represents the

<sup>1</sup> See his *Letters*, lib. I. 4.

<sup>2</sup> Horat. *Sat.* VIII. 44.

spirited emigration of the latter, who forsook their native land rather than bear the Roman yoke. This admirable column, the varied basso-relievos of which contain as many as two thousand five hundred figures, apparently the work of the same chisel, and imitated by the first artists of the revival, is now surmounted with a bronze statue of Saint Peter, placed there by Sixtus V. with the face towards the Vatican. The pedestal, of exquisite workmanship and ornamented with trophies, eagles, oak garlands, is the finest extant: the uniforms sculptured on the pedestal of the Place Vendôme are but little like it; for if the French exploits be greater, that copy of the Roman monument is very inferior to the original. Recent observations of northern travellers and artists tend to prove that the column of Trajan was painted with gold, azure, and other colours. This motley colouring of a lofty sculptured column of marble would be a poor discovery, as it would derogate from the noble simplicity of the antique monument. We may easily conceive that higher spirits, men who have likewise drawn and studied it, dispute and deny the pretended, and, we must say, very tardy discovery.

The Prætorian Camp (*Castra Prætoriana*), built by Sejanus and destroyed by Constantine, because that formidable militia had declared for Maxentius, still presents some remains, which serve for walls to the city and for barracks to the pacific soldiers of the pontiff.

The Mons Sacer, a pretty, fertile hill bathed by the Anio, recalls the two celebrated peaceful retreats of the Roman people, and their admirable good sense in the establishment of their liberty.

One mile distant, at the picturesque *Serpentara*, are the ruins of the villa of Nero's freed man, Phaon, where he fled to conceal and kill himself uttering the famous phrase *qualis artifex pereo*, which seemed madness in this monster, but would be touching and sublime, in the mouth of an artist of genius.

The ponte Solario, over the Anio, destroyed by Totila, was rebuilt in the sixth century by Narses, after his victory over the Goths. It witnessed the combat of Manlius and the Gallic soldier who had insolently defied him. On the left bank was the town of the Antemnates, one of the most ancient in Latium, whose

inhabitants attended the games announced by Romulus, and it became his first conquest through attempting to revenge the rape of its maidens. These picturesque borders of the Anio as far as Fidenæ were the scene of the continual wars of rising Rome with its neighbours, and attest Livy's topographical accuracy. The Latin historian is still a good guide, who satisfies our reason and charms the imagination with his admirable narrative. Whatever the learned Niebuhr may pretend, it will always appear impossible to admit that modern criticism is bettered versed in Roman history than Livy and his enlightened, lettered, and learned age. The spirit of a people, the succession of its actions, despite certain marvellous facts mixed up with its origin, the aspect of the places and the monuments are more certain evidence than the dubious fragments of some few palimpsesti. These early events are in conformity with the genius and the whole history of the Roman people; they therefore present a sufficient degree of certainty, and appear more worthy of confidence than the German prejudices, those haughty and fantastical conjectures, so little in accord with themselves, which have transported the clans and manners of Scotland to Italy, and metamorphosed the dissimilar and heroic times of primitive Rome into cold philosophical emblems.

The gardens of Sallust, immense cultivated fens, were created by the Latin historian after returning from his Numidian proconsulate, where he had retrieved his fortune dissipated in pleasures, and amassed immense riches by his speculations. It was in this superb and voluptuous retreat, which afterwards made part of the imperial domains, and was inhabited by Nero, Vespasian, Nerva, Aurelian, that he so eloquently wrote against luxury, and extolled the simplicity of the old republican manners. These gardens were burnt by Alaric when he entered Rome. The form of a circus, the ruins of Sallust's house, and a temple supposed to have been dedicated to Venus, may still be traced, and even the famous field of Crime (*Campus Sceleratus*), where the vestal virgins who had broken their vows were buried alive.



## CHAPTER XLIV.

Portico of Octavia.—Theatre of Marcellus.—Velabrum.—Arches of Janus and Septimius Severus.—Cloaca Maxima.—Great Circus.—Valley of Egeria.—Temple del Dio Redicolo.—Thermæ of Caracalla.—Tomb of the Scipios.—Arch of Drusus.—Temple. Circus of Romulus.—Tomb of Cecilia Metella.—Temple of Bacchus.—Pyramid of Cestius.—Protestant cemetery.—Ponte Sublicio.—Aventine.—Volcanic soil of Rome.—Temple of Vesta.—Temple of Fortuna Virilis.—House of Rienzi.—Ponte Rotto.

The portico of Octavia, erected by Augustus to his unfortunate sister, a chef-d'œuvre of the Spartan artists Saurus and Batrachus, already mentioned, which comprised within its walls two temples, the ruins of which are still visible;—this portico, once decorated with the most beautiful statues (the Venus of Medicis was found in its ruins), now stands in a filthy square and is occupied by fishmongers, for the Parisian monster called a *Poissarde* does not exist at Rome. In the miserable buildings of the *Strada pescaria* I have seen superb fragments of cipollino marble incrustated, in which we recognise the wrecks of the ancient grandeur of this people through its actual degradation.

The theatre of Marcellus, which might contain thirty thousand spectators, was consecrated by Augustus to the young son of Octavia, ten years after his death, consigned to immortal fame by the microscope of the poet and the deeply pathetic passage he inspired. So happy was the distribution of the theatre that the senators, the knights, or the people, whose places were separate, could enter and leave it without meeting. Its elegant columns served as models for the Doric and Ionic orders, and the skilful disposition of the two orders placed one over the other is still imitated. After being in the middle ages the fortress of the Pierleoni and the Savelli, it was converted into an habitation for the Massimi family by Baltassare Peruzzi, who, as his pupil Serlio confessed, profited considerably from the study of the substructions discovered during the works; it afterwards passed to the Orsini family, and this superb Roman monument, which had shops under its porticos, is also the palace of a modern Roman

prince. A long ascent leading to the court is composed of the ruins of the theatre.

The valley of the *Velabrum*, a marsh drained by the kings by means of the *Cloaca maxima* and the *pulchrum litus*, a veritable quay to contain the Tiber, preserves some great subterranean vaults, a further proof that the Rome of that epoch was already the capital of a powerful state.

The arch of Janus *quadrifrons*, majestic, but of the age of decline, seems to have been dedicated by Septimius Severus to the bankers and tradesmen of the quarter, or by the latter to flatter him.

The small marble arch of Septimius Severus, remarkable for the richness of its sculpture and the form of its flat-square opening, was dedicated to him, according to the inscription, as well as to Julia, his wife, and to Caracalla and Geta his sons, by the silversmiths (*argentarii*) and the cattle salesmen. The name and figure of Geta have disappeared, as elsewhere, through his brother's hatred.

The *forum boarium* (cattle-market) also took its name from the famous bronze cow of Miro which stood there. On this spot Romulus began to trace with his plough the boundary line of the eternal city.

The *Cloaca maxima*, only half remaining, a quarter of a mile in length, through which, according to Pliny and Strabo, a cart loaded with hay (perhaps not so high as ours) might pass—this finest of all common sewers is further evidence of the grandeur of Rome under Tarquin and the kings, when it was more powerful, civilised, and magnificent than in the first ages of the republic. These superb works, imposed on the Roman people, were one of the grievances energetically alleged by Brutus against Tarquin, although he had also employed Etruscan labourers.<sup>2</sup> If this king had committed no other excesses, he would merit admiration rather than hatred; for it is impossible to imagine a more noble monument of public utility, than this structure formed of huge blocks of peperino without cement, which after more than twenty-three centuries, is still serviceable. A pretty brook of pure

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, ch. xviii.

<sup>2</sup> Tit. Liv., lib. i. 55, 59.



and wholesome water, which the people go to drink in summer mornings, as a specific against certain maladies, falls into the *Cloaca*. It has been taken for the celebrated and sacred fountain of Juturna near the Forum.

The great circus commanded by the Palatine, still retaining the stand from which the emperor gave the signal for the games, the first and most magnificent circus of Rome, was constructed by Tarquinius Priscus in the very valley where Romulus had celebrated his perfidious games, a brutal interview which ended in the compulsory and happy marriage of the Sabines. It was in this circus, which now covers the bottom of a marsh with its straggling and shapeless ruins, that the famous chariot races took place. Enlarged by Julius Cæsar, embellished by Augustus, repaired and further enlarged by Vespasian, it was capable, under this last emperor, of holding two hundred and sixty thousand spectators.

The site of the vale of Egeria seems authentic; but if the name be sweet and the mysterious tradition touching, the place is ugly enough. A mutilated statue of a young man reclined like a river may be seen at the extremity of the ancient Nymphaea, which some persons have been disposed to put in the place of the sacred fountain, though only a construction of Vespasian's time. The marble statue recalls the verse of Juvenal, who regretted that the fountain of Egeria was no longer in its natural state :

*Nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum.*

The elegant little temple of the god Redicolo (*Campus Rediculi*) was erected on the spot whence Annibal decamped, *a diis injecto metu recessit*, says the grammarian Festus Pompeius. Despite some contradictions, I have faith in this god who made Annibal retire. It seems that such a monument is in perfect keeping with the manners and religion of the Romans, who made their country their first divinity.

The thermæ of Caracalla, a vast chaos of shattered walls interspersed with weeds and wildflowers, through which we catch some marvellous views, gives a high idea of Roman magnificence and the luxury of these constructions. Three

thousand persons could bath there at once, and the number of rooms ornamented with marble and porphyry was sixteen hundred. The superficies of these ruined baths is one third larger than the premises of the Hotel of Invalides at Paris. Notwithstanding the important labours and persevering restorations of our countryman M. Blouet, the use of many of the rooms is very uncertain; but the architecture is not unlike that of the later thermæ of Diocletian, and the style is not free from the corruption of the epoch.

The tomb of the Scipios, the oldest and one of the most glorious mausoleums of republican Rome, was on the Via Appia. What a lasting moral lesson must such monuments exposed by the wayside have afforded! What emulation must have been excited by this perpetual heroic example of the sacrifices of a single family in the country's service! The discovery of the tombs of the Scipios, in 1780, was an event in archeological history; but the illustrious monument seems not to have been unknown to the literati of the revival, as one of the inscriptions found thereon was copied a hundred and fifty years before in a manuscript of the Barberini palace, and published half a century before in Doni's miscellany. It is not easy to explain how it could have disappeared after that epoch. The modest Ennius, the client, bard, and companion in arms of Scipio Africanus, whose stone has not been found, was interred in this Roman hypogeum, the noble patronage of Roman families extending even beyond the tomb.

The arch of Drusus, father of the emperor Claudius, was erected to him, after his decease, by the senate and people for his victories in Germany. It is of travertine, with two columns of African marble, which were added to it when repaired by Caracalla, a man unworthy to touch such a monument. The conduit made by the latter over the arch is still visible, as well as a part of the aqueduct intended for his baths.

Nothing but the vault remains of the temple of Romulus, the son of Maxentius. Behind the wall, towards the circus of that obscure Romulus, is an elegant tomb, in the form of a Greek cross, surrounded with a circular corridor. The circus, the best preserved in ex-

istence, was attributed to Caracalla till the excavations executed at the expense of S. Torlonia in 1825. Each of the many stages would accommodate eighteen thousand spectators, and traces of the pedestals of the beautiful statues that decorated the *spina* are still visible.

The tomb of Cecilia Metella, a masterpiece of elegance, solidity, and grandeur, the finest known tomb erected to a lady, which served as model for the mausoleums of emperors, was erected to her memory by Crassus, her husband, as the inscription states. It would be good evidence against his reputed avarice. A basso-relievo represents a trophy and part of a figure of Victory writing on a buckler the exploits of Metellus, the conqueror of Crete, father of Cecilia Metella, and the less brilliant deeds of Crassus. The ornament of the frieze, consisting of festoons and ox-heads, gave the monument the rude name of *Capo di bove*: it was used as a fortress by Pope Boniface VIII., whose arms are still visible thereon, and a castle destroyed by Sixtus V. as the haunt of banditti, was added to it. A part of the half Gothic church, built by the Neapolitan architect Massuccio II., is still erect.

The ruins of the tomb of Marcus Servilius, also on the Via Appia, were discovered in 1808 by Canova, who generously left them untouched.

Two miles further, S. Torlonia possess a vast domain called *Roma Vecchia*, which still exhibits the immense ground plan of an imperial palace, and has procured its owner the somewhat whimsical name of Marquis della *Vecchia Roma*.

The doubtful temple of Bacchus, in a good situation, well preserved and very ancient, has some ornaments on its roof and a basso-relievo of the best time. It became a church in the middle ages: its paintings of 1011 are interesting for the history of the art. The view is one of the finest in the Campagna of Rome, and the effect of the broken arcades of the aqueducts is singularly picturesque.

The obscure Caius Sextius, whose reputation is wholly derived from his beautiful pyramid, was one of those Epuiones whose number was augmented from three to seven under Augustus. This strange dignity consisted in doing the honours of the banquet (*lectister-*

*nium*) offered to the gods to render them propitious in times of calamity, or to thank them for victories accorded to the arms of the republic. The Epuiones prepared in the temples, around a table sumptuously served, seats and couches covered with carpets and cushions, on which the statues of the gods and goddesses invited were laid. Valerius Maximus asserts that they were very willing to accede to human usages, and that in this ceremony Jupiter lay on a couch while Juno and Minerva sat on stools. The pyramid of Sextius, so well preserved, was erected in three hundred and thirty days, according to the inscription, as directed by the will of this kind of house-steward of Olympus, an instrument of the patriotic superstition of Rome.

The old protestant cemetery, covered with brilliant mausoleums of marble, was so crowded that it was necessary to extend it considerably. The publicity of this burial-place is honourable to the tolerance of the pontifical administration. Among the tombs is one erected to the poet Shelley, who died from shipwreck on the coast of Spezia in the thirtieth year of his age, and whose body was burnt in the pagan manner by Lord Byron, his admirer and friend, aided by Captain Medwin and some others. The heart of Shelley would not burn. Byron, as one of his biographers remarks, does not show in his letters any very acute grief at Shelley's premature end, and he seems to have been more struck with the wild and poetic spectacle of this funeral pile his own hands had lighted. The words on Shelley's stone, *cor cordium*, rather insipid and assuming, inscribed by his wife, Godwin's daughter, prove that this man, a radical and atheist, as he had signed himself on the album of Montanvers, had a soul no less gentle than his genius, despite the harshness and violence of his doctrines.

The Pons Sublicius, the first bridge built by the Romans, witnessed the exploit of Horatius Cocles, which is however rather dubious, as are all the stories of bridges defended by a single man, imagined by the ancients and the moderns to console the self-pride of retreating armies. Livy does not appear to credit the fact when he shrewdly remarks that the hero *rem ausus, plus famæ habituram apud posteros, quam*



*ſidei*, an observation applicable to several other primitive traits of his history, and a proof that he was not so credulous as modern critics suppose. The Pons Sublicius has been swept away more than once by the Tiber, under Augustus, and in the pontificate of Adrian I. In 1454, its ruins were demolished down to the water to serve as cannon-balls, several of which may still be seen at the castle of Saint Angelo. Loaded with fishermen's huts, it is now once more of wood as under the king of Rome Ancus Martius, when it derived its name of Sublicius from the beams of which it was composed.

The Aventine mount, the least elevated of the seven hills, famous for the wise retreat of the Roman people, formerly ornamented with temples and palaces, is now deserted, and has only a few religious edifices. The Aventine was successfully planted with cotton under the French administration. The five roads by which it is approached are in the same direction, and perhaps the very same as those of old. Its poor and scattered population, with the hermit so admirably painted by M. Schnetz, are singularly picturesque.

On the slope of the Aventine towards the Tiber, was the cavern of Cacus, the first and most illustrious ancestor of the Roman banditti. The gusts of flame and smoke vomited forth by the son of Vulcan indicate the existence of very active volcanos, to which no epoch can be assigned, though their traces are still distinctly seen : fable is better informed on this point than history. Virgil relates that according to the belief of old ages, the founder of Præneste had a fire-place for his cradle, which caused him to be supposed the son of Vulcan :

Vulcano genitum. . . . .  
Inventumque focus omnis quem credidit ætas.

It is astonishing that the ancients were not smitten with the aspect of the soil, which seems in a state of ebullition : dull observers, these powerful Romans, not to have suspected that force of nature, older and more terrible than their own passions.

The temple of Vesta, a model of elegance and taste, so Greek-like in workmanship and arrangement, became, by one of those analogies frequent among

antique temples and churches, the *Madonna del sole*, which title it retains, as well as the other odd designation of Saint Stephen of the *Coaches*. This celebrated little temple, so elegantly girt with twenty Corinthian columns of Parian marble, the most exquisite in Rome, seems to have been rebuilt about the end of the second century under the Antonini.

The temple of Fortuna Virilis, one of the most ancient in Rome, was consecrated to the fickle goddess by Servius Tullius, whom she had delivered from the bonds of slavery for the chains of royalty. It was repaired under the republic, and dedicated to the Madonna about the end of the ninth century. The Ionic order which decorates it, is the best of the two only specimens of that order existing at Rome.

The house said to have been Pilate's and Rienzi's very probably harboured neither of those famous guests. It has the appearance of a little fort, and is covered externally with a confused coating of inscriptions and antique fragments for which Rienzi had a peculiar liking, and they seem not unsuited to the eloquence and eccentric character of that personage. The following verse is ascribed to his friend Petrarch :

Adsum Romanis grandis honor populis.

The tribuneship of Rienzi was contemporary with the democratical conspiracy of the Venetian doge Marino Faliero and the massacres of the Jacquerie in France. The same fourteenth century had seen the great riot of the Ciompi at Florence, the insurrection of William Tell, the revolt of Artevelde in Flanders, and of Wat Tyler and Jack Cade in England. It was one of those epochs of popular eruptions caused by inequality and oppression.

The Pons Palatinus, now *Ponte Rotto*, was the first stone bridge built in Rome. It was finished in the censorship of Scipio Africanus and L. Mummius. Rebuilt by the popes Honorius III., Julius III., and Gregory XIII., it fell a third time, and has not been repaired. The aspect of this quarter and its poor inhabitants, the view of the Aventine, the Janiculum, and the Tiber, especially from the bridge, are very picturesque, and seem a real apparition of primitive Rome.



## BOOK THE SIXTEENTH.

ENVIRONS OF ROME.<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER I.

Villas.—Pamfilii villa.—Pines.—Stuccos.—Mount Mario.—Madama villa.—Loggia.—Casino of Pope Julius.—Borghese villa.—New museum.—Casino of Raphael.—Albani villa.—Antonius.

The villas, those abodes of splendour, are the link that unites, if one may say so, the ancient Romans and the modern. The present palaces of Rome differ from those of antiquity; the villas of our days are a close approximation to the antique, and in their principal parts they almost resemble their majestic disposition. The national taste for the same magnificence is perpetuated notwithstanding the contrast between the two states of society. These houses of pleasure are generally turned towards Rome, a superb horizon, in harmony with the pomp of their architecture, and the marble, statues, columns, vases, and fountains that embellish them. The gardens, planted with a noble regularity, so far superior to the zigzags of the English style, do not display the capricious pretension to create sites which are found without already made by nature, but they are destined for the promenade of powerful friends of art who seek, in their repose, to contemplate its chefs-d'œuvre. Though too frequently deserted and suffered to decay, the Roman villas have not lost their original character, and their gloom even seems to increase their grandeur.

The Pamfilii-Doria villa, or *Belrespiro* (one of those poetical Italian surnames, like that of the numerous *belvederes*), with its wood of umbrella-shaped pines, charming trees, that harmonise so well with the sky of the country, as they afford a shade and leave the light; its view extending to the sea, its verdant turf enamelled with anemonies, its

grottos, basins, cascades, and antique fragments, is the most diversified, extensive, and delightful of Roman villas. The plan is not by Le Nôtre, as supposed, but by Algardi; a nature seems to have compelled the elaborate talent of this author to be simple, grand, and true. Several ceilings of the casino are ornamented with stuccos executed by Algardi's own hand, of extreme elegance, and still in all their freshness. He also made the bust of the too celebrated Olimpia Maidalchini Pamfilii, whose ill-gotten wealth contributed to the creation of this wondrous place.<sup>2</sup>

For some years since, successful excavations have been made at the Pamfilii villa; they have produced the discovery of several well preserved *columbaria*, a great number of curious inscriptions, which are interesting for the history of the funeral usages and monuments of the ancients, and form a little antique cemetery very picturesquely disposed in the middle of a wood.

Mount Mario, at the extremity of the Janiculum, planted with a pretty grove of cypress, is one of the most pleasing spots in the environs of Rome, which is seen thence in its most imposing aspect. The antique name of Mount Mario is unknown, its present appellation being derived from a Mario Mellini who built a fine villa on its summit. The vast quantities of marine shells, a proof of the long inundation, at some very remote period, of this point at an elevation of four hundred and forty feet above the level of the sea, are a geological fact of some interest. On the declivity of the hill is the *Madama villa*, so called from having been the residence of Margaret of Austria, natural daughter of Charles V., widow of Alessandro de' Medici, and afterwards married to Ot-

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book xiv. ch. xvi.

<sup>2</sup> Le Nôtre was little known before 1650, when he laid out the gardens of Vaux for Fouquet; he did not go to Rome till 1678, and Algardi had begun the Pamfilii villa about 1644. See the excellent and

beautiful work of MM. Percier and Fontaine, *Choix des plus célèbres maisons de plaisance de Rome et de ses environs*, second edition, 1824, folio, p. 43.

<sup>3</sup> See *ante*, book xv. ch. xxiv, and book xvi. ch. lii.

tavio Farnese, duke of Parma. This celebrated casino, begun for Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, on Raphael's designs, and completed by Giulio Romano, has become, in its actual dilapidated condition, a kind of modern antiquity unceasingly studied and admired by artists. The superb Loggia, the wainscot of one room and a ceiling, are the work of Giulio Romano and Giovanni d'Udina, small, graceful, and exquisite paintings placed beside the Loggia of the Vatican, and of the same school.

The villa or casino of Pope Julius III., of excellent architecture and most conveniently disposed, but now in bad condition, of which Vasari boasts having given the first designs, seems principally due to Michael Angelo. Vignola, on his return from France, was charged with several embellishments, and we recognise this great architect in the elegance of the disposition, and purity of the profiles in the Palazzino. The fine Nymphaea, ornamented with the most costly marbles; and the fountains, are by Ammanato, and Taddeo Zuccari has painted the frescos of the circular gallery. A *maestro* of the sacred palace at that time, Pietrantonio Aliatti, the pope's favorite, had been the torment of the clever men who worked successively at the villa, by his intermeddling, pretended science, and caprice, which procured him from the irreverent Michael Angelo the ironical nickname of *Monsignore tante cose*. This delightful villa, with which the pope who created it was so charmed, that he went thither from the Vatican, going up the Tiber in a brilliant vessel; where the cardinals who came for the first time to Rome staid as well as the ambassadors before making their entry, and whence the cortege set forth;—this monument of art and pontifical magnificence became a good veterinary school under Leo XII., which was suppressed by his successor, and somewhat strangely transferred to the university of the Sapienza.

The Borghese villa, one of the places dear to the Roman people, attests the hereditary magnificence of that family. First founded at the beginning of the seventeenth century, by Cardinal Scipione, on the designs of Giovanni Vassanzio, called *Il Fiammingo*, it was considerably enlarged towards the end of last century by Prince Marcantonio,

and has been very much embellished by the last prince Camillo. Its lake, temple, hippodrome, a fine model of a modern hippodrome, and its laurel bowers, are known and admired. The celebrated Museum purchased under the empire for our Museum, at the price of thirteen millions and not fourteen as Napoleon told Canova,<sup>1</sup> has since been almost replaced in three years, so inexhaustible is Italy in chefs-d'œuvre. Under the portico, a half-colossal torso of *Apollo* bending a bow is exquisite, and another torso of an emperor's statue seated, very natural. The basso-relievo of *Romulus and Remus suckled by the wolf*, found near the Tiber by Faustulus and Laurentia, an elegant work and among the best Roman productions, is curious as a monument of the origin of Rome. The important basso-relievo of *Orvius* or *Corvius Nasica* preceded by lictors and accompanied by a divinity that appears to be public Faith, belongs to the latter times of the republic. The immense and magnificent saloon has: a good head of *Vespasian*, in the style of his own time; the colossal, excellent head of *Isis*, with the lotus-flower, the pendant of which is a colossal head of *Diana* exquisitely wrought; the celebrated basso-relievo of a *Horseman precipitating himself*, restored for *Curtius*, despite the vulgarity of both horse and rider; a *Priestess*, well-draped, over a sepulchral altar, which bears a singular Greek epitaph transmitting us the name of the Roman singer *Musa*; two superb colossal heads of *Adrian* and *Antoninus*, perfectly preserved; a statue of *Diana*. In the hall of *Ceres* are: a statue of that goddess, of natural size, the finest, noblest, and best draped of all known statues of *Ceres*; a hermes of *Apollo*; another of *Mercury*, Greek, which appears new; a portrait of *Alcibiades*, larger than nature; a statue of *Læda*; the famous basso-relievo of the education of *Telephus*, a work of *Adrian's* time, which for delicacy of execution seems a large cameo; a torso of a young man naked holding a vase, perhaps a *Gany-medes*, remarkable for the choiceness of the marble and the *morbidezza* of the flesh. The fine statue of *Hercules*, in the hall of that name, is adjusted like the Farnese Hercules: over a sarcophagus

<sup>1</sup> Missirini's *Della Vita di A. Canova*, p. 245.



ornamented with Tritons and Nereids, is an admirable fragment of architecture. The hall of Apollo and Daphne, which has two living pictures of animals by the clever Peters, is composed of modern works. The group by Bernini in his eighteenth year, astonishing both for mechanism of art and elaborateness, is full of charm in the ensemble and the details : the Apollo seems rather the *jeune dieu, toujours beau, toujours frais*, of Fontenelle, than the learned Apollo of the *Metamorphoses*. On one side of the pedestal are Ovid's verses, and on the other this singular moral distich of Cardinal Maffeo Barberini, afterwards Urban VIII :

Quisquis amans sequitur fugitivæ gaudia formæ  
Froude manus implet, baccas seu carpit amaras.

The group of *Æneas and Anchises* was executed by Bernini at the age of fifteen years, unless it be his father's, Pietro Bernini ; it is altogether ignoble in composition, form, and expression. The *David killing Goliath*, another work of Bernini's youth, represents him in the person of the hero, whom he resembled in shortness of stature ; this David, which is not in truth particularly noble, has not the exaggeration of his manner, and may be regarded as one of his most natural productions. The rich gallery decorated with basso-relievos of living sculptors and an unique collection of works in porphyry, leads to the cabinet of the *Hermaphrodite* ; the statue is not so well preserved as ours, but superior in the quality of the material, which is Parian marble ; it has no less grace and truth, and has been restored more judiciously and without the ridiculous quilted mattress that Bernini put to the other in his youth. A fearful head of *Tiberius*, a draped bust of the *Genius of the Roman people*, of a remarkable nicety of execution and lifelike, a fine female head said to be *Sappho's*, are other antique chefs-d'œuvre of this cabinet. The hall of Apollo has the statue of the god, Greek, important for the history of the art, noble, graceful, but cold in expression and rather stiffly draped. In the Egyptian

hall, the richest after the gallery, are : an *Isis*, which has the stateliness and elegance that the Greeks and Romans attributed to the goddess of Egypt when they admitted her worship ; a group of a *Faun astride on a dolphin*, which probably gave Bernini the idea of his Triton in the Piazza Navona, called the *moor* by the common people ; a superb hermes of Bacchus crowned with ivy, and an unique vase of ophite marble.<sup>1</sup> The hall of Bacchus is so called from the Greek group of that god and Proserpine, a precious monument of antique theogony. The great and curious coloured mosaic, called the *Borghese*, found near Torre Nuova in 1834, and entrusted to the clever D. Ruspi for restoration, represents a combat of gladiators against wild beasts ; from certain Greek letters, it is attributed to Greek artists, and was executed probably about the middle of the empire ; it is in the first rank of mosaics for size.

The little and very plain Nelli villa, near the Borghese villa, was possessed by Raphael. Some frescos of exquisite taste, but much impaired by time, compose its decorations : the *Marriage of Alexander and Roxana*, the best preserved, was executed by the ancient master of the house, from the graceful description of the picture of the Greek artist Ætion, crowned at the Olympic games and given by Lucian, the text of which may still help to explain the charming fresco of Raphael.<sup>2</sup>

The Albani villa, a magnificent creation of Cardinal Alessandro, a passionate lover of the fine arts and antiquity, somewhat pompously styled the Adrian of his time, was laid out by himself and his architects in the manner of antique habitations. The decorations of the fronts and the details are not however very pure. Winckelmann, a friend of the cardinal, and the cleverest interpreters of figured antiquity have successively illustrated this true museum, the third of Rome, only surpassed by the Vatican and the Capitol. A pretended Brutus, for some time supposed a Harmodius and afterwards an actor, seems now to be only a slave. The first chefs-d'œuvre are : the

<sup>1</sup> This green rock, very much sought after by the ancients, is so called from being speckled like a serpent (οφεις). It has been generally believed till now that this marble was procured from the mountains that border the Red Sea in Egypt, but

the labours of our scientific commission in the Morea have proved that it was obtained in Peloponnesus : the Taygete is in great part composed of it.

<sup>2</sup> See Lucian. *Herodotus sive Ætion*.



*Sons of Niobe shot with arrows*; *Apollo Sauroctonus* (killer of lizards), in bronze, one of the three remaining repetitions of the work of Praxiteles; the basso-relievo of the *Repose of Hercules*, with Greek inscriptions in very small character; the delicious basso-relievo of Antinous crowned with a light garland (the crown he holds is modern), the most admirable of the sculptures at the villa, and the only one that escaped the sale made by Prince Albani of the objects retaken from France in 1815; the statue of *Pallas*; the curious hermes of *Mercury*, with inscriptions in Greek and Latin; the *Faustina* seated; the sarcophagus of the *Marriage of Thetis and Peleus*; the basso-relievo of *Diogenes in his pretended tub before Alexander*; the other basso-relievo in antique red, of *Dedalus making his wings*; the fine *Caryatides* or *Cane-phorus* of the Athenian sculptors Crito and Nicholas; a *Cupid*, copied from Praxiteles; the basso-relievo of the *Combat of Achilles and Memnon*; the *Candelabrum*, which has some dancing-girls on the base that are among the most exquisite remains of Greek sculpture; the basso-relievo of *Berenice offering her hair for the return of her husband Ptolemæus Evergetes*; the *Bacchus*, so remarkable for the workmanship of the head. The Parnassus of the gallery ceiling, by Raphael Mengs, formerly boasted as superior to the Parnassus of Raphael, is now, like the other works of Mengs, put in its proper rank: there are some muses in graceful attitudes and a good style of adjustment; but the Apollo, a kind of statue, is badly postured, ill-drawn, and the execution, though stiff and painstaking, is deficient in power.

## CHAPTER II.

Road to Tivoli.—Ponte Mammolo.—Lake de' Tartari.—Tomb of the Plautia family.—Adriana villa.—Flower.—Theatre.—Pœcile.—Library.—Palace.—Quarter of the Pretorians.—Thermæ.—Canope.—Tivoli.—Girls.—Temple of Vesta;—of the Sibyl.—Cascatelle.—Grotto of Neptune;—of the Syrens.—House of Horace.—Villa of Mæcenas.—Temple della Tosse.—Villa d'Este.—Fontana dell' Ovato.

The road to Tivoli in some parts follows the ancient Via Tiburtina. After the tenth mile, we again find the large polygonal stones of volcanic basalt, and the

stepping-stones with which it was bordered. At the fourth mile we pass the Anio, commonly called the Teverone, by the Ponte Mammolo, perhaps the oldest bridge in the environs of Rome, apparently taking its name from Julia Mamea, mother of Alexander Severus: having been destroyed by Totila, Narses rebuilt it with the same materials. The green foliage of the beaches on the bank forms an agreeable coup-d'œil. The waters of the little lake de' Tartari, impregnated with calcareous matter, cover the branches and roots they touch with brilliant crystals. The canal and lake of the Solfatara exhale a strong odour of sulphur: the foam of the latter lake, mixed with dust, leaves, and branches, forms a surface of light agglomerations which have procured it the too poetical name of the lake of the *Floating isles*. Near there are the ruins of the magnificent baths of Agrippa, which had benefited Augustus. Nothing remains of the antique bridge of Lucano, destroyed by Totila, but the foundations in the bed of the river. This point of view is the original of one of Guaspre Poussin's finest landscapes.\* The noble mausoleum of the Plautia family, which has two antique inscriptions, is remarkable for its brilliant cornice and its solidity. In the middle ages, it was used as a fortress, like the sepulchral tower of Cecilia Metella, which it resembles in elegance and grandeur.

Notwithstanding the general admiration, perhaps the emperor Adrian's idea of filling his villa with copies of the monuments of art or wonders of nature that he had seen in his travels, was not particularly happy. All these different repetitions, which nevertheless retain an exterior appearance of Roman taste, must have injured each other and made the villa a kind of antique English garden, unworthy of the artistic genius of Adrian, who had moreover the failing of misappreciating Homer. The Adriana villa is said to have been despoiled of its principal masterpieces by Caracalla, who took them to embellish his Thermæ; probably it was sacked by Totila. The duke of Braschi is the present proprietor, and it is now only a species of unhealthy but productive marsh, ravaged by cultivation; while a strong vegetation of cypresses, fig-trees, holm-oaks, ivy, and

\* See ante, book xv. ch. xxxvi.

\* See ante, book xv. ch. xxxi.

clematis, smothers and destroys its ruins. An odoriferous flower, a kind of syringa, planted there by Adrian, is said to grow in no other place. How singular are the powers of nature! the foreign monuments of the master of Rome disappear, strewing the earth with their vast ruins: this simple exotic flower survives them and continues to shed its perfume. Though great numbers of chefs-d'œuvre have been exhumed in this villa, the soil does not appear exhausted, and new excavations under more judicious management might still be successful.

The Greek theatre preserves its antique form, its seats, and some parts of the stage. The house of a peasant has some superb stuccos which decorated the roof of an ancient Nymphaea out of which it was built. The Pæcile, an imitation of the glorious portico of Athens, is but a long and lofty wall. A kind of circus, which antiquarians make a swimming bath, is ridiculously called a marine theatre, from the nymphs and sea monsters represented in mosaic on the pavement. The library, divided into Greek and Latin, formed a single edifice, and part of its substructions may still be seen. The Latin library, like the Greek, preceded by a room for the readers, is the least injured. The imperial palace was on the heights. Among its magnificent ruins, in the lower part, some remains of an antique painting in excellent taste are still visible. The barracks of the Prætorians called *Cento Camerelle*, in astonishing preservation, are authentic, despite the opinion of the abbé Chaupy, who thinks them only substructions. The communication between the chambers is modern. The crumbled mass of the *Thermæ* is not so shapeless as to render the different parts indistinguishable; it is difficult, however, to ascertain the respective divisions for the two sexes, although we learn from Spartian, Adrian's historian, that the dissolute emperor who made a god of Antinous, thought it important that they should bath in separate apartments. The valley called that of Canopus presents a

copy of an Egyptian temple, which gives an idea of its extraordinary character; the chambers of the crafty priests of Serapis may still be seen, as well as the arabesques of a corridor through which the conduits passed that carried water to the exterior front, to fall into the famous canal, the scene of the joyous dances and licentiousness of the Canopian feasts. The remains of a temple of Canopus seem the best preserved in the villa, and are sufficient to give an idea of the sumptuousness of the edifice. On the southern hill of the valley, are some extensive ruins that belonged to the Academy and Odeon. Near the latter, are four long corridors leading to the Infernal Regions, and the Elysian Fields were not far distant.

Tivoli, the ancient, the poetical Tibur, of Greek origin, existed 462 years before the foundation of Rome:

Tibur Argæo postum colono.<sup>1</sup>

Tibur joined the Gauls twice, when they made an irruption into Italy: perhaps the inhabitants thought that our ancestors would contribute to their freedom, but they were reduced by the Romans, and Tibur continued to be a Roman municipality. Honoured by the residence of Horace, Catullus, Propertius, Augustus, Mæcenas,<sup>2</sup> and the captive Zenobia, who dwelt there in obscurity, it was destroyed by Totila, and three years after re-established by him as a military post; it lost its ancient name, assumed that of Tivoli about the eighth century, and suffered the different vicissitudes of Italy during the middle ages, among which the most important was its alliance with Rienzi, when tribune of the Roman people a second time. The present Tivoli is a town of about seven thousand souls, in a good situation, but dirty, irregularly built, and still damp like the *udum Tibur* of the poet; it has a bishop, two *locande* (the *Regina* and the *Sibilla*), with travellers, artists, numerous manufactories of leather, iron, paper, and oil and powder mills. Notwith-

<sup>1</sup> Horat. *Od.* VI., lib. II.

<sup>2</sup> See *post.* Most enthusiastic travellers, misled by guide-books and the clerical of Tivoli, place the villa of Marcus Brutus at Tibur; the Brutus whose villa presents considerable substructions was not Cæsar's murderer, but his ancestor, an opulent and

peaceable jurisconsult, upon whom there was no room to expatiate. His son the orator, an acute and vehement accuser, in *dicendo vehementi et callido*, as Cicero says, sold the property when it fell to him by inheritance. (*Pro Cluentio*, § 11.)

standing its modern trading aspect, it is impossible not to be struck with the strong and noble beauty, the carriage and mien of the girls of the lower orders.

The temple of Hercules, the Greek patron of Tibur, was the principal in the town; it is replaced by the cathedral of Saint Laurence, which has a remnant of the *Cella* behind the choir. It was under the portico of this temple famous for its rich treasury, that Augustus, when he visited Mæcenas at Tibur, familiarly rendered justice, a reminiscence which, despite the magnificence of the edifice, will always be inferior to our oak of Vincennes.

The temple, said to be that of the Sibyl, and afterwards of Vesta, on the point of a rock, above the fall of the Anio, which is precipitated into the valley with much more noise than in Horace's days (*præceps Anio*), presents at once a most exquisite wreck of art and one of the finest scenes in nature. The brilliancy of the ten fluted Corinthian columns (there were eighteen formerly) and of the foaming waters becomes still more resplendent by moonlight. The temple of the Tiburtine Sibyl appears, like that of Vesta, of the last century of the republic. The Cascatelle, interspersed and variegated with a luxuriant vegetation, which seem almost as if formed and arranged by art,<sup>1</sup> shine in the sun, and produce beautiful rainbows. The best point of view to observe them is in a vineyard, at the bottom of the valley. The impression of these famous sites, painted, described, and sung thousands of times, must vary according to the disposition of individuals; their roaring noise, accompanied with the thumping of hammers and the clanking of machines, will not be very agreeable to the lovers of silence. The grotto of Neptune and that of the Syrens are the most picturesque of those antres into which the Anio falls, the horror of the latter grotto, a real inundated cavern, and its frightful clatter, strikingly contrast with its pleasing name.

The straggling arcades of the villa of Manlius Vopiscus, celebrated by Statius,

give a most imperfect idea of its magnificence; but the description of the borders of the Anio and the kind of natural bridge it has hollowed out is still very faithful:

Ipsæ Anien, miranda fides! infraque, superque  
Saxeus; hic tumidam rabiem spumosaque ponti  
Murmura, cœu placidi veritus turbare Vopisci  
Pieriosque dies et habentes carmina somnos;  
Littus utrumque domi; nec te mitissimus amans  
Dividit, alternas servant prætoria ripas,  
Non externa sibi, fluviumve obstore queruntur.<sup>2</sup>

The pretended site of the house of Catullus, near the old convent of Saint Angelo in *Piavola*, is by no means authentic, as it must have been near Rome.

Despite the pertinacious contradictions of the abbé Chaupy, who will not allow Horace more than one house:

Satis beatus UNICIS SABINIS,

the Nymphaea of the poet's house in the convent of Saint Anthony seems authentic. The estates which made him independent will still be on the banks of the Digentia, in the country of the Sabines:

..... Nihil supra  
Deos lacesso, nec potentem amicum,  
Largiora flagito,

and the villa of Tibur his pleasure house.

Some remains of the splendid villa of Quinctilius Varus still subsist; they are near the church of the Madonna of *Quintilioli*, which has taken its surname from the general of Augustus whom Arminius defeated.

The grand villa called that of Mæcenas, now an iron foundery moved by an arm of the Anio, was probably a public edifice; it has a corridor with an extraordinary ceiling, some porticos, and vast galleries.

The temple *della Tosse*, picturesquely situated amid trees and vines, is imposing, though of the decline; according to different learned antiquarians, it was either a temple of the sun, or a tomb of the Tossia family. But its hexagonal form and remains of paintings seem to indicate a Christian edifice. Its vulgar

<sup>1</sup> The strong wall that contained the Anio and formed the Great Cascatella having been thrown down in November 1826, the Cascatelle were left dry for a time. Considerable works, and the cutting a tunnel through Mount Catillo, of two hundred and ninety-four metres long by twenty-five in

width at the opening, an enterprising work of the Cav. Clemente Folchi, a clever hydraulic engineer, have since nearly repaired the damage, and seem likely to prevent a recurrence of the disaster.

<sup>2</sup> *Sylv.* I. § 3.



designation, according to the tradition of the place, was given it from the strange manner in which the Virgin opens her mouth, a venerated Madonna, to whom the good women of Tivoli offer a candle to be delivered from their colds, as they have recourse to another old Madonna called *della febbre* to cure the fever. The worship of these Madonne *della febbre* seems to have succeeded that of the goddess of Fever, who had her altars and sacrifices in Greece and at Rome.

The villa d'Este, founded by Cardinal Ippolito, second son of Alfonso, duke of Ferrara, named governor of Tivoli by Pope Julius III., and who is not the Cardinal Ippolito I., the exacting Meccenas of Ariosto,<sup>1</sup> cost him more than a million Roman crowns; it was further embellished by Cardinal Ludovico d'Este,\* whom Ginguen  mistakes for its founder. It is the only monument of modern magnificence at Tivoli. Seated on a hill, at the extremity of a long avenue of patriarchal pines and cypresses, it still, though degraded, retains its primitive character; its vast gardens, terraces, and arcades of clipped trees, are a kind of architecture, and its parterres, of mosaic. Nature, there unchanging, seems fashioned like marble and stone. It required the court and royal state of the cardinals of the house of Este to animate this superb abode, which its founder thought worthy of a great prince : *Albergo degno di qualunque gran principe*. The plan is by Pirro Ligorio, and the waterworks by a clever hydraulic engineer of Tivoli, Orazio Olivieri, one of whose descendants, an honourable and distinguished man, was colonel of cavalry in the French armies during the wars of the Empire. The two principal fountains are as fine as any that can be cited, and Michael Angelo surnamed that *dell' Ovato* (of the Oval), the queen of fountains. Among the numerous constructions of these gardens, it must be confessed that there are some open to censure, in which taste has been occasionally sacrificed to whimsical and capricious inventions. The little model of Rome in mastic in a bower, and its noble monuments in miniature, are per-

fectedly ridiculous. The too highly extolled frescos and stuccos of the palace, by Taddeo and Federico Zuccari, are but an abortive imitation of Raphael; a portrait of Federico as *Mercury*, painted by himself, is perhaps the best part of them; the frescos of the *Sibyls* and *Prophets* in the chapel, by Muziano, are very superior to the Zuccari's. In the secretary's room, a *St. Bernardin of Siena*, attributed to Giotto, seems at least of his school. The view from the terrace is immense, and admirable.

### CHAPTER III.

Torre Pignatara ;—Nuova—Colonna.—Lake Regillus.—Palestrina.—Walls.—Temple of Fortune.—Mosaic.—La Rocca.—View.

On the road to Palestrina, at *Torre Pignatara*, thus called from its clay vases (*Pignatte*), are various ruins, and among them the tomb erected by Constantine to his mother Saint Helena, whose body was afterwards transported to Constantinople, a mausoleum from which the fine porphyry sarcophagus in *Pio-Clementino* museum was taken. A rustic chapel replaced the superb basilic consecrated by the first Christian emperor to Saint Marcellinus and Saint Peter the exorcist, whose burial place is shown in the catacombs.

*Torre Nuova*, one of the rich domains of the Borghese family, formerly a delightful villa, seems, with the multitude of its pines, less perishable than its palace, a fresh Italian oasis in the middle of this wilderness.

Colonna, a village in ruins, for nearly eight centuries a fief of the illustrious family of that name, occupies the top of a high hill, the site of the ancient Labicum, mentioned by Virgil as allied with Turnus :

..... Et picti scuta Labici.

Near there is the source of the *Acque felice*, taken to Rome by Sixtus V.<sup>3</sup>

A little marsh full of reeds passes for the lake Regillus, celebrated for the victory of the dictator Aulus Posthumius

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book vii. ch. xii. This error of Vasi is repeated by all travellers: Ariosto could not possibly have lived with Cardinal Ippolito I. at the villa d'Este, created in 1551, eighteen years after his death. It is more probable that Tasso resided there

at the court of Cardinal Ippolito II., and it is pretended that its magical disposition gave him the idea of the palace of Armida.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, book vii. ch. xv.

<sup>3</sup> See *ante*, book xv. ch. xxxii.

over the Latins, which terminates the supposed fabulous history of the earlier times of Rome, and destroyed the last hopes of the Tarquins, a victory followed by a treaty which is regarded as one of the principal foundations of the Roman power.

The origin of Palestrina, some centuries more remote than that of Rome, is veiled in obscurity. This town was, and still appears on its mountain, a kind of stronghold. Its cyclopean walls of calcareous rock, upheld without cement, rendered it formidable, even in the fourteenth century, when it became the citadel of the Colonne and was destroyed by the lieutenants of popes Boniface VIII. and Eugene IV. The inhabitants ultimately returned from the surrounding country, and settled on the spot where the celebrated temple of Fortune had stood. The magnificent temple, the most interesting of the ruins of Palestrina, which made the incredulous Athenian philosopher Carneades, when ambassador to the senate, say that he had never seen a fortune more fortunate than that, and whose oracle (*sortes prænestinæ*) outlived all others, furnished the famous mosaic of different colours which, though opinions vary extremely, seems to represent the celebration of an Egyptian festival, in the time of the later Ptolemys, for the overflowing of the Nile. The different animals have their names written in very distinct Greek characters. We there see the hippopotamus, so badly described by the Latin writers; the ibis of the Egyptians, on which the naturalists were mistaken, and the girafe, designated by the name of Nubis. This mosaic, which formed the pavement of the first landing place of the temple, since converted into a cellar, was dexterously removed in 1640 by Pietro of Cortona, to one of the apartments of the Barberini palace, which was built by himself over the temple, so that its actual place, damp and obscure, is not very far from the other.

Præneste was more than once poetically visited by Horace, who has sung its coolness :

Vester, Camœnæ, vester in arduos  
Tollor Sabinos; seu mihi frigidum  
Præneste, seu Tibur supinum,  
Seu liquidæ placuere Balæ.

<sup>1</sup> *Annal. lib. xv. cap. xxli.*

He reperused the whole of Homer there :

Trojani belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli,  
Dum tu declamas Romæ, Præneste relegi.

The ancient citadel stood above the town. On the road enormous polygonal fragments of the walls of Præneste prior to the Roman sway, still exist, as well as the wall, repaired at different epochs, which separated the citadel from the place.

The present fortress, called the Rocca, contains a few houses and some edifices. The feudal castle is in ruins. The baronial church, the burial-place of the Barberini, has a *Piety*, a grand but unfinished group, ascribed to Michael Angelo. The antique church of Saint Peter, which has given its name to the mountain, presents the *Pasce oves meas*, at the high altar, by Pietro of Cortona, one of his esteemed works, but injured by the damp. The view from the *Rocca*, one of the most remarkable in the environs of Rome, embraces the heroic theatre of her first exploits, of her wars, so vigorously prosecuted, so wisely terminated, which early announced the future masters of the world.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Subiaco. — Nero's villa. — Landscape. — Church. — Monastery. — Printing-office. — San Speco.

Beyond Palestrina, at Subiaco, so called from its lake (*Sublaqueum*), Nero had a splendid villa. While he was dining there, the lightning struck the palace, overthrew his table, says Tacitus,<sup>1</sup> and even, according to Philostratus, perforated the cup from which he was about to drink.<sup>2</sup> It must be regretted, as a providential lesson, that it did not touch him : Nero slain by the vengeance of heaven would have been a grand and good example in history. Some unimportant remains of the baths dependent on this villa still exist on the height beyond the Anio. Thus the solitary and godly retreat illustrated by Saint Benedict had seen the orgies of the Roman tyrant.

Subiaco is now principally visited by landscape painters, as its charming site, its woods, its lake, its grottos, rocks, cascades, and ruined castle, render it exceedingly picturesque.

<sup>2</sup> *Life of Apollonius Tyaneus, lib. iv. ch. xlii.*

The rich church built by Pius VI. at the foot of the hill, without being very pure in its architecture, has a degree of grandeur; the lower church, also modern, is well lighted, in fact too well. The abbot's palace, on the height, presents an extensive view of mountains and the valley of the Anio.

The monastery of Saint Scholastica, ravaged at the beginning of the seventh century, was rebuilt in 705 by the abbot Stefano. Its different buildings announce the introduction of the Gothic style into Italy, and make an epoch in the history of the decline of art. In the first cloister, modern, the well has an antique sarcophagus representing three bacchic subjects. Two fine columns, one of yellow antique and the other of porphyry, were procured from Nero's villa. The oldest cloister, of the tenth century, has its arcades in ogive, and the principal one, of marble and ornamented with basso-reliefs, is surmounted by the statue of the Virgin seated on a throne between two lions. Under the portico are two curious monuments. The first, of 981, records the foundation of the church of Saint Scholastica, and the epoch of its dedication by Pope Benedict VII.; the inscription is on the belly of a roebuck, drinking out of the same cup with a stag and beaten by a cock. The other monument registers the domains of the monastery in 1052, and also mentions that year as the time when the steeple was built by the abbot Humbert. The third cloister resembles, in architecture, Saint Paul *extra muros*, and may be regarded as of the thirteenth century. A picture of the Virgin is of the fifteenth. The church, modern, has some very inferior paintings. In the sacristy, of the year 1578, is a *Virgin* of Carlo Maratta's school. The monastery of Saint Scholastica, where some German monks established the first printing-office in Italy, retains no trace of this glorious fact, which seems to have very little interest for the present monks, who are more inclined to the pious practices of Saint Benedict than to the learned labours of their predecessors.

One mile from Saint Scholastica, and three from Subiaco, the *Sacro Speco*, a monastery of Saint Benedict, cut in the rock, presents various ornaments: some

paintings of the fifteenth century, by an unknown artist; some slabs of marble serving as pavement for the vestibule, taken from Nero's villa; a statue, by Bernini, of the young Saint Benedict in the holy cavern converted into a chapel, where he lived as an hermit from his sixteenth year; and several good modern paintings in the sacristy, among them a *Virgin, Infant Jesus and St. Joseph*, attributed to Correggio, but perhaps by the Carracci. In a garden, a small parterre of roses was the field of thorns on which Saint Benedict rolled himself, as Saint Francis after him, to appease the ardour of his passions. The evergreens of a pretty wood, low and entangled, which were wont to bow to him, according to a monk's story, have remained unmoved ever since his death. Here nature speaks as loudly of Saint Benedict as the monuments of art, and both attest, by a succession of miracles, the power, the virtue of this great legislator of the monastic orders of the west.

## CHAPTER V.

Frascati. — Villas of Aldobrandini; — Taverna; — Mondragone; — Rufina. — Bracciano; — Rufinella. — Tusculum. — House and Academia of Cicero. — Theatre. — Walls. — Citadel. — Grotta-Ferrata. — Chapel of Saint Nilus. — Marino. — Valley of Ferentina.

Frascati has risen near, but below, the ruins of the antique Tusculum, which was destroyed, utterly destroyed at the end of the twelfth century by the Romans of the middle ages, as ruthless as the citizens of ancient Rome. Then the unfortunate inhabitants of Tusculum were compelled to live under huts made of branches (*frasche*), whence it then derived its barbarous Latin name of *Frascatum*, now Frascati. The situation of Frascati is pleasant, and the air excellent. The population amounts to five thousand souls; the spacious square and the cathedral are rather imposing, and the various villas, so harmoniously disposed around the town, are magnificent. The Marconi casino, new and in good taste, has several monuments of antiquity in good condition, and a sitting statue of Canova, by Ceccarini.

The Aldobrandini villa, on the declivity of the mountain, the most noted of the villas, takes its other name of

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book XV. ch. XXXV.



*Belvedere* from its double horizon of sea and mountains. It was founded by Cardinal Aldobrandini, nephew of Clement VIII., and was begun by Jacopo della Porta,<sup>1</sup> whom an almost sudden death prevented from finishing it, and completed by Domenichino. This superb seat was unfortunately uninhabited and neglected. Its gardens, in the form of an amphitheatre, its vases, statues, columns, fountains, cascades falling over marble, the murmur and music of its waters, in imitation of those water organs of the ancients that produced such ravishing sounds, must have made it a delightful abode formerly. The contrivance and wonderful effects of its waters are by Giovanni Fontana and Orazio Olivieri. Some rooms of the casino are painted by the Cav. d'Arpino, and are among his best works: a *Judith* quitting the camp of Holophernes sword in hand, perhaps the finest of the *Judiths*, is admirable for boldness and inspiration. The frescos of Domenichino in the still fresh hall of Apollo, ornamented with mosaics, are pleasing but feeble compositions. The artist did them after his return from Naples, in 1631, when he found a refuge in the Aldobrandini villa, an hospitable retreat in which he merrily forgot his enemies and the envious.<sup>2</sup>

The *Taverna* villa, also belonging to the Borghese family, of Rainaldi's architecture, and not Vignola's, to whom it has been attributed, owes its origin to Cardinal Scipione, the worthy nephew of Paul V. It was inhabited by that pope, a great patron of the arts, who found two advantages in building: the first was the embellishment of Rome, the second the employing of the workmen, and he declared that it was better to find work than to give alms.<sup>3</sup> The *Taverna* villa is less magnificent than the Aldobrandini, but a more convenient dwelling.

The immense Mondragone villa, with its three hundred and seventy-four windows, the most extensive in the environs of Rome, long falling to decay, owes its foundation to one of the courtier atten-

tions that paint the ancient magnificence of the Roman court. When Pope Gregory XIII., accompanied by Cardinal Attemps, was passing over those heights, struck with the beauty of the view, he exclaimed: "What a fine position for a villa!" The cardinal had this sumptuous palace built immediately, and the first time they went into the country (*villeggiare*), he managed to pass that way with the pope, who was surprised, nay, amazed at the sudden elevation of the edifice. The grand *Loggia* of the garden is by Vignola, its superb portico by Flaminio Ponzio, and the ingenious waterworks, especially the fountain of the Girandola, by Giovanni Fontana.

The Falconieri villa, called the *Rufina*, of Bernini's architecture, has a large ceiling by Carlo Maratta, representing the *Birth of Venus*, a brilliant fresco, esteemed, but much less curious than the pretty portraits painted in caricature by Pier Leone Ghezzi, of personages of the Falconieri family.

At the Bracciano, formerly the Montalto villa, of good architecture, are some remarkable frescos; among them a ceiling presents the *Course of the sun*, a work vigorously executed, in a good style, and altogether worthy of the school of Domenichino.

The *Rufinella*, a delightful villa, in the midst of woods, on the summit of a mountain with an admirable view of Rome and the sea, is in excellent air, like all the old houses of the Jesuits. A pretty anecdote well told by P. Roberti in his letter *sul prendere l'aria e il sole*, proves the reputation of those fathers on this head. A lord of Bologna had ordered of the Cav. Giuseppe Crispi a painting representing his country casino, in which he required the salubrity of the air to be indicated. Crispi made an azure cloudless sky, a limpid brook, cooling waters; he painted verdant sward, an abundant vegetation, the vines loaded with the golden grape (*uva Paradisa*) which ripens at Bologna, is kept and eaten at the carnival suppers, can even be sent abroad, and of which the Bolognese

<sup>1</sup> Jacopo della Porta, when returning from the villa with the cardinal, was seized with a violent colic, which he endeavoured to keep secret; having fainted away, he was left at the gate of Saint John, where he died a few minutes after.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, book XIII. ch. vii. and *Variétés Italiennes*.

<sup>3</sup> TH. AMIDENIO. "Dicebat ædificando se duo bona facere; unum, urbem ædificiis augustiorem reddere; alterum, plures alere mercenarios, qui alias vagarentur. Unde existimabat, stipem laborum, elemosinæ loco cedere.

senate made a present to the emperor Charles VI. every year. Despite the smiling aspect of the landscape, the gentleman found that the wholesomeness of the air of his casino was not precisely indicated, as most of the details painted might be attributed to the goodness of the soil. Crispi then resolved to place before the door, in a green meadow, just after sunset, two bald Jesuits without caps reading a book: "See now," said he, "whether the air is good or not?" *vedete se qui è bon aria?* and the exacting master found the argument unanswerable. The palace of Rufinella, by Vanvitelli, is extensive, of good architecture, and has a fine saloon; once possessed by Lucien Bonaparte, and now by the king of Sardinia, it has divers monuments of antiquity under the portico, that proceeded from excavations made at Tusculum by these two proprietors.

The house of Cicero, previously Syl-la's, was on this mountain, which seems still to have an air of antiquity, and offers deep, solitary, and philosophic shades, like those that inspired the Tusculana. Some superb ruins are reputed to have belonged to Cicero's Academia.

The theatre, wonderfully preserved, still retains its pedestals, and its seats of Tusculum stone. Some traces of another theatre in the neighbourhood, supposed an Odeon, or hall for rehearsals, shows what the splendour of this town must have been, where Cato and Lucullus had villas also.

Near, but lower down, are some mural ruins. An aqueduct that ends there is curious, as its last arcade is perfectly Gothic, not the only instance of the kind among the monuments of antiquity, for the Greeks and Romans well knew how to employ it when essential to solidity.

The citadel, isolated on a hill in the midst of rocks, still shows, though razed, the antique form it had, when the Equi surprised it by night, an event, says Livy, that grieved the Roman army, as much as the loss of the Capitol. This citadel, which, from its natural strength, required few men to garrison it, afterwards resisted Annibal; in the middle ages it was occupied by the counts of

Tusculum, and was one of their formidable means of oppression.

Grotta-Ferrata, an abbey of Greek monks of the order of Saint Basil, dating from the year 1000, has the aspect of a fortress of the fifteenth century. The monks always perform the service in their liturgy, and the French Consulta at Rome protected them on account of their chant transmitted by tradition. Bessarion was the first abbot *in commendam* of Grotta-Ferrata, and he frequently gave admission to his learned and unfortunate compatriots. It possessed a lake, and enjoyed the privilege of having two fishing-boats on the lake of Fogliano. The library of the monastery has many Greek manuscripts, bettered disposed of than in the time of Francesco Barbaro, ambassador of the Venetian republic, who found them in a cellar beside the wine.<sup>1</sup> A charming wood, a fine avenue of elms and plane-trees, with a pretty fountain, render this solitude agreeable. The antique ruins, which the monks have long contended, against the Jesuits, possessing the Rufinella, to be those of Cicero's villa, seem now to have belonged to the villa of Lucullus.

The chapel of Saint Nilus, founder of the abbey, by Domenichino, is one of his finest chefs-d'œuvre. He executed it in his twenty-ninth year, having been recommended by his master Annibale Carraccio to Cardinal Odoardo Farnese, abbot of Grotta-Ferrata. The *Saint* receiving the emperor Otho III. is perfect in composition and execution: the graceful head of the youth with a white plume on a blue cap, who is drawing back from Otho's prancing horse, is the portrait of one of those young girls of Frascati, long celebrated for their beauty, whom Domenichino loved, but could not obtain her hand from her rude and vulgar parents, who, enraged at the sight of this portrait, obliged the artist to make his departure and return to Rome; the courtier in a green mantle dismounting from his horse, represents the learned prelate Giambattista Agucchi, Domenichino's benefactor; the different expression of the three trumpeters on horseback indicates the various tones of their in-

<sup>1</sup> Lib. iii. xxiii.

<sup>2</sup> See his letter written from Venice in 1426 to Guerini of Verona: "Ad dextram templi cella, et

libris et Libero Patri dicata est, ubi vasa vinaria sunt, et libri græci, et numero et dignitate præstantes."

struments: one really seems to hear this astonishing painting. In the *Miracle of the Saint holding up a column*, a very natural and picturesque fresco, a scene of masonry, with some burlesque details, St. Bartholomew, the companion of St. Nilus, who is examining the plan of the monastery presented to him by the architect, has a pair of spectacles. The first of the frescos is the *Saint healing a young demoniac*, whose head and that of the monk, taking oil from the lamp of the Madonna, have an admirable expression. The figures of the Greek bishops at the top of the chapel, also by Domenichino, are superb in colour and character. The altar piece, representing *St. Nilus and his companion St. Bartholomew exploring the Virgin*, is one of the feeblest works of Annibale Carraccio; the little landscape is by his immortal pupil, and the new bust of the latter, so fitly placed beside his superb fresco, by Signora Teresa Benincampi, a good Roman sculptor and pupil of Canova.

Marino, a charming place, well built, with a square, a palace, and a fountain, is said to take its name from the ancient villas of Marius or Lucius Murena. Its paintings give it the appearance of a small museum in a smiling landscape. The *St. Barnabas*, a fresco in the church of that apostle, seems of Guercino's school from the strength of colouring and the clare-obscure, and the *St. Bartholomew*, in the first manner of that artist, far below its fame, has suffered by retouching. The *Trinity*, by Guido, in the church of that name, is remarkable for the expression and drawing of the figure of the Son. A *St. Roch*, of the Madonna *delle Grazie*, is by Domenichino, and little worthy of him.

The romantic and shady valley of *Ferentina* witnessed the general assemblies of the people of Latium. The limpid brook, still called *Capo d'acqua*, that runs through the valley, is the celebrated river-head (*Caput aquæ Ferentinæ*) in which Tarquinius Superbus drowned the orator of the Latin opposition, Turnus Herdonius Aricius; that turbulent and factious man, a character, says Livy, to which he was indebted for the influence he possessed among his countrymen (*Seditiosus facinorosusque homo, hisque artibus opes domi nactus*), had for-

cibly declaimed in the assembly against the absence of Tarquin, and rejected his excuses for his tardy arrival.

## CHAPTER VI.

Ostia.—Road.—Wood.—New town.—Population.—  
Santa Aurea.—Old town.—Theatre.—Temple.—  
Mouth of the Tiber.—Port.—Castel Fusano.—  
Pliny's villa.—Isola Sacra.—Buffaloes.

The road from Rome to Ostia, especially towards the end, is perhaps the least changed in its direction of all the ancient highways. But its great black stones, of basalt, practicable for the Roman chariot or the litter carried by slaves, are too rough for the light construction of our vehicles.

Beyond the inn of *Malafede* (which has vainly attempted to take the name of *Buonafede*), we pass an antique bridge built of square stones, and now called *della Refolta*. The whole of this district, the theatre of the poetical history of Rome and of the six last books of the *Æneid*, is gloomy and unpicturesque; and the wood of Ostia, immortalised by the death of Euryalus and his friend, is but a piece of copsewood, with some limekilns, not unlike the wood of Boulogne near Paris, and many a fine remnant of antiquity must have disappeared there. Poggio, in the manuscript narrative of his journey to Ostia with Cosmo de' Medici, addressed to Florentine Niccoli, says that they found people engaged in reducing a whole temple of marble to lime. We may judge of the rage for demolishing antiquities by the following passage of the admirable letter written to Leo X. in Raphael's name and under his direction by the Count Castiglione: *Ma perche ci doleremo noi, de' Goti, Vandali e d'altri tali perfidi nemici, se quelli, li quali come padri e tutori dovevano difendere queste povere reliquie di Roma, essi medesimi hannolungamente atteso a distruggerle? Quanti Pontefici, Padre santissimo, li quali avevano il medesimo officio, che ha Vostra Santità, ma non già il medesimo sapere, nè il medesimo valore, e grandezza d'animo, ne quella clemenza, che la fa simile a Dio: quanti, dico, Pontefici hanno atteso a ruinare tempj antichi, statue, archi, e altri edifizj gloriosi! Quanti hanno comportato, che solamente per pigliar terra pozzolona si sieno scavati*



*dei fondamenti, onde in poco tempo poi gli edificj sono venuti a terra! Quanta calce si è fatta di statue, ed altri ornamenti antichi! che arderei dire, che tutta questa Roma nuova che ora si vede, quanto grande ch'ella si sia, quanto bella, quanto ornata di palagi, chiese, ed altri edificj che la scopriamo, tutta è fabbricata di calce di marmi antichi.* These fields, now desolate and pestilential, which excite such regret in pensive minds and the lovers of antiquity, have another merit for less meditative persons, for they are a good sporting country; woodcocks and ducks are numerous there; the wildboar is very common on the side towards Ostia, and there are no farmers to prosecute for trespass. I remember that when I visited these ruins, the rustic cicerone who offered to conduct me had a gun on his shoulder, which he thought proper to lay aside during our walk. He was a man of good understanding, and interspersed his antiquarian information with singular sporting exclamations when game sprung up before us, which he regretted his inability to kill; he valued every bird as if he could not possibly have missed one of them, that I might not forget the sacrifices he was then making to science.

The decay, desertion, and ruin of Ostia are not very ancient; it was populous and powerful in the middle ages. Raphael, by his fresco at the Vatican, has immortalised the victory gained there over the Saracens by the Neapolitans encouraged by Pope Saint Leo, a great man, in whom, according to Voltaire, the courage of the first ages of the republic was revived, the only Roman conqueror on this shore, where the corsairs of Cilicia took and sunk the fleet commanded by a consul, which Cicero lamented with so much shame for the honour of his country; where Leo X., in the height of his glory, narrowly escaped slavery, and was almost surprised by other barbarians, and where the pontifical navy experienced more than one affront from the pirates of Algiers. In the fourteenth century, Ostia had resumed its primitive destination as the port of Rome. It was conquered by the fiery king of Naples Ladislas. The queen of Cyprus, Charlotte,

when driven from her island by revolutions, landed there. The French, who had occupied it, were expelled by Julius II., then cardinal and bishop of Ostia. Since that period its excavations have made its only history, and its new personages are the admirable statues discovered there.

There are now ten persons at Ostia in summer and a hundred in winter when the bad air has passed away. This ghost of a bishopric is nevertheless the first of the suburbicary bishoprics of Rome; it belongs to the senior cardinal of the Sacred College, who has the exclusive right of consecrating the pope when not a bishop. In the square is a sarcophagus used as a fountain. The small episcopal palace has an antique inscription in fine characters. The little cathedral Santa Aurea is in the good taste of works of the fifteenth century; the arms of La Rovera are still to be seen and the trophies of the cardinal to consecrate his victory over our army. The abandoned tower of the same epoch is also a good construction.

The ruins of the antique, agreeable, and flourishing Ostia, lie about a quarter of a mile from the new town. The theatre still exhibits some walls, pilasters, and seats. It may be seen that the ancient town extended in a semicircular form round the little bay formed by the Tiber. The remains of the magnificent temple called Jupiter's, though its deity is unknown, are an excellent construction of brick wretchedly degraded. A round subterranean chamber, with niches, improperly named *Arca di Mercurio*, doubtless from *Area*, a name of Mercury, which was given to it by the first antiquarians, has some paintings in good preservation, though exposed to the air. Four pedestals, but little injured, have each an inscription.

The eastern and natural mouth of the Tiber, the only one until the second called Fiumicino was dug by Claudius, is picturesque. The river, ere it falls into the sea, resumes a little of its antique majesty; its light colour is no longer tarnished by the filth of modern Rome; the *Isola Sacra* divides and widens it. The waters were agitated when I saw it, and in all but the wood, of which its denuded banks show not the slightest trace, it was not altogether unworthy of Virgil's verses :

<sup>1</sup> *Orat. pro lege Manilia*, xlii.

Atque hic Æneas ingentem ex æquore lucum  
 Prospicit. Hunc inter fluvio Tiberinus amœno,  
 Vorticibus rapidis, et multâ flavus arenâ  
 In mare prorumpit.

The ancient port of Ostia, the Port-mouth of Rome, seems to have been on the new town side, a little beyond *Tor Bovacciana*. Its road must have occupied the semicircular spot now a sand-bank, for the corsairs of Cilicia, who audaciously braved the majesty of the Roman people, would hardly have advanced very near the houses. The pretended port must have taken its name from the wrecks found there.

Castel Fusano, the palace or casino of Prince Ghigi, is pleasantly situated, in the middle of a forest of lofty pines, planted at the beginning of the last century. Spring is the most healthy season for living there. Opposite the palace, a long avenue, always green and flowery, paved with large fragments of basaltine lava, procured from the ancient *Via Severiana*, reaches down to the sea. The palace, in the interior, is no bad representation of the splendour and inconvenience of Roman dwellings. It is covered with paintings, and the staircase is a real mill ladder ascended by means of ropes. I was informed that it was built in this manner as a provision against a descent of the pirates of Barbary, so that it might be easily blocked up with a piece of furniture and defended till succour arrived. The banditti, the pirates, and the plague, must have singularly diminished the pleasures of country life in Italy.

The celebrated villa of the younger Pliny at Laurentum was situated within the limits of the modern villa of Prince Ghigi, an Academic spirit and literary prince. In this instance we do not find the whimsical contrast occasionally seen in the succession of proprietors. Only a very few fragments of the ancient villa are now recognisable, near the present dove-house; but the rosemary, as in

Pliny's time, grows in great abundance on this coast, now frequented only by shepherds and fishermen, then of so gay an aspect and decorated with so many brilliant abodes. The restitution of this villa by Scamozzi has perhaps helped to encourage that kind of architectural translations, to which we are indebted for finding so many monuments in their primitive state,<sup>1</sup> and which is so serviceable even to scholars in explaining antique terms of art. The house of Pliny seems the perfect model of Roman and literary comfort. The idea of the library appears to me peculiarly happy; it was not composed of that multitude of books that are read only once, but of those that we read over and over again without satiety: *Quod (armarium) non legendos libros, sed lectitandos capit.*

The *Isola Sacra*, on which the pompous festivals of Castor and Pollux were formerly celebrated in presence of the prefect of Rome and a consul, is now desolate, defiled, and profaned by filthy herds of buffaloes. This animal was never known to the ancients, as Buffon at first supposed. The discovery of a pretended antique buffalo's head for a while deceived the illustrious writer, but the error was proved by the abbé Fea in his notes on Winckelmann.

The ruins of the port begun by Claudius, enlarged by Trajan, and destroyed by Totila, which had succeeded to that of Ostia choked up with sand, now form a fresh-water pool, the communication with the sea, which has drawn back three miles, being intercepted. Although the hexagonal form of the inner port, the work of the last emperor, may be distinguished, with its walls, magazines, and the well-built brick aqueduct of the outer port that supplied the town with water, it is difficult to judge by these irregular remains of the grandeur of the works, which were placed in the first rank of the monuments of Roman magnificence.

<sup>1</sup> The restitution of an antique monument has always been obligatory on the pupils of the French Academy at Rome; the fourth and last year but one

of their residence at Rome being devoted to that task.

## BOOK THE SEVENTEENTH.

FIRST ROAD TO FLORENCE.—VITERBO.—ORVIETO.—SIENA.—VOLTERRA.

## CHAPTER I.

Saint Andrew. — Ponte Molle. — View. — Poussin's Walk. — Nero's tomb. — Site of Veii. — Cataract — Baccano.

The road from Rome to Siena lies through a country in general dull and uncultivated; but a short distance on one side of it are the villa of Pope Julius, the magnificent palace of Caprarola, and the duomo of Orvieto.<sup>1</sup> In this part of Italy, art seems superior to nature.

The church of Saint Andrew, pure and elegant, by Vignola, erected by Julius III., in memory of his deliverance from the imperial soldiers in the sack of 1527, on Saint Andrew's day, was built on this spot because the head of the apostle had been left there some time when it was brought from Peloponesus to Rome.

The *Ponte Molle*, formerly Pons Milvius, one of the spots most famous in history, which witnessed the arrest by Cicero's order of the Allobroges' envoys, Catiline's accomplices, the nocturnal orgies of Nero, and above all, the religious and social victory of Constantine over Maxentius, retains nothing antique, but some of its piles. The old tower was cut into the form of a triumphal arch in 1805, and the statues were put up at the same time.

The setting sun, from the centre of this bridge, is one of the finest scenes in the Campagna of Rome. The gilded mounts of La Sabina, the course of the Tiber, the long files of shattered aqueducts, form one of those sights full of grandeur and melancholy nowhere else to be found. A small foot-path which runs along the river side from the town to *Ponte Molle*, was one of the favourite walks of Poussin, who selected from this majestic and poetical horizon the skies

and backgrounds of his landscapes.

Despite its inscription and the sculpture, of the period of decline, the sarcophagus of Publius Vibius Marianus and his wife Reginia Maxima is always called Nero's tomb by the postilions, his crimes and great public works having created him a kind of popularity in Italy.

Half a league east of the *Storta* post-house, an acclivity separated from the plain by two brooks, which by their union form the Cremera, was really the site of Veii, as the excavations of 1811 fully demonstrated, by the discovery of a tomb and several fine fragments of statues. The site had till that time been erroneously supposed at Civita Castellane. The citadel and one of the extremities of the town occupied the *Isola Farnese*, a fortress in the middle ages, and now a farm house. The softness of the rock explains the digging of the famous mine which decided the fate of the place, after the conventional ten years' siege of this Roman Troy, which has some details no less fabulous than the siege of the Greek Troy. Beyond the ruins of the rival of Rome, is a very picturesque cataract, near a mill.

From Baccano, Rome rises gradually to view, and the ball of Saint Peter's is visible there. It was from this little marshy town that Alfieri, who had no doubt slept ill, fulminated his terrible sonnet against Rome :

Vuota insalubre region, che stato  
Ti vai nomando, aridi campi incolti;  
Squallidi oppressi estenuati volti  
Di popol rio codardo e insanguinato:  
Prepotente, e non libero senato  
Di vili astuti in lucid' ostro involti;  
Ricchi patrizi, e più che ricchi, stolti,  
Prence, cui fa sciocchezza altrui beato:  
Città, non cittadini; angusti tempj,  
Religion non già; leggi, che ingiuste  
Ogni lustrò cangiar vede, ma in peggio:  
Chlavi, che compra un dì schindeano agli empj  
Del ciel' le porte, or per età vetuste:  
Oh! se' tu Roma, o d' ogni vizio il seggio?

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book XVI. ch. i.; and *post*, ch. ii. and v.



## CHAPTER II.

Sutri. — Amphitheatre. — Caprarola. — Staircase. — Paintings of the Zuccari. — On the literary protection of the Italian courts in the fifteen and sixteenth centuries. — Palazzo. — Soracte.

After leaving Ronciglione, the traveller must turn to the left to visit the antique Sutrium, remarkable for its tombs dug in a volcanique rock, and especially for its admirable and unique amphitheatre, also cut in the rock, without any building, an Etruscan work of about a thousand paces in circumference, and with all its corridors and six rows of its stages still preserved. Travellers owe their thanks to the owner of the villa on which this amphitheatre depends, the Marquis Savorelli, who has generously cleared away the sand, bushes, and trees with which it was smothered.

A road through woods, rocks, and precipices, leads to the castle of Caprarola, built by Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, nephew of Pope Paul III., the chef-d'œuvre of Vignola and one of the first specimens of modern architecture. The external aspect of the castle, charmingly situated on Mount Cimino, of a character at once majestic, elegant, and solid, seems to blend the palace and the fortress. One of the many remarkable portions of this palace is the winding staircase, so remarkable for boldness and effect. The different rooms, each consecrated either to some historical trait of the Farnese family, or an allegorical subject, are covered with very good paintings by the Zuccari, which justly pass for their best works; the celebrated

and poetical chamber of *Aurora*, by Taddeo, almost destroyed, is the subject of a very pleasing letter addressed to the artist by Annibale Caro, secretary of Pietro Ludovico, and afterwards of Cardinal Ranuccio Farnese.<sup>1</sup> Notwithstanding the exquisite taste of the writer, we may be allowed to doubt the efficacy of this sort of literary direction and ordering, as well as of that of Francesco Molza, another poet and author of Novels, in the service of Cardinal Farnese, who likewise proposed several subjects; for painting, like poetry, has its distinct limits. Taddeo has also represented in the room of the Annals the *Entry of Charles V. into Paris*, between Francis I. and Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, who is on a mule. The three canopy-bearers present the portraits of the brothers Zuccari. Some frescos by Raffaellino da Regio, a painter of great promise who died young, are however, according to Baglione, superior to those of the brothers Zuccari, as he pretends that the former seem living, while the latter are only painted. The arabesques and ornaments by Antonio Tempesta, without being very pure, are effective. He has painted himself on the top of the stairs, fleeing on horseback in woman's clothes, in which manner he is said to have attempted to escape, but was overtaken and obliged to finish his work. Several decorations in perspective are by Vignola himself, who was endowed with a peculiar talent in that department. It is related that when Saint Charles Borromeo visited Caprarola in 1580, he appeared almost scandalised at its magnificence, and exclaimed : *Che sarà il*

<sup>1</sup> Two clever French architects, MM. Debret and Lebas, have published a description of Caprarola, esteemed for its fidelity, arrangement, and knowledge of Vignola's style; it heads their fine edition of the *Oeuvres complètes de Vignole* (Paris, 1815), which unfortunately remain incomplete.

<sup>2</sup> See Letter lxxviii of the *Lettr. poetiche ed erudite*. In my opinion the protection accorded to poets and scholars by the Italian courts of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries has been exaggerated and overestimated: these men of science or genius were miserable enough there. We have seen the dependence of Ariosto (See *ante*, book vii. ch. xii); the misfortune of Tasso is universally known; Annibale Caro, despite his title of commander, was not treated much better: he thus speaks of his condition to Varchi, his friend, and there are many similar passages: "Sono al servizio del cardinal Farnese, e fino a ora le fatiche sono assai, la speranza mediocre, e il profitto magnissimo. Stento volon-

tieri per non islentare sempre; e con tutto ciò non veggo che sia per riuscirmi." Lett. lx. of *Lettr. esortatorie*. We may judge of the pensions the Farnese family allowed their servants by another passage of a letter written by Annibale Caro to Cardinal Alessandro: "Di poco pane ho bisogno, giacchè mi trovo sì presso all' anno sessantesimo, e dall' un canto senza denti da masticarlo, e senza stomaco da smaltirlo." Lett. x. of *Lettr. di Resentimento*. We learn from the letters of Giambattista Doni written in the beginning of the seventeenth century, another epoch of protectors, with what difficulty that illustrious scholar, the secretary of the Sacred College and so well-known, found a person to advance the 150 or 200 crowns requisite to print his excellent treatise on the music of the ancients; and yet Doni did not omit to promise a dedication to the Mæcenas with the customary forms of adulation.

*paradiso! Oh! meglio sarebbe stato aver dato a' poveri tanto danaro spe-sovi; to which Cardinal Farnese sensibly answered: "That instead of giving this money to the poor, he had preferred to let them earn it;" Di averlo egli dato ai poveri a poco a poco, ma fattoglieto guadagnare con i loro sudori.* The palace of Caprarola, though neglected, still seems worthy of its renown and the enthusiasm it formerly excited. The celebrated commentator of Vitruvius, Daniello Barbaro, the greatest connoisseur in architecture of his day, and author of the first complete treatise on perspective, having determined to examine by himself, and minutely, an edifice so highly spoken of by public report, agreed that it deserved still greater elogium: *Non minuit, immo magnopere vicit præ-sentia famam.*

But there is a small, elegant, and graceful composition, which is not, perhaps, less honourable to Vignola than his great and scientific palace, namely, the *Palazzuolo* or casino of Caprarola, situated in the upper part of the gardens, a charming asylum in the midst of woods, formerly ornamented with flowers, vases, fountains, and a fine cascade. From the last terrace the view commands a vast and superb horizon, the most conspicuous object of which is the pointed azure summit of Soracte, an insulated mountain, detached from the chain of the other Sabine mountains, a majestic pyramid commanding the whole Campagna of Rome, and still appearing to have, as with the ancients, something sacred and poetical:

..... Sancti custos Soractis Apollo.<sup>2</sup>

On the summit of Soracte is the hermitage of Saint Orestes (a strange name for a saint!) who gave his name to the mountain as well as the little town half-way up the ascent, which has a charming church by Vignola. This mountain was the first asylum of a son of Charles Martel, elder brother of Pepin-the-Short, uncle of Charlemagne, torn with remorse after gaining a battle, and horror-struck at the thought of how much more blood must be shed to estab-

lish the new authority of his family. This conscientious and timid usurper afterwards passed as a monk to Mount Casino, for he found that the cell of Soracte was not secluded enough, and that too many travellers, principally Franks, came to visit him. At Mount Casino he had the care of the geese; without giving much credence to the legendary story of the goose brought by the wolf to Carloman after he had prayed God to restore it, is not the voluntary retreat of a martial and victorious prince into a cloister a remarkable proof of the ascendancy of monastic ideas at that epoch?

### CHAPTER III.

Viterbo. — Gradl. — Annii of Viterbo. — Fontana Grande. — Palace *del Comune*. — Ardenti. — Tombs. — The fair Galiana. — Cathedral. — Conclave in the open air. — Saint Rosa. — Saint Francis. — Sposalizio, by Lorenzo of Viterbo. — Basso-relievos della Quercia. — Lante villa. — Saint Martin. — Monuments of Norchia and Castel d'Asso. — Bulicame. — Canino.

Near the entrance of Viterbo, outside the Roman gate, is the convent of Dominicans *di Gradl*, which dates from Saint Dominick, remarkable for its fine structure, its charming fountain, covered with a trellis supported by columns, and for the antique aqueduct which begins close by. An old lord of that country, Pietro di Vico, interred in the convent, to which he had bequeathed some great estates that were formerly his principal wealth, ordered his body, in his will, to be cut into seven pieces, in allusion to the seven mortal sins, of which it appears he had been guilty. In the library is the portrait of Annii of Viterbo, a celebrated literary mystifier, perhaps sincere and the dupe of his learning, who had been a monk in the convent.

Viterbo, clean, picturesque, well-built and thinly peopled, has a fine pavement of large flags, as at Florence.

The beautiful fountain called *Fontana grande*, erected from 1206 to 1279, and very ornate for the time, receives an abundance of water from an antique aqueduct. It justifies the first surname of

<sup>1</sup> A similar remark is attributed to Saint Charles when he went to the Lante villa, and the same reply to Cardinal Gambera. (See the next chapter.) Cardinal Scipione Borghese, as we have seen, was also of the same opinion. (See *ante*, book XVI. ch. v.)

These opinions seem to indicate a rather remarkable liberality of opinion in the Sacred College of the time.

<sup>2</sup> *Æn. XI*, 785.

Viterbo, called the town of fine fountains and of handsome girls.

The palace *del Comune*, begun in 1264 and finished under Sixtus IV., has a small and very elegant fountain in its court, as well as two Etruscan tombs, of a larger size than usual, with inscriptions and figures in relief. The historical and topographical frescos of Baltassare Croce, a pupil of Annibale Carraccio and imitator of Guido, in the *sala Accademica*, so called from being used for the sittings of the Academy *degli Ardenti*, one of the oldest and least distinguished in Italy, are easy, harmonious, natural. The cabinet of the academy, formed in 1821, contains several vases, sarcophagi, and other Etruscan and Roman antiquities: two large tombs in burnt earth, with figures half-reclining on the cover, are remarkable. In the room of the paintings, a *Madonna and St. Joseph*, is by Francesco Romanelli. The chapel has a *Visitation*, true, original, by Crescenzi, a painter of Viterbo, who died young in 1625.

On the front of the little church of Saint Angelo in *Spata* is a fine Roman sarcophagus, with a basso-relievo of a boar hunt. On the sarcophagus is an inscription purporting that it contains the ashes of the fair Galiana, who, according to the ancient and romantic chronicles of Viterbo, was the handsomest woman of her time, an Helen of the twelfth century, who kindled a war between Rome and the republic of Viterbo. It is related that the victory rested with the Viterbians, and that the Romans, ere they retreated, only asked in the capitulation to be allowed a last sight of Galiana, who was accordingly shown to them from one of the windows still existing in the exterior of an old tower of the ancient gate of Saint Anthony. Viterbo seems to have been, at very different periods, the theatre of the adventures of beauty. A French lady, who was nowise inferior to Galiana, was imprisoned there in 1799, after the retreat of our army; but, says Courier, the satirical chronicler of the campaign, she was retaken with the place.

The Gothic cathedral of Saint Laurence, erected on the site of a temple of Hercules, has several subjects of the life of *St. Laurence and St. Stephen*, of Benefial's best works: at the high altar the *Glory of St. Laurence*, by Francesco Romanelli, and some other subjects of

the *Saint's history*, by Urbano, his son, also of Viterbo, a young man of great promise, who died young. In the sacristy, a large *Christ*, praised, with the four Evangelists, is by Albert Durer, and a medallion on the roof, by Carlo Maratta.

The chapter library, not very extensive, is remarkable for the books of the celebrated critic and scholar of Viterbo, Latino Latini, who has covered them with marginal notes, published in part by the canon Magri,<sup>1</sup> and for some manuscripts.

Beside the cathedral, the ancient palace of the bishop, a monument of the thirteenth century, still retains the hall in which was held the conclave that named Martin IV., after thirty-three months, in obedience to Charles of Anjou, after the insurrection he had excited at Viterbo. Travellers are still shown the part uncovered when the roof was taken off by order of the captain of the people Raniero Gatti, in order to force the eighteen cardinals of this procrastinating conclave to make their election, and there is preserved in the town archives a curious demand of these cardinals, whose rations had also been diminished, which is dated from the *roofless* palace of Viterbo, in which they request permission to let some of their sick colleagues retire. The palace has some other ruins also associated with pontifical history, namely, the walls of a chamber which the disreputable Viterbian pope, John XXI., had built, and which, in falling suddenly on the 10th of May 1277, caused his death.

In the church of Death is a boasted *St. Thomas putting his finger in the Saviour's wound*, by Salvator Rosa.

At the high altar of Saint Ignatius, *the saint* is by the Cav. d'Arpino. A *Calvary*, in the sacristy, a small painting attributed to Michael Angelo, seems more probably by Marcello Venusti, who, without affecting his style, ably imitated him.

The pretty fountain of the Herb market, one of the four fine fountains of Viterbo, has been thought worthy of Vignola.

The convent of Saint Rosa preserves the body of the saint intact, a black mummy of the maiden who raised the people against the domination of the

<sup>1</sup> Rome, 1677, folio.



emperor Frederick II., went into exile, and returned in triumph to her country after Frederick's death, a heroine of the thirteenth century, who died at the age of eighteen, and who, in her lifetime, had been canonised by the Guelph party of Rome.

At the church of Saint Francis, near the Roman gate, a *Deposition of Christ*, by Sebastiano del Piombo, after Michael Angelo's design, a great mulatto figure, the only one left tolerably free from retouching, is of extraordinary effect.

The elegant fountain of the piazza *della Rocca*, erected in 1566 by Cardinal Alessandro Farnese, legate at Viterbo, is ascribed to Vignola.

At the antique church of Santa Maria *della Verità*, outside the gate of Saint Matthew, the *Sposalizio*, a grand, naive, and noble fresco little known, is remarkable for the history of art. The artist, Lorenzo di Giacomo of Viterbo, who finished it in 1469, after having worked at it twenty-five years, seems a worthy pupil and imitator of Masaccio: the personages are portraits of the most notable people of the town, and the ancient chronicler of Viterbo states that he is therein painted under the semblance of an old man of about sixty-eight years, in a violet dress, and black stockings.

At the church of the Observantines *del Paradiso*, the *Virgin and some saints*, a half-lunette on the outside, attributed to Leonardo Vinci, is still very fine. The *Flagellation*, by Sebastiano del Piombo, is pointed out by Lanzi as the best painting at Viterbo.

The church of the great convent of La Quercia, from Bramante's designs, also filled with those manikins, grotesque *ex-voto* offerings, of which we have already spoken,<sup>1</sup> preserves behind the high altar the image of the Madonna on the antique and venerated oak, from which it was found suspended. Over the three doors, some excellent basso-reliefs in burnt clay, by the brothers della Robbia, though exposed to the air for above three centuries and in the middle of the fields, have still the same freshness as if they had just come from the hands of these brilliant artists. The magnificent

ceiling of the church is in the style of the splendid ceiling of Santa Maria Maggiore, which it resembles in all but the gilding.

The agreeable Lante villa, at Bagnaja, with its two palaces, terraces, and gardens, was begun by Cardinal Riario, the accomplice of the Pazzi, embellished and terminated by Cardinal Francesco Gambera, bishop of Viterbo. This villa, now almost deserted, is of the best period of Italian architecture, and has been attributed to Vignola. The effects of the water are unexpected, extraordinary, and the water is thrown up and falls like rain from the tops of the trees. Under a thick shade, a stone table, thirty feet long, is divided by a channel of limpid water, to increase the coolness of the air. The modern villa, therefore, frequently approximates to the refined practices of ancient luxury, and one would say that it has escaped the ravages of time, and has never ceased to be inhabited by the ancient Romans, who might return thither and believe themselves still at home.<sup>2</sup> The cascade of the Lante villa, in its fall from the mountain, takes the shape of an enormous lobster (*gambero* in Italian), a whimsical allusion to the name of Cardinal Gambera.

The palace of Saint Martin, belonging to the Doria family, has a superb winding stair by which carriages may pass to the upper stories, and contains a charming portrait of the famous Donna Olimpia Maidalchini, with her bed, her rich high-heeled brocade slippers, and part of her furniture of leather printed with gold.<sup>3</sup> The traditions of the country are not very favourable to Olimpia's morals, and it is related that the peasants whom she invited to her stealthy rendezvous disappeared through a trap-door, like those of the lewd Margaret of Burgundy, and other anonymous lovers of certain princesses and great ladies.<sup>4</sup>

The solitary and gloomy vales of Castel d'Asso and Norchia are worth visiting now for the number and importance of the Tuscan monuments they contain. The ruins of the latter seem to indicate the existence of some unknown and flourishing city. The basso-relievo of one

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book ix. ch. xxii; and book x. ch. xi.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, book xvi. ch. i.

<sup>3</sup> See *ante*, book xv. ch. xxiv.

<sup>4</sup> Similar traditions exist at the Valentini, a castle

near Turin, and near Bellagio on the lake of Cosmo. (See *ante*, book iv, ch. ix, and *post*, book xii. ch. ii.)

of its superb tombs, curious monuments of Græco-Etruscan art, presents the only example in Italy of an antique fronton so complete and extensive.

Two miles from Viterbo, the famous *Bulicame*, a small lake of sulphureous water which emits vapour and seems almost boiling, and from which an ever-flowing brook proceeds, still exists as in the days of Dante :

Quale del Bulicame esce 'l ruscello  
Che parton poi ira lor le peccatrici,<sup>1</sup>

and of the weak and servile imitator of that great poet; Fazio degli Uberti;<sup>2</sup> but the brook is no longer frequented by courtesans, being only applied to the honest purpose of soaking hemp, which it effects in twenty-four hours.

The town of Canino, eight leagues from Viterbo, has acquired a lasting fame from the excavations made there by Lucien Bonaparte, the brothers Feoli, and the Candelori society. The discovery of the statues and especially the vases has made a revolution in archeology which throws a vivid light upon the history of the religion, manners, civilisation, arts, festivals, and games of the ancient nations of Etruria, and their direct and intimate relations with Greece, whose noble idiom they appear to have known and perhaps spoken with their vernacular tongue, as most of the inscriptions are in Greek. The appearance of these treasures buried for more than twenty centuries has caused, it is true, the despair of more than one amateur, by rendering certain articles common and vulgar which he thought unique and inestimable.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Via Cassia.—Naviso.—Montefiascone.—Cathedral.—Saint Flavian.—Fuger.

Half way from Viterbo to Montefiascone, towards the *Fontanile* (watering-places for cattle), a hundred paces from the road on the left, is a long piece, pretty well preserved, of the ancient *Via Cassia*, with some curious remains of

the thermæ of Mummius Niger Valerius Vigellus, who had been consul.

A little beyond is the dull *Naviso*, which several antiquarians suppose the sacred lake Vadimon of the Etruscans, celebrated for the battle they lost there against the Romans, whose two first lines they intrepidly broke through sword in hand, and only yielded to the triarians and the horse. The disappearance and annihilation of the Etruscans dates from this defeat : the political existence of this active nation was then changed into an idle and effeminate town life, and its absolute dependence on its conquerors was disguised under the vain title of the united Italian people. The present *Naviso* has not preserved the phenomenon of its floating islands covered with grass, rushes, and reeds, which in clashing together seemed to engage in real combats, as we read in the younger Pliny's pleasing description.<sup>3</sup>

The aspect of Montefiascone, on an isolated hill, is rather commanding, and the view is admirable. The cathedral, an octagonal cupola, of fine proportions, the circumference of which forms the whole of the temple and a most elegant ensemble, was constructed by San Micheli. Several little palaces of excellent taste, and of the best style in the details and the framework of the doors and windows, are of the youthful and wild epoch of this great artist, who afterwards became so holy and scrupulous.<sup>4</sup>

At one of the gates on the road to Rome, is the church of Saint Flavian. From the little gallery, on the front facing the valley, Urban IV. (Jacques Pantaléon), a great pope of Champagne who lived at Montefiascone, gave his benediction to the people. The strange irregularity of the arcades of the upper church, and medley of semicircular and diagonal arcades in the subterranean chapel, indicate the epochs of the foundation and restoration of the church, the former in 1030, the latter in 1262. In the latter chapel the German bishop Fuger is interred, who died at Montefiascone from drinking too freely of *moscatello* wine. He is sculptured lying on his tomb;

have not succeeded in making it clearer or more readable.

<sup>1</sup> *Inf.* can. xiv., 79.

<sup>2</sup> See ch. x of book v. of his *Dittamondo*, a kind of descriptive poem of the fourteenth century, published at Milan in 1826, with various readings and corrections by Perticari and Fr. del Turia, who

<sup>3</sup> "Sæpè inter se majores minoresque quasi cursum certamenque desumunt." *Epist.* lib. viii., xx.

<sup>4</sup> See *ante*, book v. ch. xlv.

on each side of his mitre and under his arms are two goblets. The chapel, dark and cold, is not unlike a cellar, and were it not for the sanctity of the place, it would seem a last allusion to the prelate's propensities. The most probable explanation, in my opinion, of the celebrated epitaph, *Est, est, est, et propter nimum est Johannes de Fuger dominus meus mortuus est*, seems that given me by a learned Roman. The bishop, a lover of good wine, sent his secretary on before him when travelling to ascertain where the wine was good, and to apprise him of the places by the word *est* (it is there). It is this fatal *est*, thrice repeated at the door of the tavern of Montefiascone, that the secretary has engraved on the tomb of Fuger.

### CHAPTER V.

Orvieto. — Duomo. — Hell. — Stalls. — Chapel of the Madonna of San Brizio. — Reliquary of the Corporal. — Well.

The many travellers who only take the high roads with the post for their itinerary know little of Orvieto except its white wine, yet this little and picturesque town has on its steep rock which the rays of the setting sun seem to gild, one of the most ancient, richest, and most curious monuments of art in Italy, its cathedral, founded in 1290 in memory of the miracle of Bolsena, perhaps the most remarkable work of the time, which shows the first steps towards the renovation of architecture. The architect, Lorenzo Maitani, was of Siena, it appears that after giving the plans he returned home, and paid but little attention to the works, as the inhabitants of Orvieto constrained him to reside there in 1310, allowed him a salary sufficient to enable him to remove his family, and granted him the rights and privileges of a citizen. Such was the ardour with which they urged forward the elevation of their pious and national construction, that persons were paid in summer to carry water to the workmen that they might lose no time. The front, one of the finest and most richly ornamented in Italy, has been frequently struck by lightning, and the great pictures in mosaic on the upper part were almost entirely renewed at the end of last century. In spite of Vasari, Lanzi,

d'Agincourt, and all the travellers and guidebooks, Nicolao Pisano cannot have executed the sculptures of that front, which were done long after his day;<sup>1</sup> they must be by Giovanni and his best pupils, as Arnolfo Lapo, Agostino and Angelo of Siena, and especially by Goro di Gregorio, another Sienese, less cited, but equally clever. We there see the *Last Judgment*, *Hell*, and *Paradise*, subjects treated before the appearance of the Divina Commedia, and most admirable for vigour, fecundity, and imagination. The *Abraham sleeping* has been described by M. de Lamennais: "In his dream the patriarch sees the destinies of his race bound up with those of the world: his mind's eye embraces centuries with a kind of creative power, the entire future of the human race seems to swell beneath the wrinkles of that broad forehead."

The stalls of the choir, a wonderful mosaic in wood, are the work of Sienese artists of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

The paintings of the church are: the *Madonna*, a fresco of 1417, one of the most graceful works of Gentile da Fabriano; the *Marriage of Cana*, fresh in colouring; the *Virgin praying to her son*; the *Pool of Bethesda*, skilful in the naked parts, but of an affected expression and heavy in the architecture, by Pomarancio; the *Resurrection of the son of the widow of Nain*, by Taddeo Zuccari; the *Apprehension of Christ*; *Christ before Pilate*; the *Flagellation*; *Christ crowned with thorns*; *Christ at Calvary*, easy and expressive works by Muziano.

The great frescos on wood in the chapel of the Madonna of San Brizio were painted in 1499 by Luca Signorelli, then nearly sixty years old. The *Last Judgment*, so remarkable for taste, drawing, expression, and anatomical science, explains the Sixtine chapel, which it preceded by forty years, and Michael Angelo, who had studied it. Canova also drew from this chapel, his group of *Cupid and Psyche* being an imitation of two figures rising from the dead. The fine *Choir of Prophets*, by Fra Angelico, has a superb *Moses*; his *Christ sitting in judgment* inspired the *Christ overwhelming the wicked* of the Sixtine.

<sup>1</sup> Cicognara, *Stor. del Scult.* II., 138.



The paintings near these are by Benozzo Gozzoli and several of his pupils. This chapel of the Madonna presents a singular mixture of Christian ideas and Pagan associations, for we also see there the portraits in fresco of Virgil, Ovid, Seneca, Statius, Claudian; the first, in good preservation, has light curly hair and is crowned with laurel; the *Descent of Æneas into hell*, very much injured by a bishop's tomb; the *Combat of Hercules and the Centaurs*; *Perseus and Andromeda*; the *Rape of Proserpine*; *Orpheus and Eurydice*; and other mythological subjects; *Diana, Pallas, Venus*, and some lascivious naked figures, some part of which have been prudently covered with wainscot. On contemplating this mixture of sacred and profane antiquity, one would say that the genius of letters and arts had then produced a kind of poetical restoration of polytheism, and that the two religions, as in the first days of christianity, were again opposed to each other.

The reliquary enclosing the holy corporal of Bolsena is in the shape of the front of the duomo. The figures, ornaments, and paintings in enamel are a precious work of the Sienese goldsmith Ugolino Vieri, and bear the date of 1338. Among them is the *Wolf suckling Romulus and Remus*, the artist having wished to comprise an emblem of his country in his marvellous work.

Several modern sculptors and architects have successively increased the embellishments of this cathedral of the thirteenth century. San Micheli made the chapel of the Magi, the sculptures of which, highly praised by Vasari, are by Simone Mosca and his son Francesco. Donatello executed the *St. John* in the baptistry. A *Piety*, a masterpiece of taste and expression; a superb *St. Sebastian*, for which the artist was paid ten crowns, though it is worth ten times the sum; the *Four Evangelists* and the ornaments of the beautiful wooden pulpit; a *St. Thomas*; a lifelike portrait of the artist, are by Ippolito Scalza of Orvieto, a worthy pupil of Michael Angelo, for a long time surveyor of the works of the cathedral at a hundred crowns a year, and author of the elegant front of the public palace, as well as of the ornaments of the doors and windows of many

houses of Orvieto. This great artist of the sixteenth century, so badly paid by his countrymen, who were more liberal to foreign and inferior artists, at last obtained the two hundred crowns of the preceding architects of the duomo, but he was forbidden to sleep a night away from the town without permission of the general council of fifty members, of whom he afterwards, it is true, became one. The *St. Matthew*, by Giovanni Bologna, resembles the frank and firm style of Michael Angelo. The *St. Paul*, by Francesco Mosca, is only a bungling copy of the Farnese *Hercules*. An *Annunciation*, a group of extraordinary effect, though the disdainful air of the Virgin, the bound book that she presses to her bosom, and the attitude of an Angel astride on a zig-zag cloud placed on a pedestal, are ridiculous enough, passes for the masterpiece of Francesco Mocchi of Orvieto, the fantastical sculptor of the *Veronica* of Saint Peter's.

The wide and deep well with two spiral stairs, one over the other, dug in the rock by Antonio San Gallo when Clement VII. took refuge with his court at Orvieto after the sack of Rome, one of the principal works of this kind, is worthy of the ancients and proves the varied talents of the great artist.

## CHAPTER VI.

Forest.—Bolsena.—Borders of the lake.—Eels.—Islands of Bisentina and Martana.—San Lorenzo Nuovo.—Acquapendente.—Contrast.—Radicefani, —Montepulciano.—Madonna di San Biagio.—Buonconvento.

On the new road from Orvieto to Bolsena is a superb forest of oaks, intersected by ridges and ravines, where I one day lost myself and had too much time to contemplate its localities.

Bolsena was the ancient *Vulsinii*, rather more towards the mountain, one of the principal of the twelve great Etruscan cities; it was destroyed by the Romans, and they boasted finding there two thousand statues, a population superior to that of the present town, of fifteen hundred souls. The famous miracle, the prodigy of Raphael at the Vatican, took place at the church of *Santa Cristina*. In a damp and dirty chapel, the spot where the blood fell is still shown, now covered with an iron grating. The hill of Bolsena, a curious assemblage of

<sup>1</sup> See post, ch. xl.

black, hard, sonorous basaltic columns of different forms and crowned with brushwood, is picturesque, and very interesting in a geological point of view.

The borders of the lake of Bolsena are enchanting. I had no opportunity to judge of the matelot of eels with white wine sung by Dante, and which Pope Martin IV., expiated by fasting :

..... E purga per digiuno  
L'anguille di Bolsena in la vernaccia ;<sup>1</sup>

for they seem now to have become scarce, and are only caught, as I was told, in spring. These famous eels are the subject of a pretty story in a letter addressed by Petrarch to great French pope Urban V., a letter burlesquely displaying all the ancient national pride of the Italians: *Quum Benedicto XII. Vulsinii lacus anguillæ, miræ magnitudinis, et saporis insoliti, missæ essent, exiguâ sibi parte servatâ, non multis post diebus, dum ad eum ex more advenissent, earumdem mentione ortâ, ut erat jocosus in sermone, si prægustassem, inquit, scivissemque, quales erant, non fuissem tam largus distributor; sed nunquam credidi, tale aliquid nasci posse in Italiâ.* (Pope Benedict XII., a baker's son, and surnamed *Fournier* from his father's trade, was from the neighbourhood of Foix.) *Quo dicto Io. de Columnâ cardinalis subito sic exarsit, ut diceret, mirari se, quod ita vir doctus, qui multa legisset, excellentem cunctis in rebus Italiam ignorare.*<sup>2</sup>

The two little islands, now almost without inhabitants, *Isola Bisentina* and *Isola Martana*, were formerly visited with great pomp in autumn by Leo X., who, after enjoying the pleasures of the chase in the environs of Viterbo, went there for fishing, the only resemblance this magnificent pontiff bore to the first apostles. In the island of Martana, the smallest and wildest of the two, the great queen of the Goths, Amalasonte, the only daughter of Theodoric, was secluded and murdered by order of her second husband Theodatus: this lady's misfortune contrasts with the gay pastimes of the two popes. Tradition

pretends to point out the remains of the fort where Amalasonte was confined, and also the trace of a stair cut in the rock which led down to the shore. On these islands were likewise pleasure-houses belonging to the Farnese family; but nothing now subsists except a few ruins of palaces and a church which they had built, and which the pencil of the Carracci had embellished.

The village of San Lorenzo Nuovo, with a fine square, was generously founded by Pius VI. at his own cost, to afford an asylum for the inhabitants of San Lorenzo Vecchio, who were afflicted with summer fevers arising from its unhealthy situation at the bottom of a ravine, which has since become the occasional resort of banditti.

The small and miserable town of Acquapendente, the last in the Roman states, on a steep hill, with its cascade (supplied with rain water only), is picturesque.

A wide desert ravine, mixed with torrents, woods, and rocks, forms a natural and imposing boundary between the Roman state and Tuscany.

The moment one enters this latter country, a perfume of civilisation seems to be diffused around: the fields, the roads, the houses, the garments, the physiognomies especially are no longer the same, and one feels a certain physical and moral culture which the neighbouring state has not. The barbarism of the Italian clock ceases; the custom-officers will hear reason and are not venal; the people can read, and the bread is excellent, a last and infallible symptom of welfare and improvement.

The town of Radicofani, in the midst of pointed volcanic rocks, has the castle that was occupied, doubtless in the manner of other illustrious princes and captains, by the brave bandit-chief Ghino di Tacco, in early life a medical student, who took our indolent, opulent, and obese abbot of Clugny captive, despite his pompous cortege, and so well cured him by bread, white wine, and spare diet, that he had no occasion to take the waters at Siena.<sup>3</sup> The portico of the chief inn, and the fountain opposite, offer even in this wild solitude some traces

<sup>1</sup> *Purgat.* xxiv. 22. It is adduced in support of Dante's accusation that these two lines were written on Martin's tomb :

Gaudent anguillæ, quod mortuus hic jacet ille,  
Qui quasi morte reas excoriabat eas.

<sup>2</sup> *Senil.* l. viii. ep. 7.    <sup>3</sup> *Boccac. Giorn.* X. Nov. 2.

and a certain effect of art which belong only to Italy.

The little and ancient town of Montepulciano is the country of Politian and Bellarmin. The wine of Montepulciano was once famous; Redi makes Bacchus intoxicated proclaim it the king of wines:

Montepulciano d' ogni vino è il rè ;

a superiority already celebrated by Chiabrera :

Se chiedi oggi chi regna,  
Regna Montepulciano.

The traveller will find this town worth turning aside to observe for the good architecture of its palaces; several are by Antonio San Gallo. The church of the *Madonna di San Biagio*, by that great architect, may be regarded as one of the most perfect models of taste. The antique duomo, of travertine, though restored, is imposing.

Near the road, stands the castle of Buonconvento, one of the oldest, most historical, and least injured in the campagna of Siena. It dates from the thirteenth century. The emperor Henry VII., one of the most eager conquerors of Italy, the warlike enemy of the good king Robert, died there on the 24th of August 1313, and Dante, who had so imperiously called him and had written a proud letter to excite him against the Guelfs of Florence, which letter was the cause of his exile, composed a magnificent canzone on his death, one of the most prominent events of that epoch.<sup>1</sup> This plain count of Luxembourg, who became emperor, was not, however, poisoned with a wafer by the Dominican monk Politian of Montepulciano, as the learned Baudrand has since almost demonstrated, notwithstanding the authority of contemporary writers.<sup>2</sup> The antique church of the castle, which seems the older of the two and appears of the

twelfth century, has three *Virgins*, old paintings of the first age of the school of Siena, monuments curious for the history of the art, which prove the wealth and importance of this little town of Buonconvento in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

## CHAPTER VII.

Siena.—Cathedral.—Painted windows.—Pavement.  
—Chapel del Volò.—Painting of Duccio della Buoninsegna.—Tabernacle, by Balthazare Peruzzi.—Chapel of Saint John Baptist.—Library.—Frescoes.  
—Group of the three Graces.—Choir books.—Holy-water vases.—Cupola.—Carroccio masis.—Pulpit.

Siena gives an early confirmation to the favourable impression received on entering Tuscany. Its population is at once merry, intelligent, honourable;<sup>3</sup> but one feels that its mild civilisation, the offspring of the manners and its old liberty, is ancient, and proceeds from a remoter source than the modern science and the philosophical reform of Leopold. The Byzantine poet Marullo Tarcagnota, the rival in love and almost in poetry of Politian,<sup>4</sup> composed this pretty piece in praise of Siena :

Mater nobilium nuruum,  
Antiqui soboles Remi  
Sena, deliciæ Italæ,  
Seu libet positum loci,  
Convalesque beatas  
Tot circumriguis aquis,  
Seu ver conspiciere annum,  
Nativisque rosarilis  
Semper purpureum solum,  
Et colles viridantes.  
Nam quid dicam operum manus,  
Aut tot ditla marmora ?  
Quid spirantia signa tot  
Passim ? quid fora ? quid vias ?  
Quid Deum sacra templa ?  
Adde publica civium  
Jura, parque jugum, et pares  
Cunctis imperii vices,  
Adde tot populorum opes,  
Tot parentia latè

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book vi. ch. v.; book xi. ch. xi. and *post*, book xviii. ch. xiii.

<sup>2</sup> See also in Muratori, t. xv. p. 49, of the great edition of the *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*, a very long and excellent remark of the Siense critic Uberto Benivoglienti on the question whether Henry VII. was poisoned, which he is inclined to look on as a fabrication originated by the despairing Ghibelines and adopted by popular credulity.

<sup>3</sup> This Siense probrity struck me when last there; on my arrival, I entered a bookseller's shop to buy the best description of the town. The worthy man

told that there was a more recent edition, and sent his man with me to the shop where it was sold. In the evening, at the coffeehouse, they returned me half the price of an ice that I had magnificently paid for as at Florence 4 grasses (2 1/2 d.). At that time I was obliged to use a lotion of camphor water for my eyes : my phial, which I had refilled in the towns, cost me a paul at Florence, six grasses at Siena (rather more than half a paul) and three pauls at Leghorn.

<sup>4</sup> See *ante*, book xi. ch. ii. and *post*, ch. xv.



Oppida, adde virum ingenia,  
 Adde artes, nec in hospita  
 Corda Pieridum choris,  
 O verè soboles Remi,  
 Digna nomine, digna  
 Urbs tantis titulis patrum!  
 Te concordia, te bona  
 Pax alat, famis et minarum  
 Immunem, tibi desit  
 Flavis Brandus arenis.

The cathedral, one of the oldest, most splendid, and most characteristic in Italy, appears of divers epoch and architects; but its ensemble must go back to the thirteenth century. The present church, finished in 1331, was only to have formed one of the side naves of the grand edifice which had been projected, but was abandoned on account of the fatal plague of 1348. Among the numerous ornaments of the airy front of 1339, the statues of the *prophets* and the *two angels* prostrate before the name of Jesus, are by Jacopo della Quercia. The busts of animals over the capitals allude to the cities allied with the republic: the griffin, Perugia; the horse, Arezzo, etc. The three busts over the doors represent three Siennese saints. The religious and political reminiscences of the country are thus associated on the front of this temple.

The steeple, an old tower of the Bisdomini, was covered with marble and embellished from the designs of the brothers Agostino and Angelo of Siena, sculptors of the beginning of the fourteenth century, disciples of the Pisan school, and the former was employed in the works of the cathedral from the age of fifteen years. One of the bells in the form of a barrel is dated 1148.

The interior of the basilic, incrustured with black and white marble, with its bold and lofty roof of azure studded with golden stars, and its hexagonal cupola, is singularly religious and venerable. The two majestic columns of the doorway, sculptured in 1483, support an elegant gallery with four basso-relievos representing the *Visitation*, a *Sposalizio*, the *Removal of the Virgin's body*, her *Assumption*, excellent works, but hardly visible. The painted glass of the circular window, executed in 1549 by the clever Siennese artist Pastorino di Giovanni Micheli, on the designs of Perino del Vaga, is of extreme richness. Among the numerous series of popes on the frieze,

the bust of Pope Zacharias is an ancient head of Pope Joan thus metamorphosed in 1600 by order of the grand duke, at the request of Clement VIII. and the archbishop, Cardinal Tarugi. Mabillon endeavoured to find this bust of Pope Joan, but was unsuccessful: Montfaucon is wrong in saying that it was changed into the prophet Zacharias.

The pavement, now unique, comparable to the most precious mosaics of Greece and Rome, but of Italian invention and Siennese execution, a vast *niello* in marble in the best style of composition, ought to be seen from above. It must ever be considered an error on the part of the Siennese artists to have placed figures in clare-obscure on the ground, which cannot be trod upon without injury, and are consequently obliged to be covered. I saw this brilliant pavement cleared of its ignoble planks for the festival of the Assumption: it was a pleasure to kneel there, though the view of such fine works rather interfered with one's devotions. The ten superb *Sibyls* are of the end of the fifteenth century. The *Seven ages of man*, *Faith*, *Hope*, *Charity*, *Religion*, by Antonio Federighi, are not inferior to his *Erythrean Sibyl*; he designed the vigorous composition of the *Battle of Jephthah*, sculptured by Bastiano di Francesco. The *Absalom hanging by his hair* is of 1424. The *Samson*, the *Judas Machabeus*, the *Moses*, the *Five kings of the Amorites*, taken in the cave of *Makkedah*, after Joshua's victory, the vast *Deliverance of Bethulia*, by the old Siennese master Duccio della Buoninsegna, of the fourteenth century, of that school from which, says a contemporary historian, as many good painters proceeded as warriors from the Trojan horse (*ex cujus officina veluti ex equo Trojano pictores egregii prodierunt*), are the most ancient mosaics. The most perfect, among which is a charming *Eve* after the fall, and an *Abel*, are by Beccafumi, who from a shepherd became one of the greatest artists of the sixteenth century, and who made this pavement the pastime of his whole life. The fine *Moses on Mount Sinai*, executed in 1531 for the sum of 840 crowns, was his last work. Other compartments represent *Mercury Trismegistus offering the Pimander* (a book of mystical philosophy by a Christian Platonist, attributed to Hermes

Trismegistus, but of more than doubtful authenticity) to a *Gentile* and a *Christian*; the arms of Siena, in the midst of those of the cities its allies; *Virtue* on a steep rock which Socrates and Crates are climbing, whilst Fortune and other figures stand below; the *wheel of Fortune* with four philosophers in the corners.

The sumptuous chapel *del Voto* was erected by Pope Alexander VII. in honour of the image of the *Advocata*, which has been venerated for centuries at Siena. The *St. Jerome*, the group of angels in bronze, a well executed but incorrect *Magdalen*, are by Bernini; the *St. Catherine* and *St. Bernardin*, by his pupils Raggi and Ercole Ferrata. A *Visitation*, by Carlo Maratta, a *St. Bernardin*, by Calabrese, are reckoned some of their best works. Bernini furnished the model of the indifferent statue of *Alexander VII.*, sculptured by Ferrata. The painting, coated with gold and ultramarine, by Dueccio della Buoninsegna, of 1310, is a work of high importance for the history of the art. The superb carvings in wood of the choir, stalls, desk, and seats of the hebdomadary, belong to different epochs: the oldest, of 1387, were sculptured by Francesco Togni and his son, and ornamented in 1503 with clever works by Fra Giovanni of Verona; the most modern are of 1569, from the designs of Maestro Riccio, and executed by Teseo Bartolino of Siena and Benedetti of Montepulciano. The *Trinity*, in the midst of angels, restored in 1813, is of the old age of Beccafumi, as well as the two frescos placed beneath. The high-altar, simple and pure, is cited as one of the chefs-d'œuvre of Baltassare Peruzzi, called also Baltassare of Siena. The bronze tabernacle of exquisite workmanship, finished in 1472, escaped Cicognara's observation; it cost the Sienese sculptor and painter, Lorenzo di Pietro del Vecchietta, nine years' labour. The eight angels in bronze, on elegant consoles likewise of bronze, were the last work of Beccafumi. The bronze basso-relievo on the ground, covering the grave of Giovanni Pecci, bishop of Grosseto, deceased in 1426, is by Donatello.

The circular chapel of Saint John the

Baptist, of Baltassare Peruzzi's architecture, is decorated externally with excellent basso-relievos and ornaments in marble of Giovanni di Stefano, Lorenzo di Mariano Fucci, Crescenzo di Mario, Calisto di Paolo, artists of Siena, and by the Florentines Raffaello and Filippo da Settignano; internally with elegant gilded basso-relievos of 1596; divers subjects from the *History of Adam and Eve*, sculptured on the altar by Jacopo della Quercia, and the statue of the saint by Donatello, over the place where the relic of his arm is preserved, which was obtained by Pius II. of Thomas Paleologus, the despot of the Morea.

At the entrance of the nave is a charming marble decoration composed of pilasters and wainscot sculptured by the brothers Antonio and Bernardino Jacomo Marzini, and a little altar with a *St. John Evangelist* in basso-relievo, of 1451, by Urbano and Bartolommeo of Cortona, and a *Dead Christ*, a work in burnt earth, by Mazzuola, of 1717, very inferior, as may be imagined, to all the rest.

The room called the Library, where the huge old choir-books are preserved, is, with the pavement of the cathedral, the finest of all. The ten frescos representing the most memorable actions of the life of Pius II. (*Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini*), and the eleventh, outside, the *Coronation of Pius III.*, his nephew, who ordered this library to be built, were executed on the sketches and designs of Raphael, then in his twentieth year, by Pinturicchio, who, despite his fifty years and his established fame, had the good sense to become almost his pupil. These paintings, already worthy of Raphael, have not, however, the high degree of grace and power which he developed in the chambers of the Vatican, and the dry timid manner of Pinturicchio predominates. But the frescos of the Vatican are extremely impaired, whilst the preservation of these and most of the other frescos of Siena, is extraordinary, and it has recently been attributed, with some foundation, to the quality of the colouring earths of the country.<sup>a</sup> The history of the great, learned, and talented Pope Pius II., a man of letters,

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book v. ch. xiv.

<sup>2</sup> S. Targioni Tozzetti, professor of chemistry, and S. Benvenuti, director of the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence, seem of this opinion in their

written approval of S. Marzocchi's mode of his making colours, which were used by S. Benvenuti for the frescos of the cupola of Saint Laurence.

a traveller, story teller, and moralist, is interesting : he was crowned poet by the emperor Frederick III., to whom he had been sent by the antipope Felix, and who made him his secretary. The roof of the kind of sacristy adjoining the cathedral is covered with mythological subjects, and the Greek group of the three *Graces*, in the middle, which Canova imitated, comprises the most voluptuous forms, which would be much more appropriately placed in the Institute of Fine Arts. It was found in the foundations of the church, in which edifice it even remained for a considerable time. This group of the three *Graces* stands between two tombs of brilliant white marble : the first, by S. Ricci, is Mascagni's, an illustrious Siennese surgeon and anatomist of Siena; the second Giulio Bianchi's, governor of the town, and is a very elegant work by S. Tenerani. The superb choir-books, ornamented with rich miniatures by Fra Benedetto da Matera, a monk of Mount Casino, and Fra Gabrielle Matei, a Servite of Siena, were formerly more numerous; some of them were taken away by Cardinal Burgos and carried to Spain; others have passed to the public library.

A monument sacred to the memory of Bandino Bandini present a pleasing little statue of *Christ risen from the dead*, a *Seraph*, and two *Angels*, of Michael Angelo's fiercely youth. He also executed at Florence, by order of Cardinal Francesco Piccolomini, afterwards Pius III., two of the statues of the majestic altar erected by that cardinal, in 1485, on the designs of the clever Lombard sculptor Andrea Fusina. A beautiful *Epiphany*, by Sorri, has been judiciously restored by S. Monti, a Siennese artist.

The holy-water vases are two chefs-d'œuvre differing in kind : one of them, an antique candelabrum, presents some ornaments and mythological details of exquisite workmanship; the other, mounted on a pedestal by Jacopo della Quercia, maintains the parallel.

Against two pilasters of the unique and elegant hexagonal cupola, are two high masts of the Carroccio<sup>1</sup> taken from the Florentines by the Siennese in the battle of Monteaperti, on the 4th of September 1260, a day of carnage alluded

to by Dante, the bard of all the places and all the feats of Italy in his day :

Oud' lo a lui : Lo strazio e 'l grande scempio  
Che fece l' Arbia colorata in rosso,  
Tale orozion fa far nel nostro tempio,<sup>2</sup>

which shows to what a pitch the ancient Italian valour was maintained in the civil wars of the middle ages, among these citizen soldiers, and before the introduction of the mercenary arms of the *condottieri*. They did not then think, as was shortly afterwards pretended by the cautious Florentine historian Matteo Villani, that the military service of citizens was useless and often fatal. This Carroccio was bravely defended by an old man of seventy, the Cav. Giovanni Tornaquinci, senior member of the Guelph party, who seeing the Florentines routed, encouraged his sons and other companions to imitate him, rushed headlong amid the enemy, resolved not to survive the ruin of his country, and was slain fighting. I contemplated the great black wooden crucifix which the people of Siena carried to the battle; it is placed over the altar, on an inferior white stucco basso-relievo of the last century, which renders it very conspicuous. This crucifix of Monteaperti, as it is called, reminded me of the traitorous and inconsistent exile Farinata, put in hell by Dante, who had combated the Florentine army, but refused openly to destroy Florence, his country. After the victory, the Siennese gave their town the title of City of the Virgin (*Civitas Virginis*), added on their coins to the words *Sena Vetus*; pompous feasts were celebrated on the occasion, and the captive Carroccio figured there, drawn backwards.

The admirable pulpit, by Nicolao Pisano, which he executed in less than two years for the magnificent sum of 8 sols per day (the sol of that time was equal to the present livre) for himself, 4 sols for his son Giovanni, and 6 for his pupils (the whole expence was 65 livres); this splendid monument, of a sculpture so noble, natural, poetic, and so terrible in the compartment of the damned of the *Last Judgment*, attests the progress of the art and of the great artist too. The ornaments of gilt crystal, the works of Pastorino di Giovanni Micheli, costs 98 livres 8 sols. The elegant stair,

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book v. ch. iv.

<sup>2</sup> *Inf.* x. 85.



worthy of comparison with the antique master-pieces, seems taken from some design of the illustrious Peruzzi.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Hospital della Scala.—Frescos of the Infirmary.—Saint John Baptist.—Carmine.—Saint Augustine.—Steeple.—Tolomei college.—Innominati.—Saint Peter.—Saint Martin.—Conception.—Trinity.—Educatorio of the nobles.

The hospital of *Santa Maria della Scala*, one of the most ancient hospitals known, dates from the year 832; it was founded by Fra Sorore, who instituted the congregation of lay brothers of the order of Saint Augustine, and is, like the other hospitaliers, a monument of that religious civilisation which preceded the various kinds of civilisation in Europe. The splendid church was rebuilt in 1466, on the designs of Guidoccio Cozzarelli. At the high-altar the fine bronze statue of *Christ risen* is by Vecchiatta, and a *Christ dead*, extended, a basso-relievo by Mazzuola, is tolerably effective. The great *Pool of Bethesda* of the gallery, for which some sick persons of the hospital sat, is regarded as the best painting of Sebastiano Conca. The five frescos of the infirmary of Pellegrinajo, painted in 1440 by Domenico di Bartolo, represent the attentions of *Christian charity* towards the sick, the *Marriage of young girls*, the *Indulgence accorded to the hospital by Celestine III.*, an incident from the *Life of the Blessed Agostino Novello*, divers *Saints, Patriarchs*, and *Prophets*; they are of great interest for artists, and Raphael and Pinturicchio have imitated the national costumes and the noble action of the horses. But whatever the merit and originality of these paintings may be, it is difficult coolly to contemplate them, when immediately beneath are dying or diseased human beings, whose real and living pains, sunken eyes, and languishing countenances snatch you from the sweet impressions produced by the efforts of art. The hospital of La Scala contains more than three hundred beds and is excellently managed. It has recently acquired a lustre by the labours and discoveries of Mascagni, the founder of pathological anatomy, who is a native of a village near Siena.

The graceful oratory of the quarter *della Selva*, begun in 1499 by the corporation of Weavers, was finished in 1507 on the designs of Baltassare Peruzzi. There is a spirited and easy *Epiphany*, by Petrazzi, a Sienese artist of the seventeenth century, who, as well as the other painters of his school, preserved the taste of a better time at an epoch of decadence; a *St. Sebastian*, warm in colouring and well composed, by Sorri. The front portal of travertine also displays Peruzzi's manner.

Saint John the Baptist, formerly a baptistry, a vast church which plunges under the duomo, with a high front of the year 1317, belongs to the first Tuscan sculptor; the *Baptism of Jesus Christ*, *St. John conducted to Herod*, are by Ghiberti, as his *Commentaries* prove, which have been discovered in manuscript at the Magliabecchiana; *Herod's banquet* is by Pietro Pollajolo; the *Calling of St. Joachim*, by Donatello; the *Birth of the Forerunner*, the *Preaching in the desert*, some few of the little statues are by Jacopo della Quercia, and the elegant basso-relievos of the tabernacle are ascribed to Vecchiatta.

The cloister *del Carmine* and the light steeple of the church are by Peruzzi. The remarkable paintings of the latter are: a *Nativity*, begun by Riccio and finished by Arcangelo Salimbeni; *St. Michael*, by Beccafumi; the *Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew*, pathetic and varied, the chef-d'œuvre of Casolani, reckoned a true painter by Guido, who said of him, on passing through Siena, that painting had taken refuge in Casolani.

In the court of the convent is a narrow and very deep well, still called *Pozzo di Diana*, which for a long time made the Sienese believe that the fabulous river of Diana flowed under their town, a pretension derided by Dante:

Tu li vedrai tra quella gente vana  
Che spera in Talamone, e perderagli  
Più di speranza, ch' a trovar la Diana.<sup>2</sup>

I confess that in looking down the well of Diana, the tradition of the middle ages did not appear so foolish to me as to the poet, since the researches of M. Arago respecting the circulation of many sub-

<sup>1</sup> See ante, book x. ch. vii.

<sup>2</sup> *Purgat.* XIII., 151.

terranean rivers and the existence of immense sheets of water in stratified ground, an accident to which the soil of Siena may very likely be inclined.

The oratory of Saint Ansano in *Castel Vecchio*, rebuilt in 1453, has on its door an animated fresco by Rustichino, who also did a noble and simple picture of the *saint*, the *Eternal Father*, and an *Annunciation*, near the altar.

The church of San Quirico and Saint Juliet, which is supposed to have been a temple to Quirinus (a surname of Romulus), was rebuilt in the Tuscan order, in 1598, by one of its rectors, Ottavio Preziani, who adorned it with good paintings. The following may be distinguished: a *Dead Christ*, expressive, by Casolani; some little *Angels*, elegant, in the choir, by Salimbeni; another *angel*, very fine, on the *Tomb of Jesus Christ*, by the same, his last work; and two of the best paintings of Francesco Vanni, the *Meeting of Christ and the Virgin*, touching, true, and a *Flight into Egypt*, in the style of the Bolognese school, imperfectly imitated by Albano.

At Saint Paul, the *Ascension*, of the high altar, is a beautiful and correct work of Brescianino, the pupil and successful imitator of Soddoma.

The church of the confraternity of Saint Lucy presents another masterpiece of Francesco Vanni, the *Death of the Saint*, whose head is sublime.

The ancient church of Saint Augustine, repaired and completed by Vanvitelli, is rich, and remarkable for its paintings: the *Communion of St. Jerome*, perhaps a compulsory imitation of the Carracci, is by Petrazzi; an admirable Epiphany, altogether in Leonardo Vinci's style, is by Soddoma; a *Bearing of the Cross*, full of expression, by Ventura Salimbeni; a *St. Jerome*, by Spagnoletto; the *Saint writing his treatise on a Happy Life*, by Sorri; the *Baptism of Constantine*, a spirited composition, by Francesco Vanni.

The ancient and long celebrated Tolomei college, confided to the regular friars of the Pious Schools, has occupied the convent of the Augustines since 1820. This fine college, who might receive a hundred pupils, but has now only thirty or thereabouts, was once exclusively devoted to the education of the nobility, and the P. Ricca, then a brilliant professor (but when I saw him an infirm old

man), having taken advantage of the French administration to propose the admission of plebeian youth, the grand duchess refused her assent, and upheld the aristocratic privilege of the college. Latterly this regulation has been adhered to less rigidly; the principles of equality professed by a great part of the nobility, gradually insinuate themselves into the very heart of the absolute states of Italy, and the Tolomei college now receives the children of the enlightened and independent classes of society. The decrease in the number of pupils does not imply a decline in the studies, for it is probable they never were better: several professors are men of great merit, such as P. Linari, professor of physics, Pendola, of philosophy, both professors at the university. This decrease seems principally to arise from families in the north of Italy being prohibited from sending their children to study out of the country.

The convent of the Augustines is also the place for the sittings of the academy *degl' Innominati*, which has greatly fallen from its olden fame, like most of the academies of this kind, and is now perfectly worthy of its modest title.

The elegant oratory of Saint Joseph, the original design of which was by Peruzzi, has a *Virgin*, of the sweetest expression, of the year 1504, and by Bartalini, the favourite pupil of Vanni.

At the ancient parish church of Saint Peter in *Castel Vecchio*, repaired at various epochs, are: a fine *Assumption*, by Rustichino; a *Repose of the Holy Family*, in Guercino's best style, the masterpiece of Rutilius Manetti, buried by its side.

The church of Saint James is a monument of the victory won in the 25th of July 1526, at the Camollia gate, by the Sienese over the Florentines, the allies of Clement VII., from whom they took fourteen pieces of cannon, their flags, and baggage. Lorenzo Lini, the first of the old masters of the revival of good painting at Siena, who was at the battle, was charged by the town with the execution of the little painting of the *Virgin*, *St. John Baptist*, *St. Christopher* and *St. James*. The *Martyrdom of the saint*, a fine work by Rutilius Manetti, appears in the style of Gherardo delle Notti. In the sacristy, a *Bearing of the Cross* obtained the encomiums of Soddoma.

The majestic church of Saint Martin



was erected in 1537 on the designs of Giambattista di Pasquino del Peloro; the front, of 1613, is by Giovanni Fontana, of Cosmo. The *Battle gained by the Sienese at the Camollia gate*, in 1526, is a curious painting by Lorenzo Cini; he received for his salary, and that of his assistant Vincenzo di Mo. Pietro, eight some of wine,<sup>1</sup> 22 measures (*staja*) of corn (about 15 gallons), 6 measures of salt, and 6 florins. The *Circumcision* by Guido cost 1,500 crowns. A *Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew*, by Guercino, now horribly black and spoiled, produced him 800 *ducatonì*, and 14 *braccia* (nearly eight yards) of plush (*peluzzo*) of Siena. The statues in burnt earth, by Jacopo della Quercia, have been ridiculously coloured.

In the oratory of Saint Justus, the *Virgin, St. John Baptist and divers saints*, is a brilliant work by Manetti.

In the little square of Saint Justus, a column of red oriental granite is whimsically placed upside down in contempt of the idol which was formerly worshipped there.

The Conception, of the bold and simple architecture of Baltassare Peruzzi, supported by ten columns of granite, several of which are in one block, has some remarkable paintings: a *Nativity*, warm and harmonious, by Casolani; a *Birth of the Virgin*, in Guercino's style, by Rutilius Manetti; a *Massacre of the Innocents*, by Matteo di Giovanni, of 1491, one of the most esteemed repetitions of his naïve composition; a majestic *Crowning of the Virgin*, by Fungai, in which this Sienese artist of the sixteenth century has gone back to the imitation of Mantegna and the ancient manner; an *Annunciation*, in which the Virgin and Angel are of Francesco Vanni's youth, and the stuccos by Franchini; another fine *Annunciation*, by Vanni, unskillfully retouched.

At Trinity church are: the majestic fresco of the *Victory of Clovis over Alaric king of the Visigoths*, by Raffaello Vanni; a ceiling, majestic and brilliant, by Ventura Salimbeni; a *Virgin*, delicately painted, by Matteo di Giovanni.

The church of the house appropriated

to the education of noble females, called *il Refugio*, has a pathetic *Sposalizio of Saint Catherine*, by Francesco Vanni; a little and very graceful *St. Raymond* (the confessor of Saint Catherine and patron of the church) healing a sick person, by Rustichino; an *Epiphany*, by Petrazzi, like Paolo Veronese for the richness of the garments, and a fine *St. Gallan in the desert*, by Salimbeni.

I was obligingly invited by two excellent ladies of the *Refugio*, who had been so kind as to show me the paintings of the church, to visit their house, which is much too large for their twenty pupils. But the proofs of nobility requisite for admission to the *Refugio*, founded by a descendant of the banker Ghigi, are exacted with such unreasonable rigour that it is by no means surprising to see the number so low, and the establishment so languishing. The same decay attacks most of these noble boarding-schools that are so determined in keeping up their dignity, and are fit for nothing now but to corrupt infancy by the pretensions of superannuated pride.

## CHAPTER IX.

San Spirito.—Goni Gandinelli.—Santa Maria di Provensano.—Saint Francis.—Door.—Christ at the column, by Soddoma.—Saint Bernardin.—Saint Catherine of Siena.—Saint Dominick.—The oldest Italian painting.—Fonte Giusta.—Sibyl, by Peruzzi.

The grand portal of the church of *San Spirito*, is by Peruzzi. The paintings are: *St. James, St. Anthony, St. Sebastian*; the *Virgin and divers saints*, by Soddoma; a clever *St. Hyacinth*, by Francesco Vanni; four subjects from the *Life of the same saint*, lively and graceful, by Salimbeni; an easy *Descent of the Holy Ghost*, by Nassini; *Christ, the Virgin, St. John and the Magdalen*, a fresco admirable for sweetness and harmony, by Fra Bartolommeo, in a corridor; an elegant *Cataletto*,<sup>2</sup> by Vanni; a fine *Crowning of the Virgin with Sts. Peter and Paul*, by Pachiarotto, a Sienese painter of the fifteenth century, who would have been hung as the ringleader of a riot without the help of the Observantine

<sup>1</sup> The *soma* was the load of a beast of burthen, varying in quantity in different towns. The *soma* of Siena was equivalent to two hundred and fifty-six Tuscan pounds (nearly two hundred weight).

<sup>2</sup> A kind of bier, extremely ornamented, on which the confraternities remove the dead from the house to the church, and on which they remain exposed.



friars, to whom he was indebted for the means of passing to France. He worked with the Florentine Rosso at the frescos of the palace of Fontainebleau; but he did not die there as supposed, for he returned to Siena.

The thirty-eight windows of the steeple of Saint George are allusions to the thirty-eight companies of soldiers that fought at the battle of Monteperti, and the *Martinella*, the bell of the *Carrocchio* taken from the enemy, was hung there. The church, the front of which is ridiculously praised by Lalande, was renovated in 1741 on the irregular designs of the Milanese Cremoni. The clever Siennese painter of the sixteenth century, Francesco Vanni, is interred in this church; his tomb, of coloured marble, is by Michael Angelo Vanni, his son, who boasts, in the inscription, that he had discovered the means of colouring the marble. Francesco Vanni, in his passion for the great men of the art, had given his two sons the names of Michael Angelo and Raffaello. The latter appears to have sustained his dangerous surname better than his brother, and the title of cavalier which they both obtained, as may be seen by the *Christ at Calvary*, placed on the left of the cross-aisle of the church, and reckoned his masterpiece.

At *Giovannino in Pantaneto*, may be remarked a graceful little *Nativity of the Virgin*, by Martelli, an imitator of Salvator Rosa; the *Saint in the Desert*, by Petrazzi. At the entrance is the following epitaph consecrated by Alfieri to his only and veritable friend, Gori-Gandellini, a silk-merchant of Siena, son of the author of the *History of Engravers*, who requested him to compose his *Congiura de' Pazzi*, and whose mind and virtues he has so poetically celebrated; this epitaph is diffuse, and of a low order of lapidarian style, but touching, and characteristic of its author:

Hic jacet  
Franciscus Gori-Gandellini  
Senensis Civis  
Cujus fortasse nomen  
Posteris minus innotescet  
Eo ipso quod

\* See the sonnets CXXV, CXCII, CXCIII, where he thus speaks of Gandellini:

Alte virtudi, ed umil fama.....  
E scritto in viso: io son d'alta natura.

Vanitatum omnium vere contemptor  
Inclarescere noluit,  
Præmatura morte suis ereptus  
Nemini graviolem luctum reliquit  
Quam Victorio Alferio Astensi  
Qui virtutis ejus sibi penitus cognitæ  
Æstimator non emptus  
Breve hoc illi posuit monumentum  
Nunquam peritura amittitæ.  
Vixit annos XLVI mensem I dies XXVII  
Obiit die tertio septembris  
Ann. Dni MDCCLXXXIV.

The collegiate church of Santa Maria di Provensano, begun in 1594 and finished in 1611, of a light and noble architecture, by Fra Schifardini, a Carthusian of Siena, and Flaminio di Turco, has an *Annunciation*, by Rustichino, of whom Lanzi said, that if he pleased in his other works, he was ravishing in this; the *Holy Family*, given by Lalande as one of Andrea del Sarto's best things, is not by him, and the real author is unknown.

The vast church of Saint Francis, erected by the people of Siena, on the designs of the brothers Angelo and Agostino, presents sundry precious objects of art saved from the fire of the 23rd of August, 1655, which consumed the roof, part of the front, and several excellent paintings. The portal, so noble and simple, constructed in 1517 by Luca of Montepulciano, is like the antique door of Saint Cosmo in the *Campo Vaccino*. The four enormous pictures at the altars in the nave, by Nasini, highly praised by Cochin, and thought admirable by Lalande, appear below mediocrity. At the first altar, the *Limbo of the holy Fathers* is a justly celebrated painting by Beccafumi. Annibale Carraccio found few pictures equal to the *Deposition*, by Soddoma, who also did the *Christ at the column*, a superb fresco in the first cloister, the finest work of the author, which some have even preferred to Michael Angelo's frescos, nor is it inferior to them. The lower part of this *Christ* has been destroyed by the humidity proceeding from the well of the convent kitchen; the upper part bears the marks of musket shots fired by the different troops that have been lodged in the con-

And the beginning of the last sonnet:

Deh! torna spesso entro a miei sogni, o solo  
Vero amico ch'io avessi al mondo mai.

vent : these balls, on beholding such a chef-d'œuvre, seem for a moment almost as sacrilegious as the outrages on the Saviour.

The oratory of Saint Bernardin, composed of two little rooms one over the other, is an admirable monument of Siennese art, so resplendent is it with works of its first masters. The *Virgin, the Saint, and St. Catherine*, is by Francesco Vanni, then only sixteen years old; the graceful *Tobia Tolomei dying*; a *Dying Woman and three Angels* are by Rutilius Manetti; three *Angels*, pleasing, the lunettes of the *Child gored by a Bull*, and the *Drowned person*, by Ventura Salimbeni; the *Assumption*, in Leonardo's style; the excellent fresco of the *Visitation*; the *Presentation of the Virgin at the Temple*, very noble, and the finest painting in the oratory; a *St. Louis*, defaced, which was praised by Aretino, by Soddoma; the *Death of the Virgin*, so vaunted by Vasari; a *Sposalizio*, remarkable for the architecture, by Beccafumi; the *Annunciation*, the *Nativity of the Virgin*, perfectly composed, by Pacchiarotto. In the sacristy, a graceful basso-relievo of the Virgin with John the Baptist and two angels, is by Giovanni di Siena, the worthy son of Agostino, one of the authors of the celebrated sculptures on the front of the duomo of Orvieto.<sup>1</sup>

Saint Peter a Ovile possesses the *Death of St. Joseph*, the best work of Simondio di Ventura Salimbeni, and a *Holy Family*, one of the least mannerised works of Folli, a Siennese artist of the beginning of the seventeenth century.

At Saint Christopher, a little church that was modernised in 1800, is the very fine *Virgin with St. Paul*; and the *blessed Bernard*, by Pacchiarotto.

The house of Saint Catherine of Siena, in the *Strada dell' Oca*, the dyer's shop, and the *Fullonica*, of her father, have been converted, by a decree of the grand council of the republic and the town, into pious oratories magnificently ornamented. The paintings represent divers subjects from the marvellous history of that saint, that mystic, who was connected with the events and politics of her times, and was eloquent and a purist without knowing how to write.<sup>2</sup> In the house may be distinguished:

the *Demoniac delivered by St. Catherine*, grand, and in Paolo's style, by Sorri; the *Christ taking the saint's heart*; her *Canonisation*, the two crowns that were offered her, by Francesco Vanni; the roof is among the most vaunted works of Nasini, and the miraculous image of *Jesus Christ crucified*, which stigmatised the saint, the work of the celebrated Giunta of Pisa, who flourished at the beginning of the thirteenth century and is esteemed the first propagator of the art in Tuscany. In the oratory of the ancient Fullonica are: the *Stigmata of the saint*, by Soddoma; two elegant loggie by Jacopo Cozzarelli; the ideal and rich *Visit of St. Catherine to Saint Agnes of Montepulciano when dead*, by Pacchiarotto; the *Saint pursued by the Florentines*, by Ventura Salimbeni.

The ancient and spacious church of Saint Dominick, successively embellished and enlarged by the decrees of the republic of Siena, being begun in 1220 and not finished till 1463, attests the magnificence of this state. The pointed arch which boldly sustains the cross-aisle merits and attracts the notice of architects. We may distinguish: an expressive *Nativity of the Virgin*, by Casolani; *St. Catherine reciting the service with Jesus Christ*; her *Death*, by Gamberelli; her *portrait*, contemporary, and reputed a likeness, by Andrea di Vanni, a painter of the close of the fourteenth century, an important personage in the republic, captain of the people, and ambassador to the pope, whom Lanzi sur-named the Rubens of his age, and to whom Saint Catherine addressed a letter on the art of good government; a *Crucifix*, ascribed to Giotto; the clever and precise *Martyrdom of St. Peter*, by Arcangelo Salimbeni; the elegant and pure *Demoniac*, by Francesco Vanni; the *Ecstasy*, a *Miracle*, the *St. Catherine fainting away* and aided by two sisters, a chef-d'œuvre of Soddoma: the latter is affecting, Raphael-like, and reckoned by the enraptured Peruzzi as the most perfect imitation of a swoon; a dramatic *Miracle of the loaves and fishes*, by Ludovico Dondo of Mantua; the *B. Ambrose*, in Beccafumi's taste, by Rustichino; at the high altar, the marble Tabernacle and two Angels, at-

<sup>1</sup> See ante, ch. v.

<sup>2</sup> See post, ch. xlv.

tributed to Michael Angelo; the celebrated *Madonna*, of 1221, by Guido di Ghezzo, of Siena, the most ancient Italian painter, prior to Cimabue, whose Virgin and graceful infant Jesus have already lost the squinting and stiff expression of the Byzantine works; a noble *Crucifix*, one of Ventura Salimbeni's best paintings; a *St. Hyacinth*, by Vanni, picturesque.

In the cloister, which has a vault remarkable for its ancient construction, are several tombs of professors. One of these tombs, that of the Bolognese professor Guglielmo Tolomei, proves the old reputation of the university of Siena and the courageous compassion of this master for youthful frailties. On his tomb we read the following anecdote of 1321: in that year the students of Bologna, led by Tolomei, came to settle at Siena, because the life of one of their comrades, Jacopo of Valencia, condemned to death for an attempt to carry off a girl, had been refused to the united prayers of them and their masters.

At Saint Sebastian, Folli has distinguished himself by his graceful frescos in clare-obscure on the roof, and his other fresco of the *Saint before Diocletian*. The two *Martyrdoms of the same Saint*, by Sorri, recall Tintoretto's style.

The present church of the convent of Saint Jerome was built in 1681 by a legacy of the sister Innocenza Guelfi, increased by a large donation from D. Agostino Ghigi, who does not appear very disinterested, as he had seven daughters in the convent. The inner church has some frescos of Vasari's school, and the cloister a *Crowning of the Virgin*, by Perugino.

The church of Fonte Guista was built in commemoration of the battle won in 1482 by the Sienese over the Florentines. A *Visitation*, drawn by Riccio, was coloured by his pupil and relative Anselmi, then very young, who left this work only at Siena, and afterwards attained celebrity at Parma. The marble altar, sculptured in 1517 by the brothers Mazzini, is an exquisite work. The famous *Sibyl announcing to Augustus the advent of Jesus Christ*, by Peruzzi, so divinely inspired, but greatly damaged, is not surpassed by the Sibyls of Raphael, not to mention those of Do-

menichino, Guido, and Guercino. This admirable figure is indeed the only one, for Augustus and his favourite Mænas appear very vulgar. Among the *ex voto* of the church of *Fonte Giusta* there is one really illustrious, namely, the immense whalebone, the small wooden buckler encircled with iron, and the sword, consecrated by Christopher Columbus on his return from the new world, as a memorial, according to an antique tradition, of the veneration he had entertained from his youth for the Madonna of Fonte Giusta, when he studied at the university of Siena, and of the intercession he had obtained from her in saving him from shipwreck. Had it not been built in commemoration of a victory, the immortal names of the unfortunate Columbus and Peruzzi would suffice for the glory of this little church.

## CHAPTER X.

Piazza del Campo.—Portico.—Subterranean aqueducts.—Fonte Gaja.—Palace del Pubblico.—Tower del Mangia.—Chapel of the Piazza.—Hall delle Balestre.—Lorenzetti.—Hall of the Consistory.—Archives.—Theatre.—Musical taste of the Sienese.

The piazza del Campo, a fine structure in the form of a shell, composed of artificial soil supported by strong walls, a real republican and democratic forum, with its gallery, and eleven streets terminating therein, is cited by Dante:

Quando vivea più glorioso, disse,  
Liberamente nel campo di Siena,  
Ogni vergogna deposta, s' affisse.<sup>2</sup>

The piazza del Campo was at first called *della Signoria*; but Dante having given it a new name, the official title disappeared before the poetical designation. Our poets would have great difficulty to invent a name and make it popular for that large paved and bitumenised square, which was at first called after its royal and worthless creator, afterwards took the fit and bloody name of Place de la Révolution, and has since received the moral name of Concord. The piazza del Campo, the scene of popular tumults in the middle ages, is now merely the theatre of the feast of the famous *Palio*, on the 15th of August, a horse race in which the prize is contended for by the

<sup>1</sup> See ante, book ix. ch. vii. viii. and ix.

<sup>2</sup> *Purg.* xi. 433.



different quarters (*contrade*) of the town, which retain their ancient names and limits almost unaltered.<sup>1</sup>

The portico of the *Corso*, now the casino of the nobles, was erected in 1417 by decrees of the consuls of the merchants, the town of Siena contributing 600 florins a year towards it. It became the seat of the tribunal of commerce, whose laws and decisions were the rule and guidance of the other Italian republics. The *St. Peter* and *St. Paul* are by Vecchietta; *St. Ansan*, so admired by Michael Angelo; *St. Victor*, by Jacopo della Quercia; the paintings on the roof, by Matteino and the brothers Rustici. The beautiful marble seat is said to have been designed by Peruzzi.

The subterranean aqueducts, fifteen miles in length, bringing an abundant supply of water to *Fonte Gaja*, twelve other fountains and three hundred and eighty cisterns, works now in bad repair, which occupied two centuries in their construction, are a singular honour to the Sienese republic. Charles V., after inspecting them, thought Siena more admirable below than above-ground, and they seemed worthy of the Romans to Cosmo III. This republic was in this instance much more prudent than Florence, where for want of aqueducts which might bring water from Fiesole, they are obliged to drink unwholesome wellwater.<sup>2</sup> The arrival of the water at the fountain of the piazza *del Campo* on the 1st of June 1343, the feast of Pentecost, was celebrated by great rejoicings: for eight consecutive days every company repaired thither in costume, dancing and singing till evening, returning at night after traversing the whole city by torchlight with dance and song. "I have seen," says the chronicler of the time, Agnolo di Tura, "more than five thousand torches burning there at once, without including innumerable small ones." The basso-reliefs of the fountain, the most important work of Jacopo della Quercia, unhappily damaged, procured that great artist his celebrated surname of *Jacopo della Fonte*.

The palace *del Pubblico*, begun in 1295 and finished in 1308, the architecture

by the brothers Angelo and Agostino, breathes the liberty of the middle age, and perhaps its traces have been nowhere preserved more religiously. That was the epoch of great constructions and popular and anarchical governments in Tuscany. Such was the antipathy against the nobles at that day, that a despotic law had been enacted in concert by the different states, to the effect that none should be admitted to public offices without renouncing their nobility, an example followed at Bologna, Padua, Modena, and other towns of Italy.

The tower *del Mangia*, begun in 1325 and terminated in 1344, takes its name from the mechanic who made the wooden statue, coated with iron plates, which struck the hours. Leonardo Vinci came to examine this tower in 1502, and he admired its boldness.

The chapel in the piazza before the palace, built to commemorate the cessation of the plague of 1348, the most terrible of the six plagues that have wasted Siena, which, in the space of four months, carried off more than eighty thousand inhabitants, was not finished till 1376. It had been demolished four several times by seditious and bigotted artisans of that democracy, to whom it was offensive.

The apartments of the ancient tribunal *di Biccherna*<sup>3</sup> offer some good paintings. The following may be remarked: the *Two thousand Sienese sent to the crusade of 1098*, by Domenico Rutilius Manetti. Over the door of the chancery, a *Holy family with the saints Ansan and Galgan*, by Soddoma, is perfect. The *Crowning of the Virgin*, a vast fresco in this chancery, of the year 1445, by Sano di Pietro Lorenzetti, a harmonious composition, full of variety, and already remarkable for the draperies, was renovated by Ventura Salimbeni; beneath it, among some verses addressed by the first painter to the Virgin, are these pious lines:

Steti raccomandata  
La tua dritta e fedel città di Siena.

On the ceiling, the *Coronation of*

tions, weights and measures, civil registry, public exhibitions, etc.; it was abolished at the promulgation of Leopold's regulations.

<sup>1</sup> See *Variétés italiennes*.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, book x. ch. xii.

<sup>3</sup> This tribunal, which was instituted under the republic, had authority over the taxes, confisca-

*Pius II.*; *St. Ansan*, *St. Savinus*, *St. Crescentius*; the *Donation of Radiconfani* by *Pius II.*; the *Privileges accorded to Siena* by that pope, are by Astolfo Petrazzi; and the *St. Victor* and *St. Joseph*, graceful, by Tornioli, a good pupil of Rutilius Manetti. At the archives della *Comunità*, a *Christ risen*, a fresco by Soddoma, almost invisible from the darkness of the corner where it is placed, presents several difficult foreshortenings treated in a superior manner. The hall delle *Balestre* (of the Crossbows), covered with allegorical patriotic paintings, a really national monument, shows the spirit of the times as well as of the republican government of Siena, and might make one think that Montaigne judged it too severely when he said: "*Que la ville est de tout temps en partialité, et se gouverne plus follement que ville d'Italie.*" In this hall are pictures of the *Virtues* necessary to the prosperity of a state, and of the *Vices* tending to its destruction, naive frescos, executed in 1338 by Ambrosio Lorenzetti, restored in 1491 by Pietro di Francesco degli Oriuoli, in which artists may cull a rich booty. In the hall of the council, *St. Ansan*, *St. Victor* and *St. Bernard*, other chefs-d'œuvre of Soddoma, the great Siennese master, were done for 272 livres. Above, the fresco in clare-obscure representing the general of the Siennese, *Guido Ricci da Foliano di Reggio at the assault of Monte Massi*, is the only work extant of Simone di Martino, whom Petrarch celebrated: the madriers and warlike engines are curious; they were made by Lando di Pietro, the public military engineer of Siena. The immense fresco of the *Virgin and infant Jesus*, on a throne in the midst of angels under a baldachin, the poles of which are held by the apostles and the patrons of the town, of 1287, and extraordinary at that epoch for grandeur and invention, was ascertained in 1809 to be the work of Sermino di Simone, retouched in 1321 by Simone di Martino. The chapel and room adjoining, executed in 1416, by Taddeo Bartolo, the best painter of the time, are still characteristic. The chapel has several subjects from the *History of the Virgin*; and at the altar, the *Holy Family and St. Calixtus*, resem-

bling Raphael, by Soddoma. The fine position of the organ speaks Peruzzi's taste. The room adjoining has a gallery of illustrious republicans of old, in Siennese costumes, and uttering sentences in Latin and Italian for the instruction of the citizens of Siena. The roof in the hall of the Consistory, by Beccafumi, despite some affectation in the design and attitudes of the figures, is wonderfully brilliant, fresh, and transparent, and procured him from Lanzi the surname of the Correggio of Lower Italy: his *Justice*, so clever in the light and foreshortening, was regarded by Vasari as the best of *Justices*. A lively *Assumption* is by Raphael Vanni: a *Nativity*, in the Carracci style, by Mei, a Siennese painter of the seventeenth century; *St. Ansan justified before the pope by geese*, by Petrazzi. There may also be remarked, as a proof of Siennese intelligence, the portraits of eight popes and thirty-nine cardinals natives of the town. As to writers, their number amounts to more than two thousand. The adjoining room has a pleasing *Procession*, by Marcucci. The lunettes of the great room upstairs are by Francesco Vanni and his school.

The archives delle *Reformagioni* contain the records of the deliberations of the state councils during the republic, government papers, the correspondence and proceedings of the *Balia* and the *Biccherna*, a great number of ancient contracts collected in the volumes of the Kaleffi and Leoni, which are moreover interesting as works of art, as they have elegant miniatures (one of which, of 1334, is by Nicolao di Sozzo), and two excellent drawings with the pen by Giuliano Periccioli. These archives, most interesting for the history of the middle ages, were removed to Paris under the empire, whence, as the keeper acknowledges, they returned in better order than they went.

The antique grand council chamber of the republic is converted into an elegant theatre, one of Bibiena's best.<sup>1</sup> I attended several satisfactory performances of Bellini's *Norma*: the choruses even were executed with an ensemble not usual in Italy; they displayed the innate musical taste of the Siennese, and did not surprise me when I remembered the melodious and tasteful popular cho-

<sup>1</sup> See ante, book VIII. ch. II.

<sup>2</sup> See ante, book X. ch. XXII.

ruses I had heard sung in good time by the young people in the streets, on the preceding nights.

## CHAPTER XI.

Palace del Magnifico. — Saracini palace. — Wolf. — Piccolomini Bellanti palace. — Beccafumi's house. — Roman gate. — San Vienne. — Fonte Follonta. — Loggia. — Piccolomini and Ghigi palaces. — Beauty of the Sienese ladies. — Fonte Nuova. — Branda. — Lizza.

The palace *del Magnifico*, erected in 1504 by the magnificent Pandolfo Petrucci, tyrant of Siena, one of whose descendants was destined to throw the body of Coligny out of window,<sup>1</sup> still preserves on its front some fine rings and branches in bronze, excellent works, too little noticed, cast by Antoniolo Marzini and Jacopo di Benedetto Cozzarelli. The use of these bronze ornaments is doubtful; some pretend that they were intended to receive tapers; it is more likely they served to fasten the horses of the nobles of Siena and their attendants when visiting each other, before the use of carriages. The immense and picturesque Saracini palace, which possesses several chefs-d'œuvre of the Sienese painters, presents in its chapel a *Calvary*, in Raphael's style, by Soddoma.

The ceilings of the two great halls of the Piccolomini palace are painted by Bernard Van Orlay of Brussels, one of Raphael's pupils, who was entrusted by him to superintend the execution of his cartoons for the celebrated tapestries of the Vatican; he died in 1550 painter to Charles V.

The wolf on a column of the piazza *di Postierla* (of the little door) was sculptured by Jacopo della Quercia.

Siena, like most Italian towns, has paintings in its streets,<sup>2</sup> and by its first masters. On the front of the Bambacini house, near the piazza *del Carmine*, the *Virgin and the dead Christ* is a work of Soddoma, very much praised, and regarded as very remarkable by Vasari. Near the arcade of the two doors is a beautiful *Madonna and St. John Baptist*, by Peruzzi.

The new palace of the Cav. Piccolomini Bellanti, a lover of the arts and of antiquity, presents a rich gallery and divers rarities which he has assembled

there: the fresco of *Scipio restoring a Spanish chieftain's wife to her husband*, by Peruzzi; two graceful *Virgins*, by Pacchiarotto and Beccafumi; a pale and living Savonarola preaching, by his sectarian Fra Bartolommeo, with the saints' aureola and gilt flames on the hood, in token of his martyrdom: the portrait of Laura in Provençal costume, engraved and embellished by Morghen for Marsand's edition of Petrarch; *Cicognara*, though he has since changed his opinion, had supposed this one of the contemporary portraits by Simone Memmi, Petrarch's friend, but it must still be of nearly the same epoch.

The Pollini palace is reputed to be from the designs of Peruzzi or Riccio. The frescos of *Susanna* and *Scipio* are ascribed to Beccafumi, and also an ancient *Judgment of Paris* with the *Burning of Troy* in the background, ridiculously metamorphosed into a *Lot*, whose two daughters were Juno and Pallas, and the wife changed into a pillar of salt, Venus; the burning of Troy is meant for Sodom, although the great wooden horse is left.

In the street called *dei Maestri*, from its being the residence of the artists in the best times of painting at Siena, is the house built for his own habitation by Beccafumi. In this little brick-built house of three stories, plain and in good taste, he passed his life in tranquillity, scarcely ever leaving Siena.

At the Bandinelli Bianchi palace, the ceiling of the hall of *Aurora*, by Mei, was thought Guercino's by Joseph Vernet.

The front of the Pannilini palace, towards the piazza of Saint Augustine, is reputed to be by Peruzzi, who has painted divers mythological subjects in a little room. A *Lot* is in Beccafumi's manner.

The great and old Buonsignori palace is of a fine Gothic. Further on, in the street *del Casato*, a *dead Christ*, on the front of the Mensini house, was painted by Folli; and the *Labours of Hercules*, on the front of the Nastasi house, are a clever work in clare-obscure by Giambattista di Giacomo del Capanna.

The majestic Roman gate, of the architecture of the brothers Angelo and Agostino, was built in 1327, and not about 1391, as stated by M. d'Agincourt.

<sup>1</sup> See *post*, ch. xv.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, book v. ch. xvi.



A *Crowning of the Virgin*, a fine fresco of 1422, by Sano Lorenzetti, who received 1,200 livres for it, still attests, though defaced, the precocious progress of painting at Siena.

The fine gate of San Vienne, formerly of Pispini, of 1326, by the architect Maestro Moccio, protects the faith and pious ardour of the Sienese. It was by this gate that the body of Saint Ansan, found by a shepherdess near the Arbia, made its solemn entry, headed by bishop Gualfred, amid the joyous acclamations of the people, who cried : *Il santo viene*, whence the name of the gate. It offers a superb *Nativity*, by Soddoma; the foreshortening of the angel is admired.

The grand *Fonte di Follonica*, a restored edifice, of 1249, was presented in 1489 to the town of Siena by its clever architect the celebrated Francesco di Giorgio. He executed near this fountain the elegant Piccolomini *Loggia*, ordered by Pius II., where the lottery is now drawn, as well as the majestic Piccolomini (now the Government) palace, the finest in Siena, so remarkable for the entablature of its front.

The Ghigi palace has been magnificently decorated by its possessor the marquis Angelo Ghigi, of Siena, a gentleman distinguished for his amenity and goodness : this nobleman, now governor of Siena, instead of pompously installing himself at the Government palace, has the good sense to remain at his own house. The Ghigi palace is also a kind of exhibition of the products of Sienese industry, for its brilliant furniture is of home manufacture. The grand landscapes of the gallery are by Pianpianino, and S. Nenci has painted a little poetical fresco of *Hope* on the ceiling of a little saloon. A very splendid ball was given at this palace by the marquis Ghigi during the fêtes in August 1834 to the grand duke and his family. I had then an opportunity of remarking the charms, the gracefulness of the Sienese ladies, long famous in Italy.

The fountain, still called *Fonte Nuova*, of the year 1250, notwithstanding the inaccurate inscription which makes it only of 1298, is a masterly construction.

The Fonte Branda, made in 1193 by

the sculptor Bellamin at the command of the consuls of Siena, as the end of the inscription still states : *ita Bellaminus jussu fecit eorum*, is not, perhaps, despite the general belief, the Fonte Branda sung by Dante :

Ma s' io vedessi qui l' anima trista  
Di Guido o d' Alessandro o di lor frate,  
Per fonte Branda non darei la vista,<sup>1</sup>

which for very specious reasons must have been in the Casentino and near Borgo *alla collina*.<sup>2</sup> This fountain may be consoled with other verses by Alfieri, who speaks of it lovingly, as well as of Siena :

Fonte-Branda mi trae meglio la sete,  
Parmi, che ogni acqua di città latina.<sup>3</sup>

The upper part, one of the ancient monuments of Sienese art, fell in 1802, and when I saw the fountain it was used by tanners.

The pleasant and cool promenade of the Lizza :

E in su la Lizza il fresco ventolino,<sup>4</sup>

ornamented with statues, occupies the site of a rampart, designed by Peruzzi, and of a fortress erected in 1551 by Charles V., which the people of Siena, excited by France, demolished the year following with such eagerness, that they were on the point of throwing down the very walls of the town.

Opposite the old edifice intended for drying cloth, stands a house, the habitation of a joyous band of Sienese Epicureans of the middle ages, whom Dante so satirically ridicules :

..... Tranne lo Stricca  
Che seppe far le temperate spese,  
E Niccolò che la costuma ricca  
Del garofano prima discoperse  
Nell' orto dove tal seme s' appicca,  
E tranne la brigata in che disperse  
Caccia d' Asciano la vigna e la fronda  
E l' Abbagliato suo senno proferse.<sup>5</sup>

Over the Camollia gate is this inscription, said to have been made in 1604 for the grand duke Ferdinand, but it now speaks to the traveller only, and is borne

<sup>1</sup> *Inf.* xxx. 78.

<sup>2</sup> See the letter written on the 1st of March 1832 by S. A. Benci to Professor L. de Angelis of Siena, who has replied thereto.

<sup>3</sup> See Sonnets cxi. and cxii.

<sup>4</sup> Alfieri, Son. cxii.

<sup>5</sup> *Inf.* xxix. 125.

out by the polite hospitality of the Sienese :

*Cor magis tibi Sena paudit.*

In the dusty avenue of the Camollia gate :

*A Camollia mi godo il pulverone,<sup>1</sup>*

a column erected in 1452 marks the spot where the emperor Frederick met his consort Eleonora of Portugal, on the 23rd of February, conducted by the amiable *Æneas Sylvius* and accompanied by four hundred Sienese ladies, a cortege of honour that may give some idea of the then splendour and riches of Siena, which has so prodigiously fallen since the loss of its ancient liberty.

## CHAPTER XII.

University.—Mausoleum of Arrighieri.

The university of Siena, which dates from the year 1203, is now organized the same as that of Pisa;<sup>2</sup> but it has rarely more than three hundred students, and the professors' appointments are inferior.

The mausoleum of Nicolao Arrighieri, professor of law, formerly in the cloister of Saint Dominick, is curious as a work of art. It cannot be, as pretended on Cicognara's authority, by Goro di Gregorio di Sanese, as his celebrated basso-relievos on the tomb of Saint Cerbonius at Massa della Maremma are of 1323 and this tomb is of 1374; it is more probably by the Sienese master Gano. The basso-relievo representing Arrighieri's lecture room is perfectly simple, natural, and true. It is impossible not to be struck by the importance, the consideration attached to instruction on beholding such a monument consecrated to a professor; the most illustrious of our times are assuredly treated much less magnificently than this legist of the fourteenth century.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Institute of Fine Arts.—Sienese school.—Painting, the expression of society.—Painters, a civil body and functionaries.—Old paintings.

The antique school of Siena, the rival of the Florentine, and perhaps not less

numerous, offers a free, gay, easy, and poetical style, in perfect uniformity with the character of the inhabitants, and painting seems in this case the true expression of society. The painters in this democracy were not a simple confraternity, nor a vain academy, but they formed a civil corps, from which the first magistrates were sometimes chosen, and their statutes received the approbation in 1355, not of the bishop, but of the government. Most of the schools are proud when they can cite two or three masters of the thirteenth century; the school of Siena has a considerable number of them, and some few of a remoter period. The institute of Fine Arts has secured several of their old and glorious works, formerly dispersed in the churches, viz. : a *St. Peter*, and a *St. John* on a throne, though he is more frequently represented in the desert, of 1100, by Pierrolino or Pietro di Lino; a *Christ*, of 1215, by Guiduccio; a *Virgin*, of 1249, by Gilio di Pietro; a *Crucifix*, of 1305, by Massarello; an *Annunciation*, *St. Paul*, *St. Romuald*, a painting in four compartments, extraordinary for its time, the finest work of Segna di Buonventura, a Sienese painter of the beginning of the fourteenth century; a *Crucifix*, of 1344, and a *St. Paul*, by his son Nicolao; *St. Michael*, by Simone di Martino; the *Assumption*, by Pietri di Giovanni; the *Crucifix*, by Stefano di Giovanni; the *St. Sebastian*, by Andrea di Vanni.

The more recent chefs-d'œuvre are : a *Nativity*, in Mantegna's manner, by Francesco di Giorgio, likewise a sculptor and famous architect of Siena in the fifteenth century; a *St. Nicholas preaching*, of 1440, by Giovanni di Paolo of Siena, who has given the saint a Jupiter's head; several saints, by Brescianino; a *Virgin* and a *Nativity*, by Perugino; the *Virgin visiting St. Elizabeth*, and below, an *Annunciation* full of grace and nature, by Pacchiarotto; the two little figures of the Magdalen and Saint Reina, by Fra Bartolommeo; the *St. Michael*, the *Trinity*, the *Birth of the Virgin*, and particularly the *St. Catherine stigmatised*, by Beccafumi; this last painting is regarded as one of his best works, and in his first manner, before he had strained his talent by an impotent imitation of Michael Angelo's energy; a

<sup>1</sup> Alfieri, son. cxii.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, book xi, ch. xiii.

*Paradise*, by Riccio; a *Purgatory*, a *Descent of the Holy Ghost*, by Sorri; *St. Eloi*, by Manetti; a *St. Charles Borromeo*, by Rustichino; a *Nativity*, admirably true, by Soddoma, in which there is a graceful angel, the reputed portrait of the author in his youth.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

Library.—Intronati.—Gospels.—Letters of Saint Catherine of Siena and of Socinus.—Miniatures.—Portfolios of Giorgio Sanese, Peruzzi, and Giuliano San Gallo.—Letters of Metastasio.

The library of Siena, consisting of about fifty thousand volumes and five or six thousand manuscripts, is located in the ancient great hall of the celebrated Academy of the *Intronati* (Simpletons), which passes for the oldest in Italy, but its glory, like that of most other poetical academies of the same kind, is now nearly extinct. In the vestibule are the busts of the archdeacon Bandini (a writer on political economy, the author of a remarkable work on the Maremma, in which he anticipated, as early as 1737, the opinions of the French economists), whose books laid the foundation of the library in 1758, and of P. Giuseppe Azzone, an Augustine, professor at the university, who had considerably augmented that of Saint Augustine now added to this; and several antique sculptures. In the library itself are the busts of the satirical and learned Gigli, publisher of Saint Catherine of Siena, and of the great Siennese improvisatore Perfetti, crowned in 1725 at the Capitol with the laurel of Petrarch and Tasso, but his triumph doubtless escaped the strange accidents to which the *Canzoniere* was exposed.<sup>1</sup>

The oldest manuscript is a copy of the *Gospels* in Greek, of the eighth or ninth century, spoken of by Montfaucon, though he did not see it. The characters are fine, the figures rather awkward, but well co-

loured and gilded: a magnificent binding ornamented with *nielle* covers this precious volume, which belonged to the imperial chapel of Constantinople, was sold at Venice on the fall of the Greek empire, and bought by the agents of the great hospital of Siena, whence it passed to the library.

The manuscript of the remarkable prose translation of the *Æneid*, of the thirteenth century, by Ciampolo de Meo de' Ugaruggieri, a Siennese, explained by the late diligent librarian P. Ludovico de Angelis, deceased in 1832, proves the ancient fitness of the Italian language for that kind of work, in which it has been since honoured by the chef-d'œuvre of Annibale Caro, a Davanzati, Cesarotti, Monti.

The manuscript of the *Letters of Saint Catherine of Siena*, who could not write, is by one of her secretaries, and seems to contradict, by the correctness and purity of style, Buffon's remark that persons who write as they speak, though they speak well, write badly.

Three autograph letters of Faustus Socinus, who sprung from an opulent family of Siena,<sup>2</sup> only recently extinct, are addressed to Belisario Bulgarini, an Italian author of the sixteenth century, who wrote against Dante; the two first of these letters, all in a good hand, are dated from Lyons, on the 28th of July and the 27th of September 1561; the third is dated from Bude on the 30th of October 1577. It is a singular coincidence that such a saint as Catherine and such heresiarchs as the Socinians should be born in the same town; their respective manuscripts preserved at the library of Siena show the transports and almost the delirium of faith beside its absence and its hatred.

Several manuscripts with miniatures are curious with respect to art; namely, the *Ordo officiorum Senensis ecclesiæ*, executed drily, but in 1213, by the canon of Siena, Oderico, bordered with animals and little figures; the *Gradual* of Lec-

haps kept seven weeks for that very purpose (*servata in sabbata septem*).

<sup>2</sup> Two other translations of the *Æneid*, published since Annibal Caro's, though of much less note, are not deemed inferior; these translations are by Angelucci and the P. Beverini.

<sup>3</sup> The Malavolti palace, recently built, occupies the site of their houses.

<sup>1</sup> Petrarch informs us in his Latin letters that the laurel of the Capitol (*laurea Capitolina*) rendered him obnoxious to many envious persons; and that, on the day he was crowned, instead of the scented water usually sprinkled on such solemnities, he received on his head a quantity of corrosive water which made him bald for the rest of his life. His historian, Dolce, further relates that an old woman emptied on him a vessel full of stale urine, per-



ceto, of 1490, by the blessed Antonio Cerretani.

The autographs of Francesco di Giorgio on civil and military architecture, illustrated with drawings by him, gave even then directions for mining and other underground works, which this great artist had taught the celebrated general of engineers Pietro Navarra, to whom the invention is too often attributed, though he was only the first to put it in practice.

The portfolios of the two great artists of the fifteenth century, Battasare Peruzzi and Giuliano San Gallo, are extremely curious. The portfolio of the latter is a small octavo, in which he has traced on parchment ornaments of exquisite taste, inscriptions, and even machines. The portfolio of Peruzzi, a quarto volume, is a precious collection of sketches of things that had pleased him or of his invention. There is, in particular, a sketch of the *Sibyl*, different from the fresco in the drapery and head-dress. The latter is more simple in the sketch, for the hair of the Sibyl is not surmounted by that kind of little yellow bonnet which Peruzzi afterwards added. A plan of fortification for the gate of Saint Mark of Siena, some unfinished works of which are still visible, proves that Peruzzi may be ranked with the great military engineers, like most able artists of that epoch.

Divers autograph letters of Metastasio, of but little interest and published in part, are addressed : twenty-five to P. Azzoni, from 1764 to 1782 ; sixty to abbé Pasquini, a Siennese man of letters, from 1744 to 1768 ; one, of the 1st of April 1773, is written to Maria Fortuna, a poetess of some celebrity ; and another, of the 12th of November 1738, to the architect Bibiena. These autographs are in a handwriting at once neat and elegant like his talent. Several display that complaisance and that weakness common to men of great renown of praising and seeming to admire all the books and verses presented to them.

## CHAPTER XV.

Environs. — L'Osservanza. — Pandolfo Petrucci. — Belcaro. — Judgment of Paris. — Loggia. — Chapel. Cannon-balls. — Cataletto.

The environs of Siena, though not studded with villas like those of Flo-

rence, are pleasant and worth seeing.

L'Osservanza, one mile from Siena, is a vast convent of Franciscans, well situated on the hill *della Capriola*, with a fine wood of evergreen oaks and limpid springs in the valley. The church has great basso-relievos of the *Crowning of the Virgin*, in burnt earth, by the brothers Luca della Robbia, and a pathetic *Calvary*, by Riccio, horribly defaced, and well deserving to be repaired. The celebrated tyrant of Siena, Pandolfo Petrucci, called the Magnificent, the friend and correspondent of Machiavel, whose policy he cleverly practised, and the ally of Cesare Borgia, is interred in a vault of the convent, which had been enlarged by him. Pandolfo, when above seventy and infirm, died of an asthma in 1512, after oppressing his country for twenty-five years, from the day he was the first to scale its ramparts. The sons of the Magnificent were expelled and spoiled ; his somewhat plain tomb, of travertine, was executed by one of Peruzzi's assistants, and it is easy to recognise the taste of that grand master in the disposition and ornaments.

Three miles from Siena is the castle of Belcaro, celebrated for various historical events, and curious for its immense view. In the tenth century, when it was a feudal manor, Catherine induced the government of the republic to sanction the legacy which made it hers, and installed herself there with some young nuns ; but the ardent founder of this convent could not rest quiet in such a solitude, and accordingly left it to run over France and Italy, to reconcile the differences between the pope and the Romans, between the people of Florence and the signiory, and if death had not intervened, between the pope and the Neapolitan court. The holiness and abilities of Catherine had then made her a real mediating power. In the fifteenth century, Belcaro became once more a castle, and in the sixteenth it was the villa of the banker Crescentius Turamini, a lover of the arts, who employed Peruzzi to embellish it. On the ceiling of the vestibule is the great *Judgment of Paris*, cited by Lanzi as the masterpiece of the illustrious artist. Paris is seated with the goddess in front and three women behind, the waiting-maids of the former, who were not before known to have been in attendance ; in the back-

ground, on the same side as the goddesses, are two rivers. A conjecture of certain competent judges is a sufficient elogium for this fresco, which is not known enough: it appears that it was executed from a design by Raphael, of whom Peruzzi had taken lessons at Rome; this design is now lost, though it was used by Marcantonio Raimondi, for the engraving he made from it, in 1539, of a *Judgment of Paris*, like the fresco.

The *Loggia* of three arcades, at the end of the terrace, once presented ornaments, medallions, and little mythological figures in perfect taste; but this charming decoration, a happy imitation of the *Loggia* at the Vatican, was greatly injured by the rain and the whitewash which a mother's scruples had caused to be smeared over the most voluptuous figures about the end of last century; it will be indebted for its regeneration to the talent of S. Monti, of Siena, a very skilful retoucher, who has already delivered them from a part of their rude veils, at the same time removing certain indecencies, and to the zeal of S. Camajori, whose family purchased Belcaro of the last Turamini in 1721, who found this villa almost in ruins, and, a worthy rival of his predecessor, the magnificent Crescentius, became its liberal and intelligent restorer.

Like Palladio at Maser, Peruzzi, on his return from Rome, also risked his little Pantheon in the construction of the elegant chapel of Belcaro with its painted cupola. One feels, in the two villas which I have been the first of French travellers to describe, the admiration that the antique monument had excited in these two men of genius. This chapel is a condensation of Peruzzi's architectural talent. He has covered the quadrilateral and elliptical roof with exquisite figures and ornaments: small genii or angels support the escutcheon of the Turamini, whilst others show and scatter flowers and crowns; at the corners, are four angels bearing golden candelabra; they have no wings, which the situation and their functions would hardly permit, but they do not seem less aerial or celestial on that account. The great *Madonna in the midst of saints*, most of whom are sufficiently cold and

formal, though correctly drawn, was not regarded as Peruzzi's by Wicar; but he may be recognised by the Virgin so full of nobleness and modesty, and he must have left the work unfinished. This attention to the principal figure and indifference about the rest of the composition was common with him, and we have seen that in the Sibyl, she alone is worthy of his pencil.<sup>1</sup>

Part of the ancient fortifications, a kind of long bastions, dependent on the villa, now form a very pleasant promenade, wonderfully airy. There may be seen incrustated six balls shot by the artillery of Charles V., an ally of Cosmo I., when he besieged Siena in 1554. These wrecks reminded me of the courage and endurance of the citizens, and the fidelity of the peasants hanged by the enemy's general, the merciless marquis de Marignan, incensed because their rustic daring braved his cannon, and who soon fixed his head-quarters at Belcaro.

A small wood of holmoaks borders on the villa. On a stone the following opposite verse of Petrarch is engraved:

E l' ombra folta, e l' aure dolci estive.

The clergyman was my cicerone at Belcaro, and he did not fail to point out at the church a *Madonna* of the Rosary, curious for its antiquity. This active and obliging guide boasted during our walk of having withdrawn from a damp place a Cataletto,<sup>3</sup> an excellent copy of another Cataletto, painted by Pacchiarotto, and now in England. I was anxious to see it, though in the hen-house. This wreck of painting excited in me but little less regret than the ruins of Peruzzi's frescos in the *Loggia*. It was impossible not to be struck with the expression of a head of *St. Francis stigmatised*, the nobleness of a *Madonna*, the beauty of a great *St. Bernardin* and the gracefulness of the ornaments. Such is the power, the poetry of Italian art! these figures on a kind of bier, barely visible behind the fowls that were roosting there, and in a musty place hot enough to stifle one, caused me the same emotions as the chefs-d'œuvre exposed in the most brilliant galleries.

<sup>1</sup> See ante, book v. ch. xxx.

<sup>2</sup> See ante, ch. ix.

<sup>3</sup> See ante, ch. iii.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## Maremma.

The draining of the maremma of Siena, begun in 1828, is nearly terminated. Industry and cultivation will confer salubrity on these vast plains, which, when inundated, were a focus of disease and contagion. The population of the town of Grosseto, which in 1833 was two thousand three hundred and twenty-one, was more than quadrupled in 1836. The marshes of Albarese and Giuncola, the lakes of *Bernardo* and *Lagacciolo*, the districts of Scarlino, Compiglia, Piombino, are dry, and likewise the marsh of Castiglione, the most astonishing undertaking of the whole. Certain new and expeditious means of draining, which the work now printing at Florence on the subject of recovering the maremma will doubtless make known, have been employed there. The plans of the learned and venerable Count Fossombroni, the grand duke's prime minister, were ably executed by the engineer Manetti and Professor Pianigiani of Siena. Such results are honourable to the thrifty government of Tuscany, and to the prince whose solicitude has powerfully contributed thereto, and they must be placed in the foremost rank of these useful and difficult works.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Colle.—Invention of paper.—Cathedral.—Saint Augustine.—Tower of Arnolfo.

Colle, an ancient and industrious town of five thousand four hundred inhabitants, is divided into an upper and lower town, the latter called *Spugna*, from the calcareous matter covering the soil. The waters of the Elsa have the property of incrusting with stalactites and hardening any substance thrown into them, a peculiar quality remarked by Dante, for the Homer of the middle ages, like him of antiquity, is still an authority for the natural sciences; these abundant waters work the celebrated papermills, which are said to date from the invention of paper. It is surprising that the epoch of such a discovery, one of the most important of modern times, should be so uncertain. Montfaucon indicates the end of the eleventh century as the pe-

riod; Muratori thinks it much older; Francesco Stelluti, academician of the *Lincci*, in his notes on the satires of Persius, pretends that it was 990, and that the honour of it is due to Fabriano, his native place, whence it passed to Colle. Paper seems to have been invented by the Arabs; it was out of use from the seventh to the tenth century, which doubtless contributed to the ignorance and barbarity of those times. The papermills of Colle were in a flourishing condition about the end of the fourteenth century; and their number, now reduced to eleven, was then twenty-two. The establishment of a printing-office ranked with the first in Italy followed a century after the introduction of painting, and its founder was Lorenzo Lippi, a great Hellenist, and a native of Colle.

The town was shown to me by one of those learned, obliging, and excellent men, such as may be found in every corner of Italy, the canon C\*\*\*\*, the owner of a select library and a very curious collection of autograph letters.<sup>1</sup>

The fine cathedral was enlarged in the sixteenth century by the first bishop Usimbardo Usimbardi of Colle, who also built the episcopal palace. A *Christ in bronze*, by Giovanni Bologna, is one of his good works.

The great and noble church of Saint Augustine, of the fourteenth century, has a *Deposition from the cross*, attributed to Domenico Ghirlandajo or Sodoma, and worthy of those masters, though it is really by Agostino della Porta, who, as well as this painting, is entirely overlooked by Lanzi. Another *Deposition with St. Jerome, St. Francis, St. Catherine*, by Cigoli, the finest painting in the town, remarkable for the sunken appearance of Christ's body, is damaged, but well deserving of restoration.

The tower of Arnolfo di Lapo, constructed by him, was until lately inhabited by the family of that great architect, now nearly extinct, as none but females are left. This tower had just been abandoned on account of its insalubrious site. Arnolfo, though of German origin, was born at Colle, which town has produced, beside its beneficent bishop Usimbardi and its learned printer Lippi, the painter of the fifteenth century, Cennino Cennini, praised by Vasari, and perhaps the

<sup>1</sup> See *Variétés italiennes*.



first who wrote on the nature of colours and the manner of employing them; Bartolommeo Scala, the illustrious secretary and historian of the Florentine republic; the Dominican Giovanni Maria, a geographer and poet, qualities that are but rarely combined; the Florentine diplomatist Paolo di Ser Giovanni; Fra Giovanni Tolosani, an astronomer of the sixteenth century; and in the last century, the clever engineer Fernando Morozzo, who left unpublished some valuable papers on history and hydraulics.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Volterra.—Walls.—Porta dell' Arco.—Cathedral.—Oratory of Saint Charles.—Saint John.—Mausoleum of Volterrano. — San Dalmazio. — Saint Francis.—Confraternity of the Cross.

The enormous and extensive walls of Volterra, laid and held together without lime or cement, and its gates, one of which, called *dell' Arco*, formerly *d'Ercole*, from the temple near it, is in such wonderful preservation, bear testimony to its ancient magnificence, and make it appear like the capital of that mountainous and arid part of Etruria. The gate *dell' Arco*, the chief monument of Volterra, covered with weeds and vegetation, costs nothing in repairs and keeps itself in good condition. The antiquarians pretend that the three great heads on the side towards the country represent rural divinities, the tutelary gods of the town, or more simply three lions as on the gates of Mycenæ and sacred edifices; but these heads are so changed and worn by time that it is impossible to determine what they are. According to the custom of the Etruscans, the outer front of the arch was more embellished than the inner. In no part of Italy are the Etruscan structures so imposing, so characteristic, and Maffei affirms that he who has not been at Volterra can form no conjecture of Etruscan antiquity from description.

The modern town, though greatly fallen from the rank it held at the beginning of the thirteenth century, the period of its consuls and popular government, seems now to recover a little, and the population, which was only eight thousand six hundred and eighty-three in 1814, was nine thousand eight hundred and eighty-three in 1832.

Some of the edifices are very remarkable, and the churches contain some excellent paintings and sculptures.

At the church of Saint Peter in *Selci* the *Immaculate Conception* is a good work by Brini, a painter of the seventeenth century, whose country and school are unknown.

Saint Augustine has, in the choir, an esteemed *Crucifix*, by Currado; a *Purification*, a feeble work by Volterrano, then only nineteen years of age, and returned home during the plague that ravaged Florence in 1630; a fine and miraculous *Crucifixion* of the beginning of the fifteenth century, and, in the sacristy, a curious painting in distemper of the year 1408.

The oratory of Saint Anthony has a *Virgin*, *St. Anthony the abbot*, and *St. Bartholomew*, by Ghirlandajo, which does not seem altogether worthy of that great master, and in the sacristy are several *Saints* executed in 1418 by the Sienese Taddeo Bartolo.

The church of Saint Michael, dependent on the college of the Pious Schools, has the *Saint* and the *Virgin carrying the infant Jesus*, a distinguished work of Carlo Maratta, and the *Saint* the founder of the Order, a copy by Zocchi, and superior to the original by Antonio Franchi. This college of the friars of the Pious Schools, formerly celebrated, is still rather flourishing, and I cannot forget the worth and courtesy of the young professor of rhetoric, P. Fernando Basso, who was kind enough to be almost my *cicerone* at Volterra.

The grand cathedral appears by Niccolao Pisano; its restoration and embellishment in 1574 were ordered by bishop Guido Serguidi, and executed on the designs of Leonardo Ricciarelli, a nephew of the great painter Daniello of Volterra. The traveller may distinguish: at the entrance of the choir, on two spiral columns of good workmanship, two charming angels, and the marble tabernacle of the high altar, by Mino di Fiesole; the *Virgin*, *St. Francis*, and *St. John*, Volterrano's chef-d'œuvre, so remarkable for the beauty of the evangelist's head; the elegant tomb of Saint Octavian, whose intercession delivered Volterra from the plague of 1522, which tomb was ordered by the people of Raphael, called Giovanni Cioli di Settignano; the rich chapel of the Holy Sacrament, from

Vasari's designs; a *Resurrection of Lazarus*, very true, by Santi Titi, better in colouring than usual with him; *St. Sebastian*, scientific in the naked parts, by Pietro Cungi da Borgo San Sepolero; an *Annunciation*, with a pretty landscape in the background, of 1497, without author's name, worthy of Ghirlandajo; the basso-relievos of the pulpit, probably of the thirteenth century; the bust of Pope Saint Linus, by Lucca della Robbia, and the united fragments of the ancient and majestic *paliotto* of the high altar, by Mino di Fiesole, in the canons' cloister; the stuccos of Giovanni di San Giovanni in the chapel of Saint Paul, so varied, so rich in marbles from the quarries of Volterra, and ornamented with a fine *Conversion of the Saint* by Domenichino, insolently retouched by the Florentine Veracini and Franchini d'Arezzo; his *Martyrdom*, not over graceful, by Currado or Guercino, and the *Saint receiving his despatches ordering him to imprison the Christians of Damascus*, by Matteo Rosselli; in the sacristy are a silver reliquary of excellent workmanship, and four small paintings in a good style; one of them, a *Deposition from the cross*, has been attributed to Sodoma.

The oratory of Saint Charles, adjoining the cathedral, seems a perfect museum. A *Magdalen in ecstasy* might be supposed by Guido, had he not himself written to Captain Francesco Incontri that the author was one of his pupils, named Camillo, probably of that ancient family of Volterra, and that he had only made the design, retouched the head and some other parts; a *Virgin*, by Leonardo di Pistoja, has two little angels singularly graceful; an *Annunciation*, by Luca Signorelli, is very natural. The other good works of this brilliant oratory are: a *Nativity*, by Benvenuto of Siena, dated 1470, barbarously blackened by the smoke of tapers; the *Deposition from the cross*, by Rosso; the *Presentation at the temple*, fine in the colouring, one of Naldini's best composed paintings; the *Nativity of the Virgin*, of an admirable colour, by Currado. The tomb of the bishop of Cavaillon, Mario Maffei, of Volterra, a learned prelate, who enjoyed the confidence of Julius II., whose nuncio he was in France, of Leo X., Clement VII., and a friend of Paul III. in his infancy, a

magnificent mausoleum that must belong to one of the clever artists proceeding from the workshops and quarries of the Tuscan town of Settignano; the *St. Joseph*, of Volterrano's youth; the *Holy name of Jesus*, given to the town of Volterra by its author Saint Bernardin of Siena, when he introduced that devotion there in the year 1424; and, in the chapel of the Virgin, the frescos of Benozzo Gozzoli.

Saint John, Gothic, in an octangular form and covered with marble of various colours, may be as old as the ninth century. The inside has been renovated. An expressive *Ascension* passes for the chef-d'œuvre of Pomarancio, who has signed it under the title of Volterrano. The figures of the ancient baptistry are an exquisite work by Andrea di San Savino.

The monastery of the nuns of Saint Linus was founded by Raphael Maffei, called *Il Volterrano*, the feeble translator of the *Odyssey*, the *Oeconomicon* of Xenophon, the *Discourses of St. Basil*, but the learned author of *Commentarii Urbani*, which procured him Politian's esteem and the eucommiums of Ariosto:

O dotta compagnia, che seco mena  
Pedra, Cappella, Porzio, il Bolognese,  
Filippo, il Volterrano, il Maddalena.

He founded the academy of the *Seppolti* of Volterra, still existing, which has for its arms a silkworm's shell with the pretty motto, *Operantur sepulti*. Volterrano, after having been appointed by Sixtus V. secretary of legation to the cardinal of Aragon in Hungary and at Ferrara, on returning to his country, lived almost like a hermit, lodging in a boarded cell, sleeping on straw, and taking no food but bread and water. He renounced all profane erudition, and composed nothing afterwards but lives of saints. His remarkable mausoleum, erected by his brother the bishop of Cavaillon, Marius Maffei, was begun by the able sculptor Silvio of Fiesole and finished by Fra Montorsoli and Stagi of Pietra Santa. The inscriptions are not free from exaggeration, and the *sic itur ad astra* put between the hands of Volterrano scarcely comports with works like his. A *Virgin and St. Linus*, dated 1597, is an excellent painting by Currado.

The convent of San Dalmazio is of Amanato's architecture. In the church, a *Deposition from the Cross*, with a great number of figures, by Rossetti, a pupil of Daniello of Volterra, has that master's vigour.

The church and convent of Saint Francis were erected by the *comune* and people of Volterra, in the year 1251: the arms of the *comune* may be seen on the front of the church, and those of the people in the court of the convent. The celebrated and venerated reliquary contains a piece of the loaves multiplied by the Saviour; it is of barley, and seems still soft. A fine sepulchral marble stone, in good preservation, curious for the costumes and armour of the persons sculptured thereon, covers the remains of Michele di Pigio dei Buonaguidi of Volterra, who rose in arms against his country, negotiated with the ambassadors sent to him on the 26th of January 1370, and obtained an amnesty for himself and his partisans, the enjoyment of his property, and the possession of the castle of Monteverdi, receiving an indemnity of 300 golden florins for the fortifications he had erected there. The painting at the altar of the Crucifix passes for the best work of Daddi, a good Florentine painter and master of the able Volterrano. An animated and graceful *Nativity*, dated 1591, is by Balducci; a good *Conception*, by Naldini; a *Virgin and divers saints*, ordered of Luca Signorelli by a monk of the convent. The tomb of the illustrious prelate Guarnacci, spoken of hereafter, was ordered by him in his lifetime.

The confraternity of the Cross *del Giorno*, built in 1315, adjoins the church of Saint Francis. The richness of the painting in this Gothic chapel, with its azure vault studded with stars of gold, is truly extraordinary. Our witty and pathetic painter Delaroche was struck with it and liked the style. Beside the four *Evangelists* on the ceiling, dated 1410, ascribed to Jacopo of Florence, and the *Massacre of the Innocents*, the *Invention of the Cross*, with other sacred subjects, painted at the same epoch on the walls, by Cenni di Francesco di Ser Cenni, the *Crucifix* of the altar, by Sodoma, is excellent.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Tower del Mastio.—Theatre.—Palace del Pubblico.  
—Library.—Museum.—Pretoria.—Reservoir.—  
House of Daniello of Volterra;—his *Elijah*.—  
Water of San Felice.

On a rock in the highest part of the town stands the tower *del Mastio*, built in 1347 by the duke of Athens, then absolute master of Florence. Occupied for ten years by a Florentine garrison, it was the instrument of that new tyranny which forced a Florentine on the town as captain of the people. When converted into a state prison, it received the unfortunate disciple of Viviani, Lorenzo Lorenzini, unjustly suspected by Cosmo III. of aiding the correspondence of his wife, the princess Margaret of Orleans, with Prince Ferdinand. Lorenzini employed the eleven years of his captivity in composing the work on conic sections, the unpublished manuscript of which, in four thick folio volumes, is preserved in the Magliabecchiana library. I visited the frightful dungeon said to have been Lorenzini's place of confinement, where he could never see the sun, and the trace of his steps is still shown on the brick floor; when Leopold saw it, he was horror-struck, and ordered it never to be used again. There was then, in 1834, another state prisoner at the Mastio; but he, a merchant of Leghorn, was smoking a cigar at his ease on the terrace near the centinel; his chamber had a large glazed window, and his dinner was supplied him from the *Locanda*. If I lamented the loss of his liberty, I could not avoid being struck with the contrast.

The old Guarnacci house with its three towers, one of them as old as the year 1200, has a superb Greek *Hercules* and several other statues.

The abundant, wholesome, and never failing Docciola fountain is a good construction of the year 1245.

On the front of the Ducci house is a funeral inscription in memory of a young Roman of Persius's family, which favours the opinion that the precise and obscure Latin satirist was born at Volterra.

The theatre of Volterra, built in 1819, is one of the finest in Tuscany; it is prettily painted by S. Contestabili, and the curtain represents Persius led by the



Muse to Parnassus, where Apollo shows him the temple of Glory.

The palace *del Pubblico*, formerly the residence of the first magistrate of Volterra, was finished, as the inscription states, in 1247, and though of the infancy of art, it produces a fine effect from the great square. It is now occupied by the library and museum of Etruscan antiquities. The library, established in the hall where public affairs used to be discussed, was bequeathed to the town by a zealous citizen, Monsignor Guarnacci. It is endowed with a yearly income for its maintenance and augmentation by this learned prelate, who died at the close of the last century, the creator of the Etruscan system, since adopted with such ardour. This library of twelve thousand volumes possesses several editions of the fifteenth century of the Greek and Latin classics, of works on antiquity sacred and profane, with several manuscripts; an ivory crosier of the fifteenth century is of excellent workmanship. The museum, begun in 1731 by donations from antiquarians of the town, has been enriched with the fine collection formed by Monsignor Guarnacci, and generously bequeathed by him. Notwithstanding the obscurity and confusion of the nine little rooms of the museum, it is impossible not to be forcibly struck with the antiquity and splendour of Etruscan civilisation on beholding these numerous monuments of stone or alabaster covered with emblems, divinities, the different scenes and accidents of human life, such as sacrifices, banquets, hunting, war, dancing, games, marriages, abductions, enchantments, navigation; these statues, basso-relievs, mosaics, coins, vases, utensils, pateræ, mirrors, lamps, candelabra, bracelets, and other precious wrecks, and the wonderful resemblance of this civilisation to the manners and arts of Greece.\* A stone statue of a woman with an inscription at bottom, seems to be the goddess *Nortia*, the Fortune of the Etruscans. The basso-relievo in tufo, of the bearded soldier, is perhaps the oldest of so many old monuments.

In the great square, the Pretorio palace, now a prison, though of uncertain date, must, from its construction, be at least of the tenth century. Daniello of

Volterra, in his youth, painted a *Justice* on the ceiling of the saloon, which is now almost invisible through the repairs of the edifice.

The ceiling of a small room, by this great artist, in the Masselli house, is worth notice.

At the point called Castello, the reservoir supported by six columns, with its pavement of cement (*signinum opus*) and its walls of mortar, is a solid and noble Etruscan monument.

The house of Daniello of Volterra still exists, and his family, one of the most distinguished of the town, inhabits it. This house is in bad condition, but it is embellished by a superb *Elijah* which recalls the artist's glory.

The fountain of San Felice was ordered in 1319 by the counsel of the twelve defenders of the people of Volterra, in order to receive the waste water; this water possesses some of the properties of sea-water, and is still efficacious in maladies of the skin, obstructions, and other complaints.

The thermæ of Volterra, composed of several small rooms and two baths, were discovered by Monsignor Guarnacci during his unsuccessful search after the amphitheatre; they prove that the Etruscan thermæ must have preceded the Roman.

## CHAPTER XX.

Environs.—Balze.—Badia of San Salvatore.—Salt-springs.

The environs of Volterra present a desolate aspect; the mountain is intersected with deep ravines, black or gray, produced by the rain, which has undermined and washed away the soil. The most fearful of these abysses and of all in Tuscany, called *Balze*, are those of San Giusto, six hundred fathoms long, four hundred broad, and two hundred deep, near the church of the same name erected in place of the old one, which was engulfed in 1627 by the Balze. The near approach of one of these quicksands necessitated the demolition of another small church of San Giusto in 1651. It has been vainly attempted several times, and last in 1830, to collect the waters that filter through into another channel, but it appears that the nature of the soil will not admit of it. In this case the inhabi-

\* See ante, ch. lii.

tant is not menaced by the glaring death of Herculaneum or Pompeii, but by a subterranean deluge of mud.

The Badia of San Salvatore is one of those unfrequented monuments that ought to hold the first rank with artists. This monastery of Camaldulites, in a good situation, with a majestic columned cloister, possessed the *Sts. Romuald, Benedict, Attinia and Greciniana*, with other saints, perhaps the best preserved of Ghirlandajo's paintings. A charming figure of *Innocence*, dated 1552, which supports the holy-water vase, is worthy of the epoch. Several pleasing works are by a monk of the Mascagni convent, called Fra Arsenio : the *Nativity of the Virgin*; a *Marriage of Cana* in the refectory, and, in the abbot's apartment, *Job with his friends and his wife*, the latter elegantly dressed as a Tuscan villager. A fine *Deposition from the Cross*, by Rossetti, is also remarkable for boldness and the skilful foreshortening of the Magdalen kissing the Saviour's feet. An *Elijah* on the ceiling of the strangers' apartment (*forestaria*) is a superb fresco by Volterrano. In the room next the *Job*, are five curious and highly-finished paintings, representing subjects in the history of Volterra, ascribed to Ghirlandajo.

An Etruscan hypogeum, recently discovered, seemed to me something like the Noraghe of Sardinia, but not so well preserved, as the base only was left.

The salt springs of Volterra are real manufactories, and, with the marble and alabaster quarries, form its richest produce. In several marshes of salt water on the banks of the river Cecina deep wells have been sunk; the water drawn from them is put into caldrons of iron or lead and boiled for about five hours in summer and rather longer in winter. A hundred pounds of water give at least twenty-six pounds of white salt, the finest in Italy, and the well of San Giusto has yielded thirty-six in summer. The number of workmen is two hundred, half of whom are engaged in bringing fuel, repairing roads and buildings. The works are carried on by the government, which grants the town an indemnity of 18,611 livres. The produce amounts to nineteen or twenty million pounds of salt, and the *Moja* (factory) of Saint Leopold, founded by the beneficent grand duke of Tuscany,

but since enlarged, is a magnificent monument of industry.

The young Byzantine poet Marallo Tarcagnola, when going on horseback towards Piombino, where he meant to take ship, after a long sojourn at Volterra with his learned friend Volterrano, was drowned in attempting, contrary to his guide's advice, to cross the Cecina, then swelled, and since famous by his death. The tomb of this refugee poet, who had both cultivated letters and followed the career of arms, stands in the church of the old and large town of the Pomaranci, which has some pictures by the celebrated and inferior painters of the place; it was erected by Volterrano, but the inscription he put has disappeared. The death of Marullo drew a Latin elegy from Ariosto, in which we find these two verses on the dependent condition of Italy at that epoch :

Quid nostra an Gallo regi, an servire Latino,  
Si sit idem hinc, atque hinc, non leve servitium ?

Generous sentiments, but very far from the ardent, enduring, inexhaustible patriotism of Dante and Petrarch in the first days of Italian poetry.

## CHAPTER XXI.

Piombino.—Saint Antimo.—Applani.—Ass, device.  
—Stone of Tra Palazzi.—Fountain.—Port.—Populonia.—Via Emilia.

Piombino, a little Tuscan town, is perhaps more closely associated with the memory of the French empire and the family of Napoleon than any other place. One would say that on this secluded, insalubrious coast, Piombino has been put under glass as a specimen. The arms of the princess Elisa Baciocchi, profusely lavished on the church of Saint Antimo when she had it restored, remain untouched; in the centre of the ceiling a bad painting represents Saint Napoleon distributing crowns, and Saint Elisa and Pope Saint Felix kneeling before him, an allusion to the princess and prince Felix her husband. This respect of the past is not void of justice : Signora Baciocchi founded the fine existing hospital of seventy beds, paved the town, repaired the citadel, and created the roads, arsenals, and a bagno.

This church of Saint Antimo, of the fourteenth century, so strangely moder-

nised, has two ancient monuments very superior to the imperial fresco on its roof. Some charming sculptures of the best times ornament the baptistry. Behind the choir is the Gothic tomb, rather elegant, but ridiculously whitewashed, of Gherardo, son of Jacopo I., head of the Appiani family, sovereigns of Piombino, from 1393 to 1603. This tomb has an odd emblem: an ass is seated on the arms, alluding to the origin of the authority of that house. Jacopo Vanni d'Appiano, afterwards Jacopo I., having been called an ass by Pietro Gambacorta, who governed the republic of Pisa, of which Piombino was a dependency, with the title of protector of the people and captain of arms, excited an insurrection. As Gambacorta was mounting his horse to appease it, he assassinated him, forgetful of all the confidence and benefits he had received at his hands; almost immediately after he strangled Gambacorta's son, and on the third day, the 21st of October 1393, he reigned. This usurping murderer took the ass for device, with the ludicrous distich that the whitewashing of the church has concealed:

Un asino sono, e con il mio sapere,  
Gli altri stan ritti ed io sto a sedere.

In the street of *Tra Palazzi*, a round stone with a cross marks the place where Alessandro I., Appiani, natural son of Jacopo VI., a detested prince, was assassinated, on the evening of September 28, 1590, when leaving the house of his mistress. The conspirators, five in number, armed with guns, swords, and halberds, had been stimulated by his wife Donna Isabela Mendoza, countess of Binasco, and her lover Don Felix of Aragon, bastard of Philip II., commander of the Spanish garrison, who intended to marry and govern together. Their ambition was disappointed; a Spanish detachment arrived from Naples three months afterwards and restored the authority to Jacopo VII., the legitimate heir, under the guardianship of his mother, who they pretended to believe had no share in the murder; Don Felix was recalled to Madrid, was tried, and never afterwards heard of. The assassins, arrested on the feast of Epiphany in the middle of a ball given for that

express purpose, were sent to Orbitello to be tried; they were condemned to death and brought back to Piombino, where they were conducted in a car drawn by two oxen, after being torn with pincers on the road, to the very spots of Alessandro's murder, and there hung and quartered. The stone bears these nearly effaced letters: I. P. M. D. (*Ingrati Plumbinenses Mortem Dederunt*), a declamatory inscription which the victim did not merit.

The abundant fountain of the Cinque Canali, from the number of its mouths, is one of those useful monuments of Pisan domination whose civilising effects I had to admire in Corsica and Sardinia.

The port of Piombino, the ancient port of Trajan, might, if cleared, be made one of the finest and safest in the Mediterranean.

I was anxious to visit the remains of the ancient Populonia, a powerful city of the Etruscans, perhaps the only maritime town they occupied, for they settled in the inland districts alone. It is reputed to have been built by the inhabitants of Volterra on a little mountain commanding the sea, in order to make it their port. The commander of the fort of Baratti, formerly the port of Populonia, to whom I was addressed, is a *décoré* of our army, a brave and intelligent soldier who possesses in his ruinous tower a real museum of Etruscan antiquities found in the vicinity. Populonia, fallen in the latter days of the Roman republic, is now only a large farm, with a high battlemented tower and demilune, belonging to Signora D\*\*\*\*\*, a great landowner in that country. The Etruscan walls are interspersed and adorned with the light clematis, which shoots up between and girds their enormous blocks. The walls, at the place called *I Massi*, near a few other ruins which are only Roman, show the talent of the Etruscans in fortification, and we see in them the hand of free and intelligent citizens. One of my ciceroni at Populonia was a cannoneer of the Baratti fort, who acknowledged that his cannon would be ineffective against such ramparts, and in the lower part of the demilune some Etruscan blocks are left, as if to brave the thunder of the moderns.

The road leading from Piombino to Leghorn is excellent. At the tower of San Vincenzo begins the *Via Emilia*,



which disappears and is again visible at intervals; the most considerable piece is at San Vincenzo, and a milliary column

between that sorry post-town and the village of Castagnetta, still bears its antique inscription *Via Emilia*.

## BOOK THE EIGHTEENTH.

### SECOND ROAD TO FLORENCE.—PERUGIA.—CORTONA.—AREZZO.

#### CHAPTER I.

Nepi.—Civita Castellana.—French exploit.—Otricoli.  
—Narni.—Bridge of Augustus.—Terni.—Cascade.  
—Papigno.—Valley of the Nera.—Fuga.—Grotto.  
—Lake Piè di Luco.—Echo.

Nepi, a little and poor town, mentioned by Livy as one of the two gates of Rome on the side of Etruria, and a fortress in the middle ages, offers some antique inscriptions on the outside of its old public palace, and the arcades of an aqueduct encumbered with vegetation.

Civita Castellana has a cathedral, and a citadel built by Julius II., now a state prison. The bridge over a torrent rolling through a deep bed bordered with rocks, is very picturesque. This monument, one of the finest of the pontifical power, has something antique, like many other modern works of Italy; <sup>1</sup> it resembles the bridge of the Gard.

It was in this plain, near Borghetto, an insalubrious and ugly place, consisting of little more than the post-house and some old walls, that Macdonald, with less than eight thousand Frenchmen, beat, on the 4th of December 1798, forty thousand Neapolitans, who could not hinder him from passing the Tiber, whose waves had never received such heroic warriors since the Romans.

On the ascent, before arriving at Otricoli, are several remarkable ruins of the ancient and brilliant Otriculum.

Narni, a strong position, has a little old citadel. Half a mile from the road are the superb remains of the bridge of

Augustus, the ancient passage of the *Via Flaminia* over the Nera. At the convent of the Zoccolanti is one of the rare works of Spagna, next to Raphael the best pupil of Perugino, whom he resembled in colouring, and to whom this grand picture was attributed until the recent discovery of documents which have restored it to Spagna. It represents an *Episcopal ceremony*, and is distinguished by the fine disposition of the numerous figures, as well as the nobleness and purity of the design.

The road as far as Terni, through a country planted with olives, and with the double view of the green plains of Umbria, and the woody summits of the Apennine, both studded with conspicuous white mansions, becomes more and more captivating and magnificent.

Terni, a charming town, which has vainly claimed the honour of giving birth to Tacitus, and preserves the remains of a theatre and some curious inscriptions in its cathedral and public palace, is more especially celebrated for its cascade, one of the wonders of Italy, but an artificial one, and the work of the Romans. This admirable cascade, formed by the fall of the Velino into the Nera, the name of which even (*delle Marmore*) seems that of a monument of art, <sup>2</sup> does not roll nor bound like a savage catract through steep and barren rocks, but falls into a smiling and fertile valley planted with orange-trees; it showers around its impetuous dew over the flowers and herbage, and is in perfect keeping with the sky, the sun, and the

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book xiv. ch. xi.

<sup>2</sup> This surname is derived from the incrustations resembling marble that the waters of the cascade leave on the different objects they touch. The stal-

actiles and stalagmites have also a kind of celebrity from the fantastical forms of trees, columns, bunches of grapes that they present.

horizon of Italy. Though contrary to custom, the cascade ought to be seen from below. The road passes through the little village of Papigno, famous for the size and flavour of its peaches, the Montreuil of that country, where the roaring of the cascade, though three miles distant, is already audible. After passing the rapid waters of the Velino and Nera united, the traveller reaches the delightful villa of Graziani, which was once occupied by the princess of Wales, and then descends into a valley through a succession of woods and enchanting spots which make this valley one of the finest districts in the world. On the other side of the river are the remains of a very ancient bridge, ascertained to be older than the cascade.

The cascade is generally viewed from a kind of balcony on a rock. Visitors also ascend to the Fuga, immediately over the fall, and also go down into the grotto to see the different effects of the stalactites. But it would be very interesting in the fine season to go about two miles farther to the little lake of Piè di Luco, of a character totally different from the lakes we have hitherto seen, being covered with the large flowers of the water-lily, which unfold their superb cups on the surface, and extend their green and floating foliage over this watery plain. From daybreak, young and robust females in picturesque costumes are seen rowing about the lake, when they carry their meals to their husbands at work in the neighbouring fields. In the middle of the lake, surrounded by rocks bristling with old towers, the snowy tops of which are frightful, confused, fantastical, advances the charming hill of Caperno, looking like an island, and surmounted with a little church, whence the mountain echoes will repeat with the utmost distinctness every syllable of the most majestic hexameter or pompous alexandrine.

## CHAPTER II.

Somma.—Aqueduct.—Monte Luco.—Hermitages.—Oak.—Spoleto.—Gate of Annibal.—Cathedral.—Lippi.—Internal heroism.—Temple of Clitumnus.—Foligno.—Earthquake.—Spello.—Orlando.—College.

The mountain of La Somma presents the majestic beauties of savage nature, and the oxen of the Clitumnus, which

help the weary horses of the vetturino to draw you over it, were formerly grand and sacred victims, that conducted the triumphers of Rome to the temples of the gods :

Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges, et maxima taurus  
Victima, sæpè tuo perfusi flumine sacro  
Romanos ad templa Deum duxere triumphos.

After La Somma, the country assumes a sweeter aspect, and we descend to Spoleto through little woods of evergreens. The aqueduct, remarkable for the height of its arches, over which a long and narrow bridge passes, has been attributed to the Romans, and, with greater reason, to the not less warlike Lombard dukes of Spoleto.

Monte Luco is worth visiting for its view, its tower at the monastery of Saint Julian, a construction of the tenth century, and its hermitages. The most considerable, that of the *Madonna delle Grazie*, has a pretty church. Such are the charms of this religious solitude, from which freedom and comfort are not entirely banished, that men belonging to the first classes of society (among whom we may mention a Count Potocki) have ended their days there. A Latin poet but little known, of the close of the fifteenth century, originally of Spoleto, Pier Francesco Giustolo, has melodiously sung the hermitages of Monte Luco in verses that also describe the political tribulations of the times :

O fortunatum nimium, cui ducere vitam,  
Delitiis orbis spretilis, opibusque relictis,  
Illarumque siti, vani et certamine honoris  
Illic datum lucis, atque oclia carpere dia  
Angustis casulis, celsive crepidine saxi,  
Unde nolet nulla mole impediante, serenis  
Noctibus eo surgentia cardine signa,  
Et septem obliquo gradientia sidera limbo.  
Hunc neque cura gravis, Veneris neque dira cupido  
Solicitat, non damna movent, non tristia torquent  
Funera natorum, sterilis non terribat annus,  
Non grave Saturni junctum cum Pleiade sidus ;  
Non furor ardentis phrixoe e vellere Maris,  
Regibus aut trepidis intentans fata cometes :  
Non extrema horret crudelis tempora mortis,  
Turcarum hic, Rhehive minas, ut GALLICA GESTA  
Arce Padi sævum modo quæ pepulere tyrannum  
Sfortiadem, Latiamque parant avertere gentem.  
Cuncta sed intrepidus, veluti qui fluctibus altis  
Intactas tuto cernit de littore puppes,  
Despicit, iustabilis ridens ludibria sortis.

Monte Luco is crowned with a kind of sacred wood of patriarchal holmoaks,

which the ancient municipal laws forbid to be cut down, and among which cattle cannot be pastured. One of these oaks, near the convent of Saint Anthony, is seventeen yards in girth and about thirty-five in height : this rival of the famous chesnut of Sicily, said to be the largest oak in Italy, is one of those mighty trees that stand forth the living monuments of nature, and attest her strength and duration.

The citadel of Spoleto, on a hill, has some remains of Cyclopean walls. The gate called Annibal's, a Roman work of Theodoric's time, bears witness to the resistance opposed by this ancient town to the Carthaginian captain, and proves its fidelity to the Romans; it further shows how powerful the towns of Italy must have been to brave such a conqueror and arrest his progress.

The cathedral, an interesting monument of the first times of the revival, with an elegant portico in Bramante's style, is ornamented with great and beautiful frescos by the elder Filippo Lippi. It contains the tomb of that adventurous artist, a fugitive from the cloister, a slave in Barbary, but freed and honoured for his talent; he died in 1469 at Spoleto, his native place, aged more than sixty, from the effects of poison administered to him by the relatives of a great lady whose affections he had won. Lippi, in his youth and when a monk, had carried off a boarder from a convent of Prato, Lucrezia Buti, by whom he had a son who bore his name and was also a painter, but inferior to his father. Lorenzo de' Medici, when passing through Spoleto, entreated the magistrates to let him transport the ashes of the elder Lippi to Florence, where he intended to deposit them at Santa Maria Novella; but the inhabitants were unwilling, and he could only erect this tomb to his memory, a monument of the honours then accorded to talent. The epitaph was written by Politian :

Conditus hic ego sum picturæ fama Philippus;  
Nulli ignota meæ est gratia mira manus.  
Artifices potui digitis animare colores,  
Speratæque animos fallere voce diu.  
Ipsa meis stupuit natura expressa figuris,  
Meque suis fassa est artibus esse parem.  
Marmoreo tumulo Medices Laurentius hic me  
Coaddidit; antè humili pulvere lectus eram.

The *Virgin*, by Annibale Carraccio, is

almost destroyed by a restoration. The chapel of the Relics is charming.

The church of Saint Dominick has a superb copy of the *Transfiguration*, of which the Spoletans are justly proud, and they ascribe it to Giulio Romano.

A fine fresco by Spagna, formerly on an interior wall of the fortress, has been placed in the public palace under the superintendence of S. Fontana, ex-gonfalonier, a clever natural philosopher, and an amateur of the arts and antiquity.

In the piazza della *Porta Nuova*, a small *Madonna* with a blue veil, by the national painter Crevelli, dated 1502, in wonderful preservation, is another monument of the street painting so often found in Italy.

The inhabitants of Spoleto, cited by a living Italian writer for their finesse and cunning,<sup>1</sup> carried political fanaticism to the extreme verge of ferocity in the civil wars of the Guelphs and Ghibelines. In one of their chronicles I found the following horrid tale, which might supply our painters and poets with a pathetic subject. When the Ghibelines were setting fire to the houses of their adversaries, a woman married to a Guelph, seeing her Ghibeline brother directing her house to be set on fire, went to the top of the tower with her two children in her arms, and asked him to pity them and herself. The ruthless Ghibeline told her to throw the two embryo Guelphs into the flames, and he would save her; but a mother's love was strongest, and the woman was burnt with her two children.

The valley of Spoleto is magnificent, and the town of Trevi, which rises like an amphitheatre on the slope of the mountain, is very picturesque.

At the gate of the post town delle *Vene* rises the Clitumnus, a river once sacred, sung by Virgil, and ingeniously described by Pliny, who seems to have supplied the name of the place: *Hunc subter fons exit, et exprimitur pluribus venis*. The Clitumnus, now a mere brook, is no longer navigable to its source as in Pliny's days. The enchanting site, and the pretty antique chapel of the early times of Christianity, were, I believe, the original of Poussin's landscape of *Phocion*,

<sup>1</sup> S. Rosini. "La scaltrezza d' un Lucchese, che avrebbe fatto la salsa agli Spoletini." *La Monaca di Monza*. Cap. XIV.



and it is surprising that they only inspired Byron with a piece so frigid.

Foligno, of twelve thousand souls, is rich, industrious, well-built, and the roads from Rome, Tuscany, and the Marches meet there. The majestic cathedral, uninjured by the dreadful earthquake of January 1832, has a baldachin imitated from Saint Peter's, and a good *Sposalizio*, by Ventura Salimbeni.

Spello, a little town one league from Foligno, is full of antiquities. On the north side, the remains of a Roman gate, called the gate of Venus, are imposing. In 1722 some persons pretended to have discovered the tomb of Propertius, under a house still known as the poet's house and giving that name to the street used as a public promenade. By the side of an antique gate in the wall that runs along the road to Rome is a large phallus of stone, sculptured with a singular distich immodestly commemorating the fabulous glory and exploits of Orlando :

Orlandi hic Caroli Magni metire nepotis  
Ingentes artus : cœtera facta docent.

Under these verses, travellers are shown the immense pretended measure of the giant, and the supposed mark of the knee, which is very high. The popular traditions and Italian imaginations really make Orlando the Hercules of the middle ages; they have multiplied his traces, his stories, his labours, not unlike those of the antique hero, and Ariosto only brilliantly embodied these different traditions handed down in songs and tales for more than six centuries.\*

Spello possesses the best paintings of Pinturicchio, namely, in the duomo, an *Annunciation*, a *Nativity*, the *Dispute with the Doctors*, his masterpiece, and, at the Franciscans, a *St. Laurence*, in which a little *St. John* has been thought Raphael's.

But Spello is chiefly indebted for reputation now to the excellent college, reformed and almost founded by Professor Rosi, one of the best regulated establishments in Italy with respect to the teaching, moral principles, personal comforts, and gymnastic exercises introduced by S. Rosi.

\* See *ante*, book XIV. ch. xv. the tower of Orlando. The Rout of Roncesvalles, a poem, is one of these pathetic or burlesque songs diffused among the Roman peasants, given in part and analysed by

## CHAPTER III.

Santa Maria degli Angeli.—*Vision of St. Francis*, by M. Overbeck.—Assisi.—Minerva.—Antiquities.—Cathedral.—Saint Clair.—Chiesa Nuova.—Convent.—Rapid execution of religious monuments in the middle ages.—Under-ground church.—Mausoleum of Hecuba of Lusignan.—Giotto's frescos.—On the real epoch of the revival.—Sibyls and Prophets, by Ingegno.—Portrait of Saint Francis.—Upper church.—Fresco of Cimabue.—Tomb of Saint Francis.—Saint Francis.—Frati.—Convent.—Saint Damian.—Carceri.

The church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, called also the Portiuncula from the ground ceded to Saint Francis by the Benedictines to found his order there,—this majestic church, executed by Galeaso Alessi and Giulio Danti on Vignola's designs, was greatly damaged by the earthquake of 1832: The roof opened and shut to again, the cupola and tower clashed in falling, and eight columns were broken. In the middle of the church there stood, as at Loretto, a small house converted into a chapel; rude walls, in which Saint Francis had given his rules, and resolved to practice evangelical poverty to the letter. The *Vision of St. Francis d'Assisi*, a remarkable fresco, by M. Overbeck, is the chef-d'œuvre of that German and catholic painting, which goes back too systematically to the ancient Italian manner and almost to the infancy of the art, but which nevertheless has some naive and graceful details.

Dante, like Homer, exact in his descriptions, gives a picturesque sketch of the situation of Assisi :

Fertile costa d' alto monte pende.<sup>2</sup>

This town, dull, deserted, monastic, and full of Saint Francis, commanded by a high citadel now forsaken, and surrounded with battlemented walls and towers, was the birth-place of two elegant poets, Propertius and Metastasio.

In the piazza, the ancient temple of Minerva, of uncertain epoch and now converted into the church of Santa Maria della Minerva, presents a superb portico of fluted columns, under which

Mary Graham in the sequel to her *Three Months' Residence in the Mountains near Rome*.

<sup>2</sup> *Parad.* XI. 45.

sundry antique fragments are collected forming a small and interesting museum : aqueducts, tombs, a theatre, now a stable and encumbered with buildings of the middle ages, a superb wall (the foundation of the church of Saint Paul) are other wrecks attesting the importance of the ancient Assisium.

Saint Rufinus was modernised by the clever architect of the sixteenth century, Galeaso Alessi. A fine sarcophagus forms the high altar.

The church and monastery of Saint Clare were built by Fra Filippo da Campello, pupil of Jacopo di Lapo, about the middle of the thirteenth century, not long after the death of the saint, one of those young, handsome, and rich virgins, who had followed the example of Saint Francis, and whose hair he cut off with his own hand. The body of the illustrious and first abbess of the Clarists is under the high altar. Near the cross-aisle are some frescos by Giotto, who painted all the church, which have escaped the mason's barbarous brush.

The little church, called the *Chiesa Nuova*, begun in 1612, occupies the site of the house where Saint Francis was born. The traveller may there see the prison in which he was confined, bound like a madman, by his father, a rich tradesman, who was exceedingly provoked at the pious dissipation of his alms, and whence his more compassionate mother delivered him.

The convent, on a rock, looks like a fortress at a distance; and though in this respect it resembles Mount Casino, it differs in character.<sup>1</sup> One is a poor, begging, unlettered, plebeian convent; the other rich, pompous, learned, and aristocratic. This immense pile of buildings, formerly animated with thousands of monks, and in which a dozen are in a manner lost now, was erected in two years, from 1228 to 1230. We have already noticed one example of quick building in the middle ages : \* at that time popular devotion, excited by the indulgences preached by the monks, was more liberal and prompt than our budget votes or the pleasure of princes. The architect, selected from a great number of competitors, was Jacopo di Lapo or *il Tedesco*, father of the illustrious Arnolfo, whom Fra Elis, general of As-

sise, a great personage in his day, and seemingly too soon forgetful of Saint Francis's precepts of humility and poverty, had obtained of the emperor Frederick II. Saint Bonaventure fiercely defended this magnificence; but we see by the reproaches to which he replied how many enemies the mendicant orders had already raised. *Item quæro. Cum sancti patres laudentur, in casellis et in vilibus habitaculis habitasse, quid est quod vos altas et magnas domos erigitis, et oratoria sumptuosa, et areas latas magno pretio comparatis, cum sitis pauperes et mendici, et contemptores mundanorum esse debeatis?*

The under-ground church, gloomy and austere, breaths penitence and grief. On a tomb supposed to be that of Niccolao Specchi of Assise, chief physician of Pope Nicholas V., is a superb vase of porphyry, according to some antiquarians, a present from the Queen of Cyprus, Hecuba de Lusignan, very obscure despite the beauty of her two names, which recall the heroic expeditions of the first nations, ancient and modern, the siege of Troy and the crusades. The vast mausoleum of that queen, of 1240, is by the Florentine Fuccio : the two angels holding the drapery of Hecuba's bed are graceful; her statue, sitting, has one leg in the air, thrown over the knee of the other, a very singular posture for a woman, a queen, and a church statue, and the roaring lion, over the bed, seems horribly shocked at the sight. Two old paintings are by the brothers Brasca, dukes of Spoleto. Some incidents from the *Life of St. Martin*, in his chapel, are by Simone Memmi, the friend of Petrarch and painter of Laura. A *Crucifix* and the *Virgin weeping*, an excellent fresco by Giovanni Taddeo, a pupil of Giotto, was discovered in 1798. The four poetical compartments of the ceiling of the cross-aisle representing the principal virtues practised by Saint Francis, such as *Poverty, Chastity, Obedience*, and also his *Glorification*, Giotto's finest frescos, admirable for shape, attitude, and expression, prove how much he had surpassed his master Cimabue, whose remarkable paintings we shall see in the upper church. Dante, who is said to have given his friend Giotto the idea of these pictures, doubt-

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book XIV. ch. XII.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, book XI. ch. X.

less alludes to this triumph of Giotto at Assisi in the celebrated verses :

Credette Cimabue nella pittura  
Tener lo campo; ed ora ha Giotto il grido,  
Sì che la fama di colui s' oscura.<sup>1</sup>

Paintings like these show that the designation of epoch of the revival is incorrectly applied to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and that it really belongs to Giotto and the beginning of the fourteenth; those two brilliant centuries were the apogee of the art, which shortly after began to decline. The immense *Crucifixion*, the best work of Pietro Cavallini, a Roman mosaist and painter, pupil of Giotto, a work prized by Michael Angelo for its grandeur, presents a number of angels weeping in the sky, and below a crowd of people and soldiers full of variety in expression and costume. A *Deposition from the Cross*, a skilful group; the *Tomb of Jesus Christ*, and several passages from his life on the ceiling of this side, are by Puccio Capanna, a Florentine artist, one of Giotto's pupils, who died young. The *Stigmata of St. Francis* are another masterpiece of this great and primitive master. A *Massacre of the Innocents*, by Jacopo Gaddi, was approved by Raphael. The most perfect paintings of this basilic are : the groups of the *Sibyls* and the *Prophets*, by Andrea of Assisi, a pupil of Perugino and a rival of Raphael, who was surnamed *Il Ingegno* (the Wit) from his marvellous dispositions; he fell blind in the flower of his age, and his misfortune excites our regret and pity no less than his talent our admiration. The sacristy has some good frescos by Giorgetti, a pupil of Lanfranco, but without his negligence, and little known except at Assisi his native place. In the second sacristy, over a door, is a curious portrait of Saint Francis, by his contemporary Giunta of Pisa, the oldest Italian master, with Guido of Siena.

The upper church is brilliant and luminous, forming an ingenious contrast

with the lower church. The frescos of Cimabue, the best of that Ennius of painting, as Lanzi surnames him, are astonishing for their epoch; Giotto's are still admirable.

The body of Saint Francis, discovered in December 1818, and withdrawn from the kind of subterranean *sancta sanctorum* where it lay buried,<sup>2</sup> has been placed in a pretty mausoleum of stucco and marble, surrounded by a light palisade, a modern and shop-like refinement, which is offensive on such a tomb, regarded by Sacchetti as the first in the world after the Holy Sepulchre.<sup>3</sup> Saint Francis, sung in sacred strains by Dante and Tasso,<sup>4</sup> whose order, founded by him in his twenty-fifth year, has existed more than six centuries without the aid of force or physical means, was one of those powerful men produced by the spirit and necessities of the times. He had, therefore, for his first disciples and companions men of distinction, young enthusiasts, rich and beautiful maidens, ladies of fashion, and one of the greatest poets then living, Friar Placidus, who had been crowned poet by the emperor Frederick II. As to the lower orders, they found in such an institution a kind of emancipation and security, and escaped serfdom by becoming monks. It is not surprising that the manners and discipline of such a multitude were soon changed for the worse. We have already mentioned the accusations brought against two of them even in Saint Bonaventure's days, not fifty years after their foundation. The great writers of the sixteenth century are unanimous in exclaiming against the vices of the *Frati*. Machiavel, who had approved of their institution so far as to say that it had revived Christianity then languishing, and still kept it from perishing by the bad examples of the prelates and clergy, who even approved of the doctrine of Saint Francis as evangelical,<sup>5</sup> drew the infamous Friar Timoteo of his *Mandragora*. Ariosto and Castiglione seem unjust and extravagant when they accuse

<sup>1</sup> *Purgat*, xi. 94.

<sup>2</sup> The people believed that Saint Francis was concealed in a vault of the church till then inaccessible, where he was always praying or in ecstasy and would continue so to the end of the world. This pious search seemed to some persons a kind of profanation and sacrilege.

<sup>3</sup> *Nov.* 207.

<sup>4</sup> See canto xi. of the *Paradiso*, and the sonnets xlii. and xx. of Tasso, in the liii part of the *Rime*. One of the oldest and most accredited commentators of Dante, in speaking of Dante's youthful resolution to become a monk, asserts that he wore the habit of Saint Francis for a short time.

<sup>5</sup> *Discorsi*, lib. iii. cap. i.



the *Frati* of cruelty and the most enormous crimes.' It is demonstrated by facts that these monks, with all their scandals, had no share in any of the great catastrophes, persecutions, or massacres recorded in history. Tasso pretends that charity, like silence, does not exist in the convents of the *Frati*, except on paper and the walls.<sup>1</sup> Perhaps the truest and most ingenious satire on the *Frateria* is to be found in a letter from Annibale Caro to his friend Bernardino Spina, a somewhat dissolute nobleman, who was inclined to become a *frate*; in this letter, a chef-d'œuvre of taste, reasoning, and eloquence, we read: *Non potete voi esser solitario senza esser frate? Soggiunrete: Che? volete ch' io sia romito? Nè romito, nè frate voglio che siate; ma uomo, e uomo da bene, amico di Dio; ritirato prima in voi stesso, che sarà il più bello eremo che possiate trovare: di poi per appartarvi dagli uomini, ridotto in qualche villa con li vostri libri, con i vostri passatempi onesti, d' esercizio, di cacce, di pescagioni, di agricoltura; in un' ozio condignità, in una religione senza ipocrisia; tolto dal volgo, non dagli amici; dalle pompe, non dalle commodità; dalle brighe, non dalle azioni virtuose. A questo modo penso io che voi possiate esser consolato, e buono e santo: e non sarete frate.* In the present state of civilisation and in the midst of our stirring, elegant, industrious, and improved society, the Capuchin, with his stick, his beard, his naked feet, his gown, and his wallet, is only a species of modern cynic, in disaccord with our poetic or puritanical Christianity, who is derogatory to religion by his hideous aspect, and whose begging, idle, unproductive monachism impoverishes a country.

The two cloisters of Assisi correspond with the magnificence of the church. The *Heads* of Franciscans, by Adone Doni, the best painter of Assisi, in the sixteenth century, are of wonderful truth. The refectory, the largest and most superb of its kind, has a great *Last Supper* by Solimene, one of his most pleasing and rapid works.

<sup>1</sup> "Ingorda e sì crudel canaglia." Sat. V of Ariosto; *Cortegiano*, lib. III.

<sup>2</sup> Let. t. IV. p. 313.

<sup>3</sup> They were constructed in the beginning of the sixteenth century under Paul III., who demolished

Saint Damian is the monastery of Saint Clare and Clarists; the relics of the saint are kept there, and among them a ring which was given to her by Pope Innocent IV. when he went to dine at Saint Damian; on the same occasion, having entreated her to bless the table, the loaves were found marked with miraculous crosses. At the bottom of the dormitory, is a walled up door, where Saint Clare, armed with the holy Sacrament, is said to have repulsed the Saracens, after they had taken Assisi and were already scaling the convent.

The hermitage of Santa Maria delle Carceri, in the middle of woods and rocks, was the retreat of Saint Francis and his companions, who went to meditate there in rustic cells. The church, which is of doubtful origin, and has even been supposed built by Saint Francis, has on its walls one of those speaking crucifixes of the middle ages. In the chapel of the Virgin, a *Madonna*, another antique fresco, is anterior to the saint. The grotto or bed of Saint Francis, the oratory where he almost lost his sight by his tears, are other monuments of the labours and holy sorrows of his penitence. In the oratory is the crucifix which he used in his travels and during his powerful sermons. It is related that Cardinal Peretti, nephew of Sixtus V., had obtained possession of this crucifix and placed it on a rich altar, but that it disappeared by night, and returned to the extremity of his pious grotto, where it still remains.

## CHAPTER IV.

Perugia.—Fortifications.—Churches.—Saint Peter.—Carved work in the choir.—Cathedral.—Barocio's Deposition from the cross.—Chapel of the convent of San Sever.—Saint Angelo.—Saint Francis.—Gonfalone.—Braccio Fortebracci.

Perugia, on a mountain, with its citadel formerly inhabited by the popes, and its fortifications by Antonio San Gallo,<sup>3</sup> the ditches of which are filled up and converted into a public promenade, with a fine amphitheatre for the game of *pallone*, to which the Italian are much

one of the finest quarters of the town for the purpose. The following threatening inscription was long legible in the court: *Ad coercendam Perusiorum audaciam Paulus III. edificavit.*

addicted, is picturesque, and its rude aspect still accords very well with the reputed ferocity of its ancient inhabitants, doubtless greatly softened now.<sup>1</sup> This fine town now appears rather deserted; its population has declined from forty thousand to fourteen thousand; but it is interesting with respect to art, antiquities, and literature.

There are no less than a hundred and three churches at Perugia, without counting thirty regular monasteries and nunneries.

The convent of the Benedictines of Saint Peter, one of the most extensive and richest ecclesiastical establishments in the Roman states, was formerly used for the diet of the order. The church, which has some of Vasari's best paintings, is more particularly remarkable for the fine wood carvings of the choir, executed from Raphael's designs.

At the church of Saint Dominick, which retains nothing Gothic but a large window of coloured glass at the bottom of the choir, of a religious effect, is the mausoleum of Benedict XI., who died at Perugia in 1304, and not in 1301, a work esteemed for the closeness to nature of the pontiff's reclining figure, and the grace of the two angels that hold up the drapery.

The oratory of Saint Peter the Martyr has a very elegant *Madonna* by Perugino, which has even been attributed to Raphael.

The cathedral of Saint Laurence, of a bold Gothic, has the celebrated *Deposition from the Cross* by Baroccio, executed while suffering from poison administered to him by certain envious artists in a repast to which they had invited him. This painting, very well composed, is in a chapel of great curiosity for its coloured windows, the work of P. Francesco di Barone Brunacci, a monk of Mount Cassino, and of Costantino di Rosato, as well as for its ornaments in stucco and wood. A good *Spasalizio*, by Wicar, replaces the former one by Perugino, which offered the same beautiful perspective as that of his Saint Peter in the Sixtine, a plagiarism often committed by Perugino, and which he defended by saying that he never robbed any but himself; and, in-

deed, it seems quite allowable for artists as well as writers. This chef-d'œuvre disappeared at the epoch of the first levy of paintings that followed the treaty of Tolentino, and nothing is known of it.

The library of the chapter has several rare manuscripts, among them a *Gospel*, perhaps of the eighth century, and a *Breviary* of the ninth.

In the church of Santa Maria del *Polo* is a fine picture by Gherardi, a good Florentine painter, a pupil of Raphael, for the upper part, which is graceful; and for the lower part, which is spirited and vigorous, by Lattanzio della Marca, a clever artist of the sixteenth century, who quitted the pencil to become *bargello* (chief of sbirri) of Perugia, probably a more important office then than since.

At the convent of Camaldulites of Saint Severus is a chapel painted in fresco by Raphael, greatly damaged by the carelessness of the monks, but indebted for its preservation to the attentions of the municipal magistrates.

The great architect Galeaso Alessi, whose talents were an honour to Perugia, his country; was interred with great pomp in 1572 in the church of San Fiorenzo; but he obtained neither epitaph nor monument, though his family was rich and in the first rank of society at Perugia: perhaps this family had the weakness to blush for its artist, as if Michael Angelo was not of a house good enough?

The curious church of Saint Angelo was built on an antique temple consecrated to Vulcan, with its materials and those of another temple situated at Civitella d'Arno not far distant; it seems to have retained its ancient circular form, which is equally appropriate to the requirement of christian worship.

The oratory of *La Giustizia*, with a front ornamented with basso-relievos by the brothers della Robbia, has a fine *Virgin* by Perugino.

The church of Saint Francis has lost most of the chefs-d'œuvre of painting with which it was formerly adorned. A tolerably good copy of *Christ being laid in the sepulchre* was substituted for Raphael's original chef-d'œuvre by Paul V.,

<sup>1</sup> The poison of Perugia, called *acquetta*, was dreaded. This distich was written against a prelate who governed in a harassing manner:

Monsignor, non tanta fretta;  
Che a Perugia c'è l'acquetta.

who sent the Cav. d'Arpino to Perugia to execute it. This copy presents certain pieces of clare-obscure which are not in the original, now in the Borghese gallery. It is said that the guardian of the Franciscans, just before he was despoiled of the *Deposition*, cut off those parts and kept them in the sacristy until 1799, when they passed to the museum of the Louvre, and in 1815 to the gallery of the Vatican. The chapel of the *Gonfalone* preserves the religious standard venerated at Perugia, a talisman invoked by the people when suffering under natural scourges; its solemn procession is not accorded by the bishop but at the urgent request of the municipal magistrates and with the most rigid formalities. In the sacristy, several subjects taken from the *History of St. Bernardino*, miniature paintings, but the colouring is harsh and the figures too long and too dry, are attributed to Pisanello. This sacristy contains the bones of the illustrious Braccio Fortebracci, an able Italian captain and tactician of the fifteenth century, lord of Perugia, the great man of that town and one of the ephemeral conquerors of Rome. But it is impossible to suppress one's indignation at the manner in which these glorious remains are shown; the sacristan takes them out of a miserable cupboard and throws them on the table for travellers to examine as a kind of curiosity. It is high time that the patriotism of the Perugians had put an end to this indecent profanation, and consecrated to Braccio the mausoleum he deserves.

## CHAPTER V.

Corso.—Substructions.—Public palace.—Luxury in dress among ladies of the fourteenth century.—Cambio.—Fountain.—Statue of Julius III.—Arch of Augustus.

The fine *Corso* and the piazza *del Soprammuro*, which is parallel thereto, are further remarkable for their immense substructions, that fill the space between the two hills on which the duomo and fortress stand. A part of them, executed in the time of Braccio Fortebracci's sovereignty, still bear the name of *Muri di Braccio*.

The vast public palace, of a fine Gothic, the residence of the delegate and the *magistratura* (the municipality),

contains the archives of the town. Some twenty years ago, they discovered there a walled chamber, a kind of secret archives, containing precious manuscripts of the time when Perugia was opulent and free. These documents were probably concealed in this manner when the republic was abolished, to prevent their removal to Rome, and the consequent loss of the title-deeds of ancient privileges. It is presumed that these archives supplied the article on the sumptuary laws of Perugia in the fourteenth century, published by S. Vermiglioli, a document valuable as a specimen of the Perugian dialect, and remarkable for the severity of the measures it contains, which are chiefly directed against the extravagant dresses of the ladies. It seems that the taste for dress was then excessive in Italy, as similar edicts existed at Florence and in the other states, and Dante, an admirable painter of manners, wrote vehemently against it :

Non avea catenella, non corona,  
Non donne contigiate, non cintura  
Che fosse a veder più che la persona.<sup>1</sup>

The hall *del Cambio*, the Exchange of Perugia in the fifteenth century, is decorated with frescos by Perugino, who was aided in this work by his pupil *Il Ingegno*, as Vasari and his copier Lanzi pretend. These admirable frescos represent the portraits of illustrious men of antiquity, and in the chapel adjoining divers subjects from the Old and New Testaments, with Perugino's portrait, and they have been ably celebrated by a poet of our own days, S. Mezzanotte, professor at the university.

The fountain of the piazza is one of the first and best works of Giovanni Pisano, who also sculptured the basso-relievos of the first conch.

The piazza *del Papa* has at last received the bronze statue of Julius III.; this persecuted monument, a martyr of the revolutions of Italy, had remained for some time suspended in the ropes that were used to remove it from the great piazza, and was successively lodged in the palace of the inquisition, in the fortress, and in a dark cellar of the Monaldi palace. This statue, of Danti's youth, as the inscription purports: *Vincens Dante, Perusinus, adhuc puber*

<sup>1</sup> Parad. xv, 100.



*faciebat*, is already of marvellous workmanship, for facility, nobleness, vigour, and, like many first works of artists and writers, it is free from those defects that sometimes arise from habit, routine, or overweening confidence of talent.

The piazza Grimara presents the finest remains of the Etruscan circuit of the town. The majestic gate flanked with two towers, called the Arch of Augustus, takes that name only from the inscription *Augusta Perusia*, subsequently added by the Romans.

## CHAPTER VI.

University.—Professors.—Cabinet of archeology.—Etruscan inscriptions.—Quadrige.—Cabinet of medals.—Latin inscriptions.—Academy of Fine Arts.—Gallery.—Pio college.—Library.—Madhouse.—Reading-room.

The university of Perugia, the best in the Papal states after those of Rome and Bologna, is one of the most distinguished in Italy. Founded in 1320, it received numerous privileges from popes and emperors, and is indebted to the French administration for its magnificent edifice, the old convent of the Olivetans. The number of students was from three to four hundred. Some of its professors are men of extraordinary merit; such are: S. Vermiglioli, a celebrated antiquarian, a clever and indefatigable interpreter of the monuments of his country, professor of archeology; S. Mezzanotte, a poet imbued with the ancients, an excellent translator and commentator of Pindar, of Greek; the amiable marquis Antinori, an elegant and graceful poet, of Italian literature; Doctor Bruschi, a botanist and good physician, of *materia medica*; S. Martini, a learned experimental philosopher, of physics. The French administration likewise extended the course of instruction at this university. A member of the Consulta of Rome, M. de Gérando, who had contributed to this amelioration, received two years after a touching and disinterested token of gratitude from the inhabitants of Perugia; they sent him a fine painting by Perugino, now at Paris. While the monuments seized by victory were taken from our squares and palaces, this pic-

ture, the prize of an honourable action and the memorial of an enlightened conquest, reached unnoticed the abode of a man of worth, where it was destined to remain in security from all such violent vicissitudes.

The botanical garden counts about two thousand species. The cabinet of mineralogy was presented by S. Canali, ex-professor of physics and now rector of the university.

The archeological cabinet, created by the generous donations of different inhabitants of Perugia, and proceeding from excavations made in its territory, is rich in Etruscan inscriptions, of which there are now more than eighty; the longest consists of forty-five lines. The rich ornaments and carved figures of the Etruscan quadrige, a votive offering, according to the authoritative opinions of SS. Vermiglioli and Micali, found in 1810 by a peasant of Castel San Mariano, make us regret the absence of the other dispersed fragments of this wooden car, and especially its superb basso-relievo of gilt silver restored by M. Millingen, which is now in the British Museum. The figures of the fine yellow and red vase with a black bottom represent a *Bacchanal* on one side, *Admetes* and *Alcestes* on the other, offering an expiatory sacrifice to Diana, according to S. Vermiglioli, but *Atalanta* and *Meleager*, according to the more probable opinion of the abbé Zannoni.

The cabinet of medals is select rather than numerous.

The walls of the corridors of the University, particularly on the second floor, are incrustated with a fine series of Latin inscriptions.

The Academy of Fine Arts, in the same building as the University, has some good paintings by masters of Perugia arranged chronologically, chiefly proceeding from suppressed churches. One of Perugino's receipts for the price of a painting is there exposed in a glazed frame.

Among the private galleries we may distinguish that of Baron della Penna, which has a masterpiece of Perugino; the gallery of the marquis Monaldi, containing a great *Neptune* on a marine car, ordered of Guido by Cardinal Mo-

\* See the learned description that he has given of it, which, in accordance with a singular and not unfrequent Italian custom, was published at

Perugia in 1831, on the marriage of the marquis Ghino Bracceschi with the countess Aurelia Meniconi.

naldi, legate at Bologna, and a sketch of the same painting by the artist; the gallery of the *Staffa* palace, proud of its admirable and most authentic *Virgin* by Raphael, for the original treaty between the artist and a Count Staffa long existed in the archives of that family, but is now lost; lastly the Oddi museum, formerly celebrated, but at present greatly reduced, which boasts no longer its famous *Deposition from the Cross*, now at Rome; this ivory group, with its numerous figures, is a noble, expressive, and natural work, in fact, among the best of that kind; but there is not the slightest reason to ascribe it to Michael Angelo, any more than a multitude of other sculptures in ivory, which, had he executed them all, would have left him no leisure for any thing else.

The *Pio* college, which takes its name from the protection accorded to it by Pope Pius VII., is managed in a new and superior manner by the worthy professor Colizzi, who is equally distinguished as a professor of public law, a mathematician, and a chemist. S. Colizzi makes the study of the ancient languages, which he has simplified, proceed simultaneously with that of the sciences; and his fine establishment, which has sixty pupils, would have more, if the place permitted.

The library of Perugia, confided to the enlightened management of S. Canali, has about thirty thousand volumes; it possesses a fine collection of the fifteenth century and some curious manuscripts. The most remarkable of the latter is the *Stephen of Byzantium*, reckoned one of the best of this Greek grammarian of the end of the fifth century. The miniatures of a *St. Augustine* of the thirteenth century, representing the *Redeemer with several saints* and the *Beginning of Genesis*, resemble the Greek style in their angular and thick folds, and prove that it was already practised in Umbria. The *Opinions of Benedetto Capra*, a Perugian jurisconsult, of the year 1476, without printer's name, was the first book printed at Perugia. The *Funeral oration of the young Grifone Baglione*, assassinated when 22 years old in 1477, with what motive does not appear, by the lieutenant of the lord of Sasso Ferrato, a discourse by the Perugian scholar Maturanzio, who delivered it over the young victim's grave, is of the same year as his death. The *Itine-*

*rary of the Holy Land and Mount Sinai*, in Italian, by Gabriele Capodilista, of an ancient family of Padua, whose chivalrous French motto (*Leal desir*); we have already quoted, though without date or imprint, must apparently be one of the good editions of Perugia in the fifteenth century.

Besides all the various establishments peculiar to Italy, such as its music school, its two philo-dramatic academies, its two theatres, its society *de' fiedoni* (a society of amateurs of the arts that holds public sittings), and even its new and well-conducted madhouse, Perugia possesses a reading-room which receives the different foreign Reviews, and bears testimony to the liberal spirit of the principal inhabitants.

## CHAPTER VII.

Tower of San Manno.—Borders of the Lake.—Emisario.—Island.—Pieve.—Palace.—Frescos of Perugino.—Montecorona.—Todi.

At the hamlet of San Manno, one mile from Perugia, is the celebrated Etruscan tomb, called the temple of San Manno, which was used as a cellar until cleared out by direction of Professor Colizzi, a monument remarkable for its arched roof composed of huge square stones. The inscription of three large lines, surnamed by Maffei the *queen of inscriptions*, and which perhaps was so in his day, is still one of the finest and longest of known Tuscan inscriptions.

The aspect of the country bordering on the lake of Perugia, the ancient Trasimenus, perfectly explains the battle described by Polybius and Livy, "an action," proudly remarks the latter historian, "that was one of the few defeats of the Roman people;" *Hæc est nobilis ad Trasimenum pugna, atque inter paucas memorata populi Romani clades*. It is easily seen that the consul Flaminius had a confined and bad retreat along the lake, and one almost expects to see the Numidian cavalry rush from the mountains to intercept him. The superstitious recollection of this disaster produced, to parody the Latin historian, one of the frequent discomfitures of the pope's soldiers, who were beaten on that very spot by the army of Lorenzo de' Medici.

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book VII. ch. III.

The emissario that traverses the mountain *del Lago* and maintains the level of the lake, is a repaired Etruscan structure, and one of the most magnificent works of Braccio's reign.

The waters of the lake of Perugia are azure and limpid. On the *Isola Maggiore*, one of the pretty isles in the lake, is a convent of Observantines, whence the prospect is superb.

At the *città della Pieve*, a small town twenty miles from Perugia, near the lake, is the almost royal palace built by Galeaso Alessi for the duke della Corogna.

The *città della Pieve*, Perugino's birth-place, is also remarkable for its chapel called the *Chiesarella*, which contains the fresco of the *Nativity*, one of his most delicious works. The house in which the artist was born still existed in 1828, opposite this chapel, but it was barbarously pulled down by S. T\*\*\*\*\*, in the following year, to make some addition to his habitation. On the road, at a nunnery in the village of Panicale, are some other less remarkable frescos by Perugino. He seems to have covered the country with his paintings, which are too often misprized and disfigured by clownish ignorance.

The Camaldulite convent of Montecorona, twelve miles north of Perugia, seated on the summit of the mount most justly called *Belvedere*, and surrounded by a superb forest of firs planted by those laborious solitaries in the savage desert which they have brought into cultivation,—this splendid monastery is at the same time one of the most religious and holy. These reformed Camaldulites of the order of Saint Romuald, are both cenobites and hermits: each has a little house to himself and a garden which he cultivates, and they do not assemble or eat together in the refectory more than once or twice a year, besides on the festival of their founder. These compassionate monks succour the mountaineers their neighbours, and give a cordial welcome to travellers in their house at the foot of the mountain. One is sometimes startled on finding, under the great white robe and the humble condition of these anchorets, the bearing, language, and manners of high life; for among them are men who were once of importance in the world, and even a Prussian general of great ability. Such conversions do not surprise those

who have contemplated the locality, and especially the calm, pure, and pious souls that inhabit it.

Todi, a little town near the Tiber, founded by the Etruscans, ever menaced and injured by the falling of the hill on which it stands, was formerly powerful, martial, and rich, as the numerous coins still remaining prove. Though out of the way and not easily approached, especially in wet weather, it deserves a visit for its strong antique walls of long square stones, with phalli; for the ruins of its singular edifice, the subject of so much archeological disputation, supposed by some persons part of a forum and temple of Mars, or rather of a basilic of the earlier emperors, and also for the good architecture of most of its churches. The principal one, the fine church of the Madonna, an assemblage of cupolas cleverly grouped, is one of Bramante's chefs-d'œuvre.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Cortona.—Walls.—Pretorio palace.—Etruscan Academy.—Library.—Museum.—Grotto of Pythagoras.—Cathedral.—Sarcophagus of Flaminus.—Last grand-master of Malta.—Gesù.—Saint Margaret.—Conventuals.—Saint Dominick.—Saint Augustine.—Santa Maria degli Grazie.—Chiusi.—Collections.—Cathedral.—Circus.

Cortona, one of the most ancient cities in Italy, on a high mountain, like the other Etruscan towns, is admirably situated. The population is a little above five thousand. Its gigantic cyclopean walls, of oblong and square stones, hold together without mortar, like all similar constructions. The circuit of the present town is exactly the same as the ancient, and the modern gates seem to stand in the ancient places.

The *Pretorio* palace is the seat of the Etruscan academy, founded in 1726 by the illustrious antiquarian, Ridolfino Venuti, of Cortona. Its president, called *Lucumo*, the ancient title of the elective and absolute chief of the peoples of Etruria, whom the Latin historians honour with the title of king, may be chosen among foreigners; but he must have a representative at Cortona, called *vice-lucumo*. This academy has not gone further than its ten quarto volumes of Memoirs, and it does not seem to have participated in the impulse given



in our days to the study of Tuscan antiquities.

The rich library, confided to the management of S. Ponbucci, possesses the mutilated manuscript of the *Notte Cortane*, in twelve folio volumes, a precious collection of conversations on archeology by the learned lords of Cortona. A manuscript of Dante is remarkable for the beauty of its characters and miniatures.

The small museum is principally remarkable for its Etruscan antiquities. The figure of most importance for mythology and the history of art is the bronze reckoned by some a *Victory*, by others a *Venus*, and also the *Moon*.

An antique tomb or Etruscan building, remarkable for the construction of its roof and the large stones joined without cement, has been strangely named the *Grotto of Pythagoras*, the inhabitants of Cortona having from vanity transposed the R of their town, notwithstanding the crime of the Crotoniates, who burnt alive the most humane philosopher of antiquity, because he advised them to be tolerant.

The cathedral, of the tenth or eleventh century, was restored internally at the beginning of the last century by the Florentine architect Galilei. The fine basso-relievo of the pretended sarcophagus of Flaminius, representing the *Combat of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ*, or a *Triumph of Bacchus*, seems to belong to the Roman period of antique art, perhaps the times of the Antonini. The best paintings are by Luca Signorelli, a native of Cortona, which town possesses pictures in his three manners; his works are: a *Deposition from the Cross* and a graceful *Communion of the Apostles*, in which the figure of Christ seems worthy of the Carracci for colouring. This cathedral contains the tomb of the last grand-master of Malta, Giambattista Tommasi, named by Pius VII. in 1803 and deceased in 1805, an obscure successor of l'Isle-Adam and La Vallette.

The *Gesù* has a delightful *Annunciation* by Fra Angelico; a *Nativity*, a *Conception*, an *Eternal Father*, by Luca Signorelli: this last painting is in a triangular form, and of his first manner. The *Virgin on a throne with St. Roch and St. Ubald*, is by Jacone, the chief of those coarse Epicurean Florentines de-

scribed by Vasari; it is unfinished, doubtless owing to his relish for jollity and frolic.

The majestic church of Saint Margaret and its monastery surrounded with cypress occupy the summit of the mountain of Cortona. The view is enchanting. On the road are some wrecks of Roman thermæ frequently given for a temple of Bacchus. The church is by Niccolao and Giovanni Pisano, whose names are on the steeple. An old fresco, full of expression, represents the tender Margaret, a simple villager of the environs of Cortona, discovering under a heap of stones the body of a man whom she loved. The tomb of this amiable saint, whose penitence was afterwards so austere, is of the thirteenth century. A crown of gold ornamented with precious stones and the silver front of the tomb were given by Pietro of Cortona, when he received letters of nobility from his country, and the latter is said to have been sculptured from his designs. The *St. Catherine* is by Baroccio; the *Virgin*, *St. Blase*, *St. John Baptist*, *St. Elizabeth of Hungary*, by Empoli; a *Conception with St. Louis of Toulouse*, *St. Francis*, *St. Dominick*, *St. Margaret*, by the elder Vanni.

The convent of the Minor Conventuals of Saint Francis, of the close of the thirteenth century, has the best painting of Cortona, Cigoli's *Miracle of St. Anthony's mule*, which converted a heretic.

The convent of Saint Dominick is anterior to 1258. A graceful *Assumption* is attributed to Pietro da Panicale, of Perugia. Fra Angelico is the reputed painter of the picture in the antique style in the choir, with an inscription of 1440, purporting that it was given by Cosmo and Lorenzo de' Medici to the friars of Saint Dominick, to pray for their souls and those of their fathers. A *Virgin surrounded with Saints*, much damaged, is by this exquisite painter; the *Assumption with St. Hyacinth*, by the younger Palma.

The convent of Augustines is one of the oldest in the town. In the church are: the *Virgin*, *St. John Baptist*, *St. James*, *St. Stephen*, and *St. Francis*, a work in Titian's style, one of the most extolled and most extraordinary of Pietro of Cortona; the *Virgin*, *St. John Baptist* and *St. Anthony the Abbot*, by Empoli.

In a valley to the south, not far distant from the town, is the elegant Santa Maria *delle Grazie*, called *del Calcinajo* (of the Lime), from an antique picture painted on the corner of an exterior wall of a tan-yard, a venerated image, ere now the witness of divers miracles, and particularly of that of the oxen, which while ploughing kneeled every time they passed before it. The architecture is not by Antonio San Gallo, as supposed, but by Francesco di Giorgio, of Siena. A *Conception*, an *Annunciation*, and an *Adoration of the Magi*, works unknown to Lanzi, are by Papacello, a clever artist of Cortona and a pupil of Giulio Romano.

Chiusi, pleasantly situated on a hill, deserves a visit from the archeological traveller for its rich museum and various Etruscan ruins, although no vestige is left of the famous labyrinth and mausoleum of Porsenna in his ancient capital. This monument, with its three piles of buildings superposed, as given by Pliny and Varro, would be absolutely impossible, and is now regarded by men of science as fabulous, symbolical, and imaginary.

Some curious collections have been formed by certain learned inhabitants of Chiusi, chiefly by SS. Casuccini and Paolozzi, antiquarian landowners, who seem less to cultivate than ransack their fields and gardens. The Casuccini museum has more than forty sepulchral monuments of marble much injured, and about a hundred in burnt earth, which comprise some elegant figures of men and women that attest the plastic skill of the Etruscans; forty tombs of travertine, interesting for their forms and figures, and, above all, some large elegant black vases, independently of bronzes, gold ornaments, etc. The greater part of these monuments have inscriptions which may promote the study of the Etruscan tongue, and are indisputable proofs of civilisation. On one of the fine black vases may be remarked an assortment of children's playthings, which in all ages and countries seem nearly the same. The collection of S. Paolozzi, rich in vases ornamented with paintings, with Etruscan urns, bronze medals, and graven stones, has a stone basso-relievo of a remarkable style.

The old cathedral of the modern Chiusi may be looked on as another Etruscan museum; and the first christians of that town, now unhealthy and tradeless, with only two thousand two hundred and twenty-six inhabitants, like the christians of Rome, despoiled their ancient temples and edifices to rear their churches. The tomb containing the relics of Saint Mustiola is made of an antique column of Numidian marble. The eighteen unequal columns of different marble which support the arches of the three naves, are doubtless part of some ancient monument. The bishop's chamber has a fine head of Augustus with the sacerdotal veil, supposed of Adrian's time, and in his garden are a number of tombs and capitals, of various orders, in bad condition.

The cippus of the church of Saint Francis indicates the existence of a temple of Diana. The lofty column of Ethiopian marble, exquisitely wrought, of the Confraternity of Death, must have been procured from a basilic. In the promenade of the circus, the trees and stone benches are placed alternately with pedestals supporting Etruscan or Roman fragments, taken from the grottos of Chiusi, the necropolis of Tuscany.

## CHAPTER IX.

Vale of Chiana.—Castiglione.—Olmo.—Santa Maria degli *Grazie*.—Arezzo.—Atr.—Illustrious men.—Amphitheatre.

The vale of Chiana is one of the most splendid monuments of cultivated nature, one of those conquests that display the benevolent empire of man and make his true glory. The wonderful fecundity of its fields is chiefly due to the works of Leopold. It appears, however, according to accurate research, that from the tenth to the fourteenth century the course of the Chiana had been skilfully directed,<sup>1</sup> and that Italy, which preceded the other nations of Europe in most of the arts, was also their mistress in hydraulic science.

Castiglione, a little ancient town, pleasant and well situated, counts five thousand three hundred and seventeen inhabitants, enriched by husbandry. The fine parish church (*Pieve*), of the

<sup>1</sup> See the Historical hydraulic Memoirs on the vale Chiana, published in 1789 by the Cav. Fos-

sombroni, now counsellor and prime minister of the grand-duke of Tuscany.

close of the fourteenth century, has not lost its character, though it has undergone several restorations. A *Nostra Signora and St. Julian*, patron of the church, and a *St. Michael*, by Bartolommeo della Gatta, a Camaldulite monk of the fifteenth century, an excellent painter of miniatures, musician, and architect, are works highly extolled by Vasari, but the figures in them are too long. At Saint Francis, the *Virgin*, *St. Anne*, *St. Silvester*, and the *Saint*, by Vasari, is remarkable in design but feeble in colouring.

Half a mile from Arezzo, is *Olmo*, so called from an antique gigantic elm. Popular tradition makes it as old as Annibal's time; its vigorous roots injured some houses near, and it was, on that account, mutilated and destroyed by the French administration. At present it is only a black shapeless post, about ten feet high, very different from the ancient majesty of that proud tree, which ten men could hardly embrace, and which filled a hundred carts with its huge boughs and fragments.

The delightful semi-gothic portico of *Santa Maria degli Grazie* is something like, though of another character, the admirable *Loggia* of the Lanzi at Florence.

Arezzo, an ancient and historical city, one of the three principal Etruscan cities, according to Livy, rises in form of an amphitheatre on lovely hills. The population is ten thousand four hundred souls. When we consider the great number of illustrious or famous men that Arezzo has produced, from Petrarch to Redi, the historian Giovanni Villani's remark on the influence of its climate appears just, and one might be tempted to take for truth the jest of Michael Angelo, a native of Caprese, a village of two hundred inhabitants near Arezzo, when he told Vasari that he (Michael Angelo) was indebted to the air of his country for whatever was good in his mind: *Giorgio, se io ho nulla di buono nell'ingegno, egli è venuto dal nascere nella sottilità dell'aria del vostro paese di Arezzo*. Perhaps also this vivacity of the air which inspired the genius of superior men excited in the common people that crabbed party spirit with which

Dante reproaches the inhabitants of Arezzo:

Botoll trova poi venendo giuso  
Ringhiosi più che non chiede lor possa.<sup>3</sup>

Divers inscriptions mark the abodes of some of the illustrious Aretines, and make the streets of this little town an absolute Pantheon. Besides Petrarch, Redi, and Vasari, we may further distinguish among the historical Aretine: the infamous Pietro, the scourge of princes; Bruni, chancellor of Florence; <sup>3</sup> Fra Guittone of Arezzo, a Benedictine monk of the eleventh century, abbot of the monastery of Fonte Avellana, a proficient, for his time, in Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Chaldaic, Latin, and, above all, inventor of the solfège and restorer of music in Italy; the poet of the thirteenth century, Guittone of Arezzo, sometimes confounded with the monk, who brought the sonnet to perfection, put in Purgatory by Dante, doubtless for having composed verses without inspiration, and sung rather coldly by Petrarch in his *Trionfi*:

Ecco Cin da Pistoja, Guittton d'Arezzo;

Guglielmo degli Ubertini, a martial bishop and head of the Ghibeline party in Tuscany; Margaritone, a painter, sculptor, architect, and machinist, of the thirteenth century, an able imitator of Niccolao Pisano and Arnolfo di Lapo; Spinello, an expressive painter of the fourteenth century; Albergoti, a great jurisconsult of the same epoch; the lord and bishop of Arezzo, Guido Tarlati, of whom we shall speak here after; the jurisconsult and professor Marsuppini, the enemy of Filelfo; <sup>4</sup> the family of the Accolti, who seem a tribe of literati, two of whom, Bernardo, surnamed the *unique* from his marvellous facility as an improvisatore, and his nephew the Cardinal Benedetto, were celebrated by Ariosto; <sup>5</sup> Cardinal Bibiena, author of the *Calandria*; Giovanni Tortelli, *cameriere* of honour to the great pope Nicholas V., librarian of the infant Vatican; Antonio Roselli, an orator and jurisconsult of the fifteenth century, called the monarch of science; Andrea Cesalpin, the creator of botany, who had a glimpse of the cir-

<sup>1</sup> *Il sito e l'aria di Arezzo genera sottilissimi uomini*, 1st. lib. i. cap. xlvil.

<sup>2</sup> *Purgat.* xiv. 46.

<sup>3</sup> See ante, book x. ch. xii.

<sup>4</sup> See ante, *ibid.*

<sup>5</sup> *Orland. cant.* xlvi. st. x. xi.



culation of the blood before Harvey; Vezzosi, his pupil, the ladies' physician, a poet and philosopher, Tasso's friend; Colonel Ottaviani, a good soldier, deceased in 1609, who had fought all over Europe, and bore the name of Mæcenas, whose descendant he pretended to be, for the friend of Augustus and Horace was also of Arezzo; Marshal d'Ancre, who was killed on the bridge of the Louvre, disinterred, torn to pieces, and his heart cooked and eaten by the populace of Paris; Francesco Rossi, prætor at Cortona, Prato, and Volterra, auditor *del Magistrato supremo* under Leopold, and a great antiquarian; Francesco de' Giudici, a critic and scholar of the last century; Geronimo Perelli, of the same family, the annalist of the literati of Arezzo, of whom he enumerates above five hundred and fifty, from Fra Guittone to the end of the eighteenth century, and the ingenious Pignotti.<sup>1</sup>

In the garden of the monastery occupied by the monks of Saint Bernard, the ruins supposed to be an amphitheatre, though when built and for what purpose appear doubtful, are an antique wreck of Roman construction, admirable for its extent and solidity.

The church *della Pieve*, the most ancient of the town, rebuilt in 1216, according to the inscription on the principal door, presents some wrecks of an ancient temple supposed to have been consecrated to Bacchus. The fantastic capitals, columns, and caryatides, by Marchione, an artist of Arezzo in the thirteenth century, exhibit great facility, and might belong to a more advanced epoch. Vasari says that he was charged to repair the interior, to which he applied himself *con amore*, as this church was associated with his boyish recollections and was the sepulture of his fathers; he wished to be interred there, in the chapel opposite the high altar, belonging to his family, which has recently become extinct. He boasted of having brought the church to life, but it must ever be regretted that the paintings of the old masters of Giotto's school perished in these repairs: the paintings by Vasari, and even his *St. George*, behind the high altar, though very good, are no compensation for such a loss.

The institute of the *Fraternità*, ap-

proved by bishop Guillemín degli Ubertini in the year 1262, which undertakes to relieve the poor, to protect widows and wards, to rear and provide for orphans, and even to propagate scientific and literary knowledge, is one of those charitable institutions arising from the spirit of association which has long existed in Italy,<sup>2</sup> and is usually combined with intellectual progress. Vasari was one of the benefactors of this institute. In this venerable palace of the *Fraternità*, built in the fourteenth century by Nicolao of Arezzo and remarkable for the majesty of its old front, is the museum of antiquities and natural history, contiguous to the public library of above ten thousand volumes.

In the grand Piazza, probably the ancient *forum* of Arezzo, the porticos of the merchants (*Loggie*), by Vasari, are a very elegant architectural work and the artist's chef-d'œuvre. The marble statue of the grand-duke Ferdinand III. is by S. Ricci.

## CHAPTER X.

Petrarch's house.—Well of Tosano, in Boccaccio's novel.

Among the illustrious houses of Arezzo, the first is that where Petrarch was born, on Monday, July 20, 1304, in the *Borgo dell' Orto*, a small street near the cathedral, as we are informed by a lengthy inscription put on the outside of the house in 1810. The poet's father, Ser Petracco, Pietro (for it appears that he had not yet a name, which was not uncommon among plebeians), notary of the reformations of Florence, or archivist of the deliberations of the Signiory, had been banished in 1302 with Dante, as belonging to the White party; and his mother Electa de' Canigiani, a courageous woman, shared the exile and troubles of her husband's life. On the very night of Petrarch's birth, Ser Petracco, assisted by other Whites, had attempted a nocturnal attack, which was unsuccessful, in order to regain his country; and on returning he found his wife just delivered of a son at the imminent peril of her life. But Ser Petracco did not suffer the long exile of Dante, for he was recalled five years after. Petrarch,

<sup>1</sup> See ante, book XI. ch. XI.

<sup>2</sup> See ante, book V. ch. VII.

on his road from Rome, was so well received at Arezzo, that he asserted that town had done more for him, a stranger, than Florence for his fellow-citizen. One of the marks of attention that flattered him most was his being unexpectedly conducted by the magistrates to this house, where he was informed that the proprietor having wished to make several alterations, the town had always been opposed thereto, and had ordained that the place consecrated by his birth should be always kept in the same state. The room on the ground floor that was shown to me as the scene of Petrarch's birth was an ordinary apartment, without any vestige of antiquity.

Opposite this house is the well near which Boccaccio has placed the scene of the poor Tofano and Monna Ghita his wife, who being shut out at night, like the Angelica of George Dandin, feigned to jump in, but merely threw down a large stone, which stratagem was equally successful in both cases; an admirable comic scene, in which Tofano seems inferior to George Dandin, confounded by the Sotenvilles; but Monna Ghita crying from the window *Alla croce di Dio, etc.*, is very superior to Angelica, who is always speaking like a fine lady.

## CHAPTER XI.

Cathedral.—Painted glass.—Altar, by Giovanni Pisano.—Mausoleums of Guido Tarlati, by Agostino and Angelo of Siena;—of Gregory X., by Margaritone.—Chapel of the Virgin.—Redi.—Archives.—Statue of Ferdinand I.

The majestic Gothic cathedral, of the thirteenth century, is singularly venerable. It seems as if its sombre vaults still resound with the words of the archdeacon Hildebrand, afterwards Gregory VII., when he pronounced from the pulpit the chastisement of the spoilers of the church, and perhaps gave Dante the idea, the inspiration of some of the torments of his *Inferno*. Over one of the lateral doors are suspended some enormous elephant's tusks, probably fossil, which the local patriotism of the Arretines will have proceed from the elephants of Annibal, that glorious captain, whose traces are found at every step on this road. Four of the compartments of the nave ceiling, ornamented with stars of gold on an azure ground, date from

the year 1344, and are by the painters Andrea and Balduccio. The compartments of the middle nave were executed in 1500 and 1520 by the Florentine Nofelli and Guillaume de Marseilles, a French painter and Dominican, afterwards a secular priest and prior of Arezzo, a clever imitator of the great figures of the Sixtine; he also did the brilliant painted windows, one of which, the *Calling of St. Matthew*, excited Vasari's unbounded enthusiasm. We there find, says he, *i tempi di prospettiva, le scale e le figure talmente composte, e i paesi sì propri fatti, che mai non si penserà che siano vetri, ma cosa piovuta dal cielo a consolazione degli uomini*. The *Crucifix* of the old painter of Arezzo, Spinello, is an expressive composition, despite the singularity of the little angels holding cups to catch the blood trickling from the Saviour's wounds. In the chapel of Saint Matthew, marvellously painted by Franciabiagio, a German seems living. A skilful *St. Mary Magdalen* is by Pietro della Francesca, a great Florentine artist of the fifteenth century, who lost his sight at the age of thirty-four; the *St. Ignatius*, the *Madonna welcoming the people of Arezzo*, recommended by their protectors, are by two good painters of the country: the first an abbot; the second a gentleman, his pupil. The basso-relievos and small statues of the altar, by Giovanni Pisano, notwithstanding the ordinary monotony and the unhappy choice of his forms, may be regarded as one of the best works of the time and of the artist. The middle compartment represents the *Madonna with St. Gregory*, the portrait of Pope Honorius IV., on one side, and *St. Donatus*, the protector of Arezzo, on the other. The basso-relievo of the *Death of the Virgin* is very touching; but the *St. John blowing into a censer* appears, in so sorrowful a scene, engaged in a very vulgar occupation, which also swells his cheeks and deprives his countenance of the expression of grief which it ought to have.

The mausoleum of Guido Tarlati, lord and bishop of Arezzo, erected, from 1320 to 1330, by Angelo and Agostino of Siena, was perhaps the most remarkable that had then been erected since the first days of the revival, and many a year elapsed before there was anything to approach it. Giotto, the friend and admirer of

these two artists, who probably aided them with his advice, though he does not seem to have made the design, as some have supposed, since the age and reputation of Angelo and Agostino would hardly allow them to execute the plan of another, had recommended them to Pietro Saccone di Pietra Mala, Guido's brother. It must be confessed, too, that the history of the ambitious and warlike prelate, a prince and chief of the Ghibelines, interdicted and excommunicated by the pope, one of the great men of Italy, was singularly diversified and dramatic. The different subjects of this history, such as the *Crowning of the emperor Louis of Bavaria at Milan*, the taking of towns and castles, are seen in sixteen compartments; their little figures, distinct, natural, and elegant, are worthy of the best times, and several, those for instance in the compartment entitled *Morte di Messere*, are noble and very pathetic.

The tomb of Gregory X., executed about 1277 by Margaritone, is remarkable for the simplicity of the ensemble and the taste of the draperies. This pope Gregory, though not formally canonized, is honoured as a saint at Arezzo. He died there, after being obliged by the overflowing of the Arno to pass over a bridge at Florence; and as he had some time before laid that city under an interdict, he thought proper to give it a provisional blessing, lest it should be said that a pope had gone through an accursed city, but he interdicted it again when he got out of it.

The old baptistry presents, on the wall, a fresco of *St. Jerome in the desert*, expressive but dry, attributed either to Giotto or Spinello, and in good preservation. At an altar near, is the *Martyrdom of St. Donatus*, an energetic composition, with a well rendered triple effect of light; it is in Guido's manner, and began the reputation of S. Benvenuto, a native of Arezzo.

A new chapel, consecrated to the miraculous image of the Virgin, constructed by the Florentine architect del Rosso, is decorated with recent paintings, among which are a great *Judith*, by S. Benvenuto, and opposite, *Abigail going to meet David*, by S. Sabatelli, a rival performance, which is not inferior in design, and excels in colouring.

The elegant mausoleum of Redi, for-

merly at the church of the Conventual Minorites, was, when that was suppressed, removed to the cathedral. Redi, a natural philosopher of acute observation, a reforming physician, and a good poet, is, with the Arabians, Fracastor and Haller, an additional example of the singular relations existing between the art of poetry and the science of medicine.<sup>1</sup>

The archives of the cathedral, which Mabillon was refused a sight of, on the pretext of the Holy Week, but really because they were not then presentable, have been since put in order and arranged according to date. They contain about two thousand documents, among which are diplomas from almost all the emperors, from Charlemagne to Frederick II., in favour of the church and bishop of Arezzo, valuable monuments of diplomacy. In the piazza of the Duomo, the marble statue of the grand duke Ferdinand I. is by Giovanni Bologna, and one of his best pupils, the Frenchman Francheville or Francavilla.

## CHAPTER XII.

Public palace.—Vasari's house.—Badia.—Bacci museum.

The public palace, built in 1332, originally Gothic, but barbarously modernised during the last century, was anterior to the *Palazzo Vecchio* of Florence, where public meetings were still held in the churches. It presents some paintings by artists of Arezzo, the best of which is the *Gonfalone of St. Rock* (banner of that confraternity), representing divers incidents of that saint's life.

The house of Vasari (*Strada S. Vito*), now belonging to the counts of Montauti, has undergone little change, and presents several of his best ornamental paintings.

The elegant church of the Badia of Santa Flora offers one of those cupolas of architectural painting, extraordinary for perspective, by the famous P. Pozzi. In the ancient refectory of the cloister, the *Banquet of Ahasuerus*, a vast composition by Vasari, given by him to his natal town, and containing his own portrait under the guise of an old man with a long beard, is one of the few works that would have immortalised the artist's

<sup>1</sup> See ante, book v. ch. xviii.



name, had he been wise enough to paint less. The hall of the *Ahasuerus* is the place where are held the sittings of the Arezzo Academy of sciences, letters, and arts, which has taken the title of *Pe-trarca*.

The museum of the Cav. Bacci, who also possesses the rich Rossi collection, is justly celebrated among antiquaries. The most important are : a great Etruscan vase found near Arezzo, and representing the *combat of the Amazons* ; a collection of red vases, of which there seems to have been a manufactory at Arezzo, moulds having been found there ; a *secespita*, or sacrificial knife, and a large Etruscan coin weighing more than two pounds. S. Bacci, one of whose ancestors, Ludovico Bacci, is supposed to have been the natural father of Pietro Aretino, is descended from that Gualtero

de' Bacci, an intimate friend of Leo X. and captain of his guards, an employ that Ariosto coveted, which he upbraided his relative Annibale Malaguzzo for not having procured, and which he seemed really worthy to fill under such a pope :

Cugl'n, con quest' esempio vo' che spacci  
Quei che credon che l' papa porre innanti  
Mi debba a Neri, a Vanut, a Lotti, e a Bacci.

At one mile from Florence stands the antique monastery of San Salvi, which has in the refectory a *Cenaculum*, an admirable fresco, a chef-d'œuvre of Andrea del Sarto. It was here, in 1312, that the emperor Henry VII., the hero and ally of Dante, encamped, when, excited by that emigrant of genius, he besieged the poet's native town, which, without compassion or clemency, was to banish him for ever from its bosom.

## BOOK THE NINETEENTH.

ROAD FROM FLORENCE TO GENOA.—PRATO.—PISTOJA.—LUCCA.—MASSA.—SARZANA.

### CHAPTER I.

CampI.—Statistical phenomenon.—Prato.—Cathedral.—Pulpit by Donatello.—Paintings by Lippi.—Mausoleum of Carlo de' Medici.—Carceri.—Pretorio palace.—Cicognini College.—Montemurlo.

Six miles from Florence, Campi, a large town washed by the Bisenzio, offers a picturesque castle which was frequently taken and ravaged in the wars of the middle ages, and a church, a pious foundation of the same period, but stripped of every thing characteristic by repeated renovations. This town owes its present fame and the easy circumstances of its inhabitants to the sale of straw hats. Such is the prosperity of the territory of Campi, that it presents the statistical phenomenon of nine hundred and ten persons per square mile.

The small town of Prato is remarkable for its cleanliness, the developement of

its industry, and the works of art in some of its monuments.

The cathedral and its elegant tower, of the fifteenth century, are still Gothic. The basso-relievo of the *Virgin*, between St. Stephen and St. Laurence, over the principal door, is by Luca della Robbia. The little children dancing that decorate the pulpit on the piazza where the miraculous *cintola* (girdle of the Virgin) is shown to the people, are reckoned the most charming of Donatello's ever graceful children. The bronze *Crucifix* of Tacca is extolled. The paintings of the choir, by Filippo Lippi the elder, perhaps his best work, have been deservedly praised for design, colour, draperies, and expression ; in *Herod's feast*, the author has given his own portrait among the spectators, in the person of a prelate in black clothes ; and in the *Life of Stephen*, he has painted his favourite pupil, Fra Diamante, among those who are bu-

rying the saint and so pathetically mourning his death. We may further distinguish in the different chapels a *St. Laurence*, by Balassi, which doubtless escaped the fatal changes that this Florentine artist of the seventeenth century had the mania of operating on his earlier works in his old age; the *Virgin giving her girdle to St. Thomas*, by Rodolfo Ghirlandajo; the *Guardian Angel*, by Carlo Dolci, and especially the *St. Bernard* in his coffin surrounded by his disconsolate monks, another of Lippi's fine productions. The balustrade of the chapel of the *Madonna della Cintola* is a rather elegant work of Simone, Donatello's brother. The marble pulpit, with basso-relievos representing subjects taken from the history of the Virgin, by Mino of Fiesole, is so perfectly wrought that it seems of one piece. The *Virgin*, on the mausoleum of Carlo de' Medici, by Vincenzo Danti, though of broad style and fine forms, is somewhat cold; the infant Jesus is esteemed for his ingenuous air, and the deep feeling of the execution. This Carlo de' Medici, a bastard, the fruit of the youthful errors of the Father of his country, though a canon of Florence, and archpriest (*proposto*) of Prato, lived in retirement at Rome, occupied with art and literature. Cosmo and his brothers commissioned him to purchase medals and manuscripts, and thereby he again appeared worthy of the Medici blood.

The elegant church of the *Madonna delle Carceri* (thus called from the miraculous image placed over a window of the ancient prisons) is of Giuliano San Gallo's architecture. His brother Antonio, one of the four great architects of that family, has executed the rich high-altar. A *God the Father crowning the Virgin by the hands of angels*, several of whom are playing on different instruments, is by the Florentine Soggi, an accurate and careful painter, but without genius, preferred for this work to Andrea del Sarto by the canon of Prato, Baldo Magini, a friend of Leo X., who had ordered it. The personage kneeling before the bishop, St. Ubald, represents Baldo.

The *Pretorio* palace, now a court of justice, the old residence or fortress of the Guazzalietri, a Guelph family of

Prato, which, after aspiring to the sovereignty, was at last driven into exile and had all its property confiscated, is allied with reminiscences of the stormy liberty of that little republic, too often subservient to Florence.

The college generously founded by a citizen of Prato, Francesco Cicognini, and at first confided to the Jesuits, is a handsome building, which contains a superb theatre and lodges the grand duke when he comes to Prato: though occasionally a palace, a court, and a theatre, I have not heard that this kind of frivolity has affected the regime of the establishment or the solidity of the studies.

Saint Dominick was probably erected at the impulse of the celebrated cardinal Nicolao di Prato, one of the great men in education and politics of the thirteenth century, who had attended the lectures of Saint Thomas at Paris, was papal legate in Tuscany, Romagna, the province of Trevisa, and whose jurisdiction extended over the state of Genoa and the islands of Corsica and Sardinia. On passing through Florence, Nicolao had attempted to conciliate the differences between the nobles and the people, but being equally suspected by Blacks and Whites, he was forced to leave the city, which he anathematised. At his death he left a considerable sum to enlarge the convent and church of Saint Dominick, monuments remarkable for the history of the art, though modernised in some parts, and by Giovanni Pisano. Two paintings full of nature are by the elder Lippi.

On the road from Prato to Pistoja, and five miles from the latter place, is the castle of Montemurlo, an unfavourable position at the foot of the Apennines, where the Florentine emigrants, the last and impotent avengers of their country's liberty, were defeated and taken on the 1st of August 1537. The chamber is still shown in which was confined the illustrious Filippo Strozzi, the Cato of Florence,<sup>1</sup> the prisoner of Alessandro Vitelli, less a warrior than a brigand, till now regarded as the only conqueror of that field, whereas he ought to share the sad honour with Bombagino of Arezzo, a less famous chief, whom Cosmo I., as tyrants are wont to do, at last deprived of his liberty on slight pretexts.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book x. ch. vi.

<sup>2</sup> See the details on the *Rotta di Montemurlo*,

## CHAPTER II.

Pistoja. — Accent. — Duomo. — Altar. — Mausoleums of Cardinal Portoguerri; — of Cino. — Baptistry. — Steeple. — Saint John. — Holy Ghost. — Organ. — Holy Sacrament. — Saint Peter. — Virgin, by R. Ghirlandajo. — Santa Maria del Letto. — Carmine.

Pistoja, with straight wide streets and fine edifices, seems deserted; its population does not exceed ten thousand souls. Its accent is deemed, with that of Siena, the purest in Tuscany.

The antique cathedral of Pistoja abounds in objects of art of the greatest magnificence and highest interest. Founded in the beginning of the twelfth century by the countess Matilda, it was restored in after times by Nicolao Pisano. Over the principal entrance, the basso-relievo of the *Virgin, angels, and seraphim*, as also the flowers and fruits of the upper window, are by Luca and Agostino della Robbia. An antique urn, in the ward-robe, with a basso-relievo of the best style, contained for more than seven centuries the bones of Saint Felix, priest of Pistoja. The tomb of the bishop Leone Strozzi was ordered by him and executed at Carrara in his lifetime. In the chapel of Saint James, the silver altar, a rival of the rich and brilliant altar in the baptistry of Florence, a curious monument of silversmith's art and sculpture of all the fourteenth century, covered with subjects taken from the saint's life, or Bible history, is by the cleverest artists and workmen of the epoch, such as Leonardo di Ser Giovanni (who is not the sole author, as Vasari and other writers have said), Pier, a Florentine goldsmith, Andrea Jacopo Ognabene, a goldsmith of Pistoja, Peter Henry, a German settled in the same town. Two of the *Prophets*, at the extremities, are by the great Brunelleschi and worthy of him. A *Resurrection* in the gallery, the largest painting by the third Bronzino, is unfinished owing to the indolence and caprice of the artist, who was also to have executed the *Ascension* and the *Descent of the Holy Ghost*, confided to Florentine painters Veli and Pagani. Two small paintings by Vasari, formerly near the tabernacle, are very good. The

*Eternal Father in the midst of angels*, and the other frescos of the ceiling, are by Passignano, and were done before his visit to Rome. In the chapel of the Holy Sacrament, the *Virgin, the infant Jesus and two Saints*, a justly celebrated painting, by Credi, has been attributed to Leonardo Vinci, whose style the author successfully imitated. The marble portrait of the bishop Donato Medici, an elegant basso-relievo by an unknown author, is perhaps by Bernardo Rossellini. The altar of the *Madonna delle porrine or pustule*, preserves the venerated antique picture which formerly healed that cutaneous malady—a fresco prior by about a century and a half to the revival of painting at Florence. The painting of the *Saints Batontus and Didier*, at the Buonfanti altar, is by Calabrese. The *St. Bartholomew*, poor in design, on the altar of the Sapienza, was painted by Bonecchi, a Florentine artist of the last century, when eighty years old. The tomb of Nicolao Forteguerri (Carteromaco), an illustrious prelate of the fifteenth century, ancestor of the merry author of *Ricciardetto*, also of Pistoja, was begun in 1474 by Verrocchio, and terminated by Lorenzetto. The *Faith, the Hope, the God the Father in the midst of angels*, are also by Verrocchio, but unfinished, on account of his departure for Venice, where he had orders to erect the Colleoni monument, which his irritable self-love was destined to render so fatal to him.<sup>1</sup>

The mausoleum of Cino da Pistoja is not, as often stated, by Andrea Pisano; but an uncertain Siennese artist, perhaps Goro di Gregorio. Cino, the honour of Pistoja, a great jurisconsult, professor of Roman law, and a graceful poet, was the master of both Bartolo and Petrarch, who so tenderly lamented him,<sup>2</sup> and the friend of Dante, like himself a Ghibeline, and of Boccaccio. The two basso-relievos represent him gravely seated in his chair, which he had nobly preferred to the dignity of gonfalonier of Pistoja. In each of these basso-relievos may be observed a woman standing, doubtless Cino's *Selvaggia*, the object of his poetical flame :

Che viva e morta li dovea tor pace,

extracted from the inedited manuscripts of the marquis Ludovico Tempi, published t. XLIII. p. 403, of the *Antologia*.

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book VI. ch. xviii.

<sup>2</sup> See the fine sonnet :

Piangete, donne, e con voi pianga Amore.



and the less illustrious companion of Laura and Beatrix. The elegant Baptistery and its fine sculptures are by Andrea Ferrucci of Fiesole. The steeple, an antique tower, perhaps the abode of the podestates of the people, whose arms are still visible, owes its present form to Giovanni Pisano.

Saint John *Rotondo*, octagonal and surmounted with a pyramidal leaden roof, appears of the beginning of the fourteenth century. It is incrustated externally with black and white marble, and would be, according to Professor Ciampi's conjecture, like all similar buildings, a monument of the reconciliation of the Whites and Blacks, factions which sprung up at Pistoja.<sup>1</sup> The small statues and basso-relievos over the door are by Nino and Tommaso Pisano, the sons and pupils of Andrea, if they are not older.

The church of the Holy Ghost seems the culpable performance of a coalition of the first masters of the decline: the plan is by the Jesuit Ramignani, a worthy pupil of the P. Pozzi; the head of *St. Xavier among the infidels* is by the latter, who may possibly have done the whole picture; several altars are by Borromini; the rich high-altar is by Bernini, and *Our Lord appearing to St. Ignatius*, by Pietro of Cortona. The four beautiful columns of vert antique at the high altar came from the villa of Pope Julius III., and were torn from Vignola's chefs-d'œuvre to be thrown amidst all these horrors. The organ, built by the Flemish Jesuit Joseph Hermann, who also made the famous organ of Trent, is boasted for its sweetness, variety, and harmony, as one of the wonders of Pistoja.

The roof of the church of the Holy Sacrament is painted by Moro Tesi. *A Resurrection*, a picture by Lanfranco, passes for the best in the town.

The antique church of Saint Peter Major, of the eighth century, formerly appertaining to the nuns of Saint Benedict, whose abbess, in the middle ages, solemnly espoused the bishop, when he took possession of his see, now belongs to the Franciscan nuns. It was rebuilt in the thirteenth century, and the architrave over the grand portal, with the *Christ*, the *Virgin*, and *Apostles* in dif-

ferent niches, of nearly the same epoch, are admirable works for composition and drapery. The present heavy architecture is by P. Ramignani. A good *Virgin with St. Peter and St. Paul*, of 1509, is by Gerini Gerino, of Pistoja, and has not been removed to the Florence gallery, as Lanzi supposed. A *Virgin on a throne with St. Sebastian, St. Gregory and two other saints*, by Rodolfo Ghirlandajo, in Raphael's style, is the finest painting at Pistoja. The new organ is reckoned the best yet executed by S. Tronci, a clever organ-builder of Pistoja, which town is noted for these instruments.

The suppressed church of Saint Didier still presents the elegant and majestic fresco of the *Martyrdom of the ten thousand crucified*, by Sebastiano Vini, a Veronese painter of the sixteenth century, who settled at Pistoja. The preservation of this fresco is due to the patriotic amateur, the Cav. Giulio Amati, the purchaser of the property, and worthy of his ancestor Domenico, by whose order it was painted.

The Annunziata has some good pictures: the *Presentation at the temple*, Vini's masterpiece; the painting of the choir, by the Dominican Fra Paolino del Signoraccio, the pupil, friend, and heir of Fra Bartolommeo, or by the second Leonardo Malatesta, another good painter of Pistoja; a *Nativity of the Virgin*, by Cigoli, a work of the highest order for strength of colouring, boldness of pencil, and skilful management of the light; the six lunettes and five portraits of cardinals, in the cloister, by Poccetti.

The antique church of Saint Bartholomew in Pantano has some old monuments of art and several paintings: the sculpture of the architrave, *Christ sending forth the Apostles to preach*, of 1167, by an unknown author; a pulpit, of 1250, resting on three columns, with the *Nativity of Christ*, by Guido da Como, one of the first imitators of Nicolao Pisano; a *Crucifix* of wood with Greek letters, anterior to 1187; the *Virgin, St. Benedict and other saints*, by Butteri; *St. Sebastian*, by Matteo Rosselli; the *St. Peter Igneus receiving the cardinal's hat*, one of the few works of Cipriani, a painter of Pistoja and pupil of Hugford; he died at London in 1790, and the engravings of Bartolozzi will give perpetuity to his drawings; in the sacristy *St.*

<sup>1</sup> *Vita di Cino*, Car. 154.

*John the Baptist, St. James, St. Sebastian*, by Rossermini, a reputed pupil of Perugino.

Saint Laurence has a *Deposition from the cross*, by Fontebuoni, of Pistoja, who died young, and a *Repose in Egypt*, by Veracini.

At Santa Maria *del letto*, so called from a bed of the old hospital, preserved there, as a memorial of the cure of a sick person by the Virgin's intercession, are: the *Martyrdom of St. Catherine*, by Naldini; the *Virgin with St. Catherine, St. Jerome, and other saints*, by Fra Paolino del Signoraccio; a *Crowning of the Virgin*, which was long counted among the finest works of Daniello of Volterra, but is now ascertained to be his clever pupil's, Benedetto Orsi; the *Virgin on a throne and several saints*, by Credi, ranked by Vasari among the best paintings of Pistoja; a *Virgin in the midst of saints*, by Vini, feeble in colouring, good in the design and draperies, containing several contemporary portraits: it is pretended that the female countenance given to Satan is the likeness of a noble lady of Pistoja, called *la Bella Cecchina*, who had jilted the painter; *Christ, with the Virgin, St. James, and other saints*, a painting badly retouched, by Poppi, a pupil and imitator of Vasari.

The hospital called the *Ceppo* has seven compartments on its outside representing different acts of charity, excellent and expressive works, by the brothers Giovanni Luca and Geronimo della Robbia: the figures in white gowns with a black scapulary are in the costume of the friars who then tended the patients.

The pretty church *del Carmine* has a *Virgin on a throne, St. Nicholas, and other saints*, by the second Leonardo Malatesta, and the *Fall of the manna in the desert*, a fine painting by Cigoli, which he presented to the canon Baldinotti, who had rescued him from the hospital, and in which the too grateful artist is said to have given Moses the likeness of the canon.

### CHAPTER III.

Saint Philip.—Fabroniana library.—L'Umiltà.—Saint John the Evangelist.—Pulpit.—Saint Dominick.—Mausoleums of Lazzari and Rossellini.—Saint John the Baptist.—Bishop's palace.—Ricci.—Saint Francis.—Carradori.—Saint Andrew.

The cupola of Saint Philip of Neri, by

Ferretti, a spirited and picturesque painter of the seventeenth century, is esteemed, and reckoned the best of his frescos. A fine *Flagellation* is by Lanfranco. The venerated portrait of the *Saint*, by an artist unknown, was, it is said, executed clandestinely by one of his disciples, a painter.

The ancient library of the Philippines, a present from Cardinal Carlo Agostino Fabroni, and chiefly composed of ecclesiastical books and manuscripts, is now superintended by the canons of the cathedral. The building is superb. Some of the sculptures are by masters of the decline: Cornacchini, who was a native of Pistoja, made two groups of the vestibule, and Algardi a bronze *Crucifix*.

The magnificent temple of Santa Maria *dell' Umiltà*, which has one of the finest cupolas in Italy, and only wants a front to be complete, honours the talents of an architect of Pistoja, Ventura Vittoni, a distinguished pupil of Bramante, disparaged by Vasari, who, being engaged to carry on his beautiful and original work, spoiled it by superadding bulls'-eyes and a lantern. Several paintings are remarkable: a *St. James*, in the antique style, is ascribed to Gerino; a *Repose in Egypt* is among the best works of Lazzaro Baldi, a distinguished pupil of Pietro of Cortona: an *Adoration of the Magi*, by Francesco Vanni, and one of his best works, but injured by retouching; an *Assumption*, by Fei, a pupil of Ghirlandajo. On one of the altars, among a number of *ex-voto* offerings in silver, may be seen the laurel crown awarded at the Capitol to the celebrated Maddalena Morelli Fernandez, a simple peasant of the environs of Pistoja, well known under the Arcadian name of Corilla Olimpica, and which she piously consecrated to the image of the Madonna.

The architrave of Saint John the Evangelist has this Gothic distich under a *Last Supper*:

Cenans discipulis Christus dot verba salutis;  
Cena novam tribuit legem, veterem quoque finit.

The pulpit of this church, of about the end of the thirteenth century, adorned with several heads full of life and energy, appears the work of one of the best pupils and imitators of Nicolao Pisano. The basso-relievo of the *Visitation* is by the

brothers della Robbia; the *Vision of St. John*, by Conca; the *Annunciation*, by Vini, one of his good works; the fine group of the *Divine Virtues*, which supports the holy-water vase, by Giovanni Pisano.

The door of the church of Saint Paul is perhaps by Giovanni Pisano, as well as the little statue set on the triangular summit of the front. The *Christ in a glory and St. Gaetan* is a boasted work of the Neapolitan painter De' Matteis. Fra Paolino del Signoraccio has imitated some heads from his illustrious master Fra Bartolommeo, in his *Virgin on a throne in the midst of saints*, among whom he is said to have placed the portrait of their famous brother Dominican Savonarola.

The church of Saint Dominick has some few works by the first masters in painting and sculpture. The *Virgin with the infant Jesus in her arms*, a fresco by Fra Bartolommeo; *St. Charles Borromeo raising a child from the dead*, by Empoli, containing portraits of the Rospigliosi family; the tombs of the parents of Clement IX., by Bernini; a *Crucifixion with the Virgin, St. John and St. Thomas Aquinas*, who is embracing the cross with enthusiasm; the *Adoration of the Magi*, by Fra Paolino, who has painted himself in the latter picture; *St. Dominick receiving the rosary from the Virgin*, by the third Bronzino, who is seen in the background violently disputing about the price of the painting with the sacristan of the convent, who appears utterly unmoved; the elegant tomb of the professor of law Lazzari, by Bernardo Rossellini, which has an expressive and well composed basso-relievo representing his class; an *Assumption*, by Matteo Rosselli; a *St. Michael*, by Francesco Romanelli; in the sacristy, the *Virgin, St. Catherine of Siena, Magdalen, and St. Dominick*, by Fra Paolino; *St. Sebastian, St. Jerome and a bishop of the order of the Gesuati*,<sup>1</sup> by Ghirlandajo.

The church of Saint John the Baptist is another fine structure by the great architect of Pistoja, Vitoni. Among the paintings may be remarked: a *Virgin on a throne*, by Fra Paolino, to which a sorry painter of Pistoja of the last cen-

tury, Luca Guerci, has unluckily added a *St. Anthony*; a *Visitation and Herodias dancing*, by Melissi, a good Florentine painter of the seventeenth century.

The bishop's palace, sumptuous and convenient, built in 1787 by the famous Scipione Ricci, would hardly be supposed the abode of a reformer, and its magnificence contrasts in a singular manner with the severe doctrines of Port Royal, which Ricci had attempted to transplant beyond the Alps.

The seminary, of a much more humble aspect, was also built by Ricci. An ancient church, from Vitoni's designs, is made its chapel.

At the high altar of Santa Maria degli *Angeli* is an *Annunciation*, by Luti, an excellent work unnoticed by Lanzi, and for some time attributed to Guido.

The grand arch of Saint Francis, by a German architect, although of 1294, is not in ogive. Saint Francis contains the tomb of the learned physician, naturalist, and agricultural writer Carradori, by Prato, one of the most zealous propagators, in Italy, of vaccination, which he had essayed on his own son. This church and the convent offer some good and curious paintings: the *Annunciation*, by Baldi, in which the erudite painter has drawn the Virgin standing, the Hebrew mode of praying; a *Nativity*, by an unknown author, for grace and sweetness worthy of Andrea del Sarto; a *Purification*, by Poppi, pleasing in expression and colouring; in the antique chapel of Saint Louis, in the sacristy, the amazingly preserved frescos of Puccio Capanna, pupil of Giotto, nearly all whose paintings have perished; a *St. Francis* on gold, by Lippo Memmi, from Simone's designs; the *Resurrection of Lazarus*, by the second Bronzino, who has represented the donor Sozzifanti under the features of the *Frate*; the *Marriage of Cana*, by Pagani, finished by his pupil Matteo Rosselli; a *Virgin*, after Guido, by his beloved and unfortunate pupil Elisabetta Sirani,<sup>2</sup> a beautiful copy which has been struck by lightning and seems in conformity with the artist's destiny; the frescos of the monks' chapter room, in the first cloister, executed in 1386, by Capanna.

<sup>1</sup> An order founded in 1367 by Saint John Colombini of Siena, and suppressed in 1608 by Clement IX.

<sup>2</sup> See ante, book VIII. ch. vi.



The antique church of Saint Andrew, rebuilt inside in 1619, though the front is of 1166, has on the architrave, over the principal door, a curious monument of the same epoch, the *Adoration of the Magi*, a basso-relievo by Gruamonte; below, another sculptor, Enrico of Pistoja, a pupil of Giovanni Pisano, has represented the *Visitation* and an *Annunciation*: the Virgin in the latter has an embryo on her breast, to express the sudden and positive effect of the miracle. A bust appears the portrait of Gruamonte; the small statue of *St. Andrew*, on the outside, is by Giovanni Pisano. His celebrated pulpit is but an inferior imitation of the one at Saint John the Evangelist. The *St. Francis de Paule*, by the third Bronzino, is a youthful performance.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Pretorio palace.—Palace della Comunità.—Forteguerrì.—Library.—Academy.—Houses.

The Pretorio palace, now a court of justice, was built in 1368 on the houses of the Taviani and Bracciolani. Its exterior is picturesque, and the antique staircase is of remarkable architecture.

The palace *della Comunità*, formerly *degli Anziani*, is of the close of the thirteenth century. The black marble head near the middle window, is that of a traitor to his country, Filippo Tedici, the tyrant of Pistoja, who married Dialecta, the daughter of Castruccio Castracani. Several similar heads without busts exist elsewhere as marks of ignominy, and that of the glorious Grandonio, one of the captains who aided the Pisans in the conquest of the Balearic isles, has been wrongly confounded with them. The iron mace is reputed to have belonged to this valorous Pistojan, whose gigantic form, painted in clare-obscure, is in one of the rooms, with a barbarous quattrain in his honour. On the top of stairs is an old portrait in clare-obscure, by Cino. The palace *della Comunità*, therefore, combines the political, warlike, and poetic reminiscences of Pistoja.

The Sapienza includes the public schools. This college takes its name of *Forteguerrì* from Cardinal Nicolao the elder, who, in 1473, devoted a considerable sum to the instruction of youth. The library, rather superior, possesses

the manuscripts of the famous canon of Pistoja Sozomene, the companion of Bruni Aretino and Poggio in the learned researches of the monastery of Saint Gall, where he exhumed and transcribed the Commentary of Asconius Pedianus on some of Cicero's orations; which copy is among the manuscripts. The first edition of the *Croce racquistata*, by the poet of Pistoja, Francesco Bracciolini, exhibits his autograph corrections, which served for the second.

An apartment of the Pistoja Academy of Sciences, Letters, and Arts, has a fine painting by Beccafumi, the *Virgin on a throne with divers saints*, and a remarkable *Annunciation*, in two pictures, by Santi Titi.

Several of the houses of Pistoja, the dwellings of distinguished men, perpetuate literary names and recollections, and offer good collections of paintings and books.

Baron Bracciolini has received by inheritance a duplicate of Poussin's *Death of Germanicus*,<sup>1</sup> really by the hand of that illustrious painter, and sent by him from Rome as a present to a Puccini, who had attended him when he fell ill on passing through Pistoja.

In the chapel of the palace of Prince Giuseppe Rospigliosi, the fresco of the *History of St. Catherine*, good in colouring, by Giovanni di San Giovanni, comprises the portraits of all that family.

The Bracciolini house contains the fine *Annunciation*, by Filippo Lippi the elder, praised by Vasari, and ordered of the artist by Messer Jacopo Bellucci, whom he has very naturally painted there in the person of the ecclesiastic reading behind the angel.

The Gothic house of the Cancellieri, an historical Italian family now extinct, has a pig in relieve, on the exterior, from the graceful chisel of Donatello.

The Tolomei house, once a convent of nuns of Saint Michael, has a gallery painted in distemper by our clever and venerable Boguet, one of those French artists that Rome and Italy, where he has resided more than fifty years, have so well inspired, and five great frescos by Desmarais, another Frenchman, who died a few years since, president of the Lucca Academy of Fine Arts, gifted for invention and disposition, but feeble in

<sup>1</sup> See ante, book xv. ch. xxxiii.

execution. A library of ancient and modern books, very select, is duly supplied with modern works by the Cav. Tolomei, the accurate annotator of his country's monuments of art.

The house of the Cav. Bracciolini dall'Api takes this latter appellation from the permission to add the bees of the Barberini to his arms, which was obtained as a reward for the poem in *twenty-three* cantos composed by Francesco Bracciolini in honour of the *Election of Urban VIII.*, which poem was afterwards commented on by another pope, Clement IX. This house, called *Castello Traetto*, has in its garden a fine bust by Algardi, representing Bracciolini, in his poems of the *Croce racquistata* and the *Schernò degli Dei*, a kind of distant rival of Tasso and Tassoni.

The Forteguerra house, which has a few paintings, was the cradle of the two men who have thrown most lustre on Pistoja, Cardinal Nicolao the elder, and the author of *Ricciardetto*, himself the son of a Jacopo Forteguerra, an elegant painter and excellent citizen of Pistoja.

## CHAPTER V.

Monte Catini.—Pescia.—Lucca.—Cathedral.—Mausoleum of Pietro da Noceto, by Civitali.—Archives.—Saint Alexander.—Saint Romanus.—Saint Michel.—Clerks of the Mother of God.—Saint Fredian.—Saint Francis.—Castruccio Castracani.—Castruccio Buonamici.

The ancient baths of Monte Catini, recommended by Ctesias in his day, enjoy a deserved reputation. The building with arcades, an elegant and correct structure, is by Paoletti, the restorer, the Vignola of architecture in Tuscany under Leopold; but it is little suited to this kind of baths. It is particularly to be regretted that the different springs and their conduits are not covered to preserve the warmth of the water which rises to twenty-six degrees (Réaumur). Redi was of opinion that the baths of Monte Catini were principally efficacious in dysenteries, and he thought that it was rare for any person to die at Florence of that disease.

Pescia, an industrious town, in a picturesque situation, has five thousand inhabitants. The elegant cathedral built in 1693 by the Florentine architect Ferri, has some remarkable paintings

and sculptures. The *St. John*, over the holy-water vase, is by Luca della Robbia. The mausoleum of Baltassar Turini, the elegant creator of the Lante villa,<sup>1</sup> passes for the best work of Raphael da Monte Lupo, who successfully imitated the style of his master Michael Angelo. An excellent *Deposition from the cross*, by Passignano, has been judiciously varnished. The great *Assumption* of the choir, noble, well draped, is the masterpiece of Gaggi, a painter of Pistoja. The majestic high altar in marble, from the design of Vacca, a sculptor of Carrara, was erected by the musician Grossi of Pescia, oddly called Syphax.

Lucca is as the chief town of that kind of prefecture given by Europe to a grandson of Louis XIV. Its situation in a plain almost enclosed by mountains, near the banks of the Serchio and the canal of Ozzori, is charming. Several of its churches and palaces are very interesting as works of art.

The vast cathedral of Saint Martin dates from the year 1060, and the exterior front of three stories, by the sculptor Guidetto, is of 1204. A lunette, over the little door, has a *Deposition from the cross*, by Nicolao Pisano, expressive and well composed; and the architrave an esteemed *Adoration of the Magi*, by his son Giovanni. The interior of the church is principally ornamented with the chefs-d'œuvre of the great Luccese sculptor, Matteo Civitali, whose works are nearly all confined to Lucca and Genoa, and who seems like the transition from the true art of the fourteenth century to the ideal of the fifteenth. The following are by him: the pulpit, remarkable for the taste of its ornaments; the noble and elegant mausoleum of Pietro da Noceto, of Lucca, secretary of Pope Nicholas V., the Bembo of that premature Leo X.; the portrait in marble of his Mæcenas and friend Count Domenico Bertini, a little exquisite work; two graceful and pious angels kneeling before the tabernacle in the chapel of the Holy Sacrament; the basso-relievos of the altar of St. Regulus, bishop of Lucca, who is there seen in pontifical robes sitting between two angels each holding an open volume for him; a small octagonal temple, seventeen years anterior

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book xv. ch. xxxviii.

to Bramante's at Saint Peter in *Montorio*; and lastly, the ideal statue of *St. Sebastian*, imitated by Perugino and regarded as the masterpiece of Civitali. The tomb of Illaria del Caretto, wife of Paolo Guinigi, by Jacopo della Quercia, is a composition at once simple and elegant. A marble sarcophagus of Greek workmanship represents Bacchus on a car drawn by Centaurs, conducted by Cupid, and escorted by Fauns and Bacchantes. The altar of *Liberty* was consecrated to Christ in 1369 by the Lucchese, whom the emperor Charles IV., stimulated only by their gold, had delivered from the Pisan yoke; the grand statues, larger than nature, of *Christ raised from the dead*, with *Peter* and *Paul*, by Giovanni of Bologna, are not free from affectation both in the attitudes and draperies. Among the paintings may be remarked : a *Last Supper*, by Tintoretto, which, notwithstanding some defect in perspective, has some angels in the upper part perfect; a *Crucifixion*, by Passignano; *St. Peter* and *St. Paul*, in the sacristy, by Ghirlandajo; the *Virgin*, *St. Stephen* and *St. John*, and a delightful little *Angel* playing on a lute, an excellent composition for design, expression, and colouring, by Fra Bartolommeo; a tender *Visitation*, by Ligozzi; the *Presentation in the temple*, by the second Bronzino, and the fresco of the *Volto Santo*, an antique picture greatly venerated at Lucca, by Cosmo Rosselli.

The chapter archives and the archbishop's hold the first rank among the historical treasures that Italy can boast. The former contain more than four thousand parchment diplomas, the oldest of which dates from the year 774; the library, bequeathed in 1503 by the bishop Felino Sandei, has some precious manuscripts and scarce editions of the fifteenth century. The archbishop's archives comprise about ten thousand diplomas, of which three hundred belong to the eighth century, and two to the seventh, one of 686, the other of 685; the latter is perhaps the oldest in Italy.

Saint John and its vast baptistry appear of the epoch of the Lombards; the *Virgin and the twelve Apostles*, of the architrave, over the grand portal, a sculpture of the end of the twelfth century, though still rude, shows by the relief that the revival had in some measure begun : the Latin inscription

of this architrave seems perfectly unintelligible. A *Christ on the cross* and the *Virgin* at its foot, with *St. Francis* and a nun, is a good painting by Francesco Vanni.

Saint Alexander is remarkable for the simplicity of its Lombard front; the interior of the church has some antique capitals and columns that must have belonged to a Roman edifice.

Saint Romanus, an old church of the Dominicans, rebuilt in the seventeenth century, has two masterpieces by Fra Bartolommeo, admirable for design and colouring, for grandeur, grace and harmony : the *Virgin imploring Christ for the people of Lucca*, so misappreciated by Vasari, who states the Virgin to be seated; and the *Eternal Father*, *St. Mary Magdalen* and *St. Catherine of Siena*, the two raised from the ground as if in ecstasy.

The church of the Holy Crucifix *dei bianchi*, so called from the sacred image left in this church in 1377 by the White Penitents who came from Spain, has an energetic *Assumption*, by Spagnoletto, and a *St. Bartholomew*, by Batoni, the head of which is pretty good, but the attitude rather constrained.

The church dedicated to Saint Paulinus, the first bishop of Lucca, who suffered martyrdom under Nero, is from the designs of Baccio da Montelupo, a clever Florentine artist of the sixteenth century, long established in this town. A *Virgin and several saints*, is by Vanni; a *Martyrdom of St. Theodore*, expressive, by Testa, surnamed *Lucchesino*, the friend of Poussin, a disdainful and unfortunate artist, who, from accident or despair, perished in the Tiber. An old painting, in the sacristy, the *Crowning of the Virgin with divers saints*, the town of Lucca in the middle, and in front a bishop kneeling and a warrior with an orange at his feet, is perhaps the one ordered of Giotto by Castruccio Castracani, although the details do not precisely agree with the description given by Vasari, who, indeed, is not always a very close observer.

The piazza of Saint Michael, though a market, is rather imposing.

The church is remarkable for its interior, still untouched, of the bastard Roman architecture of the Lombards, that nation having the warlike archangel for their patron. The front, with a quadruple



colonnade, is however very inferior. Four figures, by the younger Lippi, at the chapel of the Crucifix, are natural and graceful.

On the architrave of the side door of the old church of Saint Saviour is a *Miracle of St. Nicholas the Priest*, still rude, but displaying a kind of progress in the forms and the relief: it is by Biduino, one of those Lombard artists that flourished a short time before Nicolao Pisano. The *Ascension*, by the elder Zacchia, a good painter of Lucca in the sixteenth century, is not of his best works, the artist having aimed at a broader style than natural to him.

Santa Maria in corte Landini has: a *Nativity of the Virgin*, by Vanni; the *Birth of John the Baptist*, by Pietro Paolini, of Lucca, a happy imitator of Paolo Veronese; a *Christ on the cross with two saints* below, by Guido, which combines his two manners; his graceful *Madonna della neve*; an *Assumption*, by Luca Giordano. The church and convent belong to the regular clerks of the Mother of God, an educational congregation instituted about the close of the sixteenth century, by Giovanni Leonardi, of Diecimo, a village in the Lucchese territory, which has produced some learned men, and excellent Latinists, such as the celebrated P. Bartolommeo Beverini, the Livy of Lucca, one of the able Italian translators of the *Æneid*,<sup>1</sup> a precocious scholar, who as early as his fifteenth year had written comments on the principal authors of the Augustan age. This congregation was spared in the general suppression of convents by the French administration. It possesses a library of about twenty thousand volumes, bequeathed in part by the learned P. Giovanni Domenico Mansi, afterwards archbishop of Lucca; the apartment is decorated with his portrait, a good work by Batoni, who was also of Lucca.

The present architecture of Saint Augustine is of 1324. The *Virgin with divers saints*, by Paolini, is a new and able imitation of Paolo Veronese. The *Annunciation*, by the elder Zacchia, has some little figures in clare-obscure worthy of Polidoro di Caravaggio. The *Epiphany*, by Gessi, is graceful and well drawn.

Saint Fredianus, an old basilic of the

Lombards, is one of the most characteristic monuments in Italy, as the interior, still in the simple, bastard Roman style in use among that people, has not been altered as in the churches of Monza and Pavia. The front, of much later date, being only of the twelfth century, has a *Christ in a glory*, worshipped by two angels, a fine mosaic of the same epoch, and below the *twelve Apostles*, but far from being of so large a style. The eleven columns of the middle nave, antique, as well as their pedestals and capitals, some of which are even Greek, must have belonged to a Roman edifice: they are singularly slender, and it is quite a prodigy that they should have supported a wall and arches so lofty for more than eleven centuries. The marble basin which was used for baptism by immersion, on which are sculptured divers subjects of the old Testament, is a curious work of the end of the twelfth century. The elegant baptistry, by Nicolao Civitali, bespeaks him a worthy nephew of Matteo. The *Virgin crowned by the Eternal Father*, with four saints below, by Francesco Francia, is remarkable for the heads, the colouring, and drapery. The figures in demi-relievo by Jacopo della Quercia, in the chapel of the Holy Sacrament, though he sometimes had a broader style, are nevertheless beautiful; the sculpture of his two sepulchral stones of the Trenta family is very good. One cannot help regretting the degraded state of the excellent frescos in the chapel of Saint Augustine, by Ami Aspertini, a compatriot and clever pupil of Francia.<sup>2</sup>

The elegant front of the antique church of Saint Peter Somaldi is of 1203, and the basso-relievo of the architrave probably by Guidetto. Two paintings are remarkable, *St. Anthony the abbot and other saints*, by the elder Palma, vigorous in expression and colouring; and an *Assumption*, by the elder Zacchia.

Two tombs in the church of Saint Francis bear witness to the poetic and martial glory of Lucca. The first is that of Giovanni Guidiccioni, his best poet, the friend of Annibale Caro, a harmonious imitator of Petrarch, and who, with the platonic love then in vogue, could like him give vent to noble songs on the ills and oppression of Italy. The

<sup>1</sup> See *arte*, book XVII. ch. xlv.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, book VIII. ch. v.

other tomb, too plainly marked by a brief inscription on the wall, is that of the great Castruccio Castracani degli Antelminelli, sovereign of Lucca and Pisa, deceased in his forty-seventh year, the wonder and terror of Italy in the fourteenth century, one of the strongest moral characters that ever existed, after whom the existence of his country, for a moment so brilliant, seems to disappear, and of whom Machiavel, in his romantic and incomplete history of him, says that he would have surpassed Philip in Macedonia and Scipio at Rome.

The Trinity has two chefs-d'œuvre of Lucchese artists: the *Virgin suckling the infant Jesus*, sculptured by Matteo Civitali, and the painting of the high-altar, by Paolini, which proves, despite Baldinucci, that this artist is not destitute of grace.

The beautiful old church of Santa Maria *foris portam*, rebuilt about 1515, retains its front of the thirteenth century. Two paintings are by Guercino: *St. Lucy and the Virgin*; *St. Francis and St. Alexander*. The *death of the Virgin* is by a clever Lucchese painter of the fourteenth century, Angelo Puccinelli, and is dated 1386.

Santa Maria *de' Servi* has three good paintings by Matteo Rosselli: a pleasing *Presentation in the temple*, the *Madonna of Sorrows*, greatly damaged, and a *Nativity*.

At the principal altar of Saint Vincent and Saint Anastasius is a *Circumcision*, by Ligozzi, which in colouring and composition resembles Paolo Veronese and Titian. An illustrious Lucchese is buried in this church, Count Castruccio Buonamici, author of the books *De Bello Italico* and the commentary *De Rebus ad Velitras Gestis*, a pure, grave, and eloquent historian, who only wanted a grander subject.

The *Carmine* has a *Conception*, by Vasari, which is meant to imitate Michael Angelo; and in the choir, a good picture by Perugino roughly handled by a retoucher.

The front of Saint Christopher is important for the history of art, as it exemplifies the transition from the first Gothic style to the second, as may be seen by the door and round window in the middle, which are ingenious and fantastic works, and by the sculptures of the little arcades. The great Matteo Civi-

tali, interred in this church, deserves a more noble monument than the marble slab that covers his bones.

## CHAPTER VI.

Ducal palace.—Paintings.—Library.—Pretorio palace.—Roman theatre.—Lyceum.—Royal Academy.—Painting by Annibale Carraccio.—College.—Public Library.—Amphitheatre.—Public archives.—Ramparts.—Aqueducts.—Culture.—Population.—Lucchese.

The piazza of the palace, which ought to have been laid out on the other side, was the cause of one of those unlucky demolitions common in our time, and occasioned the destruction of the fine church of the *Madonna grande*, by the Lucchese architect Gherardo Penetesi, of the sixteenth century.

The palace, begun by Ammanato, is, though only half finished, one of the most extensive royal palaces even in Italy. The grand and regal staircase of Carrara marble was constructed by S. Nottolini, a Lucchese architect, who directed the different works of the palace. The rich furniture is of home manufacture; and it proves that the impetus given to industry by the French administration has been continued and encouraged. The two rooms devoted to the gallery present chefs-d'œuvre by the first masters, viz. by Raphael, his celebrated *Madonna de' Candelabri*, in his grand style; by Francia, a *Virgin*, *St. Anne*, *two saints and the little St. John*, in his best style, with these modest words: *Francia, aurifex Boloniensis p.* (painted by Francia, goldsmith, of Bologna) a *Christ dead with the Virgin and two angels*, superior to the former, and almost equal to Raphael; by Leonardo Vinci, a little *Virgin and infant Jesus*; by Correggio, a *St. John with his lamb*, a majestic little half figure; by Michael Angelo, a *Christ on the cross*, with the *Virgin and St. John*, an expressive little painting; by Guido, a *St. Cecilia*, a half figure in his powerful manner; the *Martyrdom of St. Appollina*, in his gentle style; by Poussin, the *Massacre of the Innocents*, remarkable for composition, drawing, and expression; by Sasso Ferrato, a little head of the *Virgin*, one of his most graceful Virgins; by Domenichino, *three Saints* below, and a good *Glory* in which the *Santa Casa* of Loreto is transported; by Baroccio, a *Noli*

*me tangere*, well coloured; by Gherardo delle Notti, a Christ before Pilate, which has a wonderful effect of light and is one of the most remarkable paintings of this kind; of the three Carracci, a *Christ restoring sight to a blindman*, by Ludovico, in which the blindman is perfect; *Christ raising the widow's son*, a work full of soul, and one of Agostino's most sublime; *Christ and the Canaanitish woman*, by Annibale, valuable for facility of design and boldness of pencil.

The library, modern, has already twenty-five thousand volumes and some rarities, the duke being an amateur of books. A Greek copy of *the Gospels*, apparently of the tenth century, has some miniatures of a good style, astonishing for the epoch. A barbarous Latin version of the *Psalms*, from the Hebrew text, by an unknown translator, is of the twelfth century. An autograph manuscript of Tasso contains some Latin verses addressed to persons of his day. The *Libro di Locuzioni*, another autograph manuscript, inedited, of the learned Vincenzo Borghini, of the sixteenth century, one of the Roman deputies and censors who corrected the *Decameron*,<sup>1</sup> is esteemed a valuable work on grammar. Two editions of the fifteenth century are curious: the *Trionfi*, by Petrarch, a little volume, the first book printed at Lucca, and by a Lucchese (Bartolommeo Civitali, 1477), and a *Latin Grammar* by Giovanni Pietro da Lavenza, a schoolmaster of Lucca, who is indebted for his reputation to the learned author of the *Literary History of Lucca*, the marquis Cesare Lucchesini.<sup>2</sup>

The stern old *Prætorio* palace, now a tribunal, of the end of the fifteenth century and the beginning of the next, is a mixture of the Gothic and the style of the revival.

Some remains of a Roman theatre announce an edifice of no great extent, but of the best period; this theatre is still called *Aringo* and *Parlascio*, from which it may be inferred that the citizens of Lucca met there in the middle ages for the purpose of conversation also.

The Lyceum, organised in 1819, combines the different branches of public instruction, and has twenty-six professorships. S. Pacini, a clever professor, has composed an estimable work on

Italian surgery. The royal academy, formerly called *degli Oscuri*, composed of thirty-six members, with the duke for perpetual president, holds its sittings there every month, when every member in his turn reads some piece of his own composition. This academy has been publishing *Transactions (Atti)* since 1817, of which seven octavo volumes have already appeared. In an apartment of the Lyceum is an admirable painting by Annibale Carraccio, which would alone repay a journey to Lucca. It was formerly at San Giovannetto, and is said to have been carried away and concealed by a nun when the convent was suppressed: the city purchased it for 200*l.*, not one tenth of its value.

The college *Carlo Lodovico*, another good foundation begun in 1807 and finished in 1819, can accommodate eighty students. The establishment is half ecclesiastical and half laic, as the professors, the rector, and vice-rector, are priests, and the director, their superior, a layman.

The public library occupies a spacious building. The librarian, S. Papi, deceased at the end of 1834, preceptor of Prince Ferdinand Charles, was an enlightened man, who had served as soldier and general in the Rajah of Travancore's army, had visited Egypt and Greece on his return; he also wrote the curious *Letters on the East Indies*, translated the *Manual of Epictetus*, *Paradise Lost*, Armstrong's *Art of Health*, and composed a great *History of the French Revolution*, for which his Eastern travels and residence at Lucca would scarcely seem to have prepared him. At the library may now be seen the remains of Paolini's immense painting of *St. Gregory giving a dinner to poor pilgrims*, with Christ amongst them, a rich harmonious composition, with the variety of Paolo Veronese, which heretofore excited the enthusiasm of a multitude of poets, and would be sufficient for the glory of that artist, the best painter of Lucca.

The grand amphitheatre, encumbered within, but pretty well preserved on the outside, seems of the times of the first Cæsars. Like the theatre, it must have been used for political meetings, as it was also called *il Parlascio*.

The palace of the marquises Bernardini, in the piazza of Saint Benedict, not

<sup>1</sup> See ante, book x. ch. v.

<sup>2</sup> Deceased at the age of 75, May 16, 1832.



far from the spot where Castruccio's tower and palace stood, is of the plain and solid architecture of Matteo Civitali. The old palace of the Guidiccioni is by his nephew Nicolao, likewise celebrated as a military architect. This palace, appropriated in 1822 to the public archives, is one of the most remarkable in Lucca, and displays little of the bad taste that prevailed at the epoch of its construction.

The ramparts of Lucca, ancient fortifications which cost that petty state the sum of 955,162 crowns (220,422 l.), formerly supplied with handsome and harmless cannon, never fired except for salutes, and taken away by the French in 1799—these ramparts form a long and charming promenade, well planted and fit for carriages, infinitely preferable to most of the dull *corsi* of Italy, and from it the mountains that surround Lucca present a fresh and pleasing amphitheatre.

The aqueduct decreed by the French administration and finished in 1823, of great utility to Lucca, which till then had only unwholesome well water, is a grand construction of four hundred and fifty-nine arcades with semicircular arches, an honour to the talents of S. Nottolini.

The traveller passing through the duchy of Lucca must be struck with the pleasing variety of the sites, the richness of the hills covered with vines, olives, and chesnuts, and must in particular admire the laborious intelligence of the Lucchese, an acute and subtle people, good farmers, who may be called the Normans of Italy. This astonishing agricultural prosperity, this population which, in proportion with the superficies of the soil, is one of the most numerous on the earth,<sup>1</sup> proves the advantage of small estates, for nearly all even the mountaineers are landowners; every year, during the winter months when the labours of husbandry are suspended, the hundred and fiftieth part of this population emigrates, and finds employ in the hard but lucrative labours of the *maremme* of Tuscany or the islands of Corsica and Sardinia, whence it brings back additional capital to increase the public weal. A certain social and phi-

losophical improvement seems to have prevailed for a long time in this little state, which never had any Jesuits. The Encyclopedia was reprinted there in twenty-eight folio volumes (1758-71); philanthropical institutions, such as the mad houses and mendicity asylums, though small, are numerous and well managed; and Lucca, which was the first town in Italy that had the glory of founding an hospital, as early as the year 718,<sup>2</sup> was also the first in southern Italy to introduce vaccination as a public measure.

## CHAPTER VII.

Pietra Santa.—Massa.—Carrara.—Luni.—Sarzana.—Sarzanello.—View.

Pietra Santa, a fine town, has one church, Saint Martin, that might pass for a cathedral. The architecture, of the middle of the fourteenth century, is in good taste, and the front is decorated with several tolerable sculptures of subjects taken from the saint's history. Four columns of the naves, half of peachbloom-coloured breccio, are of extraordinary beauty; the ancient octagonal baptistry, of white marble, is ornamented with elegant basso-relievos.

Massa, near the sea, encircled with mountains, seemed to me of a charming effect. The public square, in particular, I cannot forget; it is planted with orange trees in quincunx, which were then loaded with their golden fruit.

In the square is the marble statue of the last sovereign of Massa, Maria Beatrice d'Este, married to the archduke Ferdinand of Austria, union that appears to have been rather singularly foretold by Tasso, when he represents Godefroi, duke of Lorrain, as being apprised in a dream of the alliance of his house with that of Rinaldo:

Sarà il tuo sangue al suo commisto; e dove  
Progenie uscirè gloriosa e chiara.

I went to the famous quarries of Carrara in the mountain; the marble that we are accustomed to find in the midst of the wonders of art or of nature cultivated and adorned is here to be seen in

hundred and fifty-six persons to each square mile.

<sup>2</sup> It was established near the church of Saint Silvester; a second was created in 721, near Saint Michael, and two others in 757 and 760.

<sup>1</sup> M. Adrien Balbi, in his *Balance politique du Globe* for 1828, places before Lucca for population only Hamburg, Bremen, Frankfort, Lubeck, in which cases the territory consists of little but the town. The population of Lucca amounts to four

the bosom of savage nature. Limpid streams ripple along or form cascades among these blocks of dazzling whiteness; for the noble mineral, like some characters, has all its brightness in the mine, and does not require, as gold does, to be purified and polished ere it shine. It seems as if all these waste fragments that strew and embarrass the road might be ground and made into stucco no less solid or elegant than the marble itself. The view of this mountain of marble, which bears the fine name of *Monte Sacro*, and which the shining moon rendered still more resplendent, made a singular impression. I called to mind all the busts and statues of emperors in the museums and palaces of Rome; I felt that art had shown but little dignity in thus indifferently perpetuating the likeness of so many monsters. In contemplating the enormous block that lay before me, I preferred its rough and primitive innocence to the splendid prostitution of the statuary, and I wished it might ever remain as it was, than be used to perpetuate the features and memory of the wicked.

This romantic nocturnal ramble to Carrara scarcely permitted me to visit its Academy, a perpetual popular school of sculpture, where children are instructed gratuitously from the most tender age, nor to observe certain very curious geological phenomena in the quarries, such as that first noticed in 1819, of a kind of soft and transparent jelly which on exposure to the air suddenly becomes opaque, hard, and like chalcedony or fine porcelain. I especially regret that I was unable to penetrate to the subterranean labyrinth of the grotto *del Tanone*, so well described by Spallanzani, which is more than a mile in length, and even surpasses in extent and magnificence the grotto of Antiparos; or to that of *Salla Mattana*, less known and less accessible, but said to be still more extensive and interesting.

In announcing the working of the white

marble quarries of Corsica, it was wrongly pretended that they would advantageously replace those of Carrara and Tuscany, then less productive. An undertaking begun by Michael Angelo at Carrara, and completed in 1827, had just then opened a new quarry; marble was never more abundant; the yearly exports amount to 70,000 cubic palms (nearly 16,000 yards), and artists now require nothing but genius and great men.

When Michael Angelo drew from Carrara the marble intended for the vast mausoleum of Julius II., he conceived the idea of cutting a colossus out of the peak of these mountains that advanced farthest into the sea for a kind of landmark for mariners. It is a matter of regret that one of the peripetia of the *funeral tragedy*, as Michael Angelo called it, prevented the execution of this project. Such a monument would now be very curious, and form a savage contrast with the cupola of Saint Peter's, a chef-d'œuvre of art and antique imitation.

Nothing remains of the celebrated Luni but the ruins of two towers, of a vast amphitheatre, and traces of a church said to have been dedicated to Saint Peter. There are different opinions as to the destruction of this ancient capital of Lunigiana; by some historians it is attributed to Alaric, who thereby avenged a rape committed on a young girl of his nation by one of the chief inhabitants of Luni. Dante, who in his exile had twice taken refuge in the environs of Luni, pretends that it perished through civil discord;<sup>2</sup> it is more probable, as Villani supposes, that it was abandoned as unhealthy.

Sarzana, a clean, pretty little town, has a fine cathedral, which has the *Sts. Eutychianus, Philip, and Genesius*, by Solimene, and two good lunettes in Guido's style by its excellent painter Fiasella, called *Sarzana*.

Sarzana, the native place of the wise, learned, and great pope Nicholas V.,

<sup>1</sup> It is not surprising that Carrara has produced so great a number of sculptors, among whom we may notice Baratta, who distinguished himself at Rome, Giuliano Finelli at Naples, Pietro and Fernando Tacca at Florence, Danese Cattaneo at Venice. One of the best living sculptors of Italy, S. Tenerani, is of Carrara. The nobility even and the clergy practised sculpture there; the house of Count Giovanni Baratta was, at the close of last century, a se-

minary of artists; and several statues and groups by the Canon Primicerius Cibey, are cited at Carrara and in the environs.

<sup>2</sup> Parad. can. xvi. 73. It was during Dante's residence with the Marquis Morello Malespina, lord of that country, that the long-lost seven first cantos of the *Inferno* were found and restored to him, which gave him courage to continue his poem.

long called Nicholas of Sarzana, was at the beginning of the seventeenth century the residence of Louis-Marie-Fortuné Buonaparte, the head of Napoleon's family, who went over to Corsica in 1612, during the war against the Genoese, and settled at Ajaccio. He himself asserted his Italian and Florentine origin,<sup>1</sup> honoured by two literary compositions of a very different kind, the narrative of the sack of Rome in 1527, by Jacopo Buonaparte, and the pleasing comedy of *La Vedova*, by Nicolao.<sup>2</sup>

Above Sarzana, the old castle called Sarzanello, erected in 1321 by Castruccio Castracani when he attacked the place, and now the quarters of the veterans, presents an immense and varied view, which embraces at once hills and valleys, the course of the Magra, the ruins of Luni, the fort of Lavenza, the beach of Viareggio, the city of Pisa, the port of Leghorn, and the islands of Capraja and Gorgona.

The new road from Sarzana to Genoa, so sweetly varied and picturesque, recalls at every step the remark of Plutarch, a moralist who loved to select his images from navigation, that the most agreeable journeys by land were those along the seaside, and when we embark at Lerici, that the pleasantest sea voyages were those made along the coast.

The world is indebted to the tardy arrival of the felucca from Lerici for one of Alfieri's finest and most Roman tragedies, his *Virginia*, with which the accidental perusal of a Livy, belonging to a priest, brother to the post-master of Sarzana, inspired him, and with such fervour that, but for his impatience at the delay of the cursed felucca, he would have completed the piece at once, *e l'avrei stesa d'un fiato*.

## CHAPTER VIII.

La Spezia.—Gulf.—Fountain.—Sestri.—Gulf of Rapallo.—Chiavari.—Bridge.—Rapallo.—Nostra Signora of Monte Allegro.—Recco.—Nervi.—S. Corvetto.

La Spezia, the native place of the elegant scholar and historian of the fifteenth

century, Bartolommeo Fazio, of the Neapolitan academy, is a flourishing and populous town. Its admirable gulf, one of the most extensive and safest in Europe, was called under the French administration to a high destiny. But the vast military and naval establishment of this Antwerp of the Mediterranean projected by Napoleon could not be created at Spezia itself, the depth of water on its shore having been greatly diminished by sandbanks. The height that commands the creeks of Castagno, Porto Venere, Varignano, and *degli Grazie*, would be a superb position.<sup>3</sup>

On the coast of Marsola, sixty-five feet from the land, is a submarine fountain of fresh water, which bubbles up to the surface; it seemed to me salt, but it is light and fresh if drunk from nearer the bottom by means of a tube—an unknown Arethusa, because discovered by science, and not alluded to by the poets.

Sestri di Levante, a charming place, noted for its wax, pastes, and shells, has in its parish church the recent tomb of Maria Brignole Balbi, with an expressive basso-relievo of *Friendship*, weeping over her ashes, by S. Gaggini, a good Genoese sculptor, and a touching inscription by the clever Ragusan Latinist Gagliuffi, who died in February 1834. Sestri is perhaps the spot whence the gulf of Rapallo, interspersed with rocks, formed by the mountain of Portofino, that juts out into the sea, and bordered with pines, olives, cypresses, and chestnuts, appears the most magnificent. This superb gulf of Rapallo seems to its neighbour the gulf of Genoa what that of Salerno is to the gulf of Naples, that is to say, superior, but less famous, because it has no great city to give it importance.

Chiavari, of eight thousand inhabitants, situated in a fertile plain and crowned with hills covered with vines and olives, is a well-built, industrious, and trading town. Its cloths meet with extensive sale, and its solid elegant *volante* chairs reach the saloons of Paris and are exported to America. This pretty town seems to have a touch of Tuscan civilisation; it has public schools, a li-

<sup>1</sup> Missirimi. *Della Vita di Ant. Canova*, p. 256. See also ante, book x. ch. xii.

<sup>2</sup> See *Voyages en Corse, à l'île d'Elbe et en Sardaigne*, book i. ch. lxix.

<sup>3</sup> See the excellent little *Mémoire sur le golfe de*

*la Spezia*, by Count de Chabrol, t. ii, p. 478, of the *Statistique de l'ancien département de Montenotte*. The first project, which would have cost nearly a million sterling, was reduced to one fourth of that amount.



brary of six thousand five hundred volumes, a house of industry for the poor, an hospital for female orphans; its society for the encouragement of manufactures, founded in 1791 by the marquis Stefano Rivarola, is a beneficial and well ordered institution, and the high poplars of its promenade on the banks of the Entella, a river sung by Dante :

Intra Siestri e Chiavari s' adima  
Una fiumana bella,

are something like the Cascines.

The church of Saint John the Baptist, a kind of cathedral, built in the first half of the seventeenth century, is a rather scientific structure, considering the smallness of the ground-plot. The artist may remark : the frescos of the choir, the two great paintings of the *Preaching of the Saint* and *Herodias dancing*, by G. B. Carlone; a fine *Assumption*, by Domenico Piola, who died young, the last scion of a family of Genoese painters distinguished for their talents nearly two centuries, and some figures in wood by Maraggiano, the popular Phidias of the coast of Genoa.

The Madonna dell' Orto is the largest and richest church of Chiavari. If the marble front, begun in 1837, were finished, it would be one of the first churches of Italy. The group of the *Temptations of St. Anthony* is a curious work by Maraggiano.

The church of Saint Francis, though a modernised Gothic, is of good proportions. The *Saint* performing a miracle, by the Genoese painter Vassallo, has been attributed to Velasquez, and it had the honour of being carried to Paris.

The door of the Garibaldi house, ornamented with sculptures of the year 1442, is magnificent, and some statues of the interior are worth notice.

The wooden bridge, built in 1810 by the French engineer Lefebvre, was so clever a construction that it has been

given as a model to the Polytechnic school.

The picturesque town of Rapallo, with its torrent, bridge, and gardens, is situated on the steep declivity of a triple-headed mountain. Between the second and third head is the sanctuary of Nostra Signora of *Monte Allegro*, which is the scene of a merry popular feast every year on the 2nd of July and two following days, when the mountain is illuminated from its summit down to the sea.

The monastery of Cervara, founded in 1364 by Guido, archbishop of Genoa, the boyish friend of Petrarch, who has drawn a charming portrait of him in a letter to Boccaccio,<sup>1</sup> was the prison of Francis I. when he embarked for Spain; a few persecuted Trappists, obscure successors of the illustrious vanquished one of Pavia, were sent there under the Empire; since then it has been abandoned, although the world has not wanted other and great victims of fortune's vicissitudes.

Ruta presents an admirable view of Genoa, of its lighthouse and hills. The church has a *Christ between two thieves with the Virgin and Magdalen at his feet*, a painting full of expression and truth, of which the inhabitants are justly proud, but it is an error to suppose it by Vandyck.

The church of the town of Recco possesses one of the best paintings of Valerio Castelli, a very able painter of the Genoese school.

Nervi has a fine church. It contains the tomb of S. Corvetto; a long and elegant inscription by Gagliuffi gives a minute portrait and records the honourable career of that Genoese advocate, who became a minister of France, a shrewd, ingenious, witty man, whose talents were discerned by Napoleon, and appreciated by Louis XVIII., who, despite the difficulty of the times, was of service to our country, and again developed the old financial genius of the Italians.

<sup>1</sup> "Vellem Guidonem saltem meum Januensem archiepiscopum, et in illo pariter me vidisses, qui summa concordia voluntatum rerumque omnium ob infantia secum (cum illo) vixi, vidisses, mihi crede, hominem corpore licet invalidum animo sic valentem, ut vivacius nil vidisse te diceres,

inque fragili et caduca domo magnum hospitem habitare posse fatereris. Quid multis agam? vidisses quem quærimus, virum bonum nulla, ni fallor, crebrum, sed nulla ætate bonum rarius quam nostra." Sen. lib. v., ep. 1.

## BOOK THE TWENTIETH.

## GENOA.—ROAD TO NICE.

## CHAPTER I.

Aspect.—Port.—Sailors.—Porto Franco.—Bergamese.—Customhouse.—Saint George's Bank.—Bronze table.—Fieschi.—Old Mole.—Loggia de' Banchi.—Arsenal.—Rostrum.

The aspect of Genoa, with its port, its palaces, its terraces, its balconies of white marble planted with orange-trees, a realisation of hanging gardens, the ramparts that crown its vast amphitheatre, is truly superb. This city has only three streets, and it is one of the finest in the world. It is indeed *la reale, la nobil città*, so poetically sung by Tasso, satirically by Alfieri,<sup>1</sup> and said by Madame de Staël to have been built for a congress of kings.

The port of Genoa seems always busy, and whilst Venice is losing her population and falling to decay, her old rival, the residence of the court some months of the year, appears flourishing. New houses were built, and the population, which was a hundred and twenty-four thousand souls in 1812, is now nearly a hundred and thirty thousand. The diligence, skill, and courage of the sailors of the gulf of Genoa, *assuetumque malo Ligurem*, who are about thirty thousand in number, are extraordinary; their tartans, small craft about the size of a room, on which they sail, reach even the ports of the Ocean; and in the month of October 1822, a Genoese vessel had arrived from Peru after a passage of 93 days. This enterprising and laborious race of men, interesting for their manners, frugality, and thrift, strikingly contrasts with the inhabitants of most other countries in Italy, and they seem to have preserved something of the navigating instinct peculiar to Italians of the fifteenth century.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Tasso's Sonnet: *Real città, ch' appoggi il nobil tergo*. Rime, part. IIa. 68, and sonnet LXXVI of Alfieri: *Nobil città, che delle Liguri onde*, which ends thus:

Tue ricchezze non spese, eppur corrotte,  
Fan d' Ignoianza un denso velo agli uni,

The service of Porto Franco, a kind of small sea town, was always exclusively reserved to Bergamese porters, all others being rigorously excluded. A strange hereditary aristocracy that one would hardly expect to find there! These Bergamese are recruited from the towns of Piazza and Zugno in the valley of the Brembana, so called from the torrent of the Brembana, to the west of Bergamo, and in the hamlets dependent thereon; they, therefore, derive the name of Bergamese from the province and not the town of Bergamo. The *company* of Bergamese porters, known under the Arabic name of *caravana*, dates from the year 1340, and was instituted by Saint George's Bank; it then consisted of only a dozen: the number has been greatly augmented since; it has been as high as two hundred and twenty, but was reduced to two hundred by a regulation of the 20th of May 1832; previous to the prohibition by royal letters patent of the 10th of November 1823, the caravanas sold their places to their compatriots at very high prices. The Bergamese seem, however, worthy of their privilege, as they have a reputation for dexterity and uprightness which has endured nearly five centuries.

The great hall of Saint George, over the customhouse, of happy proportions and with a fir-tree roof as usual in that country, is ornamented with the dusty and neglected statues of its founders. Several of the inscriptions record the patriotism of the Genoese patricians; I read beneath the statue of a J. Grillo, that he had bequeathed a legacy to relieve the people of half the duty on wheat. Saint George's Bank, a political, fiscal, and commercial institution, which owned the island of Corsica, Sarzana,

Superstition then gli altri; a tutti è notte,

energetic verses which very little resemble (though they express nearly the same ideas) Montesquieu's *Adieux de Gènes*, the vagary of a man of genius, such as might be expected from Cotin.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, book VII. ch. vi.

and some other towns of the eastern and western coast, was like the India Company of the middle ages; it was under the management of the principal citizens, and, as Montesquieu remarks, was an indirect means of raising them from their abject state. The history of this famous bank, one of the first created in Europe, dating from the year 1334, and finally suppressed in 1815, seems almost the history of Genoa. An ancient marble group shows the proud power of the Genoese; it represents a griffin holding in its claws an eagle, the emblem of the emperor Frederic, and a fox, the Pisan arms, with this inscription:

Gryphus ut has angit,  
Sic hostes Genua frangit.

In one room of the customhouse is a great picture of the *Virgin, St. John Baptist, and St. George*, by Domenico Piola.

Over the principal door of the customhouse, are suspended some links of an iron chain which was used to close the port of Pisa, but was borne off in triumph by the Genoese in 1290.

Over the door, at the old palace of the *Padri del Comune*, now the tribunal of commerce, is the bronze table, with a very legible inscription of forty-six lines, found in 1506 by a peasant of Polcevera, near Genoa, sold by him to a brazier, and fortunately purchased by the senate. The inscription relates to a sentence pronounced, in the year 637 from the foundation of Rome, by two Roman jurisconsults, respecting some dispute between the inhabitants of Genoa and those of Langasco, Voltaggio, and Polcevera; it proves the ancient supremacy of the Genoese over the adjacent countries. This monument, one of the best preserved in Italy, learnedly illustrated by S. Geronimo Serra, would be more suitably placed in a cabinet of medals than in the inconvenient position where it is difficult to examine it. A topographical plan of Genoa in 1164 shows the walls and towers occupied by the Guelphs and Ghibelines in the civil and domestic broils of the middle ages.

The enclosure now drained and used as a *bagno* for about seven hundred gal-

ley-slaves, was the ancient arsenal of the republic, whence the famous galleys were launched that made its glory. Close by is the basin, in which perished, sunk by the weight of his armour, the brilliant Fieschi, ingeniously justified and praised almost without reserve by Bandello,<sup>1</sup> and whose adventurous enterprise must have charmed the youthful fancy of Retz, who has related it with the same genius that he might have employed in conducting it. When we read the *Conjuración de Fiesque*, by Cardinal de Retz (a wonderful work if we consider that he was only seventeen when he wrote it), the rival of the hero is more prominent than the historian.<sup>2</sup>

The gate of the Old Mole, an imposing and solid fortification by Galeaso Alessi, who has enriched Genoa with his best works, has on the side towards the sea the following fine inscription by Bonfadio:

Aucta ex S. C. Mole  
Exstructaq. porta  
Propugnaculo munita  
Urbem cingebant moenibus  
Quacumq. assultur mari  
Anno MDLIII.

The *Loggia de' Banchi* is a skilful and economical structure by Galeaso Alessi, which for the boldness of the roof, consisting simply of ship masts, the Genoese call *un bel azzardo*, as if such hazards did not commonly befall men of genius.

The old convent of the Holy Ghost, converted into a vast arsenal, preserves an antique prow (*rostrum*). The pilotage of the ancients is too inferior to the naval glory of the moderns for this fragment to be of much interest; it would be worthy of respect, however, if the tradition be true that it belonged to one of those Ligurian vessels that opposed Mago, Annibal's brother,<sup>3</sup> and failed in protecting their country. A cannon of leather and wood taken from the Venetians at the siege of Chiozza in 1379, when Genoa, with a republican hatred more implacable than that of kings, rashly thought herself capable of annihilating her rival, is cited as the first fabricated after the invention of powder. The uncertainty attending the first use of cannon may render this tradition

<sup>1</sup> Nov. Part. IIa. xxxviii.

<sup>2</sup> The narrative of the conspiracy of Fieschi,

book iv of the *Annals of Genoa*, by Bonfadio, is also a very fine historical sketch.

<sup>3</sup> Tit. Liv. lib. xxviii, xli.



very suspicious : but this cannon is at all events of great antiquity, for the first used were in this form and bound with iron.\* I saw only one of the thirty-two women's cuirasses worn in 1301 by noble ladies of Genoa who joined the crusade; the others were sold in the street for old iron by the English in 1815. The only cuirass that escaped this shameful auction did not appear to offer the outline of a very tender form.

## CHAPTER II.

Ducal and Royal palaces.—Magdalen, by Paolo Veronese. — Bust of Vitellius. — Balbi (Povera); — Filippo Durazzo; — Brignole (Rosso); — Tursi Doria; — Serra palaces. — Saloon. — Spinola (Ferdinand); — Carega; — Lercari; — Cataneo; — Negroni; — Spinola (Massimiliano) palaces. — Marquis di Negro. — Pallavicini; — Spinola (Giambattista) palaces.

The Ducal Palace, the most considerable in Genoa, formerly the residence of the Doges, now occupied by the town senate and government offices, is on a grand plan, and its clever reconstruction in 1778 shows the talent of the Genoese architect Cantone, who had received orders, through an excessive fear of a second conflagration, to employ no timber. The construction of the vaulted roof is no less ingenious than in the *Loggia de' Banchi*: the first is a model of solidity, the second of lightness. The statues of the immense hall consecrated to the men who had deserved well of the republic, the last of which was the one erected by the senate to the duke of Richelieu, and so pleasingly celebrated by Voltaire :

Je la verrai cette statue  
Que Gène élève justement  
Au héros qui l'a défendue;

—these patriotic statues were broken by the demagogues of 1797; they have been replaced by provisional statues representing the Sciences and the Virtues, statues of straw covered with calico, got up for the ball offered by the city to Napoleon, during the pompous rejoicing that attended the loss of Genoese liberty. It was a pity that on this occasion the Italians did not revive their custom of mak-

ing living persons supply the place of statues, as was the case in the ceremonies of the coronation of Leo X., when a nymph delivered a piece in his honour from her niche. It was also customary at that epoch to place such figures in churches instead of statues, on certain solemnities, and particularly on the canonisation of saints. These figures must have been something like the living *tableaux*, introduced from Germany, which were in vogue one winter at Paris some years ago, and were executed by the most handsome ladies. The great pictures of this hall and the one adjoining, though boasted at Genoa, are indifferent, without celebrity, and justly so.

The magnificent Marcel Durazzo palace, now the King's, which has two grand white marble staircases to the right and left of the vestibule, by Carlo Fontana, is the only one in Genoa in which carriages can enter and turn with facility, for sedan-chairs only were used in this capital in former times. The first masterpieces of the pictorial art decorate this and other palaces in Genoa, a rich and mercantile city, a formidable place of war which is not perhaps duly appreciated for its works of art. In the Royal palace may be observed, by Paolo Veronese: the *Olinda and Sophronia*, brilliant in colouring, full of movement and interest; the admirable *Magdalen at Christ's feet*, perhaps this master's chef-d'œuvre; by Vanduyck: a portrait in a Spanish costume, of a fine colour; a good portrait of *Catterina Durazzo*; a *Holy Family*; by Cappuccino: a *bishop's portrait*, a half figure, remarkable for the head and hands; by Domenico Parodi, a clever Genoese painter of the seventeenth century: the clare-obscure paintings and gildings of the gallery, in imitation of basso-relievos, a philosophical composition explained by a Latin quatrain, representing the fall of the great empires of antiquity, the Assyrian, Persian, Greek, and Roman, with portraits of Darius, Sardanapalus, Ptolemy, and Augustulus, supported by Syrens; by Albert Durer: the *Confirmation given before the king of France*, a fine painting; by Holbein: an excellent portrait of Anne Boleyn, thin and red-haired,

\* See the *Histoire du corps du Génie*, par M. Ailant, Remarques 1-6 et 2-7; and his *Précis des Institutions militaires en France*. The Cav. Venturi *Storia dell' Origine e de' primi progressi delle*

*moderne artiglierie*. Milan, 1816) says that cannon were used in 1330, and Petrarch speaks of them as common in his treatise *De remediis utriusque fortunæ*.

but wonderfully costumed; by Michelangelo di Caravaggio : *St. Peter denying Christ*; *Christ dead*, very vigorous in effect and execution; by Carlo Dolce : a head of the *Virgin*, another of the *Saviour*, works of an extraordinary finish, by this Italian Van der Werf, but very ordinary in the drawing; by Angelo Rossi, a facetious Genoese painter, pupil of Domenico Parodi : a *Satyr sucking a bunch of grapes*; by Rubens : *Juno attaching the eyes of Argus to the tails of her peacocks*, an excellent work; by Titian : a fine *Nativity*; and in the chapel a *Christ bearing the Cross*; by the elder Palma : the *Virgin*, *St. John Baptist and Magdalen*, a charming painting for colour and simplicity. The antique bust of *Vitellius*, in granite, is, after the *Magdalen*, the second wonder of this palace, and Giulio Romano was unable to find a better model than this emperor's head to paint the *Satyr* of his *Bacchanal*.

The Balbi (Povera) palace is remarkable for the proportion of its porticos, the richness of its nympheum, which terminates in a garden of large oranges planted in the soil, of an enchanting effect.

The monumental Filippo Durazzo palace, from the designs of Bartolommeo Bianco, a Lombard, was enlarged by the Genoese architect Tagliafico, who constructed the rich, but badly placed, staircase of white marble. The most remarkable paintings are : a *Magdalen*, by Titian, said to be the original of that in the Barbarigo palace, which however it would not be easy to prove; <sup>1</sup> a *Roman Charity*; *St. Eustace*; a graceful *Cleopatra*, very skilfully painted; a *Child sleeping*, an oval painting, full of charms, though the subject would have borne more simplicity, by Guido; *Hagar*, *Ishmael*, and the *Angel*, by Grechetto, a Genoese painter of the seventeenth century, who acquired his elegant surname from the propriety and charms of his colouring; the *Marriage of St. Catherine*, by Paolo Veronese; a portrait of *Ippolito Durazzo*, elegantly thickened and perfect, by Rigaud; the *Parnassus*, a good fresco on the ceiling, by Geronimo Piola; *Christ appearing to the Virgin*; the *Death of Adonis*, a painting with little figures, of excellent composition; a *St. Sebastian*, by Domeni-

chino; the young *Tobias*; a *Child dressed in white*; *Two Boys and a Girl*, portraits of the Durazzo family, in Spanish costumes, of a fine execution and great delicacy of tone, by Vandyck; a very fine and lifelike portrait of Philip IV., king of Spain, by Rubens; a *Philosopher weeping*, true, but without elevation and ordinary in design; *Heraclitus and Democritus*, in Caravaggio's style, by Spagnoletto.

The Brignole (Rosso) palace has some great porticos of fine proportions. The gallery is one of the first in Genoa. The following may be distinguished; by Titian : a half figure of a *Man with a white beard and furred sleeves*; by Paris Bordone : a half-figure of a *Man with a black beard and red sleeves*; a *Bust* holding a paper in hand, of great delicacy of tone; the *Virgin*, *St. Joseph*, *St. Jerome*, *St. Catherine* and several *angels*, of a very fine colour; a portrait of a *young Man in a pelisse*; a half-figure of a *Man with a white beard and pelisse*; a *Woman with embroidered garments*; by Vandyck : two half-figures, *Father and Son*; the great *Equestrian portrait of the Marquis Antonio Giulio Brignole*, son of a doge, ambassador to Philip IV., afterwards a priest, a satirical and comic writer, Jesuit, and preacher; the *Give to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's and to God that which is God's*, in which the face of Christ shows a mixture of dignity and irony that seems to condemn the future abuses of the sacerdotal power; the portrait of *Signora Sale Brignole*; a portrait of a *Man standing*, in Spanish costume; by Albert Durer : a *Head* with an inscription, very well drawn; by Guercino : *Christ driving the buyers and sellers out of the temple*; *Cato killing himself*, without nobleness; the *Virgin on a throne* and *St. John Baptist*, *St. John*, and *St. Bartholomew*; by Michelangelo di Caravaggio : the *Resurrection of Lazarus*, of fine effect; by Guido : a *St. Sebastian*, a half figure; by Cappuccino : a *St. Thomas*, whose colouring, natural, vigorous, and harmonious, disparages, says Lanzi, the colouring, though good, of the other paintings in the room; by Ludovico Carraccio : the *Annunciation*; by the elder Palma : an *Adoration of the Magi*, full of grace and simplicity; by Paolo Veronese : the *Judith*, which has an expression of mo-

<sup>1</sup> See ante, book vi. ch. ix.

desty and firmness that makes one overlook the Venetian costume, a painting of remarkably powerful effect for that master; a *Woman*, called *Vandyck's nurse*, sitting in a chair, at her length, and holding, as if with effort, a nosegay, a very natural and gay figure; by Spagnoletto: a *Philosopher holding a paper in his hand*; by Pellegrino Piola, a Genoese painter of great promise, who was waylaid and assassinated in his twenty-third year by his rivals, jealous of the popularity of his *Madonna* still exposed in Goldsmiths' street, another victim of those violent professional enmities already mentioned: *St. Ursula*; a graceful *Holy Family*; by Holbein: a *Woman holding a flower*; by Leonardo Vinci: an oval half figure of *John the Baptist*; by Rubens: the *Portrait of a man*, in black; his own and wife's portrait, a very fine painting; by Domenichino: *St. Roch praying for the cessation of the plague*, true, pathetic, well composed; by Correggio: the *Assumption*; by Carlo Dolce: *Christ in the Garden of Olives*, which has the usual qualities and defects of its author. Several pleasing portraits are by Rigaud and Largillière, but they are eclipsed beside the portraits of Titian, Paolo Veronese, Rubens, Vandyck, and Paris Bordone, which enrich this admirable gallery.

The Tursi Doria palace, now added to the royal domains, the finest ornament of the Strada Nuova, presents a remarkable disposition, a rare character of solidity, and must be regarded as one of the grandest and best seated edifices in Italy; but one might desire, as in most of the Genoese palaces, greater purity in the details.

The Serra palace, indifferent with respect to art and badly built, is noted for its saloon on the first floor, which was highly praised during the last century, and surnamed the *Palace of the Sun* by the President Dupaty; but its decoration, in which there is truly an excess of mirrors, is rather distinguished by richness than taste. It is said that a million franks were expended upon this toy, a monument of ostentation and luxury rather than true magnificence.

The ancient Grimaldi palace, now belonging to Fernando Spinola, one of the fine palaces in the Strada Nuova, which

was built almost throughout by Galeaso Alessi, resembles the best palaces of Rome by the simple grandeur of its architecture. It has a vast vestibule; and the gallery leading to the court, the magnificent staircase, the nymphaeum which terminates the court, and the court of the first floor, are of the finest effect. The gallery has some good paintings: an *Equestrian portrait*, a *Head*, by Vandyck; a *Venus*, believed to be Titian's; a *Virgin with the infant Jesus*, very pretty, by Giovanni Bellini; *Three children*, in Parmegiano's style.

The Carega palace, from the designs of Galeaso Alessi, built in a confined space, yields to none in Genoa for richness or beauty. The frescos on the roof of the vestibule, by Castello il Bergamesco, are a brilliant decoration. Two chefs-d'œuvre, the *Adoration of the Magi*, by Paolo Veronese; a half figure of *Herodias carrying the head of John the Baptist*, a horrible mixture of gracefulness and crime, by Titian, have all the merits of those great masters.

The Lercari Imperiale palace passes for one of the most harmonious and picturesque works of Galeaso Alessi. The original and severe basement forms an agreeable contrast with the elegant gallery of Ionic columns on the first floor. The ceiling of the staircase is adorned with some charming arabesques which were executed under the superintendence of Galeaso Alessi by Taddeo Carlone, an excellent Genoese fresco painter, of the seventeenth century.

The Grillo Cataneo palace has a considerable number of paintings by the best masters: a portrait of a *Woman sitting*, a half figure, by Rubens; a great painting of *Christ driving the sellers out of the Temple*, much boasted, one of those masterpieces of Salvator Rosa everlastingly met with in Italian galleries, which are generally, as in this instance, but very ordinary performances; a *St. Agnes*, by Andrea del Sarto; a portrait of a Slavonian, by Giovanni Bellini; *St. Joseph and the little St. John adoring the Saviour*, ascribed to Raphael; *Luther and his mistress*, by Paris Bordone, of a fine colour and singular expression: Dorothea has a gold necklace, rings, and all the cumbersome dress of the epoch; Luther has hold of one hand and lays his other hand on her shoulder; looking at her with a

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book XIII. ch. vii.



serious rather than an impassioned glance, which seems less a lover's than a theologian's.

The Negroni palace, well-planned, and with a nympheum of a charming effect at the bottom of the court, has a room, which is perhaps the best painted in Genoa, a poetical composition, consecrated to the virtues and glory of the Negroni family, and the best work of Domenico Parodi.

The Spinola (Maximilian) palace is distinguished by the happy proportion of the porticos in the court, the originality of its cloister-arched roofs, and the room on the first floor, painted at eighteen years of age by Luca Cambiaso, a clever and precocious Genoese artist in the sixteenth century, of a bold and prolific genius, who worked with two pencils at once, but whose good period only lasted a dozen years.

I visited the charming picturesque retreat of the Marquis Giovanni Carlo di Negro, a perfect model of that courtesy and Italian good feeling towards strangers, which can never be sufficiently praised. The garden, visited by the pope, the emperor of Austria, the kings of Sardinia and Naples, was worthy of those honours less from its wonderful situation, its library, its exotic plants, than the talents and character of its amiable possessor, a passionate lover of the fine arts, a distinguished improvisatore, and author of a much esteemed *Quaresimale* in terzines.

Among the numerous paintings in the gallery of the rich palace Pallavicini, may be remarked: a great *Mutius Scævola*, by Guercino; a *Coriolanus*, by Vandyck, rich in colouring, but in a style unsuited to the subject; the *Virgin alla colonna*, by Raphael, which is not, as stated, and imitation of his *Madonna della Grotta*, for all the Virgin's heads by Raphael have for the close observer a peculiar physiognomy, which most frequently depends on a very delicate shade.

The Spinola (Giambattista) palace presents among many works by celebrated painters: a *Woman suckling a child*, another *reclined, lying down*, and *two men*, by Annibale Carraccio, and one of those fine but monotonous *St.*

*Sebastians* of Guido, quite a fashionable subject in his time, for there is scarcely a gallery of importance that cannot boast the possession of its *St. Sebastian*.

### CHAPTER III.

Palace of Andrea Doria.—Paintings of Perino del Vaga.—Trellis.—Rœdan.—Grotto.—Lighthouse.—Scoglietto. — Pallavicini (delle Peschiere) and Saul palaces.

The royal palace of Andrea Doria, of the architecture of Fra Montorsoli, who was summoned from Rome to build it, has a long characteristic inscription of a single line under the entablature of the windows, which states that its illustrious founder had been admiral of the pope, of Charles V., Francis I., and of his own country, an extraordinary man, whose alliance was sought by the greatest princes, who had defeated the Moors and Turks with his own galleys, and was himself almost a power. The poor statue of the old admiral as Neptune stands in the middle of the gardens near the shore; but his romantic mustachio of the fifteenth century contrasts strangely with the nakedness and classical attributes of the marine deity. The door is from the designs of Perino del Vaga, a pupil of Raphael, who, having escaped the sack of Rome with the loss of his all, was generously welcomed by Doria, and decorated the palace with his finest works. Such are the stuccos and grotesques of the vestibule, resembling the Loggia of the Vatican, at which Perino del Vaga had worked; some *little Children*, *Horatius Cocles*, *Mutius Scævola*, and three other subjects of Roman history, worthy of Raphael for invention and composition, and the ceiling of the *War of the Giants*, almost equalling the frescos of the Farnesina. The trellis, opposite and above the palace, must have once formed the most charming and magnificent of Italian terraces. It is now neglected like the rest of this superb abode. The mausoleum of Rœdan, the dog given by Charles V. to Andrea Doria, is almost buried. It was placed at the foot of the colossal statue of Jupiter, that the great Rœdan, as the

<sup>1</sup> "Divino munere Andreas Doria Cæsar F. S. R. ecclesiæ, Caroli imperatoris catholici maximi et invictissimi, Francisci primi Francorum regis, et

patriæ classis triremium IIII. Præfectus ut maximo labore jam fesso corpore honesto otio quiesceret Ædes sibi et successoribus instauravit MDXXV IIII."

whimsical epitaph stated, might not cease to guard a prince, even after his death. Doria again returned in triumph to his country, and his dog, so magnificently interred, cannot have the merit of that of Ulysses which a French poet, despite the etiquette of our stage, has happily painted in four words :

Al-je encor des amis. . . . .  
Un seul m'étais resté, NON PARMI LES HUMAINS.

Not far from Jupiter is the Grotto, from the designs of Galeaso Alessi, a brilliant construction of white marble, forming a terrace, which so admirably finishes the garden and overlooks the sea.

The *Scoglietto*, a villa of ordinary architecture, is singularly agreeable with its terraces, grottos, cascades, its orange, lemon, and pomegranate groves, its pine wood, and especially its site above the sea. At the top of the garden, in a small pavilion, I found a framed collection of engraved portraits of the members of the Constituent Assembly, an odd decoration for this quiet and cheerful retreat.

It is interesting to ascend to the lighthouse, called the Lantern at Genoa, a picturesque structure reared on a lofty rock, which serves for its base; the horizon thence discovered is magnificent.

The Pallavicini palace, surnamed *delle Peschiere*, from the number of its fountains, is of a judicious and elegant architecture, by Galeaso Alessi; and its position, the charming grotto of the garden, make it one of the most remarkable of Genoa. It is pretended that Cromwell once inhabited it, but nothing can be more uncertain than this tradition.

The Sauli palace, a chef-d'œuvre of Galeaso Alessi, formerly one of the noblest and richest, not only in Genoa, but throughout Italy, with its white marble columns of a single block, is now abandoned and almost in ruins.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Albaro. — Giustiniani villa. — Imperiale palace. — Paradiso. — Promenades. — Ramparts. — Aqueduct.

The smiling hill of Albaro is covered with superb villas. The Giustiniani villa, by Galeaso Alessi, does not appear from Michael Angelo's designs, as some have pretended. The ante-room

in the style of a *loggia* passes for the most exquisite production of Alessi. This villa has a few antiquities, among them a very scarce statue of *Isis* in oriental granite.

The Imperiale palace presents the *Rape of the Sabines*, a noble and spirited composition, one of Luca Cambiaso's best. A member of this family, Michele Imperiale, attracted considerable notice by the mad eccentricity of his conduct and opinions. For instance, after combatting the damnation of Judas by theological arguments, he left a sum of money by his will to have masses said for the salvation of his soul.

The Saluzzi palace, called *Paradiso*, has some good frescos by Tavarone, a Genoese painter of the sixteenth century, the travelling companion and fellow-labourer of Luca Cambiaso, whose manner he almost acquired. This palace was inhabited by Lord Byron; he departed hence for Greece, but returned a moment when becalmed a whole day within sight of Genoa, and he there had a presentiment of his approaching glorious end. Having expressed a wish to see his palace once more, he went thither accompanied by Count Gamba alone. "His conversation," says the latter, "took a melancholy turn; he spoke much of his past life and the uncertainty of the future. 'Where shall we be,' said he, 'a year hence?' It was like a gloomy prophecy," adds his friend; "for, the year after, on the same day of the same month, he was laid in the tomb of his ancestors."

If the two or three public promenades of Genoa, such as the *Acqua verde* and the *Acqua sola*, are not very good, the circuit of the great fortifications is one of the finest promenades in all Italy. This superb coast of Genoa has not, indeed, the poetical and literary associations of the gulf of Naples, but it is interesting for the French exploits that it recalls: Boufflers, Richelieu, Masséna, appeared there as the representatives of the old and new military glory of France. Among the various objects that one encounters is a long piece of the aqueduct that brings the water from a distance of six leagues into the different parts of the city, and even to the upper stories of every house; one of those astonishing and useful works of the middle ages, begun in 1278 and finished in 1335.

## CHAPTER V.

University.—Library.—Berio library.

The palace of the University, with its porticos, columns, and marble staircases of dazzling whiteness, has rather the air of an oriental palace than a college. It is impossible not to be struck with the happy repartition and vividness of the light. The rooms of the different courts are ornamented with paintings, several of which belong to the great Genoese masters. In the great hall, painted in fresco by Andrea Carlone, is a *Circumcision*, by Sarzana; the statues of *Faith*, *Hope*, *Charity*, *Justice*, and two other Virtues, are by Giovanni of Bologna. The studies of the university, which were excellent in the olden times, and had resumed their ancient lustre under the French administration, were unfortunately reorganised in 1816, and seemed but little in accord with so much luxury, despite the merit of some professors—the principal of whom were: S. Viviani, professor of botany, celebrated in Europe for his works, and particularly for his *Flora of Libya and Cyrenaica*, and the professor of chemistry, S. Giuseppe Mojon, whose modesty is equal to his talents, and who first discovered electro-magnetism, a science since completed by the researches of MM. Ampère, Arago, Biot, Davy, Savary, Faraday, and Nobili. The number of students is only about four hundred, an inconsiderable number for so populous a town as Genoa.

The library contains forty-five thousand volumes; it is composed of the old libraries of the Jesuits and Carmelites, in which theology is rather too predominant. Among the few manuscripts is a *Quintus Curtius* of the fifteenth century, translated into French by the "*honnorable et noble homme Vasque de Lucène, portugallois*," a fine but not scarce manuscript, dedicated to Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy, with miniatures representing the actions of Alexander. There are also some Chinese manuscripts and others in African and Arabic characters.

The Berio library, presented to the town by a private individual, consists of fifteen thousand volumes and fifteen hundred manuscripts; most of the latter relate to the history of Genoa. A *City of God*, in Italian, of 1472, is a fine copy

by a sister Veronica, of the convent of the Holy Ghost at Verona. A *History of Venice*, not printed, of 1480, is mentioned by Tiraboschi. A *Missal* of Cardinal de' Medici, of 1533, has an inscription in his hand. The librarian, P. Valentino Manfredi, a barefooted Carmelite, late a missionary on the Malabar coast, seems to live in his library, which is open on winter evenings, and seemed to me pretty well frequented.

## CHAPTER VI.

Theatre del Falcone.—Saint Augustine and Carlo Felice theatres.

Among other pieces, I witnessed the performance at the theatre *del Falcone*, which depends on the Royal palace and is constantly attended by his majesty Charles Felix, of one of Goldoni's *Hircana*, well played by Signora Polvaro Carlotta. Notwithstanding the success of this trilogy at one time and all Goldoni's boasting of it in his Memoirs, it appeared to me false, cold, and dull, like most dramas on Persian subjects.

At the theatre of Saint Augustine, they were playing that antique and terrible tragedy of Alfieri's, *Polynice*. The actors, though but tolerable, were much applauded, and they not appeared less moved by public favour than in other Italian theatres. It was ludicrous enough for those hostile brothers to be opportunely pacified to make their bows of acknowledgment, and, after having just left the stage in a fury, to reappear suddenly with a calm and solemn air, to make their respectful salutations to the pit. All this gratitude and politeness seems still more ridiculous in the absence of singing and music. It occasionally happens that actors are thus called for several times in succession: in 1834, at Leghorn, I saw Cosselli, Duprez and signora Ungheri, who sung the *Parisina* of Donizetti, called on five consecutive times. It is true that this frenzy was a kind of reaction against the *Matrimonio segreto* and Lablache, who had displeased the public the previous evening. The delicious chef-d'œuvre of Cimarosa had so far made *fiasco* on that day, that they durst not show it again, so played the *Barbiere di Siviglia* in its stead.

\* See ante, book III. ch. xlv.



The theatre *Carlo Felice*, erected from 1826 to 1828, is the largest theatre in Italy, after La Scala and San Carlo. The columns and principal staircases are of white Carrara marble. Despite the vast proportions of the plan and the richness of the materials, the architecture does not appear either very noble or pure, and it has not the kind of lightness and elegance that are suitable to an opera-house.

## CHAPTER VII.

Saint Laurence.—*Sacro Catino*.—Bonfadio.—Saint Syrus.—*Annunziata*.—Saint Ambrose.—The Assumption of Carignano.—Statues, by Puget.—Bridge.—Tomb of Andrea Doria.—On Guido's Virgins.—*Santa Maria della consolazione*.

The church of Saint Laurence, one of the fine cathedrals of Italy, remarkable for the Gothic architecture of its front, was judiciously restored by Galeaso Alessi, who rebuilt the choir, the hemicycle, and the cupola. The frescos of the choir ceiling, and particularly the *Martyrdom of the Saint*, pass for the best public work of Tavarone. The rich chapel of Saint John the Baptist has six statues by Matteo Civitali, one of which, the *Abraham*, is remarkable for the vesture and a kind of grandeur; the *Virgin* and the *Holy Precursor* are by Contucci da Sansavino; the altar, begun by Jacopo della Porta, was admirably terminated by his clever nephew Guglielmo.

The famous *Sacro Catino* is restored to the cathedral. It was sent to an artizan to be mended when I saw it, for it had been broken and a bit was lost in its

passage from Turin to Genoa. Though deprived of its honours, its guards, and its mystery, the *Sacro Catino* inspired me with respect, and I found the philosophic lazzi very dull that were thrown at it by Lady Morgan. Of what consequence is it; if instead of being an emerald, the *Sacro Catino* be only coloured glass? if it were not given to Solomon by the queen of Sheba, or if it were not used by the Saviour at the Last Supper? This glass dish is no less a memorial of the faith and bravery of those Genoese, the conquerors of Cæsarea, who captured it—of those Christian republicans of the middle ages, who, after receiving the communion, scaled the ramparts of the town with no other machines than the ladders of their galleys. I fancied that I heard that bishop of Pisa, Daimbert, a warrior and a prophet, haranguing the crusaders on the eve of the battle, and promising them victory in the name of Jesus Christ; I pictured to myself that Genoese consul who first mounted the breach and defended himself single-handed like another Alexander. These reminiscences of glory, religion, liberty, were sufficient for me, and I desired no more.

Bonfadio, whose condemnation, whether just or not, seems still a mystery,<sup>2</sup> wished to be interred at Saint Laurence, as may be seen by the short, poetical, and touching letter addressed just before his death to one of his powerless protectors, which letter seems a more certain proof of his innocence than all the dissertations thereon. *Mi pesa il morir, perchè non mi pare di meritar tanto: e pur m'acqueto del voler d' Iddio; e mi pesa ancora,*

<sup>1</sup> The *Sacro Catino* was formerly kept in an iron safe in the sacristy, of which the dean alone had a key; it was only exposed to the public once a year, and then it was set on an elevated place, with a prelate holding it by a cord; the knights *Clavigeri*, to whom its custody was confided, were ranged around. A law of 1476 punished even with death in certain cases whomsoever should touch the *Sacro Catino* with gold, silver, stones, coral, or any other substance: "In order, said the law, to deter the curious and incredulous from examining the *Catino*, as by such proceeding it might be injured or even broken, which would be an irreparable loss for the republic of Genoa." M. de La Condamine, impelled by his natural curiosity (well known to be rather indiscreet), and his curiosity as a man of science, had concealed a diamond in his coat sleeve when he examined the *Sacro Catino*, for the purpose of making a scratch to prove its hardness; but the monk who was showing it to him per-

ceived it in time, and raised the *Sacro Catino*, happily for himself, as he would have got into difficulties, and for M. de La Condamine, who had probably forgotten the law of 1476. It appears however that, notwithstanding the observations of M. de La Condamine, who had observed little bubbles in the *Sacro Catino*, such as are found in melted glass, it retained its reputation as an emerald for a long time, as the Jews advanced, I was told, several millions on this pledge during the last siege; a singular loan which was no doubt paid after the fashion of the Republic.

<sup>2</sup> Ginguenè, in the article Bonfadio of the *Biographie*, does not hesitate, on Tiraboschi's authority, to regard him as guilty of the vice for which he was burned, after being beheaded as a favour, while he brings forward good arguments against Tiraboschi's opinion in the *Histoire littéraire d'Italie*, t. VIII, p. 328 et seq.

*perchè moro ingrato, non potendo render segno a tanti onorati gentiluomini, che per me hanno sudato, ed angustiato, e massimamente V. S. del grato animo mio... Seppelliranno il corpo mio in S. Lorenzo; e se da quel mondo di là, si potrà dar qualche amico segno senza spavento, lo farò. Restate tutti felici.*

The ancient church of Saint Syrus, the primitive cathedral, and the richest in Genoa for marble, presents a fine ensemble. The height of the nave is not, however, in proportion to its width. The ceilings are decorated with stuccos and paintings by the clever Taddeo Carlone. The high altar has some figures of angels and children, by Puget, an artist too little appreciated in our country while living, who has left more works at Genoa than in all France; the *St. Andrew of Avellino*, and an *Assumption*, are by Sarzana.

The Annunziata, from the designs of Scorticone and Jacopo Porta, the largest church in Genoa after the cathedral, remarkable for its ordinance, the proportion of its ten columns of white marble incrustated with red, and the brilliancy, variety, and harmony of the paintings on its ceilings by the brothers Cartoni, owes all its magnificence to one family of Genoa, the Lomellini, sovereigns of the island of Tabarca in the Mediterranean until about the middle of the seventeenth century. A vigorous *Last Supper* is by Procaccini; a *Martyrdom of St. Clement*, horrible, by Giambattista Carlone; an affecting *Virgin at the foot of the cross*, by Scotti. In the chapel of Saint Louis, the *Saint adoring the cross* was first ordered of Bernardo Carbone, but as his performance was not approved of, two others were ordered at Paris, and succeeded each other at the altar, on which the first painting was at last justly replaced. Its two Parisian rivals are hung beside it, as if to bear witness to the triumph of the Genoese artist, who was also a very clever portrait painter, and his works have been frequently taken for Vandyck's. I regretted that I did not find in this chapel a celebrated French tomb, the one erected by the senate to the duke of Boufflers, who died in 1747. while governor of Genoa, which he had so valiantly defended. The Annunziata, as well as the church *del Redentore* at Venice, is served by Capuchins; the

gorgeousness of these temples contrasts strangely with the poverty of the mendicant monks that possess them.

The vast church of Saint Ambrose has several paintings by celebrated masters, but it is true that they are not all chefs-d'œuvre; especially a *Circumcision* by Rubens: his *Jesuit saint resuscitating a demoniac* is better. A great and celebrated *Assumption* is one of the most carefully finished works of Guido; a fine *Christ on the cross*, by our Vouet.

The Assumption of Carignano, by Galeaso Alessi, presents the plan of Saint Peter's in miniature, according to Michael Angelo's project. Its front is of a pleasing proportion, but the excessive height of the steeples is injurious to the effect of the cupola. This church, though not one of the largest, is a most complete and finished specimen of architecture, and its unity is perfect in every way. The *Saint Sebastian* and the *B. Alexander Sauli*, chefs-d'œuvre by Puget, are less esteemed than they deserve; if the former statue excel the latter, it is because the subject was better suited to the artist's talent, for he was less clever in executing drapery than the naked parts, which he has here expressed with such animated, acute, and painful reality. A *St. Francis receiving the stigmata*, by Guercino, is not among his best works. It is easy to discover the imitation of this master in the *St. Peter and St. John curing a man sick of the palsy*, by Domenico Piola; a good *Virgin with St. Dominick and St. Ignatius*, by the last painter's son, Geronimo, shows his usual imitation of the Carracci. The other paintings of the different Genoese artists are nowise remarkable. The painting of northern Italy is something like the language: the nearer we approach the Alps, the ruder and harsher is the accent. From the cupola, which is noted for its solidity, and may be easily visited in every part, the traveller will enjoy a marvellous panorama, extending in fine weather to the island of Corsica.

The bridge of Carignano, a bold construction joining the two hills, with houses seven stories high beneath it, was built by the Sauli family, so devoted were the ancient patricians of Genoa to the public welfare and convenience.

At Saint Stephen's, the *Martyrdom of the saint*, a celebrated painting given

to this church by Leo X. and the Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, is one of the finest and most remarkable chefs-d'œuvre of Italy. The lower part, by Giulio Romano, may be regarded as his best work in oil; the upper part is by Raphael, and the saint's head was repainted at Paris by Girodet, and not by David, as often stated. The *St. Benedict raising a dead man*, by Saltarello, a Genoese painter, who died young, is expressive and judicious; the *St. Frances making a dumb woman speak*, by Cappellino, natural, and agreeably coloured.

The *St. Sebastian* of the church of that name is a good painting by Giambattista Castello, remarkable for its rich and careful composition; Puget made it the model of his statue. The *Martyrdom of St. Clement* and *St. Agatagnolo* is deficient neither in grace nor accuracy; it is by Bernardo Castello, a Genoese painter, the friend and correspondent of the Cav. Marini, sung by him and most of the poets of his time, as Leonardo Spinola, Angelo Grillo, Ceva, Chiabrera, and even Tasso, for whom he made the drawings of the *Gerusalemme*, which were engraved in part by Agostino Carraccio.

At Saint Luke, the fine *Nativity*, by Grechetto, is one of the most famous paintings of the town.

The church of Saint Matthew, small but noble and majestic, was restored inside and ornamented by the clever Fra Montorsoli. He also made the statues of the *Evangelists* in the choir, and those of the *Virgin*, *St. John the Baptist*, *St. Andrew*, *David*, and *Jeremiah*, which are ranked with his best works. The *St. Anne*, by Bernardino Castello, ought to be signalised among the numerous productions with which he has crowded Genoa. In a subterranean chapel is the tomb of Andrea Doria; the inscription, stupidly erased by the demagogues of 1797, had not been restored. It is said that the sword sent by Pope Paul III. to Doria is preserved in the sacristy; this glorious weapon would be better on the tomb.

The church of Santa Maria of the Pious Schools has recovered its nine basso-relievs of fine marble, by the Genoese Francesco Schiaffino, pupil of Bernini, and Cacciatore, pupil of Schiaffino, basso-relievs which had been removed to Paris, and were more worthy

of the journey from the material than the workmanship. A head of the *Virgin* by Guido, instead of being, like Raphael's Virgins, the pure, noble, and artless representation of a model created by the artist's imagination, seems, as do most of Guido's other Virgins, the portrait of an actress or pretty woman dressed as a Virgin.

The small church of Saint George has the *Martyrdom of the saint*, which, for the beauty of the principal personages, the expression of the beholders, the variety of the composition, and the force of the clare obscure, passes for Luca Cambiaso's best work.

At Santa Maria of Castello are: an *Annunciation*, and divers *Saints*, by Brea, a painter of Nice at the end of the fifteenth century, the heads of which, though rather drily drawn, have an air of beauty and a remarkable vivacity of colouring; the *Virgin with St. Catherine* and *St. Magdalen*, by Grechetto; and in the obscurity of the sacristy, a *St. Sebastian*, by Titian.

Saint Silvester has an esteemed *Conception* by the Neapolitan painter De Matteis, in which there are some graceful little angels.

The church of Saint Donatus presents another example of the barbarous whitewashing common in Italy: four columns of oriental granite, the finest in Genoa, were long concealed beneath its whitening and size, and were restored to their pristine glory only a few years ago.

The great and majestic church of Santa Maria della Consolazione has some paintings and sculptures: *St. Thomas of Villanova*, by Sarzana; the statue of *N. S. of the Rosary*, by Santa Croce; a *Saint receiving the infant Jesus from the hands of the Virgin*, by Domenico Piola.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Albergo.—Hospitäl de' Pammatone.—Stone of the Insurrection of 1746.—Conservatory de' Fieschine;—de' Brignole.—Deaf and dumb institution.—P. Assarottil.

The *Albergo de' poveri*, one of the most extensive hospitals in Italy, was founded by a society of beneficent Genoese about the middle of the seventeenth century. It has accommodations for two thousand two hundred inmates; but, like most houses of such extent, it



perhaps has the defect of not being sufficiently devoted to any one object, and of combining establishments that would be better separated. The luxury of the arts has been introduced into these asylums of wretchedness and toil, imparting to them a kind of dignity. The statues of the different benefactors represent them seated or standing, according to the amount of their donations. The church has two excellent pieces of sculpture : a basso-relievo by Michael Angelo, the *Virgin embracing the dead body of Christ*, and a grand, spirited *Assumption*, by Puget, at the high-altar, which, though in a dangerous approximation, nobly sustains the honour of the French chisel.

The superb staircase and the porticos of the court of the hospital *de' Pammatione*, which contains about seven hundred patients, are built with marble of a dazzling whiteness : never had bodily pain a more magnificent abode, and moral suffering is not better lodged in palaces. As at the *Albergo*, charity has its ceremonial and etiquette : the donors of a 1,000*l.* have an inscription, those of 2,000*l.* a bust ; 4,000*l.* are required for a statue.

Near this asylum for the afflictions of the people exists a monument of its courage. A marble slab with an inscription marks the spot where, on the 5th of December 1746, the Austrians attempted to compel the people of Genoa by blows to raise one of their mortars, which had broken through into a drain as it was passing along the street. A stone thrown by a child eight years of age, the son of a shoemaker, who was incensed at seeing his father beaten, was the signal for that noble insurrection, which soon became general. Overwhelmed by the stones with which they were assailed, the German soldiers were driven from the town, and their generals consented to negotiate. The doge, the senate, and the nobility, who had at first essayed to suppress the insurrection, then came to the aid of the victorious people, who had made themselves masters of the arsenals and ramparts ; troops and money were sent from France ; and the republic of Genoa, honourably included in the

treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, recovered its ancient limits.

The conservatory of the *Fieschine*, a convent and house of industry founded in 1760 by one Domenico Fieschi, celebrated for its artificial flowers, which are sold in all parts of Europe, presents a piquant contrast : poor and holy maidens bedeck with their garlands the world they have quitted, and these brilliant, but very dear flowers are offered you for sale through the double grating of a parlour by a Flora in wimple and beggin.

The conservatory of the *Brignole* is also a manufactory and convent ; like the *Fieschine*, it exhibits a singular alliance of the industry, devotion, and aristocratic spirit of the ancient Genoese.

The deaf and dumb institution, then managed by the illustrious and venerable Assarotti,<sup>1</sup> was one of the most remarkable in existence. This ecclesiastic, ex-professor of the Pious Schools, created his method about 1801, and first tried it, out of charity and in the pious obscurity of his cell, on single individuals ; this method is inferior to none, and greatly resembles that practised at Paris, except that its communications are more rapid. The house of Genoa contains twenty-four young men, fourteen girls and twenty-five day-scholars. The variety and extent of the course of instruction seem truly extraordinary, as the pupils are taught Latin, Italian, French, German, English, Spanish, universal history ancient and modern, the mathematics, the elements of astronomy, metaphysics, some portions of rational philosophy, religion, drawing, engraving, and even dancing and pantomime.

## CHAPTER IX.

Road to Nice.—San Pier d'Arena.—Villa Imperiale.—Cornigliano.—Polypuses.—Sesiri.—Pegli.—Signora Clelia Grimaldi.—Voltri.—Cogoleto.—Columbus.—Savona.—Latin-Italian inscription.—Palace of Julius II.—Apartment of Pius VII.

At San Pier d'Arena, perhaps the most magnificent of all suburbs, the beautiful Villa Imperiale, by Galeaso Alessi, now belongs to a learned Ge-

<sup>1</sup> He died on the 29th of January, 1829. P. Assarotti, who left all he possessed to the deaf and dumb, has a worthy successor in the abbé Boselli,

a young ecclesiastic, whose talents and services procured him the decoration of Saint Maurice in 1831.

noese physician Scassi, is remarkable for its scientific plan, its well proportioned elevations, and its extensive gardens ornamented with grottos, ramps, sheets of water, and charming fountains. The richness of the villas in the environs of Genoa is not surprising, as they were formerly the theatre of the splendid fêtes that the severe sumptuary laws of the republic did not suffer in the town; it was in the country then that diamonds were worn.

The bridge of Cornigliano is the spot where, after sixty days' resistance, after doing all that the moral or physical powers of man could achieve, Massena signed his honourable capitulation, which he gloriously intitled a convention, with Baron d'Ott and Admiral Keith. I was told that not long ago some old broken French bayonets were to be seen in the chapel on the bridge; and I regretted not finding them there still. This chapel had quite another aspect; on each side of the Madonna were a fowling piece and a stiletto, which were doubtless touching *ex-voto* offerings, but less heroic than the warlike wrecks that I would have contemplated there.

At Cornigliano, in the delightful valley of Polcevera, is the great palace of S. Jacopo Filippo Durazzo, which is of a detestable style of architecture, but famous for the museum of natural history that occupies the principal apartments. There is something noble in this magnificent hospitality accorded to the productions of nature, and this novel luxury is singularly honourable. The collection of polypuses is the richest known.

The Spinola villa, at *Sestri di Ponente*, with its vases, terraces, trellises, basins, and fountains, presents a magnificent ensemble. The church of this populous town is remarkable for the width of the nave, and especially the construction of its roof, skilfully and economically supported by simple arches of bricks rising perpendicularly from the pilasters, the space between which is filled up with light masonry and the intervals of the arches over the windows with canes or reeds nailed on wooden frames and covered with plaster. A *St. Charles* is by Camillo Procaccini.

Pegli, a charming place, has three delightful villas: the Lomellini villa, with large evergreens, cascades, groves, a lake, a theatre, and a Chinese hermi-

tage; the Grimaldi villa, which has some fine paintings, and especially a rich botanical garden created by Signora Clelia Grimaldi Durazzo, who is held in estimation among the most eminent botanists for her proficiency in that science, and is the worthy inheritor of her noble family's taste for the natural sciences; the Doria villa, where orangetrees interspersed with rose-bushes in flower, presented a captivating sight in the month of December. The small island in the middle of the lake at this last villa, the work of Galeaso Alessi, and described by Vasari, has no longer all the splendour of its waterworks.

Voltri is famous for its paper-mills, which produce its wealth. In the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, a *Baptism of Christ* is by Tintoretto.

Cogoleto will not give up the honour of having given birth to Columbus. Notwithstanding the multitude of researches and dissertations, it is now pretty certain that Columbus was a native of Genoa, according to the following sublime and affecting passage from the will of this great man: *Que siendo yo nacido en Génova... como natural de ella, porque de ella y en ella nací*, a declaration that ought to be conclusive.

The pretensions of Cogoleto appeared for a time well founded, from the fact that two admirals named Colombo and natives of that place, sailed with Columbus. They even pretend to know his house, a kind of hut on the seashore, which I found very fitly occupied by a coastguard; on it may be read, after a number of miserable inscriptions, this fine verse, an impromptu by Gagliuffi:

Unus erat mundus: duo sint, ait iste; fuere.

In the town house is an antique portrait of Columbus; but it can hardly be a likeness, or this intrepid, eloquent, enlightened, and inspired man had a very ordinary appearance.

Savona, a very ancient town, agreeably situated but rather desert, has the finest fort on this coast, which stands on a rock close by the sea.

At the tower of its little port is a Madonna fifteen palms in height (about twelve feet and a half), by Parodi, and below it are inscribed, in characters in proportion with the statue, two Sapphic verses, at once Latin and Italian, com-

posed by Chiabrera, the prince of Italian lyric poets, who was a native of Savona :

In mare irato, in subita procella,  
Invoco Te, nostra benigna stella.

These pretty verses show the genius and analogy of the two languages, the last of which can only be well known to those who are conversant with the former.

The palace of Julius II., who was a native of Albizzola, near Savona, was begun by Antonio San Gallo, but it does not appear equal to the reputation of that artist; nothing remains of it now but the front of the back part, the other portion having been rebuilt. The stair leading from the vestibule to the court has a fine effect. In the church are a basso-relievo of a *Visitation*, one of Bernini's good works, and a painting of the *Presentation of the Virgin in the temple*, which has been ascribed, though without much reason, to Domenichino.

I was received in 1827 by the bishop of Savona, S. Airenti, a kind and learned prelate, ex-librarian of the university of Genoa, who died in 1831, when archbishop of that great city. The apartment occupied by Pius VI. in the bishop's palace is religiously preserved exactly in the state he left it. I will confess that I was less struck in contemplating the colossal bronze pulpit of Saint Peter's, suspended at the extremity of the brilliant basilic; I was less moved at the aspect of the pontifical throne, surrounded with genuflexions, incense, and all the pomps of the Sixtine chapel, than at the sight of this seat of the apostle, of this wandering and persecuted throne, when it was seen much more than in Dante's time :

Nel vicario suo Cristo esser catto.<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER X.

Road to Nice continued. — Leggina. — Chiabrera. — Noli. — Finale. — Albenga. — Little temple. — Alassio. — Oneglia. — San Remo. — Palm-trees. — Vintimiglia. — Monaco. — Tower of La Turbia.

Leggina was the residence of Chiabrera; on the door of his solitary casino he inscribed the words :

<sup>1</sup> *Purgat. xx. 87.*

Musarum opibus

Domum hanc nil cupientibus extruxit

Gabriel Chiabrera

Si rebus egenis non asper advenis

Hospes Ingredere,

a philosophical inscription that is not absolutely in accord with the honour and prosperity which this fortunate poet of the courts, fêtes, and heroes of his time constantly enjoyed :

Cetra de' canil amica,  
Cetra de' balli amante,  
D'altrui musica man dolce fatica,  
Io dalla spiaggia di Panaso aprica  
Movo sull' Arno errante :  
E se le membra ho polverose, umile  
Pur sulla fronte porto  
Edera e lauro attorto,  
Vago ristoro di sudor gentile :  
E te fra le mie dita,  
Cetra, dagli alti eroi sempre gradita.

The fort of Vado, over the gulf, has a superb aspect. The Romans had a military force encamped on these heights (*Vada sabatia*), which seemed to suit such a domination. The emperor Pertinax was probably a native of Vado; his father dealt in timber there, and a kind of burnt wood used by the Romans for household purposes. It has been pretended that he took his name of Pertinax from his obstinate adherence to his old trade of wood and coal merchant even when invested with the purple.

Berzezzi, a hamlet near Noli, has a remarkable grotto. Noli, a little town, picturesque by its towers and position, remained a republic from the twelfth century till 1805 when Liguria was incorporated with France, and though under the protection of Genoa, it had preserved its independence and ancient constitution.

Finale, an industrious, trading, and populous town, surrounded by marvelously productive plantations of olive and orange-trees (some of the latter bearing as many as eight thousand oranges), in a highly cultivated district, was formerly a powerful and tyrannical marquiseate. The last of its princes, Alfonso Carretto, was expelled by the people about the middle of the sixteenth century. The architecture of the cathedral is perhaps the best on this coast.

Albenga, a black-looking, unhealthy old town, circled with stagnant waters,



a kind of miniature Pontine marsh below the level of the sea, and girded by rugged rocks and lofty mountains, some of which are covered with eternal snows, appears, with its twenty-two towers, its ruined ramparts, and its broad torrent of Centa, well adapted for the scene of the romantic history of the duchess of Cerifalco, who was confined for nine years in a vault by her barbarous husband.<sup>1</sup>

The Baptistry, a small octangular antique temple, is of simple architecture and in good taste. It is said to date from the emperor Proculus, originally of Albenga, who disputed the throne of the Cæsars with Probus. The *Ponte longo*, outside the town, and its principal monument, consisting of ten arches partly marble, is attributed to Adrian or Constantius, a Roman general.

Though subject to Genoa, Albenga formed a kind of republic until 1805; it elected its consuls, who might be chosen either from the tradesmen or artizans, the two only bodies of the state; it appointed its counsellors and magistrates, one of whom was distinguished by the appellation, *degli Virtute*, an independent censor, charged with the maintenance of public morality.

This town of four thousand five hundred souls has produced two distinguished literary characters: the physician Matteo Giorgi, author of a treatise on man and an essay on the principles of Descartes, and the Capuchin Francesco Maria Lamberti, a missionary, who translated the Bible into the Turkish with other Eastern idioms, and wrote several moral works and a Turkish grammar; he died only a few years ago.

Opposite Albenga is the steep little island of La Gallinaria, now tenanted by rabbits only, but formerly celebrated as the retreat of Saint Martin of Tours. In a little plain at its summit are some remains of the Benedictine monastery, which dated from the year 1004.

Alassio, of six thousand five hundred souls, sheltered by high mountains, and of a pleasant aspect from without, has perhaps the mildest climate of these shores. Its active and industrious inhabitants are famous in the military history of the two worlds. They signalized themselves at the battle of Lepanto; Spain employed

their courage in conquering Peru, and the Genoese in the Corsican expeditions.

Oneglia, a pretty town, was the native place of Andrea Doria; his ancestors bought it of the Genoese, who had taken it by surprise, and sold it with the pope's consent.

San Remo is a wealthy town of about eleven thousand inhabitants; it is ornamented with gardens and fine buildings, but is more particularly remarkable for the palm-trees of the hermitage of Saint Romulus, which crown its heights and display their oriental pomp beside an abundant Italian vegetation of orange, citron, and olive trees. The Bresca family still enjoys the just privilege granted by Sixtus V., of supplying the churches of Rome with palms on Palm Sunday. This privilege is said to have originated in the following manner, though I find no trace of the anecdote in the best informed contemporary historians; it is, however, in some measure supported by the fresco in the chambers of the Vatican library:—When Fontana was preparing to raise the obelisk of Saint Peter's by the machinery he had invented for that purpose, he required the most profound silence, that his orders might be distinctly heard. The inflexible Sixtus published an edict to the effect that the first by-stander that shouted should be instantly put to death, whatever might be his rank or condition. At the moment when the ropes as if by magic had raised the enormous mass, almost high enough to place it on the pedestal, when the pope was encouraging the workmen by approving nods, and Fontana, who alone spoke, was ordering a last and decisive effort, a man suddenly exclaimed with a Stentorian voice: *Acqua alle corde* (Wet the ropes), and advanced from the crowd to deliver himself up to the executioner and his satellites who stood near a gallows erected in the piazza. Fontana attentively observed the ropes, and seeing that they were on the point of breaking from extreme tension, ordered them to be instantly wetted: they were immediately contracted, and the obelisk settled on the pedestal amid universal plaudits. Fontana ran to the man whose advice had been so opportune, embraced him, and presenting him to the pope, asked and obtained an instant pardon. Bresca was further rewarded with a considerable pension and this hereditary privilege of

<sup>1</sup> See *Adèle et Théodore*, by Madame de Genlis, and her *Mémoires*, t. III. p. 48 et seq.

supplying Rome with palms. Ever since the Easter festival of 1587, a ship has annually sailed with this sacred cargo, and Providence seems to have blessed it beforehand, for of these two hundred and fifty vessels, not one has suffered shipwreck.

Vintimiglia, seated on a rock, and somewhat deserted, is an ancient town. Cicero mentions it in his *Epistolæ familiares*,<sup>1</sup> and Tacitus narrates the action of that Ligurian mother who perished in the pillage of the town rather than yield up her son to the soldiers of Otho: she was tortured to make her confess where he was concealed, but, says the historian, *Uterum ostendens, latere respondit*.<sup>2</sup> The antique cathedral was perhaps the temple of Juno, and the church of Saint Michael that of Castor and Pollux. Latte is the fashionable resort, the Albano of the Ventimiglians.

The small state of the prince of Monaco is only an orangery on a rock.

La Turbia has the remarkable ruins of the trophies of Augustus, which were erected to him by the senate in memory of the battle of Actium, and were surmounted by his colossal statue; it is not unlikely that La Turbia takes its name from these trophies (*Trophæa Augusti*), which at a distance have the aspect of a tower. This tower is the last of the many wonderful points of view on this road. The coast of Italy from Genoa to Nice seems to me superior to the other part extending to Leghorn. It offers a succession of brilliant promontories covered with olive groves, whose pale verdure contrasts with the vivid green of the pines, the orange, lemon, and chesnut trees: immense palaces, pretty red-painted houses, cupolas and steeples of churches, add to the effect of this vast decoration, interspersed with rocks and torrents. In some parts beautiful valleys under cultivation extend by the side of the sea, and form smiling and tranquil bays of verdure beside the restless azure of the waves. The rising and setting of the sun are admirable on this horizon; nature here unfolds at every step her most magnificent scenery.

## CHAPTER XI.

Nice.

With all its antiquities and its amphitheatre, Nice seems less an Italian town than one of our old prefectures; the signboards are in French, and the Savoyard garrison spoke the same tongue. Nice also belonged to France as a part of the county of Provence; Malherbe regretted its loss, and in these admirable verses expressed his wish to see it retaken:

Guise en ses murailles forcées  
Remettra les bornes passées  
Qu'avoit notre empire marin.<sup>3</sup>

On the gate near the port is a recent inscription, a municipal common place, by which the inhabitants said that they opened their gate and hearts to Charles Felix (*Opt. regi Carolo Felici Nicæenses portam et corda pandunt*). The climate is genial rather than brilliant, and the population chiefly consists of a languishing colony of opulent strangers, most of them victims of the factitious enjoyments of society, who are prematurely destroyed by their apparently happy but really miserable kind of life, of which listlessness, regret, and disappointment are the incurable disease. The public promenade inspires a kind of melancholy: I saw some young English ladies there, who were charming and of fair-complexion, but pale, and on the confines of death.

There are certain maladies against which the climate of Nice, far from being efficacious, as imagined, is mortal; thus every year's experience tends to prove that it hastens the end of persons attacked by pulmonary consumption.

Nice presents no object of art deserving of notice, and is only associated in my recollections with the memory of a superior woman whom I was fortunate enough to see again there for the last time shortly before she died. The duchess of Duras, author of *Edouard* and *Ourika*, the delicate and pathetic painter of the fatality of social inequalities, then inhabited a small-house at the extremity of the town. It was not, indeed, the animated and brilliant saloon of Paris,

<sup>1</sup> Lib. viii. ep. xv.

<sup>2</sup> Hist. ii. xiii.

<sup>3</sup> Ode à Marie de Médicis, sur sa bienvenue en France.

which combined the taste, elegance, and politeness of the French society of past days, and the education, reason, and solidity of the new society, where we met all the eminent men in politics, letters, sciences, and arts; but this lone house, this orange orchard was the hospital, the solitude of an invalid assiduously tended by a beloved daughter. The loss of the duchess of Duras, so

painful to her friends, who alone could know all the truth, activity, devotedness, and enthusiasm of her noble character, seems also a kind of calamity for mere people of the world: such saloons have a happy influence over opinion; they do honour to the country, and promote civilisation; they excite and develop its genius, and represent it nobly in the eyes of foreigners.

## BOOK THE TWENTY-FIRST.

### ROAD FROM GENOA TO TURIN.—TURIN.—MOUNT GENIS.

#### CHAPTER I.

Road.—Novi.—Tortona.—Sarcophagus.—Marengo.  
—Column.—Abbey del Bosco.—Alexandria.—Cl-  
tadel.—Asti.—Alberl.—Cathedral.—Saint Peter's.  
—Wine.—Truffles.

The beginning of this road shows the mildness of the climate on the coast of Genoa, even in the month of December, compared with the climate of Piedmont. Some few leagues from the town, on the other side of the mountain of Jovi, I found the fields frozen, and every appearance of winter.

Novi, sheltered by a mountain, has some palaces. In this plain perished Joubert, one of those brilliant young conquerors of the first wars of Italy, being surprised at daybreak by the impetuous old Suvarow.

The cathedral of Tortona has a curious basso-relievo of the early times of Christianity, representing in the centre the *Fall of Phaeton*, and on the sides *Castor and Pollux*. Two Greek inscriptions, below the latter, are to the purport that no person is immortal, and that hardihood is a proof of noble blood.

I went over the field of Marengo one moonlight night; there was nothing to be seen, but a few scattered lights in the distance, throughout the still and desert plain. What has become of so many heroic men? If, contemplating

their features in the portraiture of an able master,<sup>1</sup> you seek an answer to the question, death will give the clue. The column erected on the spot where Desaix was killed is not there now. It is said that a lady living in the neighbourhood, who was an admirer of our arms, had it buried on the spot where it used to stand that it might not be destroyed. There is something touching in these honours of sepulture conferred on a monument of French valour by a foreign lady. This new column is already inhumed like a time-worn monument of Athens or Rome, and it is associated with deeds no less glorious.

Marengo, now a village of eighteen hundred inhabitants, is ancient and was formerly considerable. The Romans subdued it; the *Via Emilia* passed by its walls; it became the residence of the Lombard kings and emperors who went thither for the chase, and the great Otho and Pope Stephen VIII. lived there for a time.

I visited the fine abbey of the Dominicans *del Bosco*, which has some of Vasari's paintings; but did not succeed in finding the sculptures of Michael Angelo announced by the guide-books, although the Dominican who conducted me was from Bologna, and pretended to be conversant with the arts. Pius V., who was born at Bosco of poor parents,

<sup>1</sup> See the *Revue de 1800*, by M. Isabey.



was the founder of the abbey, and directed his remains to be interred there: travellers are shown the empty coffin that he had intended for himself, according to the inscription. This sovereign pontiff, obstinate and inexorable, this learned Gregory VII. of the sixteenth century, who humbled the catholic thrones before the chair of Saint Peter, and reformed the sensual habits of the Roman court and clergy, could not obtain the sepulture to which his ambition aspired. The convent *del Bosco* had the honour of supping the conquerors of Marengo. The first of them, General Kellermann, had not been so preoccupied with his glory as to omit procuring abundant provisions from the rich monastery, a happy incident for every body, as it supplied our soldiers with good wine and gave the monks a safeguard of great service amid so many famished heroes.

Alexandria, notwithstanding its extent, the beauty of its name, and its eighteen thousand inhabitants, seems rather vulgar; but the citadel, of itself a town, and strictly forbidden to strangers, has a superb aspect. I was there on the festival of Saint Barbara, the patron of gunners, and a ball was given on the occasion: the file of carriages and light *carratelle* crossing the drawbridges, and the costume of the women, formed a singular contrast with the redoubtable works of the fortress. The founding of Alexandria, in 1168, recalls one of the most glorious epochs of mediæval history, when religion and liberty were not disunited, and when the Lombard league, allied with Pope Alexander III. (the same who had urged the general manumission of slaves), swore to drive the emperor Frederick III. from Italy, and pushed forward troops to combat him.

The Royal palace, formerly the Ghilini, is of the excellent architecture of Count Benedetto Alfieri Bianco. The

spacious cathedral contains a marble statue of *St. Joseph* larger than life, by the extravagant Parodi, one of the few sculptors of Genoa, which for a long time had the good sense to invite foreign artists. There are three printing offices at Alexandria, where the typographic art was introduced in the year 1547, at which period the statutes of the town were printed.

The ancient city of Asti is progressing in extent and embellishment, and contains nineteen thousand inhabitants. I visited the Alfieri palace, which is large and well built, by Count Benedetto Alfieri Bianco.<sup>1</sup> In the chamber where Alfieri was born is a portrait of him and a letter written to his sister. Notwithstanding the independence that characterises his beautiful sonnet on his birth,<sup>2</sup> Alfieri congratulates himself in his *Memoirs* on being born of noble, rich, and honoured parents; he was thus enabled, like Byron, to attack the existing social order without suspicion of envy. But perhaps this very elevation produced a part of his chimeras, as he himself seemed to confess when he said at a subsequent period: "I know the great, but I do not know the little." The judgments of Alfieri were moreover always capricious: he was a philosopher, but abhorred Frederick and Catherine; a partisan of popular sentiments, but could not endure the *Contrat social*; a lover and eloquent painter of the passions, but could never get through the first volume of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*.<sup>3</sup>

The vast Gothic cathedral of Asti has a duplicate of Bassano's *Nativity*; the same subject, a beautiful old Flemish painting, and a *Resurrection of Christ*, by Moncalvo, more vigorous than usual with him. The antique rotunda with columns in the parochial church of Saint Peter is supposed to have been a temple of Diana. The steeple of the church of Saint Anne, still remarkable, was the first work of Count Benedetto

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book i. ch. iv.

<sup>2</sup> Oggi ha sei lustri, appiè del colle ameno  
Che al Tanaro tardissimo sovrasta,  
Dove Pompeo plantò sua nobil asta,  
L' aure prime io bevea del di sereno.

Nato e cresciuto a rio servaggio in seno,  
Pur dire osai: Servir, P' alma mi guasta;  
Loco, ove solo un contra tutti basta,  
Patria non m'è benchè natio terreno.

Altre leggi, altro cielo, infra altra gente  
Mi dian scarso, ma libero ricetto,  
Ov' io pensare e dir possa altamente.

Esci dunque, o timore, esci dal petto  
Mio, che attristarti già sì lungamente;  
Meco albergar non del sotto umil tetto.

Son. xxxvii.

<sup>3</sup> *Vita*, Ep. iii. cap. vii. viii. and ix.

Alfieri Bianco, who was then compelled to practise as a lawyer, and devoted his leisure to the arts, but more especially to architecture.

The wines of Asti, which produces annually about four hundred and forty thousand *brente* (the *brenta* is about nine imperial gallons) are the best of Piedmont, and will bear comparison as they become old with the strongest of Spain. Truffles are abundant in this district, but less so since the destruction of a great number of oaks and elms. Many families earn a livelihood by searching for these truffles, which find a sale in Piedmont and Lombardy notwithstanding their strong odour of garlic.

## CHAPTER II.

Turin.—Enlargement.—Royal palace.—Museum of arms.—Castello.—S. Bagetti.—Carignano palace.—La Vigna della Regina.—Valentin.—Torri della Ciua.

To a person returning from Italy Turin has a cold and extraordinary aspect : the streets have a kind of regularity without magnificence which differs considerably from other towns ; the medley of Italian manners and martial usages is another peculiarity, and the military splendour of the troops contrasts, by its cleanliness, with the dirty tawdriness previously seen. Turin is daily increasing ; I do not believe it to be, as it used to be supposed, the smallest capital in Europe, and its population, which was only sixty-three thousand in 1815, now exceeds a hundred and twenty thousand, including above eight thousand workmen. The capital of the king of Sardinia seems to have grown in proportion with his states, an odd assemblage of different peoples and countries, a kind of political chequer-work, which in its diminutive proportions presents disparates of soil and manners not less marked than in the largest empires ; which unites the fertile plains of Piedmont, the frozen summits of the Alps, the arid mountains and forests of Sardinia, and which has blended into one common country the indigent and faithful Savoyard, the rich and deceitful Genoese, the intrepid native of Piedmont, and the half African Sardinian.

Most of the clocks in Turin strike the same hour twice in succession, and some

even, as the clock of Saint Philip's church, repeat every quarter the number of the hour last completed. This incessant announcement of passing time makes one impatient and even sad ; one's life seems thus to be hastened along and clipped into disjointed fragments. The noise of these clocks has often brought to my recollection the comic emotion of Count X\*\*\* de Maistre, in the *Expédition nocturne autour de ma chambre*, when after hearing it strike twelve three times, he exclaimed, stretching out his hand towards the clock : "Yes, I know it's twelve—I know it, I know it but too well." Montaigne says that in his day the clock of Nuremberg struck every minute : this clock, instead of indicating the time, became rather the tocsin of life.

The gloomy Royal palace, recently ornamented externally from the designs of S. Palagi, was interesting for its collection of paintings, especially those of the Flemish and Dutch schools, which were superior to those of the Italian artists, there being no Raphael, Titian, nor Correggio among them ; this collection was removed in 1832 to the Pinacotheca in the castle (*Castello*). In the hall of the Swiss guard, a curious painting by the elder Palma represents the *Battle of Saint-Quentin*, gained in 1557 by the duke Emmanuel Philibert, one of the great disasters of our military annals, which brought France to the very brink of ruin, restored the duke of Savoy to his states, and begun the power of his house. In the Hall of Audience, the restive horse of the portrait of Louis XIV., by Mignard, presents the same absurdity as the statue in the Place des Victoires : nothing ought to be refractory under Louis XIV. In one of the esteemed ceilings by Beaumont, a painter of Turin, and a feeble imitator of the Carracci school, is a genius holding a cross of the order of Saint Maurice and Saint Lazarus, which the artist coveted, and his painted petition was crowned with success. Among the paintings of superior merit may be distinguished : by Vandyck, *Prince Thomas on horseback*, the *Children of Charles I.*, the *Painter's portrait* ; by his pupil Daniel Mytens, *Charles I.* ; by Albano, the graceful original of his *Four Elements* ; by Murillo, *John Nepomucenes in his confessional with the empress Joan on one side and*

a peasant on the other, an image of evangelical equality before "those tribunals that justify those who accuse themselves," as Bossuet beautifully expresses it; by Paul Potter, his *Animals*, full of life; by Rembrandt, the famous *Burgomaster*; by Gerard Dow, the *Woman taking a bunch of grapes*; by Holbein, the *Portraits of Luther and his wife*, both of a serious, pedantic, and rather ordinary appearance. Eleven small pictures framed in the wainscot of a closet, representing subjects from the *Gerusalemme*, though by Carle Vanloo, are not devoid of grace.

The museum of ancient arms, formed by King Charles Albert near his apartments, is rich, well arranged, and of a superb effect. There is a suit of armour that belonged to Henry II., which becomes a kind of trophy there; but instead of being the fruit of conquest in the battle of Saint Quentin, as might be supposed, it was fairly purchased at Paris.

The castle, called also Palazzo Madama, from the duchess of Nemours, wife of Charles Emmanuel II., who inhabited it, is now a fine public Pinacotheca; it has a majestic staircase by Juvara, a prolific and intelligent architect of the early part of the last century, who seems to have been to Turin what Galeazzo Alessi was to Genoa. One room contains numerous paintings by the Cav. Bagetti, who died in 1831, a clever painter of contemporary battles, the Raphael of aquarelle, and a shrewd writer on art. These distinct and spirited aquarelles, which obtained the success they merited at Paris, are placed in a gallery devoted to the military glory of Piedmont, the paltry asylum of the martial glory of the once powerful Italy. Above the Madama palace, stands the observatory, which is under the management of the illustrious Plana; it was built by the king Victor Emmanuel, when he recovered his states, much less, it is said, to encourage astronomical observations, than from his taste, and perhaps gratitude, for the speculations of astrology to which that prince had devoted his attention in his exile, and for the charlatans who had drawn the horoscope of his restoration.

The fine piazza of Saint Charles is to receive the bronze equestrian statue of Emmanuel Philibert, surnamed the Ironheaded, duke of Savoy, the work of

S. Marochetti, and also the four huge allegorical figures representing the county of the vale of Aosta, the principality of Piedmont, the county of Nice, and the duchy of Savoy, which compose the monument. This statue was cast at Paris and has been recently exposed in the court of the Louvre; our artists have praised its conception, movement, boldness, and picturesque effect.

The vast Carignani palace, a chef-d'œuvre of bad taste and impure in the details, is, like most of the palaces at Turin, perfect in its disposition, in which the Italians nearly always excel as if the talent were innate to them. The design is by P. Guarini, an exaggerated imitator of Borromini, an architect and mathematician, of reputation in his day, whose substantial edifices seem to present demonstrations of geometrical problems.

The old palace of Count Birago di Borgaro, of Juvara's architecture, now occupied by the French embassy, is the finest in Turin, and is cited as a model of taste and distribution. It has some good paintings by Crosato, a Venetian artist of the last century, who was clever in perspective.

The *Vigna della Regina*, a pretty, well situated pavilion, built like an amphitheatre, was the pleasure house of the princess Marie-Anne d'Orléans, consort of King Victor Amadeus II., and daughter of Madame Henriette. I observed there a view of Saint Cloud and its park; Louis XIV. was on horseback near some ladies in a carriage. With all the improvements and knowledge of the age, people are still alive to the recollections of that brilliant epoch, when the language was at once natural and noble, and the manners blended elegance with dignity. A ceiling by Paolo Veronese is cited for the merit of the difficulty overcome.

Valentino, embellished by Christina, queen of Victor Amadeus I., was the pleasant and joyful abode of the worthy daughter of Henry IV. and her little court, which Hamilton has so well described.<sup>1</sup> This palace scarcely appears Italian; one would rather call it a great French chateau, with a long avenue, seated on the banks of the Seine or Oise; for the Po, which runs beside it, is rather narrow and very tranquil in

<sup>1</sup> *Mém. de Grammont*, chap. iii.



this part, and this ancient king of rivers, long dethroned for ever, is but a mere rivulet at Turin.

The oldest building in Turin is the palace *delle Torri* or the towers of the city, to the north, now a prison; it is supposed to be of the sixth century and of the Lombard epoch.

### CHAPTER III.

University.—Marble.—Professors.—Opening lecture.—Palimpsest.—Manuscript of the *Imitation*.—Seyssel.—Flora of Piedmont.

The university of Turin, judiciously reformed by Victor Amadeus II. at the beginning of the last century, dates from the year 1405. The porticos of its majestic palace present a museum of inscriptions incrustated on the wall; several of these marbles, published by Maffei, are remarkable, namely: the altar consecrated by M. Mummius to Jupiter Adollescens; the taurobolic altar reared to the organs of generation by Sempronia Eutoxia; two *Bacchanals*; a vow of Q. Vesquasius, who is seen there in the midst of eight canephoræ, and near him a car loaded with a barrel of wine, both which (the car and barrel) are much like those used in Piedmont; the mausoleums of Valerius Crescentius and Boëbia Voëta; the former on a bed near a well-served table, the latter with cocks, hens, and sheep on her tomb; a superb fragment of an antique basso-relievo, perhaps a *Jason* taming his two bulls, which seems to have been a metope. In front of the statues of Victor Amadeus and his son Charles Emmanuel III., two cuirassed torsos discovered at Suza in 1805 are perhaps the best known specimens of antique cuirasses.

The university of Turin worthily maintained its ancient celebrity; its lectures were zealously followed, and at the entrance of Italy it may be regarded as the most brilliant focus of enlightenment in that learned and talented country. The students were above two thousand in number. Several of its professors were in the highest ranks of European learning and science, namely:

S. Plana, professor of mathematics, worthy of being the nephew of Lagrange and of his education in our Polytechnic school, a man of an expanded indefatigable mind, whose *Theory of the moon's motion*, jointly composed with another Italian astronomer, S. Carlini, shared the grand mathematical prize proposed by the Institute of France; S. Bridone, eminent in geometry and physics, professor of hydraulics; SS. Giobert<sup>1</sup> and Cantù, clever chemists, one professor of general, the other of technical chemistry; S. Borson, director of the museum of mineralogy; S. Boucheron, who writes and speaks Latin with wonderful elegance, purity, and ease, the brilliant orator of the university solemnities, professor of Greek and Latin eloquence; and the abbé Peyron, one of the first Hellenists and orientalists of the present day; a pupil, as well as S. Boucheron, of the learned orientalist and friend of Alfieri, Caluso, professor of oriental languages.<sup>2</sup>

In 1827 I was present at the opening of the term, a ceremony abandoned in France since M. de Fontanes, and which it would not be improper to re-establish. The discourse on the utility and necessity of studying the ancients was delivered by P. Manera, a young Neapolitan Jesuit, then professor of Italian eloquence, but since returned to Rome. Though somewhat too complimentary to dignitaries present, this discourse was not destitute of interest, and it was throughout remarkable for literary independence, moderation, and impartiality. This Jesuit recognised Machiavel as the prince of Italian authors; he spoke of Fra Paolo without anger, eulogised Galileo, passed strong encomiums on Alfieri, who had returned to the ancients after misappreciating or neglecting them in his youth, and enthusiastically extolled Manzoni's romance of the *Promessi sposi*.

The rich library of the university is chiefly composed of the ancient collection of books and manuscripts begun by the dukes of Savoy about the middle of the fifteenth century; this library has more a hundred and twelve thousand volumes.

of the active literary life of Caluso, as well as a judicious and impartial estimate of the various works of different learned men of France and other countries. Turin, 1833.

<sup>1</sup> Died September 14, 1834.

<sup>2</sup> Died December 25, 1832, aged seventy-three.

<sup>3</sup> A biographical panegyric in Latin, a fine volume in 8vo, has been consecrated to Caluso by S. Boucheron, it contains the interesting history

Of the manuscripts, seventy are Hebrew, three hundred and seventy Greek, twelve hundred Latin, about two hundred and twenty Italian,<sup>1</sup> and a hundred and twenty French.

The Palimpsesti of inedited fragments of Cicero's oration for Scaurus and Tullius and against Clodius, published by M. Peyron, proceed, like those of the Ambrosian, from the monastery of Saint Columban di Bobbio; the text is covered by that of a treatise of Saint Augustine, included in the eighth volume of his works, *Collatio cum Maximino, arianorum episcopo*. Under the new writing, which appears of the twelfth century, it is easy to distinguish the two columns of the ancient manuscript, regarded by M. Peyron as of the third or fourth century. These manuscripts seem to have suffered less from chemical procedures than the Palimpsesti of the Ambrosian and those of the Institutes of Gaius in the chapter library at Verona.<sup>2</sup>

The Latin manuscript of Sedulius, of the seventh century, and one of the most ancient in the library of Turin, contains his *Paschale Carmen*, in hexameter verse.

The celebrated manuscript of the *Imitation of Jesus Christ*, called the manuscript of Arona, on which a congress of scholars deliberated at Saint Germain-des-Prés, in 1687, and which they determined to be no less than three hundred years old, is now supposed, by nearly all the first scholars of France, Germany, and Italy, only of the end of the fifteenth century; it did not succeed, therefore, in clearing up this difficult literary question. The anonymous condition of the *Imitation* is not however without some charm; this additional mystery seems to comport with the faithful painting of religious feelings and to render them still more touching: no more is then seen of the book or the author; all that is human and vulgar disappears, and the melted soul communicates only with an unknown and consolatory principle.

<sup>1</sup> The thirty-four precious folios of the manuscripts of the clever architect and learned antiquarian Pirro Ligorio, mentioned in the printed catalogue of manuscripts given by Pasina Rivauteila and Berta (Turin, 1749, two vols. fol.), several of which were dedicated to Duke Alfonso of Ferrara, were brought to Paris and are now in the Royal archives of Turin, which possess some other inte-

The French manuscripts are curious as connected with the history of our ancient literature, and they have not been sufficiently consulted. An *History of Troy*, translated from Guido delle Colonne, has some singular miniatures: one of them represents a bishop marrying Jupiter and Juno; and in another there is a bishop attended by priests and monks performing the funeral service over Hector. The manuscripts of Seyssel's works, some parts of which are still unpublished, are composed of his translation of Appian in two volumes; a translation of Thucydides, one volume; and his *French Monarchy*, one volume. The translation of Appian's History has some very fine miniatures, and one of them represents Seyssel presenting his work to Louis XII. Seyssel was the first who wrote French purely. Though anterior to Amyot, who (thanks to Plutarch!) is much more known, he is by no means inferior to him; he has some of his good qualities and defects too, such as prolixity. The following remarkable passage in his History of France proves that if liberty had been forgotten in our laws it had taken refuge in public opinion: "*Les Français ont toujours eu licence et liberté de parler à leur volonté de toutes sortes de gens et même de leurs princes, non pas après leur mort, tant seulement, mais encore en leur vivant et en leur présence.*" One chapter of his *Great Monarchy of France*, addressed to Francis I. at the beginning of his reign, tends to demonstrate "*comment la modération et la réfrénation de la puissance absolue des rois est à leur grand honneur et profit.*"<sup>3</sup> Seyssel, who was successively master of requests, ambassador, bishop of Marseilles, and archbishop of Turin, had, like Du Bellay, and most public men of that epoch, begun life as a teacher. At the revival of letters, the universities, instead of being isolated from society in general, as at a later period, were intimately connected with the political affairs of the day. These universities

resting manuscripts, such as the *Epitome* of Lactantius, the only one in Europe; some inedited *Letters* of Count Balthassare Castiglione, and an *History of the maritime Alps*, by Gioffredo, also inedited.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, book III. ch. ix. and book V. ch. xv.

<sup>3</sup> Chap. XII. première partie.

were not unlike those of Germany now; from them proceeded ministers, counsellors, ambassadors, prelates, and it must be owned that the supply was not very inferior. Seyssel also, in his *Great Monarchy of France*, which seems a body of instructions on the art of government intended for the new king, is anxious that "*les gens de bas état puissent parvenir par vertu et par industrie au plus haut degré. Cet espoir,*" says he, "*est le vray esperon qui fait toutes sortes de gens courir à la voye de vertus; et un seul qui est élevé par ce moyen en fait courir dix mille, comme on le voit par expérience, et est escript en mille lieux.*"<sup>1</sup> Seyssel was an illegitimate son of the house of Aix and a native of Savoy. It is rather singular to find Savoyard writers contributing to the perfection of the French language: Seyssel wrote with perspicuity, Francis de Sales with grace and feeling; Vaugelas, says Voltaire, contributed more than the Academy to purify the language and give it a permanent form; the style of Saint-Réal was esteemed, even when compared with the great authors of the age of Louis XIV., and in our own days MM. de Maistre, in different compositions, have done honour to our literature.<sup>2</sup>

A translation of Dante's *Inferno*, in French verse, is of the fifteenth century, but without author's name; it has the same rhythm and number of verses as the original. This translation, a *tour de force* left unfinished, begins thus:

D' milieu du chemin de la vie présente  
Me retrouvay parmy une forest obscure  
Ou m'estoye esgaré hors de la droicte sente  
Ha combien ce seroit à dire chose dure  
De ceste forest tant aspre forte et sauvage  
Qu'en y pensant ma paour renouvelle et me dure,  
etc.

The university library also possesses some Chinese books of poetry and medicine, and a very ancient *Game of Taroc*.

A *Flora* of Piedmont, begun in 1732, and comprising nearly five thousand

coloured drawings, the work of several generations of the Battione family, has been successfully continued by Signora Angelica Battione, afterwards Signora Rossi.

Among the printed books, the following may be distinguished: the *Rationnale*, by Guillaume Durand; a very scarce book, the first printed at Lyons, according to the Abbé Gazzera, the learned librarian of this library, with the strange title of *Scelestissimi Sathanæ litigationis contra genus humanum liber*;<sup>3</sup> Ptolemy's *Geography*, put into Italian verse by Francesco Berlinghieri, a noble Florentine poet, the pupil of Landino and Marsilio Ficino, one of the first works with maps engraved on metal. The magnificent Turin copy reveals a singular bibliographic anecdote which explains the mutilation of several copies. This cosmography was originally dedicated to Duke Federico d'Urbino, and in 1484, after his death (which occurred two years before, while the work was in the press), to the adventurous and unfortunate Zizim, second son of Mahomet II., brother of Bajazet: the autograph letter of Berlinghieri to the Ottoman prince, whom he addresses as *Gemma Sultan*, and whom he does not despair of seeing again established *nel suo regno*, this incorrect and badly spelled letter, written on the back of the title page of the very copy he had addressed to him, and which is ornamented with the crescent and the principal monuments of Constantinople, is another instance of the faithlessness of dedications.

## CHAPTER IV.

Museum of antiquities. — Cupid asleep. — Minerva. — Isiac table. — Cabinet of medals.

The museum of antiquities, from the obscurity and nakedness of its rooms, seemed rather a dungeon of statues than a museum. Though founded but little more than sixty years ago, it has some remarkable objects: *Cupid* asleep on a

<sup>1</sup> Chap. xxv, 11e partie.

<sup>2</sup> Were I not fearful of insisting too much on the merit of these Savoyard writers, I might add that the inhabitants of Savoy have no disagreeable accent, like most inhabitants of our provinces.

<sup>3</sup> Lyon, chez Guillaume Leroy, 1473, small 4to. See the Dissertation of S. Gazzera, t. xxviii. p. 352,

of the Memoirs of the Turin Royal Academy of Sciences (1824); according to two erudite Lyonese bibliographers, M. B\*\*\*\*\* de L\*\*\*\*\* and M. Pericaud, the city librarian, the first book printed there with a date is the *Compendium Lotharii*, of the same year 1473. See the *Éphémérides Lyonnaises*, September, p. 10.



lion's skin, Greek, is charmingly natural; two heads, one of *Seneca*, the other of a *Cyclop*; a marble bust of the emperor *Julian*, which has the morose expression of his physiognomy; a *Vespasian*, his neighbour, which forms a most striking contrast, having a gay and satirical air; a head of *Antinous*; the vast mosaic of *Orpheus*, found near Cagliari, comparable to the finest in Rome for the perfection of the figures and animals, wild and domestic, chiefly of Sardinia; the bronze statue of *Minerva*, one of the most remarkable known for delicacy of execution.

The famous Isiac table, once the subject of great controversy, has lost its prestige of antiquity, and Champollion's discoveries sanction the opinion that it was made at Rome under Adrian.

The medal cabinet, one of the richest in Europe, ranking immediately after those of Paris, London, and Vienna, contains no less than thirty thousand pieces. It has a quinary of *Pertinax*; a rare gold medal of *Magnia Urbica*, the wife of Carinus or the emperor Carus, his father, a princess known only by medals; and the collection of Parthian and Syrian medals. I felt interested in contemplating an Athenian gold coin, the only one of this little module. The venality of the political orators of Greece involuntarily presented itself to my mind; perhaps this gold had helped Pericles to establish the almost monarchical power which, according to Thucydides and Plutarch, he exercised during forty years over the people of Athens, or indeed to buy some proud Lacedemonian; for it is known that he expended ten talents annually in corrupting the Spartans.

## CHAPTER V.

Royal Academy of Sciences.—Military Academy.—  
Academy of Fine Arts.

The Royal Academy of Sciences, founded in 1759, by the Count of Saluzzo, and made illustrious from its very origin by the labours of Lagrange, had for its last president the late Count Prosper Balbo, minister of state, formerly inspector of the university of France, a man of extensive acquirements, and a great promoter of public instruction in his country. The Academy is divided into two classes: the first of mathematical and physical

sciences, the second of moral, historical, and philological sciences. The number of academicians is forty, exclusive of foreign and corresponding members.

The Royal military Academy is indebted for its present universally approved organisation to its commandant, the Cav. Cæsare Saluzzo, preceptor of the king's children, a man of great information, remarkable for his extraordinary educational powers, and the possessor of a rich military library.

The Academy of Fine Arts, of which the high-chamberlain is the hereditary president, a singular provision that dates from Count Allieri, the able architect, and has been maintained without any valid reason, does not seem to attain its purpose or produce effects commensurate with the encouragements it receives. The Piedmontese are more expert in the sciences, warfare, and handicraft than in the arts; and despite the contemporary names of Migliara, Bosio, and Desgotti, they appear below the other Italians in the latter. There are not more than two or three amateur galleries at Turin. The varied aspect of the country is calculated however to produce landscape painters.

## CHAPTER VI.

Egyptian museum.

This rich collection, the first in Europe, was temporarily located in apartments which had not then been put in order, and consequently had more the appearance of a warehouse full of antiquities than of a museum. In the court was the stone statue of Osymandias, fifteen feet in height, and weighing eighteen thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds; the old colossus of Thebes was wrapped up in straw mats like a young shrub in the Flower-market. It was on the sacred library of the tomb of Osymandias that the inscription *Treasure of remedies for the soul* was formerly written; I regretted to see the magnificent statue of the most ancient amateur of books amidst such confusion. The kings of Egypt seem to rank almost with the gods. Some other of their statues are admirable; particularly the contemporary statue of the great prince Thoutmosis II.,<sup>1</sup> and the

<sup>1</sup> See *ante*, book xv. ch. xviii.

wilfully mutilated one of Amenophis II., the same with Memnon, a king whose fame is less derived from his conquest of Ethiopia than from his harmonious colossus. But the Apollo of the museum and of Egyptian art is the statue (about seven feet high) of Ramses VI. (the great Sesostris) in black basalt spotted with white; he is seated on a throne in military costume, and holds a crook-like sceptre in his hand. The physiognomy is mild and spirited; the hands are perfect, the forms pure, and the feet, which are commonly neglected in Egyptian statues, are in just proportion. The beauty of Egyptian statuary, which excludes movement and variety of attitude, consists in solidity and strength, for it even becomes architecture in some vast edifices, of which it forms the front, the peristyle, or propyleums. The figures of queens and goddesses in many instances have a vulture on their heads, because they were regarded as the mothers and nurses of the people: this savage bird of prey seems a strange emblem to express such a sentiment, and I regret the pintado or *Afra avis* for which this vulture was for a long time wrongfully taken.

The collection of steles or pictures sculptured and painted on stone, which are still remarkably bright in colouring, is the most complete in existence. A basso-relievo of rose-coloured granite represents the god Amonra between the goddess Neith and the god Phtha, that is to say, the one God between the creating and preserving powers. All these pictures and basso-relievos present scenes of worshipping the divinity, of honours rendered to the dead, of judgment on the soul, etc.; it is pleasing to find at so remote an age the sentiments of piety and affection that honour human nature.

The articles used in the various business of life are numerous and most interesting. Among the implements of a lady's toilet are two little ivory dogs, one of which still retains the thread that was wound on it more than two thousand years ago; and this weak flaxen wreck employed in female labours was destined to outlive such a succession of powerful empires. I did not much like, however, the Egyptian shoes of pasted cloth with

figures on the sole; this manner of treading underfoot one's enemies or tyrants seems little worthy of so wise and grave a nation. These figures in general represent the Pastor kings, who, despite their gentle name, were the oppressors of Egypt more than two hundred years. The domination of the *Pastors*, a people from the North, was to the Egyptian empire what the barbarian invasion was to the Roman. Notwithstanding the harsh judgment pronounced on the Pastor kings by the new Egyptian historical science, one would wish to except King Sabbacon, of whom Diodorus relates the admirable story quoted by Montesquieu: the god of Thebes appeared to him in a vision and ordered him to kill all the priests in Egypt; he inferred that the gods were no longer pleased that he should reign, as they commanded him to do things so contrary to their ordinary will, and he retired into Ethiopia.

In the Egyptian museum we also find agricultural implements and arms; several models of ploughs; a yoke for oxen, arrows, a helmet, and a fine scimitar of bronze. The occupations of husbandry and of war, when found one without the other, announce the weakness or barbarism of a people; but on the other hand, if combined, they distinguish the best kind of civilisation. When we observe the immense quantities of mummies, it seems that the instinct of preservation was never carried so far, for it extends even to beasts, and we also see carefully embalmed ibises, jackals, cynocephali, hawks, fishes, crocodiles, and young bulls marked on the forehead with the characteristic sign of the ox Apis; cats have little wooden sarcophagi to themselves, ornamented with paintings which represent them playing. But the manuscripts, on papyrus or rolls of cloth, taken from the catacombs of Thebes, must be the most instructive and important part of this museum: the *cacoëthes scribendi* seems never to have raged more widely than among this primitive people, who in that respect may challenge the most advanced nations. There we find the immense funereal ritual, a superbly written papyrus more than sixty feet long<sup>2</sup> — a pompous and minute ceremonial of

<sup>1</sup> The basalt of Egypt is a kind of porphyry, and totally different from the kind of volcanic stone improperly called basalt by the moderns.

<sup>2</sup> There are two of nearly the same length in the Louvre.

death, the most complete that we possess of the people who paid the grim tyrant the most fervent and assiduous worship; acts of Pharaoh Amenophis Memnon, ordinances of Sesostris, contracts made in the time of the Ptolemeys, the plan of Ramses Melamoun's catacomb, a kind of subterranean palace more extensive than the royal residences of other princes, and fragments of a chronological table of above a hundred kings. As I contemplated all these dusty and mutilated wrecks of the oldest civilised nation of our globe piled up at the foot of the Alps, I said to myself: Perhaps the day will come when our own remains, all our monuments of marble and bronze, all the magnificent evidences of our power and glory, will be shown in the museum of some now savage people, in a desert yet unknown, near a lake of which we have never heard, in the bosom of impenetrable and gloomy forests or of lofty mountains hardly discovered. The Sacs, Akerblads, Youngs, Champollions, Salts, Seyffarths, and Pfaffs of another world will in their turn write dissertations, and obstinately defend their different systems. Louis XIV., with his brilliant age and immense works, will be as the great Ramses or Sesostris of those distant days; and our recent conquests, so rapid and transient, will be like fable after history.

## CHAPTER VII.

Opera.—Carignano theatre.—Gianduja.—Dialect of Piedmont.

The resemblance of the French is very perceptible in Piedmont, but more particularly in the drama. Within the last century this country has produced the only great tragic poet of Italy, and most of its best comic authors, as Federici, Cesare Olivero, Nota, Marchisio, the latter living at Turin, book-keeper and partner in the firm of Riccardi and Co., drapers.<sup>1</sup>

There are no performances at the grand Opera except during carnival and on extraordinary occasions. I was present at a rehearsal of a ballet of Ines di Castro

(another tragic ballet);\* the stage was covered with dancing-girls *en negligé*, and a host of little blackguards carrying sticks, who executed a children's dance; all this was not greatly calculated to produce much illusion by daylight, but I did not the less admire the extent, richness, and excellent plan of the house, one of the most noted in Italy and the chef-d'œuvre of Count Alfieri.

The Carignano theatre, tastefully renovated, is also from Count Alfieri's designs; and the tragedies of his illustrious nephew were there represented for the first time. When I visited this house in 1826 and 1828, there was no dramatical performance on account of Christmas week; and tumblers and rope dancers occupied this cradle of the Italian stage.

In 1827 I went there to see *la Cenerentola* and a ballet of the *Spaniards in Mexico*, composed by a dancer of the theatre, Monticini. The prima donna was a rich English lady, of a fine figure, but possessed of little talent, who was said to be of high birth; she played to gratify her own taste, without the intoxication of success. This amateur artist seemed to relish applause highly, but had not much of it, and she was eager to come forward after the opera, though the *fuori* were not very inviting; one young lady, Signora Rainaldi, was a very pleasing and aerial dancer. The ballet was a poor imitation of the ballets of Vigano; all these Mexicans, who were erroneously made to adore the sun as in Peru, were very ridiculously furnished with beards in the fashion of Jupiter Olympius.

The *fantoccini* seemed to me not so good as those of Milan, Bologna, and Rome; and, as far as a foreigner can judge of these pleasantries, Gianduja, the buffoon of Turin, was only a defective Girolamo.<sup>3</sup> The dialect of Piedmont, harsh, screaming, and rude, distinctly separating those who speak it from other Italians, is a kind of historical monument, as it retains some few words of the most ancient tongues, such as the Celtic, Etruscan, Gaulish, Provençal, Spanish, German, and all the barbarian warriors that have successively traversed

<sup>1</sup> The comedies of S. Marchisio have been printed several times without his consent, and from very incorrect manuscripts, at Venice and Leghorn; the only edition he acknowledges is the one published at Milan by Batelli and Fanfani, under the title of

*Opere teatrali di Stanislao Marchisio*, 4 vols. 8vo., consisting of six comedies and two tragedies.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, book III. ch. xvii.

<sup>3</sup> See *ante*, book III. ch. xviii.



the Alps. It is not deficient in originality, character, or spirit, if we may judge of it by the poetry of P. Isler and Doctor Calvo.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Cathedral. — Church of the San Sudario. — Saint Philip of Neri. — Santa Maria del Carmine. — Corpus Domini. — Consolata. — Holy Ghost. — Catholicism of Rousseau. — Trinity. — Capuchins.

The cathedral of Saint John, notwithstanding some dryness, might be supposed of Bramante's time by its profiles; but it has not the pure and elevated taste of that master, and it is doubtless a mistake to attribute it to him. *St. Christina*, and especially *St. Theresa*, are highly esteemed statues, by Legros. A *Glory of Angels*, graceful, by Guidobono, might be supposed of Guido's school. The *Virgin and infant Jesus, with St. Crispin and St. Crispinian*, is by Albert Durer. Near the sacristy is an inscription that points out the grave of the illustrious Seyssel and enumerates his titles and offices.

The rich and picturesque church of the San Sudario, adjoining the cathedral and the Royal palace, is of the contorted architecture of P. Guarini, and presents his ordinary mathematical triangles. In its rotunda is preserved, in a silver shrine ornamented with gold and diamonds and put under glass, the sacred winding-sheet that enveloped the body of Christ, a famous relic brought from the East in the time of the Crusades by a Frenchman, Geoffroy de Charni, a knight of Champagne, like Thibaut and Joinville. Francis I. invoked it before the battle of Marignan, and on his return he went on foot from Lyons to Chambéry where the San Sudario then was, for the purpose of worshipping it. This relic, which, indeed, is not the only one that claims the same honour,<sup>1</sup> is for us at least a national and glorious memorial.

The church of Saint Philip of Neri, like most of those dedicated to this poetic saint, is magnificent, and perhaps reckoned the finest in the city. It has been recently repaired and improved by the Cav. Talucchi, according to an old plan by Juvara. Some few paintings

are by the masters of the decline, and the most praised of their works: *St. Philip in ecstasy before the Virgin*, by Solimene; a *St. Laurence*, by Trevisano; the *Virgin, St. Catherine of Siena, St. Eusebius, St. John Baptist and the blessed Amadeus IX.*, by Carlo Maratta. The ancon of the altar of the blessed Valfre of Turin, by the Cav. Cavelleri, a Piedmontese painter, which he executed at Rome, has been praised. A fine *St. Eusebius and his acolyte*, by Guercino, is buried in the sacristy.

Saint Theresa has: the *Saint in ecstasy, supported by two angels, in the presence of the Virgin and St. Joseph*, who are looking with satisfaction at the dart thrown at her by the infant Jesus, a graceful and well-coloured composition, by Moncalvo; and the great chapel of Saint Joseph, from Juvara's designs.

The unfinished church of Santa Maria del Carmine passes for one of the same architect's most remarkable constructions, though there are some slight deviations from his plan. The least feeble painting is an *Elias*, by Giaquinto, pupil of Solimene. A *Holy Family*, by the abbé Aliberti, would be tolerable but for the greenish hue (fashionable in the eighteenth century) with which the artist has besmeared it.

In the church of San Dalmazio are a good *Martyrdom of the Saint*, by Brambilla, an artist of the last century, of a firm style and a good colourist; and the *Christ put in the tomb*, the best work of Molinari, an esteemed painter of Piedmont, who died in 1793.

The sumptuous interior decorations of the church of *Corpus Domini* are by Count Alfieri. At the high altar may be remarked, the *Miracle*, by Caravaglia, a judicious but languid pupil of Guercino, and in the sacristy the *history of the same miracle*, by Olivieri, paintings that have some dash of the burlesque, notwithstanding the sanctity of the subject.

The church of Saint Charles Borromeo, is rich, but of indifferent architecture. The *St. Joseph holding the infant Jesus who wounds the heart of St. Augustine with an arrow*, by the Cav. Dauphin, is picturesque, and not devoid of fire. This church contains the mausoleum of Francesco di Broglio, head of that branch of the Broglio family which

<sup>1</sup> There is a similar relic in the basilic of Saint Peter's at Rome, and two more beside, one at Bezançon, the other at Cadouin in Perigord.

settled in France, who was killed in the wars of Italy in 1656. He was originally of Quiers, as were the Crillons. It is curious enough to see two of the most brilliant names of our military history proceed from a village in Piedmont, both of which have since been equally honoured by generous sentiments and the love of a sage liberty.<sup>1</sup>

The triple church *della Consolata*, the finest of convent churches, has a *Crucifix* and *Magdalen*, one of the good works of Moncalvo, and in the chapel of the Virgin of the *Santuario* a venerated picture painted in oil on very fine canvas, attributed by Lanzi to one of Giotto's pupils.

At Saint Dominick, a *Virgin and infant Jesus giving the rosary to the Saint*, with St. Catherine of Siena below, by Guercino, is more correct and better composed than usual with him.

The church of Saint Christina, founded by Madame Christina of France, and decorated with a majestic portal by Juvara, presents some remarkable architectural details.

The ensemble of the church of Santa Croce, from Juvara's designs, with a new front by the Cav. Mosca, is imposing. A *Descent from the cross* is by the Cav. Beaumont, and perhaps the best thing he ever did; a vigorous *St. Peter in the pontifical chair*, by Moncalvo.

Of Blanseri's three paintings in the church of Saint Pelagius, the *St. Louis fainting in the arms of an angel* is the most esteemed, and the artist seems superior therein for the effect of the clare-obscure to his master the Cav. Beaumont.

The new church of the Holy Ghost, in the shape of a Greek cross, is not without grandeur. The hospital of the Catechumens, founded in 1610 by the confraternity of the Holy Ghost, adjoins the church. It was in this house, then an infamous and filthy den, that Rousseau was received, or rather confined, on the 12th of April 1728, when Madame de Warens sent him thither to be converted; and after a month's discussion he solemnly adjured Calvinism in his sixteenth year. Notwithstanding the impure origin of this catholicism which Rousseau

retained till his fortieth year, perhaps he was indebted to it for his escape from the stiffness and dryness of the reformed taste, as he is the only protestant writer of imagination.

The Trinity, one of the finest churches in Turin, was decorated inside by Juvara. The high-altar is by Seyter, first painter to the kings Victor Amadeus II. and Charles Emmanuel III., a good colourist, who is buried in this church.

The great church of the Capuchins, on the heights near Turin, is picturesque from its situation and view, like all the Capuchins' churches; it has an *Assumption*, by Morazzone, and a *Martyrdom of St. Maurice*, by Moncalvo.

## CHAPTER IX.

Hospitals of Saint John and Saint Louis.—  
Manicomio.

The hospitals of Turin are interesting on account of their regimen and the improvements that have been introduced. The great and well-managed hospital of Saint John, which has five hundred beds, and to which the revolutions have left an income of only 6,000*l.*, is abundantly aided by public charity. At the extremity of the apartments is the brilliant contrast of the magnificent chapel built by Castelli, adorned with Ionic columns of Susa marble, which has almost the splendour of vert antique. The Sisters of Charity serve the hospital; but these, introduced into Piedmont in the year 1781, employed at the military hospital, at the orphans' asylum, and keeping schools in their own house, but little resemble the new infirmaries nurses of Rome, and for attention, piety, courage, and meek gravity, they are still French.<sup>2</sup>

The hospital of Saint Louis, founded in 1794 by the holy priest Barucchi, rector of the citadel, and SS. Molineri and Orsetti, though intended to receive, as it were, the refuse of the other hospitals, is perhaps one of the cleanest in Europe. The rooms, without being either too large or too high, exhale no odour, so cleverly have the ventilators been arranged under the beds and in the ceiling. Operations are not performed

<sup>1</sup> The duke de Crillon, peer of France, deceased in 1820, and the duke de Broglie.

<sup>2</sup> See *ante*, book xv. ch. xlii.

in the rooms, but in a corridor on one side into which the beds are drawn. In case of death the patients near know nothing of it, as the curtains are kept closed. I was told that the ingenious plan of this hospital, one of the finest buildings in Turin, had been solicited by England and America, but the clever architect, the Cav. Talucchi, would only consent to give it on the truly patriotic condition that they should inscribe on all hospitals built from his model: "On the plan of the hospital of Turin."

A distinguished French Lady, the marchioness de B\*\*\*\*, devoted herself with the most active compassion to the relief of the poor, the sick, and prisoners. This lady has founded a Magdalen hospital for a hundred inmates, whose labour helps to maintain the establishment. Madame de B\*\*\*\* introduced infant schools at Turin, and has one of these sweet and gladsome asylums for childhood in her own house.

The vast *Manicomio*, which will accommodate six hundred lunatics, is another clever building of the Cav. Talucchi's philanthropic architecture. The skulls of most of the madmen are preserved, forming a collection that may be useful for scientific observation. Among the moral means employed in the treatment of insanity, music is not neglected. An enlightened economist, S. Defendente Sacchi of Milan, when visiting the house saw at the piano an idiot whose understanding was perfectly gone, though he executed without halting all his favourite sonatas. A like phenomenon had struck him at the hospital of Aversa, where an insane person who could not connect two ideas detected the false notes of those he accompanied.

The deaf and dumb school, which has not many pupils, also prepares masters to instruct the unfortunate of this kind. It is desirable to see it extended to a larger scale, as in the diocese of Turin the number of deaf and dumb amounts to six hundred, and in the whole Sardinian states to four thousand.

## CHAPTER X.

*Temple della gran Madre di Dio.*—Bridge over the Doria.

The expedition with which public works were carried on at Turin was

rather remarkable. The temple, a copy of the Pantheon, dedicated to the Virgin, *alla gran Madre di Dio*, by the corporation of Decurions of Turin, to commemorate the return of Victor Emmanuel, will be magnificent; it is from the designs of S. Bonsignore, government architect. This temple and the finished arch of the Simplon will be, at the entrance of Italy, monuments worthy of its antique triumphal glory, and of its modern religious splendour. It seems, however, that a square with trees would have been preferable to the new piazza with its lofty buildings crowding round the edifice.

The stone bridge of a single arch thrown over the Doria, a little river with steep banks and a rapid stream—this bridge, so light and bold, one of the finest modern monuments of the kind, an improved imitation of the fine bridge built by the French over the Po, was erected by S. Mosca, inspector of the corps of civil engineers, an old pupil of our Polytechnic school. The superb cornice with consoles recalls the walls enclosing the temple of Mars Victor. It is evident that this skilful engineer combines the science of his profession with the taste of the artist.

## CHAPTER XI.

Stupinitz.—Hill of Turin.—Superga.

Stupinitz, a hunting palace, the roof of which is picturesquely surmounted by a great bronze stag, may be regarded as the most splendid edifice of its kind in Europe, and it is one of Juvara's principal works. The oval saloon presents a singular and well combined invention; it corresponds with four apartments disposed in the form of a cross, for the princes, with lateral buildings for the lords in waiting, the officers, and huntmen. Four long avenues proceed from the four glazed windows of this saloon and have a majestic effect.

The hill of Turin, which I went over at the close of autumn, must be charming in summer; it is variegated with woods, vineyards, gardens, beautiful palaces, and handsome houses; there are not, indeed, many good roads, but a multitude of shady and retired footpaths. I saw the rising sun from these heights, and the effect was superb, though the



horizon was dimmed by vapours : Mount Viso and the whole chain of the Alps were tinted of a rosy hue by his first rays, and appeared in the distance like immense brilliant pyramids.

The Superga temple, which is said to be so called from its position on the ridge of these mountains, *super terga montium*, crowns this beauteous hill. It was built in 1706, by King Victor Amadeus I., in pursuance of a vow he had made to the Virgin, if the attack he concerted on that very spot with Prince Eugene should compel the French to raise the siege of Turin. This church and its monastery, of a fine architectural disposition, despite its impurities, pass for the best and most ingenious of Juvara's constructions. The *Superga* church is the burial place of the sovereigns of Piedmont, but the modern vaults of this Savoyard Saint Denis, all lined with white, yellow, and green marble, and light as day, seemed to me devoid of majesty and sadness; the fantastic ornaments of the architecture, notwithstanding the richness of its materials, are unsuited to the tombs of kings, and the stone arches, the caverns blackened by ages of the old basilics, are far more fitting for the sanctuaries of death. In a separate vault are the remains of the children and princes of the royal family that never ascended the throne : the first lived but a few days in innocence; the second may have been honoured as benefactors; both seemed to me happy in having escaped the throne. This little throne of Savoy is, moreover, the one that numbers most abdications.\* One would say that these kings of the Alps, the sovereigns of ice and rock, whose dominions are nearest the heavens, take disgust at the earth more easily than others. In the apartment intended for the king is a complete collection of portraits of the popes, two hundred and fifty-three in number, from Saint Peter to the present possessor of his chair. When we reflect on the fact that the first thirty of these pontiffs were all martyrs, it is impossible not to admire and respect this new courage, unique in history, and this same and intrepid sacrifice to the same truth. If while con-

templating the portraits of the succeeding popes, I sometimes fell on unworthy portions of this great history, the general impression was not destroyed, and instead of all the phantoms of human power, the exhibition of material and physical strength that pursues you in the other galleries, I loved to contemplate all these laborious helmsmen of Saint Peter's bark, the eternal representatives of the greatest moral power that ever acted on the world.

## CHAPTER XII.

Pignerol.—Fortress.—Iron Mask, Fouquet, Lauzun.  
—Vaudeuse.—Susa.—Mount Cenis.

The duties of an old friendship led me to Pignerol, a little, agreeable, busy, garrison town, six miles from Turin, the retreat of a lady distinguished by her birth, her successes, and her misfortunes. A pile of stones on a high mountain is the only remaining vestige of the castle that was the prison of the Iron Mask, Fouquet, and Lauzun, the first an anonymous victim of policy; the other two, illustrious coxcombs : Lauzun, of the court; Fouquet, of the bar and finance. Though the histories of prisoners are in general most attractive, the memory of the two last confined in Pignerol did not inspire me with the profound pity that belongs to captives who have suffered for some grand conviction of thought or conscience. Perhaps also the vain and pedantic passion of Lauzun and Mademoiselle disposed me but little to the melting mood; and when we see this princess console herself for her spoiled teeth, because they would remind her lover that she was cousin to the king, it is impossible to suppress a laugh at such egregious coquetry. As I passed over these rugged mountains, I remembered the not inapposite answer of Lauzun, which proves that misfortune may also have its vanity, and that, after a great catastrophe, little troubles seem unworthy of our notice. Being invited to alight from the carriage at a dangerous pass, he refused, saying, "Those mis-haps are not made for me." At the sight of the ruins of this ancient fortress of France, I regretted that the author of the *Lépreux* and of *Prascovie* had declined publishing his novel of the *Pri-*

\* Amadeus VIII. in 1434; Victor Amadeus in 1730; Charles Emmanuel IV. in 1802; Victor Emmanuel in 1821..

*sonnière de Pignerol*; I fancied that his narrative would supply the pathos that seemed to be wanting to the well-known adventures of the prisoners recorded in history.

The adjacent valleys, near the river Pelis, were inhabited by the Waldenses, or Vaudese, celebrated for the persecutions they suffered, and for the antiquity of their purified christianity, which existed four hundred years before the Reformation. It is said that the commissioners of Louis XII., who were charged to visit them when he passed through the Alps, declared that these mountaineers were better Christians than themselves, though the king's confessor was one of them. The illustrious Sadolet was also favourable to the Waldenses, and when bishop of Carpentras he offered an asylum to some of their fugitives who had been condemned to the stake by the Provençal parliament, which also ordered the destruction of their houses and woods, and he humanely pleaded their cause. These hordes form a population of about twenty thousand persons; the superficies of the valleys is a hundred and thirty thousand hectares, of which not less than ten thousand five hundred are cultivated; ten thousand covered with woods; and the rest unproductive. The Vaudese have thirteen temples and as many moderators (ministers), called also *barbes*, whence their name of barbets, who have each a salary of 500 francs. One of these moderators, M. Appia, was charged, from 1815 to 1828, to visit Germany, France, and England; the pecuniary assistance he obtained amounted to above 20,000*l.*, and the greater part was invested in England, which gave rise to the belief that the English paid the moderators. The schools, seventy-five in number, are only open in winter: the principal is that of La Tour, where Greek and Latin are taught. The Vaudese are chiefly husbandmen and shepherds. At Villar-Bobbio and La Tour, there are a hun-

dred and fifty men engaged in manufacturing cloth. There are twelve furnaces and several foundries in the valleys, which produce about five hundred tons of iron a year. The law that forbade the Vaudese to possess property out of their valleys, and the impossibility of obtaining military rank, are unjust inequalities that have now nearly ceased, the present king having raised several of them to the rank of officers.

Susa, a little pleasant town, is noted for its marble triumphal arch consecrated to Augustus, remarkable for the basso-relievos of its frieze representing a triple sacrifice,—a monument which recalls the antique arches of Rome, and seemed to me a noble entrance to Italy.

I have twice crossed Mount Cenis in December when returning to France; the first time, the weather was mild and foggy; the paved road was dirty and dull, without physiognomy or character. I passed it on the second occasion in a sledge drawn along the snow, during a hard frost. Mount Cenis was loaded with rime and presented a superb spectacle; its torrents were frozen and motionless: nature alone can enchant the devastators she sends, and their festoons of cristal, hanging from the rocks, were like dazzling lustres which beautifully reflected the light and the solar rays. The deep precipices, the black and roaring abysses were all silent and gloriously white. If in my journeys through Italy, I often appealed to Dante for descriptions of the sites and monuments of his country, he still offered me, at the summit of the Alps, his harmonious and picturesque language to express the flakes of snow falling lightly on the mountain top:

*Come di neve in Alpe senza vento.*<sup>2</sup>

I love to close this long and laborious work, inspired by the aspect or recollections of Italy, with a passage taken from her greatest poet.

<sup>1</sup> See a note in the *Expédition nocturne autour de ma Chambre*, by Count X. de Maistre.

<sup>2</sup> *Inf.* XIV. 30.

THE END.

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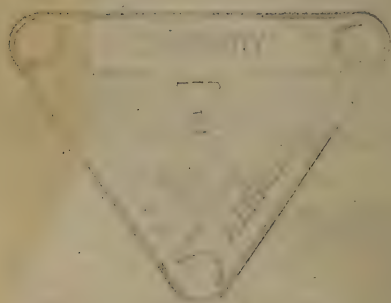
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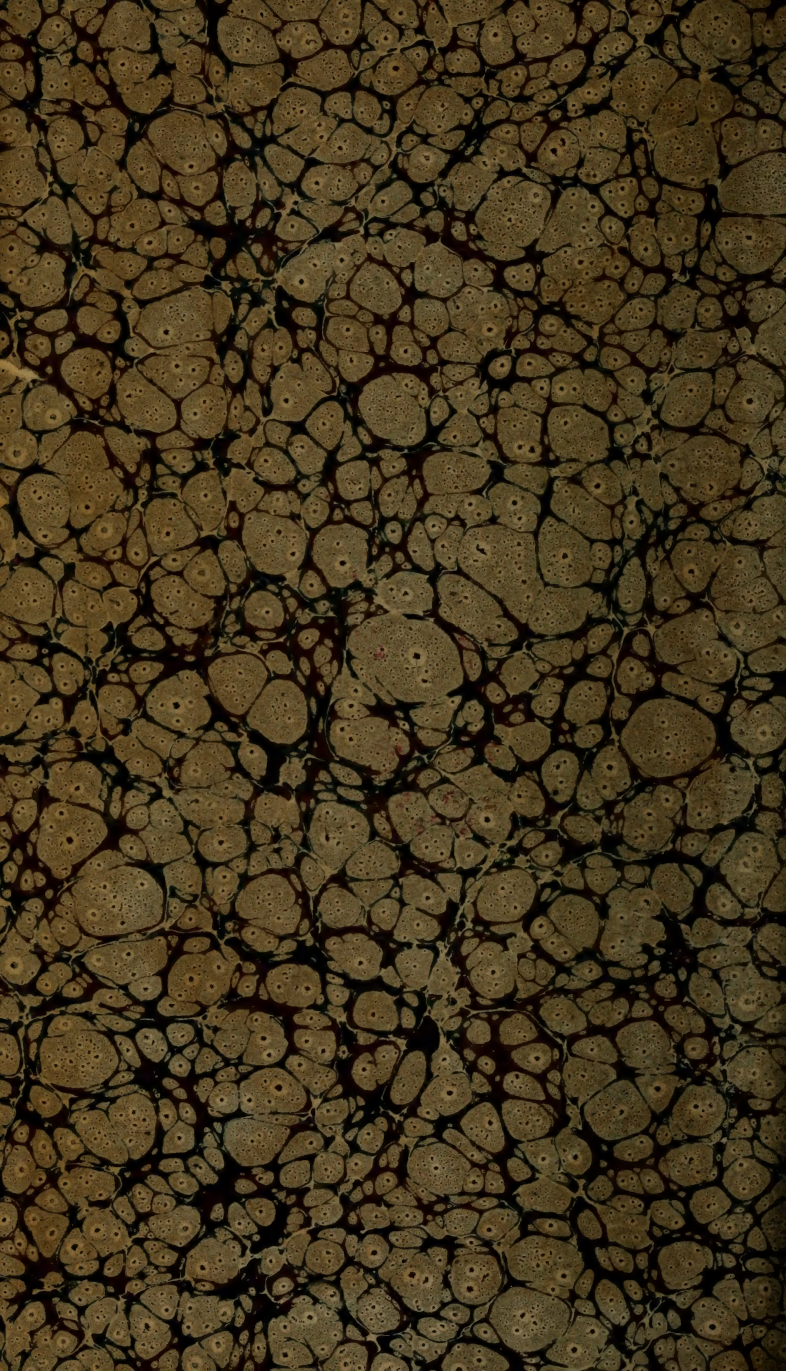
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